



Steamer in South Bay

The City and State Halls each surmounted with a dome, are seen towering above the other buildings on the hill on which Albany is mostly built. The entrance of the Erie Canal is seen on the right; the South or Greenbush Ferry landing on the left.

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LEGACY

OF

HISTORICAL GLEANINGS,

COMPILED AND ARRANGED

BY

MRS. CATHARINA V. R. BONNEY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND AUTOGRAPHS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

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SECOND EDITION.

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ALBANY, N. Y.:

J. MUNSELL 82 STATE STREET.

1875.

F117  
.E18

BY TRANSFER

MAR 2 1993

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# LEGACY OF HISTORICAL GLEANINGS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### SOUTH AMERICAN LETTERS CONTINUED.

*Hon. Thomas P. Moore to Rensselaer Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Bogota Oct. 7, 1829.

I have reflected maturely upon the conversation had with you on the morning of your departure for Ann-Lima, professions are usually idle and often insincere, but my own heart assures me, that it would give me sincere pleasure to serve you and through you, your worthy and gallant father. But circumstances beyond my control puts it out of my power to do so, in a manner most agreeable to yourself. Your continuance in my family for the brief time desired would be every way agreeable to me, if I had not *satisfied* myself (that however unjustly) it would transfer the bad feelings manifestly existing towards the late Legation from the U. S. to myself and tend to weaken my exertions to serve those who have deputed me to this Government. Conscious of the responsibility I have incurred in accepting my present station, I cannot take a step calculated to lessen my influence with the Government of Colombia, and I have mis-judged your Character, if you can desire me to do it. I am fully aware of your worth, and if my unmeasured declaration to that conviction, to our *own* happy Government, can serve you, you can promptly command it.

With unfeigned regard and Esteem.

To Mr. Van Rensselaer.

T. P. MOORE.

While on a visit at Consul General Henderson's mansion at the village of Anolayma, Carter Harrison was the bearer of the above letter from Colonel Moore, in answer to a question of whether my services in his family would be required for six or eight months. Now this letter was a regular poser, it knocked me completely out of all my calculations and changed my future plans of business arrangements which were nearly satisfactorily concluded, and would now have to be abandoned. The Colonel's letter was an evident insinuation, that I was to be included in the proscription of Gen. Harrison and family, and that my absence would be required — from the country too — he was *satisfied* of it.

Those few months which I still wished to spend in the Capital, I fancied would bring peace again to the smiling valley of the Cauca and Antioquia,

the projected scene of my promising speculation, then I might safely engage in the Vanilla employment. But now those fond hopes are all crushed by a despotic Government, and merely for doing an act — that duty to General Harrison as an attaché in his family, friendship and honor prescribed — an act of which I felt proud, and which should be re-acted under ten times the risk under any circumstances. The course of Government in relation to myself, I considered a wanton piece of injustice — and as such I throbbed with intense desire to pay them for it. Cordova was in arms and he ever had my best wishes for his success, but now I wished to be with him. I knew him by general report to be both brave and skillful — his cause was as just as any in which man ever drew his sword. His position was strong, and no doubt was entertained but that if he beat the first detachment sent against him, he would find friends enough in every province to increase his forces. The only obstacle in the way of my now joining Gen. Cordova, was the fear of injuring Gen. Harrison — it might be supposed or inferred, that I had been encouraged by him to the course I was about to take. But that could be prevented by my remaining in a country town — if not allowed to stay in the city — till after he had left the country, and so I determined for the road to Nare, the nearest post occupied by Cordova, was blocked up by O'Leary's troops. To travel others to Antioquia, a passport was necessary, which in the present state, it was impossible to obtain under any name or pretext. Therefore I resolved to wait patiently the result of the first battle which would either again open the road, or destroy the hopes of the constitutional army for the present, and then put me to my wits again for future plans. On my return from Anolayma October 12th I found a note with a Spanish direction to me. The seal bore the full impression of "Castillo," and before seeing its contents, I remarked to the Consul, "here's my passport too, from the President of the Supreme Council:" but was quite surprised to find it an invitation to me as an attaché of Gen. Harrison's family — to a public dinner given Mr. Moore the day previous. From this we argued a satisfactory termination of the misunderstanding but it was a vain hope. Gen. Harrison had been invited to this Government dinner, but knowing unofficially the steps which the officials had in contemplation against him, and their absurd suspicions roused by the word of a mere adventurer, felt so indignant at their conduct that without an apology from them, he could not accept of their invitation, but not a word was uttered to soothe his feelings, though Gen. Urdaneta (now the Supreme Chief of this, the Central Department) had repeatedly expressed the conviction he felt of the correctness of Gen. Harrison's public and private conduct, and of course he declined attending. A short time previous to this Gen. Harrison had disposed of his house, furniture &c., to Mr. Moore, to whom he was now a guest; not wishing to throw any obstacle in the new minister's way, to interfere with the dinner, he sent word to Mr. Gooding that he and Taylor would take "*pot-luck*," with him. Gooding made all the preparation he could for his self-invited guests' reception and entertained them as well as he could — this was the "front of his offending." Albert Gooding was sent for by Gen. Herrau, the prefect, and by him charged with having given a dinner to Gen. Harrison, two days previous in opposition to the government dinner; (he also had been on intimate terms with Gen. Cordova.) This American citizen was sentenced by Herrau to leave the country in twenty-four hours, for his great offence, and in the meantime he was ordered to prison. The main object was to get rid of Gen. Harri-

son too, as speedily as possible without trouble; consequently Gooding was told by the sapient and magnanimous Dispensers of Justice, that although the Government had nothing against him personally, they should not release him until Gen. Harrison would name the day of his departure from the city. Gooding was really shut up in the common apartment, with a motley, ragged collection of thieves, robbers and murderers. From this place he sent me word, much to my astonishment of his being in limbo. I could scarcely credit it.

General Harrison and Mr. Tayloe the morning after the dinner had ridden out to the salt mines of Zipaquira, Col. Moore came to me — after his return from the Secretary of State's office, where he had been requested to call — with his phiz twice its ordinary length and said: "Well! here's more trouble. The government have received more information to the prejudice of the General and Mr. Henderson; they won't tell me the purport of it — but have made out Harrison's passport to effect his departure from the capital in six days. Gooding will be kept in prison until the General leaves this, when he will be released. I have written to the General to that effect and Gooding has done the same, but am fearful of the result. Should Gen. Harrison consider himself insulted, he may raise a quarrel with government; it will be ruinous to poor Gooding, and no benefit can arise from it. On the contrary if he will name a speedy day of departure, I can procure Gooding's liberation and permission for him to remain here." I knew General Harrison's high feelings too well to think he would allow this fresh insult to himself — and through him to his country — pass in silence. I knew he would resent it, as also the injustice towards his friend. Of course I myself felt all the apprehension for Gooding that Mr. Moore did. I could advise nothing — yet felt pleased at the General's absence, for now his first feelings of resentment would have time to cool. I found Gooding at the grated door of the prison on the Plaza Mayor (great-square). Two or three of his friends were with him, before whom he could not express all he felt — but his *grinning teeth* and *winking eyes* told quite enough. The same indication of a certain feeling from me, perhaps excited by sympathy, drew from him a loud burst of laughter, and the squeeze he gave my hand in his iron grasp — convinced me that he had heard how busy I had been in his behalf. He told me he had written to Gen. Harrison as dictated by Col. Moore, that if he was sent out of the country it would be his ruin, but says the noble fellow "Tell Gen. Harrison not to compromise his honor for my sake." It was now quarter past five — in one quarter more the outer gates would be closed for the night — and he had not yet been furnished with his dinner — two persons who had been sent off for it an hour before, had not yet returned, nor even been heard of, by messengers sent for them. I therefore gave an American shoemaker money to buy the best he could in the emergency — and to return speedily. He did so, but had hardly passed his provisions through the door, before the other two purveyors returned with their supplies; one of them — Capt. Mellen — bearing wine and a bed; thus the captive was pretty well furnished with necessaries, under all the circumstances. It was quite amusing to see the scramble of Gooding's fellow prisoners, to bear off some little article of his eatables, to the inner part of the inclosure, in order to have a claim upon him for a share of his superabundance.

The next evening the General returned, quite fatigued with his ride, he looked proudly indignant, and his saying he "was in perfect good

humor," astonished us all. However he had had time to reflect upon the course he ought to take, and now was quite collected, whatever humor he might have been in, when first he heard of Gooding's imprisonment, and when he penned his strong protest. He now at Mr. Moore's suggestion mollified it, and consented that the Colonel might inform the government of his intention to leave the capital on the next Monday, October 19th, since an understanding to that effect only, would procure the release of a worthy countryman. Col. Moore did so, and Gooding was liberated; through his intercession, also Madame Nicholaza was permitted to remain for the present at Guaduas, though an application to dispose of her property had been rejected. The General gave word that we all should be in readiness to depart from Bogota with him; to me he particularly remarked, that after inquiring he found *I* would not be permitted to remain behind and must make my preparations accordingly. This was not unexpected, but still gave me a little uneasiness, though it determined me to expedite my inquiries in relation to Cordova and to form some plan for joining his forces.

I called with Carter on the Hendersons to acquaint them with our arrangements. They were quite disappointed, as the early day fixed on would preclude the possibility of their leaving the city in company and of traveling with our party. However it was subsequently arranged by the General, that we would wait their coming up, several days at Guaduas. In the meantime they would be able to dispose of their furniture &c. at auction and still go down the river with us. Now this arrangement, of waiting awhile at Guaduas, suited me exactly as I might then ascertain Cordova's movements. These profound politicians at the head of Government, fearing Gen. Harrison's word might be as little estimated by himself, and supposing his nerves as liable to be agitated as their own, hit upon an admirable plan to confirm him in his intention of starting on the appointed day. Gooding was told, and most consistently too, after they had admitted, that there was no charge against him, that it was the design of Gen. Harrison and Mr. Henderson to assassinate all the Members of the Supreme Council; M. DeBresson, Commissioner of France; Col. Campbell, H. B. M's Chargé d'Affaires; and others; that he (Gooding) was to be the instrument to effect it; and that the citizens were so highly exasperated against the three, that the Government would not be answerable for their lives if Gooding was released. Still though all the various parties who were to have been engaged in this grand tragedy, were now at large, nothing more was heard of it, until Saturday evening Oct. 17th. At which time the Regulars on their march for Antioquia, had been replaced by thrice their number of militia and new recruits. Then another report was freely circulated in the city, that O'Leary with his whole force had been surprised and captured by Gen. Cordova; the story appeared so authentic and the particulars so plausibly given that I vociferated in the joy of my heart "Cordova forever — long live" when Gooding interrupted with, "For God's sake stop, if you are heard, we'll all be murdered, let's go to the Huérto and tell the General." Never did a more joyful group cross the square. We found both the Generals and Mr. Moore's families at home; as soon as the tidings were communicated, Mr. Moore recommended a general muster and armament of the household. For says he, "As sure as there is any commotion in the city, in consequence of this report, you will have warm work here." The General gave a smile of incredulity to this remark; when he was taken into another room by the new min-

ister and informed by Col. Moore of the *assassination story*, and advised to put his house in a state of defence, as in case of any disturbance, the Government troops would attack him. On the return of the General, he gave the word, "Young gentlemen prepare your arms." The order was obeyed with alacrity, every gun, pistol, dirk or sabre was brought out and put in fighting order, doors were barred, and every one had his station assigned him. We mustered twelve "good men and true," for even Moore swore to stand by us, and "share our fate." All felt that in so strong a cover, we could make a fine defence against our enemies, whoever they might be; as every thing, accordingly had now been put in requisition to give as welcome a reception, as a warm fire in a cold night at Bogota could afford. Cato was the acting porter for the night, and the household were ordered to be ready at any hour to greet the expected visitors. As soon as Col. Moore saw our preparations all complete, he ordered his horse, and said he would go out and inquire into the correctness of the report, but upon leaving, he enjoined upon us "be very watchful." Though the particulars of this reported battle were very plausibly given, unfortunately for its credit, some long-headed calculators made it appear, that the troops could not have accomplished more than two thirds of their march to the scene of their disaster at the time it was said to have taken place; and besides the story was soon traced to a minion of the government.

Of course none of the anticipated cries of *Viva la Constitucion de Cucúta* were echoed through the streets, nor were any of the merciful adherents to "the powers that be," compelled to have their shining blades corrode in the blood of the turbulent friends of Liberty. All was quiet expectation and distrust. If the slightest demonstration of joy, at the *reported* victory of Cordova, had been manifested, that night would have been — in the opinion of those well informed as to passing events — a season of more blood shedding than ever before witnessed in the city. The specious tale was considered a government ruse to discover its opponents, but was so shallow a scheme that all soon saw through it.

My first care was to "pack up my tatters;" the smallest trunk being filled with shirts and other light clothing, in order that I might be ready at a moment's notice to slip away from our traveling party and join Cordova's troops. The rest of my baggage too was stowed away and directions given to Cato how to proceed, in case I succeeded in accomplishing a junction with Cordova. The Negro did not relish the idea at all of *my* going, and much preferred to return to the United States with Gen. Harrison, than to mingle in the dangers of the dreaded "battle-field" with me. However I did not oppose his wise choice; and all my own affairs being now settled, I had time again to note the complication of general affairs. I found the General was no longer upon speaking terms with his old friends De Bresson, Martiquez, Col. Campbell and others — as they all affected to believe the stories told of his connivance in the existing difficulties of Government. Martiquez had publicly declared his belief that the general was the focus of the discontented. Campbell had expressed his abhorrence at what he professed to believe the General's conduct to get up the "assassination plot" And as Gen. O'Leary had tried to impress the Government with the idea that it was "sitting on a volcano" as long as the persons denounced by Carr remained in the country — Tayloe, Carter and myself deemed it most prudent now, to escort the General whenever he walked out, in order to guard him against the attack of any scoundrels, who might expect to gain the good will of a

suspicious Government by his murder. However we were never obliged to exert our prowess in his behalf, as no attempt of that kind was made.

We left Bogota on the 19th of October, at which time Mr. Henderson was selling off his furniture and other effects at auction. We safely reached the hovel, in which I tarried a night in coming up at Alto de Gazena, about sunset. Here we hung up our hammocks and went to rest without supper as the old landlady had nothing to eat. The next morn at 11 o'clock we had accomplished our tedious descent of 5500 feet from the great plain of Bogota to the village of Villeta where we partook of a hearty breakfast, and then plodded away again over the lofty "Alto de trigo" to the smiling, peaceful little valley of Guaduas. We encountered on the route many a subject for laughter in the slipping of the mules and in the falls of their awkward riders. Cato and George were often floored, on one occasion the first broke a brandy bottle which grieved him more than the fall itself. All were delighted with the wild scenery and changing variety of nature's picturesque aspect in this day's travel. Here we took up our quarters under the hospitable roof of Col. Acosta in Guaduas, he remembered me still. We remained in this delightful climate about eight days waiting for a boat to go down the river. While there a Dispatch passed through from Gen. O'Leary to Gen. Urdaneta — Minister of War; on the back of which was written "Defeat and death of Gen. Cordova." This news on our way down the river, we learned to be too true, though we were still in the dark as to the particulars. Many Colombians expressed great regret at the fate and unfortunate end of the gallant fellow; he was but twenty-eight years old; was commissioned a Major-General at twenty-two. I had heard so much of him and of his chivalrous exploits in defense of his country's liberty; struggling against arbitrary systems to establish South American independence — that I felt quite anxious to have seen him. This pleasure was denied the General's whole family as he left Bogota many months before their arrival. This sad news, that the noble Cordova had fallen in battle dissipated my fervid dreams of military glory in Colombia and I was resigned to what was inevitable — leaving the country. Accordingly a day or two after, when it was known that Henderson would not be prepared to join us in time for our vessel, I prepared to start on with Tayloe in advance of the General to see our *champán* was in readiness. We exchanged adieus with the kind, good Col. Acosta on the 29th and set off together for Honda.

It was a foggy morning when we left Guaduas, and the chilly effects of the clouds through which we passed in ascending the first steep and rugged acclivity, added not a little to the gloom of my feelings when the thoughts of my various disappointments occurred to me. I felt the inutility of mourning for *spilled milk*, and with a heartfelt sigh ranted out the ditty to *dull care*, and thus lost in contemplation of the present and future, the pains and pleasures of reminiscence. From an elevation of 5160 feet at the 18th league monument, we had a superb view of the Magdalena winding in the valley below us with the llanos or level-fields covered with luxuriant grass; and of the snow capped Hinduí in Antioquia, raising its conical peak far above the clouds. Indeed the scene was magnificent. The extensive and beautiful view from this locality, is conceded by every one to not only rival but excel all other prospects in Colombia. In our progress, however, in the winding shaded way, its beauties were hidden from us sometimes for miles, then conversation was again resorted to, in passing the time pleasantly. In one of these, my *rencontre* with Saunders

at Barranquilla was the subject. Tayloe who had never before heard of it — was delighted that the puppy had been so justly punished; and the arrangement was made with him to act as *secoud* in case of my being called upon in Carthagena to fight the Sawney. I had been fearful that Tayloe's official station might have induced him to decline this act of friendship: but now I was satisfied to the contrary, and happy in having so staunch hearted a fellow to make the arrangements. Though opposed to dueling, I am more opposed to make the apology which Saunders *must* demand of me. If he will fight, I must take my chance. If unhurt myself after the *first* fire and Saunders is satisfied with *at most*, a hole in his leg, it is well. If not, the *secoud shot* will close the worldly account of one or both. The provocation I received was canceled in my breast, by the consequent disgrace I inflicted upon Saunders, and therefore I have no deadly antipathy against the man, nor can I have, unless he insists upon a second shot.

We reached the Bodegata about 3 o'clock, and leaving our horses here, floated down the river in a small boat, one mile and landed on the other side in the city of Honda, where the General and Carter joined us. On Sunday November 1st, we pushed off, from the Bodéga de Honda and gliding smoothly down the Magdalena at such a rapid rate, night and day, that on the 6th, we were in Mompox. Here that tyrannical, blood thirsty puppy Governor Aldererutz, upon Tayloe reporting to him General Harrison's arrival, insisted upon it, that the General should call upon him; but the manly message which the General sent back, made him change his tune. We landed without asking his permission and took possession of Señor Piño's house remaining there until the next afternoon. The Colombians, we found shunned us as they would have done a contagion, they no doubt thought, that all the rumors which had reached them of Gen. Harrison's participation in Cordova's conspiracy were perfectly true. Again on the river we passed down quickly with the violent current and on sundown of the 8th glided by Jucal, the scene of the premature death of the illfated young Henderson an intelligent young man of eighteen years of age. He with an English servant went into the river to bathe, but he was soon drawn down by an alligator and was never seen more. Half an hour latter we arrived at our village of debarkation.

Two leagues below Mompox we were detained an hour, after collecting firewood, in searching for another runaway boga, and were obliged eventually to come off without him; and in the afternoon the rascally *patrón* stopped the champán and sent his men on shore, in order to right and clear another boat which had been sunk by part of the bank which had caved in and fallen down upon it. As soon as the General found out this object, he mounted the *tóldo* in a great passion brandishing his cane at the *patrón*; and in an energetic style told him, "you damned old rascal, if you don't call your people back and go on, I'll break your bones for you." The poor *patrón* was thunderstruck — although he could not understand the General's lingo — he took the sense of his short speech, from the fire of his eye, and his *tout ensemble*. And with a tremulous voice sung out to his men " *Venga por atrás — venga mucháchos; el Generales muy bravo.*" ("Come back, come boys, the general is *very fierce or mad.*") The boys however, who were cutting their way through the bushes, did not so sensibly experience the dangers of propinquity to the menacing walking stick, continued at their task maugre the *patron's* cries. This raised the General's ire to a higher pitch than ever. "Did you ever see such a set of scoundrels" says he addressing us. "Here they are going to detain us all night

to get up that champán, when we ought to be in Carthagena to meet the Natchez." Then turning to the patron, "If you don't push off immediately, I'll have you put in prison, as soon as we reach Barrancas — so help me God." This was explained to the patron by Tayloe — but he could not coax his pertinacious crew back to the boat. "Cast off that line then, and let the damned rascals stay where they are," says the General. The servants, Peter, George and Cato, flew to the stern to obey the order, when the obstreperous fellows on shore, thinking it better to leave their task unfinished, than to remain in such a wild spot without provisions &c., came skipping back, helter skelter; the last just saving his distance by the skin of his teeth for the boat was off. The crew clambered over the tóldo to their station in the bows, when they found there was no remedy, and taking up their paddles as if nothing had occurred, worked away in concert to their cheering tune as usual, until they had gained the proper distance from the shore to enjoy the full strength of the current, when down went the paddles and down went the workers on the bottom of the boat to resume their suspended pastime of gambling for segars. Such ebullitions of anger in the General, I never witnessed without a just cause — then they were always so short lived, and succeeded by such a flow of hilarity that the occurrence of them could not give you pain. On this occasion the happy indifference of these boor natives afforded him a subject for changing his key, and the remainder of the day was spent in glee at our swift advance.

The next morning after landing, while our mules and horses were preparing, I expressed a wish to the General, to see my old friends — John and Edward S. Glen before leaving the country. "Well," says he, "go, it will only take twenty four hours more if you go that way." So it was fixed. They started at 10 o'clock direct for Carthagena; and I for the same place via Barranquilla at 6 P. M. where I arrived at 9 o'clock A. M. of the 10th November after a nights sail in a little canoe. I found Travers there convalescent and all my old friends well. The following morning I resumed my route to the City, passing through water and mud but safely reached Carthagena on Saturday November 14th. Here I found the General, Tayloe and Carter, with the servants and baggage quartered at the house of Mr. Robt. H. Bunch — the partner of Major Brush. There was no room left for me there, so I was sent off to the *Inquisition*. I no doubt would have thought it a terrible affair to have been sent to this place some twenty years before — but now it was private property, and the horrid cruelties which *had been* practiced within its walls, were now only thought of as "things long past." Of course I had no objections to taking my lodgings there, as I was to make one more to the number of demolishers to the good things of the General's mess. The portion of this building which had fallen into Mr. Bunch's possession, by right of purchase, had formerly been appropriated to the use of the *Holy Fathers* as a habitation only, consequently there was nothing extraordinary observable in the structure of its extensive suit of rooms. The prison appertaining to it, is under the same roof — but separated by a massive wall — and retained still as a prison by the authorities of the place. I did not have an opportunity of seeing the inside; but am told that many of the infernal machines of torture, which were used when the inquisition was in being are still to be seen in its repositories. To day I received intelligence from Bogota that Mr. Henderson intends remaining there until the arrival of the new British Minister, who is daily looked for at this place. Col. Torrens was to have left the

Metropolis on the 9th inst. according to my same authority which is Colonel Moore. Every word of the intrigues at the Capital is susceptible of the best confirmation, it is but a hasty sketch of the late proceedings. If I had time, I would enter into further details — but having lost some in going around by Barranquilla missed the regular packet for New York. The one by which I send this, clears to day. If any attack is made upon General Harrison, through the public prints, let my friend Rykman have the above facts, to enable him to defend one of the most high minded souls that our Country ever produced. He shall be further provided with more materials to conduct the defence, as soon as I have another opportunity if it is found necessary.

The proceedings above given, of course drew from Gen. Harrison a correspondence, through the New Minister, with the Colombian Government, during which many facts came to light, of which we had not before known. It was ascertained that some of the Diplomatic Agents of Countries opposed to the Republican System of our own happy Government — had been quite active in exciting the jealousy of the Heads of Departments against General Harrison, and to forward their schemes many preposterous stories were circulated by them — of which more at another time. Col. Moore's conduct, as far as my knowledge extends, has been tolerably fair on the occasion; he told me when about starting for Anolayma, that the entire correspondence of the family had for weeks previous, been intercepted by the Government, and that we all were suspiciously looked upon as the fomenters of all the mischief then going on in Antioquia. He was terribly at a loss however, what course to take at first, but when he saw me in arms the evening before, and determined to defend the house, (some of the General's friends fearing it might be ransacked in his absence) he told me to go to bed quietly, that he would stand by me to the last; and went off to load his fire-arms to use them in case that his official authority should not be respected. He did the same when we were all together subsequently on the gloomy night of the story of O'Leary's defeat, stating his determination to share our fate. The excitement, which those events gave rise to, is now passed. We at present can "laugh at dangers past;" but then, when all was uncertainty as to what the next moment might produce, when all who had previously pretended the most devoted friendship for Gen. Harrison, now kept aloof; and when our little band seemed so inadequate to defend the *Stripes and Stars* for any time, then Moore's declaration that he would stand or fall with the Old Legation, gave me such a good opinion of the man, which more recent circumstances have confirmed, that I really regret he is not (for his own sake, as much as for the honor of his country), calculated for the exalted situation he now occupies. His business is entirely new to him, and in the alteration that will now soon take place in the form of governing this country, I fear he will be utterly at a loss how to act. He will be thrown completely upon his own resources and judgment, as it is not possible that his instructions have anticipated the change from a Republic to a Monarchy — however, I hope for the best, one thing I think is certain, they cannot drive, though they may succeed in leading him.

Bolivar is now, as Mr. Moore writes, in Quito and does not intend to be present at the Meeting of the Legislative body in January, which being composed almost exclusively of his satellites — will so far gratify his *known wishes*, as to force a Crown upon his unambitious and not aspiring

head. Therefore the scene of bloodshed and disorder in this fine country will proceed which Gen. Cordova would in a measure have prevented by taking "time by the forelock." This letter gives you a statement of the close of my late diplomatic life; it was rather a bustling one, and suited me to a nicety — but it is all over. Moore's letter to me, when in Anolayma gives you his reasons for not retaining me in his family. I am certain from the good opinion he has formed of me, that he writes sincerely. I yesterday received another from him, in answer to one written him from Guaduas — in which he reiterates his offer of recommending me to Government, he says I may command him in procuring a "consulship or in any other way." But my plans have been all frustrated by my forced departure from Bogota. If I had been suffered to remain there — although not in the Minister's family, I could without doubt have got along without difficulty, and that too, with some hopes of effecting eventually the grand object of my coming to this country. If I should accept of Glen's invitation to remain with them for awhile, I might take advantage of Moore's offer, and accept a Consulship, which might yield me a livelihood for the time being without a prospect — as far as I can yet learn — of anything more. Further inquiry on this subject may lead me to think otherwise. Our Consul at Santa Martha will undoubtedly be removed; and if I find that the late opening will be generally taken advantage of by our speculators, for all vessels on the Magdalena River by the Government, and that a Consul there stands any chance of getting consignments in consequence of this opening, why, then, I would like the berth. If I do conclude to take up my quarters in St. Martha, a visit now to the United States may be beneficial in seeing the New York merchants. The fate of General Cordova has dispelled many of the fears of the Government, and Moore tells me, that they say they will not molest me "whether I reside on or off the coast of Colombia." I would therefore have nothing to fear from them even in a private capacity. I will know more of the feasibility of this plan before I leave these shores.

The day has elapsed on which the "Natchez" was first expected to have been in this port from the south and now we are looking for her every day. It is Gen Harrison's intention in case she does not make her appearance by the time that Burrow's new vessel, the "Montillo," which too is now expected — is ready to leave, to take passage in the last for New York. If the National vessel is here in time, he will sail in *her* for Norfolk, V. I shall expect to find letters from home at Washington City, if we land at Norfolk, also with Dr. Van Rensselaer in New York. The idea of seeing "sweet home" so soon again operates as a charm against my late disappointment; but independent of that, I am in no way chop-fallen. Yours of Sept. 22nd was just handed me from the Post office; it had been on to Bogota, the last one from home previous to this was dated July — so I suppose there are more on the road somewhere, and will come to hand in the U. S., if they have not like some of mine been snapt up by the Government wolves, in hopes of finding Treason in them. It is gratifying to learn you are all quite well. The Glens are well and as kind as ever. Edward has been trying a long time to charter a vessel to take him to the United States with a load of produce, I would not be at all surprised to see him there on my arrival, he is all ready for a start as soon as a vessel can be procured. The General regrets that the Sloop of War is ordered to return to Norfolk, as landing there will deprive him of the pleasure of seeing you. I am quite sorry, for it might afford you some

gratification to find out personally the high opinion he has formed of me, however I believe this is more owing to his friendship for you than any thing else. These rascals did not carry their high handed measures far enough, to give me a fair opportunity to show how much I would have done to serve him. It is very pleasing to know I have at least gained a portion of his esteem by my own conduct, and I repeat if it is deemed in any way advisable to give publicity to the facts I have given you for the defence of his character, that a copy be given to Rykman. Tayloe has sent his statement home likewise, for the same purpose. The General desired me to give you the facts above stated and has had a perusal of the first part of my letter to which he offered no comment. He is really stung to the soul for the indignities he has received from these most abominable wretches; one of my greatest pleasures in going home now, will be to expose their villainous policy to the reading world.

My good grandmother's *second* note is another grateful evidence of the interest she takes in my welfare; may she long and happily live to tell me what my dear Mother confirms, of the good health of all my relatives. My Mother will see ere this, that all her inquiries respecting Edward S. Glen, Cato's behaviour and my prospects have been anticipated in this and other letters. I hope Irish "Mike" does well, for he is as honest a rogue as the world contains; when at the farm near Columbia-ville, he would let no one else cheat me — but himself; that he considered his peculiar prerogative, which is saying a good deal for a man of this knavish world.

The General desires to be particularly remembered to you. Give my remembrances too, to the Post Office "boys" and love to the girls, the kisses I hope now soon to give for myself.

Yours truly, R. V. RENSSELAER.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany.

Among the official documents relative to the suppression of General Cordova's rebellion in Antioquia we find the following communication from General O'Leary, dated Santuario, Oct. 17th to General Urdaneta, Secretary of War.

Sir, I have the honor to inform your Excellency that the Division under my command has discharged the glorious trust of avenging the honor of the Republic. The factions have been completely routed after a desultory action of two hours. Gen. Cordova is in my power, badly wounded. To morrow I will give you the particulars. I shall proceed immediately with the Vanguard to Rio Negro.

I am your obedient servant,

DANIEL F. O'LEARY.

*Note.* — On the envelope of this communication is written in the hand writing of General O'Leary, "*Defeat and death of Gen. Cordova.*" How much would have been gained to the cause of liberty by the success of Cordova, may be inferred from the outlines of a Constitution which he published but a few days before his defeat. According to this instrument the president was to hold his office for life, appoint his successor, command the army, appoint the vice president, the secretaries of department, the senate, and all other officers, both civil and military, leaving only the representatives to be elected by the Provinces, in the ratio of one for every 50,000 souls. How much would have been gained towards religious tolera-

may be inferred from the fact, that in his proclamation to the inhabitants of Cauca, Cordova complains that General Bolivar is not sufficiently zealous for the Catholic religion. By a decree of the Liberator, dated Quayaquil August 24, the introduction of *foreign salt* is forbidden in all the ports of the Republic. The decree was to take effect in 40 days after date.

*Rensselaer Van Rensselaer to Col. Moore.*

My Dear Sir,

Guadaus Oct. 28, 1829.

In consequence of the bustle attending our departure from Bogota, several things of which I intended to have spoken to you were forgotten; or rather deferred until when about leaving you, in this I was disappointed by the sensitive humor of my lop-eared mule which carried me along at such a rate before the rest of the company, that before I could stop her, you and Mr. Pickett were wending your way back to the city, and the opportunity was lost. I therefore take this mode of expressing to you my sincere thanks for your kind favor of the 7th inst. I am as well satisfied as yourself, that my continuance in your family, would in some degree have been the cause of transferring "the bad feelings existing toward the late Legation" to yourself and thus "lessen your influence with the Colombian Govert.," and I am happy to find your opinion of my character is such, as to induce you to believe I would not desire it. It is true that a few months longer residence in Bogota, would have been very desirable to me, but not at the risk of destroying the usefulness of my country's representative, more particularly when my premature departure can only cause temporary inconvenience. Your offer to mention me favorably to our Government will long and gratefully be remembered, and if hereafter the occasion occurs, it will most assuredly be put in requisition. At present it is my intention to remain for a time on the sea-coast, and as soon as practicable to engage in business; provided this Government do not consider me too dangerous a personage to be tolerated in their territories; upon which subject, I would be under many obligations to find a letter from you at Carthageea; and likewise if you would have the goodness to forward all letters, which may come to your hands for me, to our Consul at that place. Remember me to Mr. Pickett.

I am most Respectfully your Obt. Svrt.,

R. VAN RENSSELAER.

His Excellency,

Thomas P. Moore, U. S. Minister Plenipotentiary at Bogota.

*Col. Moore to Rens. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Bogota Nov. 1, 1829.

I received yours by Mr. Travers when on the wing for Cauca; I have but little time to answer it. I waited on *the Government* (rather a singular expression) and they assured me that you would not be interrupted whether residing on or off the coast of Colombia. Ere this you know that Genl. Cordova has been defeated and killed; all is quiet here and I have hopes that Mr. Henderson will be permitted to remain, at least until the British Minister arrives. I was yesterday to see the Hendersons, they were manifestly much distressed at the fate of Cordova, but not a harsh or indiscreet expression escaped the lips of one of them. I pity the man whose pecuniary condition obliges him to keep such a family in Bogota.

In regard to your selection of a residence, future occupation &c., please advise me immediately, and if I can further your views you can readily command me. *A Consulship, or in any other way.* Recollect that

although young and vigorous, that you are situated in a climate where the most inviolable temperance in *all* things is necessary. That rascally virtue "prudence" must be strictly observed. I forwarded a letter to you yesterday which I think was from our Consul at Carthagena.

Col. Torrens has just left me, he expects a decisive answer from this Government to-morrow in relation to *funds*, if he gets a supply, he will leave this on Wednesday 4th, and endeavor to join Gen. Harrison. Say to Mr. Tayloe that his horse is still lame, though thriving and that if I can sell my roan for sixty dollars, I will keep his horse and remit him Eighty dollars. I shall be uneasy until I hear that the General, &c. &c., are all safely on board the Natchez. I have yet to receive the first Newspaper from the U. S. I beg you to send me *all* that fall in your way. Torrens leaves without fail on Monday the 9th inst. Bolivar is in Quito, but I am sorry to add that it is confidently stated that he will not personally attend the deliberations of Congress. I wish to see him take his share of responsibility in a manly, open manner. If you can *steal* a little black tea send it to me at any price. In haste, your friend,

To R. Van Rensselaer, Esqr., Carthagena.

T. P. MOORE.

Regarding South American emancipation, President Jackson said: "The Southern Republics, of our hemisphere, have not yet realized all the advantages for which they have been so long struggling. We trust, however, that the day is not far distant, when the restoration of peace and internal quiet, under permanent systems of government, securing the liberty, and promoting the happiness of the citizens, will crown, with complete success, their long and arduous efforts in the cause of self government, and enable us to salute them as friendly rivals in all that is truly great and glorious. The adoption by Spain of a pacific policy towards her former colonies, may be most reasonably expected."

*Rensselaer Van Rensselaer to his Father.*

Dear Father,

Carthagena, Dec. 14, 1829.

My last dated from this place of the 17th ult., was sent home by the Schooner Horatio; its contents have probably led you to expect my arrival before this, but our prospect of leaving is just as promising now, as it was on my first arriving here from Barranquilla which is a month since. The "Natchez" has not yet been heard from, and the New York packets so irregular that no dependence can be placed upon them. Although we are in the best of quarters, enjoying the princely hospitality of Mr. Robert H. Bunch, yet our stock of patience is quite exhausted, and each day as it closes without bringing in sight, from these extensive and strong ramparts, a sail on the beautiful Caribbean Sea, to bear our party "home," increases our disappointment. Mr. E. T. Tayloe leaves this tomorrow in a little Schooner of 100 tons, in company with Count Ziliskie who has lately joined us, he will be the bearer of this to Baltimore; we would all have taken passage in the same vessel, but she has no accommodations for so large a party, having only two spare berths. Mr. Leidendorf having been required to leave the Capital arrived in Carthagena, but as soon as his entree in this city was known to Gen. Montilla, the Prefect, he was immediately ordered on board the "Fortuna," and accordingly he goes also a fellow passenger with Tayloe and the Count; the vessel left the harbor that afternoon on Dec. 17th.

Jany. 31st, 1830. I sent a short letter by Tayloe and will now go on

from Dec. 14th. Every Colombian appeared to view us with an eye of suspicion, none of them even deigned to exchange the ordinary salutations of the country with us, unless they happened to meet us in some of our solitary rides in the environs of the city. This completely disgusted us, and though the Americans and English paid us every attention, we all evinced the same discontent, and coincided in the opinion that "there is no place like home" — but, how were we to get there? By these two new comers from the interior, we learnt that Mrs. Henderson's severe illness, prevented the Consul General's complying with the order of Government to remove out of the country, and that he would probably be allowed to remain until the arrival in the capital of the newly appointed British Minister. We also were informed that Col. Torrens, who had received his *walking-paper* before we left, was to be expected daily. We were led to believe too, that there was no doubt, but that our own Minister — Mr. Moore, had been guilty of some scurvy conduct towards Gen. Harrison in the course of his late persecutions. How far he had been engaged in the intrigue none could tell. These intimations again set my suspicions at work — and I fancied I could see in an expression with which he closed a letter to me, (in answer to one written him from Guaduas declining for the present his recommendation to our Government) a design to hasten the General's departure, by again attempting to excite his fears. The expression was: I shall be uneasy until I hear that the General, &c., &c., are on board the *Natchez*." This letter I showed to the General, but it drew no other remark from him, than "I wonder what he means?" High minded and scrupulously honourable himself in all his transactions, the General never could bring himself to suspect any one of unfair dealing without the most convicting testimony; for that reason he silenced my suspicions against Moore when they were imparted to him at Anolayma. He then put more faith in Moore's professions than in any circumstantial evidence against him; but now I discovered in some of his casual remarks, that his faith had received a shock through the reports of Leiden-dorf and the Count. It is true owing to Mr. Moore's interposition, nothing was rashly done by the government in relation to General Harrison; they had been satisfied with Mr. Moore's assertion that the General and suite would leave at an early day. Mr. Moore might possibly, even now, have been sincere in the expression quoted from his letter, as word had reached Bogota at the time of his writing it, that Venezuela had declared itself dissolved from the Confederation of Colombia, and Independent of the Dictator Bolivar.

Of course a civil war was to be apprehended, and Moore might have supposed the General to be in danger while he remained in the country in consequence of the suspicions excited against him. It is certain that this movement in Venezuela gave the government extreme uneasiness — this fact — together with the marked inattention with which Gen. Harrison had been treated by the Authorities of Cartagena, led him to believe that his motions were watched. To ascertain if such was the case, he soon had an opportunity of addressing Gen. Montilla officially on the occasion of his son being prevented, by a sentry at the St. Domingo gate, from riding on the sea-beach. In answer to his Dispatch, he was told, that the authorities had received no instructions to circumscribe his movements, that the sentry had acted without orders, and should be punished for his officiousness. This satisfied the General for the insult offered him, through a member of his family, and after that the reserve

of the natives in public gave him no trouble. The affairs of Venezuela, being now the all absorbing topic of discourse in Carthagena, it was deemed necessary by the Authorities in order to divert public attention from the subject, to get up some kind of an exhibition to amuse the people. A company of rope dancers and tumblers were collected with this intention, and though they were exceedingly awkward in everything they undertook, it partially had the desired effect. Then a public execution was announced, but deferred from time to time, till it was thought prudent to gratify excited curiosity by immolating a poor culprit, who had sufficiently atoned for his offence, whatever it might have been, by nearly three years confinement in the truly noisome dungeon of the Inquisition. He was *carried* out of his den of misery on a mat by four soldiers, (he was too weak to walk) and with all the pageantry of military and monkish pompousness was escorted through the principal streets, with bells tolling — music playing — and other mummery to the sea beach under the city walls at the St. Domingo gate. An upright post with a bench attached to it called *banquillo*, was fixed in the ground to sustain him. While the troops were forming the three sided square, the monks were exhorting the prisoner, and the spectators on the battlements were puffing their segars and cracking their jokes with as much apparent unconcern as if an ordinary occurrence was about to transpire. When all things were ready, the file of men drawn up in front of the prisoner, the bandage tied over his eyes, his last bead told, his last kiss given to the holy cross, and his final benediction received from his ghostly comforters, the signal was given: *bang! bang! whack! crack!* went some five muskets within ten feet of his breast, more like a *feu de joie* than a regular volley. I do not think more than one bullet touched the poor fellow; at all events his white dress only showed one spot tinged with blood, and that *above* the collar-bone. Every limb contracted with agony, and his head slipped out of the sling which supported it, but this was soon adjusted; when three more *successive* shots were fired, the last of which at length terminated his earthly career and this scene of slovenly butchery.

In the afternoon, during the course of our customary walk before dinner, we, Carter Harrison and myself, paid a visit to the *banquillo*. We found it very much slobbered with *old* shot, but it bore no indication of having been touched to-day. While we were examining it a fellow came out with a spade, dug it up and carried it within the walls for some future exigency. We extended our walk along the beach, and had not proceeded far, before we heard the creaking of the heavy gates, and on looking around, found to our dismay that we were locked out; this was an adventure that we did not at all relish. We had previously noticed the gates open till nearly dusk, and now as the last rays of the sun had not quite yet disappeared, we justly considered it a piece of mischief or malice in the guards. One look satisfied us that we could not scale the walls, which at that place are forty feet high; so making a virtue of necessity, we very complacently marched off under them easterly, about half a mile, to a place (which we had before designated as the spot for storming the city, in case that destiny should in the future place either of us at the head of a force for that purpose) where we succeeded without difficulty. The family were at their dinner, when we at last reached Bunch's house, all wondering at our strange absence. An explanation gave them a hearty laugh in which we now as cordially joined, as also in demolishing the good things on the table, for which

last our extra exertions had rendered us more keen than ever. Col. Torrens, Chargé d' Affaires of Mexico, arrived in this the principal commercial port and naval arsenal of Colombia, about a week after Tayloe and party left. He brought nothing further new from the interior, than we had already known regarding general matters. The Passport which he had received from the sapient Government intimated, that he should leave the "*Territory of Colombia within six days!*" Now, a person *can* perform the journey from Bogota to this city, the nearest port, in twelve days, provided he has relay horses on the road, and a boat in readiness for the river, but a more speedy performance of it, cannot be calculated upon. The Colonel therefore very properly replied, that if when the government had advanced the sum of money, which he demanded, and "a pair of wings were furnished, he would willingly comply with the order, and not without." This answer was indeed a spirited piece; it was quite a *dumfounder* to the Government, and was returned to Col. Torrens upon the ground that it "was not a decorous production." However, they did not attempt to enforce the order, and the Colonel took his own time. His society is a great acquisition to the General. The two A's were constantly together, though the Colonel's quarters were in another part of the town, and it was decided that we should go in the same vessel to the United States. Colonel Torrens appeared sincerely attached to me, for what he was pleased to call, my "intrepid conduct at Bogota." He bore terribly hard on Mr. Moore and said though General Harrison *now* would not believe in the perfidy of that man, he would find him out before a great while.

I was very much pleased about this time, at seeing my old friend John Glen. He came to this city on mercantile business, his time was generally so much occupied by day, that I had but occasional opportunities of seeing him then; after dinner however, he was always to be found at McFarquhars and Kinsellas house, at the foot of La Popa, one mile from the city. I have had many conversations with himself and have also received several letters from Edward, they both urge me to remain in this country and engage in business at Santa Martha; business there will increase with the facilities of navigation on the Magdalena. John Glen is much pleased with the idea and promises to do his best to assist me, he says if I am there "we can play into each other's hands." I could not wish for a better patron in this country. My plans cannot be definitely arranged until I see some of the New York merchants — in accordance with Glen's advice — I will see them and get some consignment to bring out with me. I often would stroll out to John Glen's quarters for the purpose of chatting with him and was always accompanied on these occasions by some of my newly made acquaintances — by Major Holding — a Marylander — an old campaigner with the northern army in the late war; by Wm. McDonald a warm hearted Scotch merchant — a musical love sick swain, who used to lie on his cot by side of mine in the Inquisition and dole forth his amorous ditties to his absent Isabel McArcher of "Glasgow city;" and sometimes I would ride with that lad from Erin, Kinsella himself. One evening I started off with McDonald and was joined on the road by Maj. Holding and our Consul John McPherson — a brother of Major McPherson the Aid of Gen. Montgomery at the assault upon Quebec.

We however arrived at the place of rendezvous before the other couple, and were chosen in a match at quoits, which the party there assembled had just commenced. As soon as McPherson appeared, he too was called

to balance the number, but as he declined joining the game, the Major took his place, and at it we went, while the Consul amused himself in viewing the premises. Before our rub was over, he became tired of being "*in solitaire*," and called out to me to go with him to the city. I refused, and so did the major, as also McDonald until one side or the other had beat. "Come along" says McPherson, "I'm going." "Let him go" says John Glen. "His absence is better than his company, he only comes to spoil sport, because I'm here." The Consul replied to this, but as both speakers appeared to be perfectly good humored, and as I was just then engaged in conversation with another gentleman, I paid no attention to them, until I heard John Glen call the Consul "a d—d ungrateful fellow" in an angry tone. When the answer was "I am under no obligation to you Sir." "You are, and you know it, you scoundrel." "Do you hear that gentlemen?" says McPherson, and away he walked alone to the city. An explanation of the circumstances leading to this unlooked for misunderstanding was immediately called for and given by Glen. It appeared that in the course of an intimate acquaintance of twenty years standing, the two parties had been efficiently useful to one another; but the loss of wealth had rendered MacPherson so testy, that a few weeks before, he had taken so seriously an observation which John Glen (who was always scrupulously neat in his personal appearance) had frivolously made of his being a "filthy fellow," that he subsequently would not speak to him. Glen further mentioned, that when he began the conversation as he did just before, it was with the intention of coming to a friendly understanding again with his old friend.

We all knew MacPherson's feelings too well to think he would let the language he had received pass without notice, and all feared the consequence of a *meeting* between two such hot blooded fellows, and were solicitous to prevent it. I made John Glen promise, he would let me know if he was challenged; and then hastened off to find McPherson, who was not to be found and I was obliged to retire to my bed without seeing him. The next morning too, he so skillfully evaded me, that I wanted no other proof that he had sent a message to Glen. To be thoroughly convinced however, I went early to Kensella's store where I found Dr. Haney waiting, with whom I so adroitly entered into conversation upon the subject of yesterday's quarrel, that I understood from an indirect admission that he was a *friend* to one of the parties. I was now more than anxious to find McPherson and accordingly started off in pursuit; but the first person I met was John Glen. "Hollo! old boy," says I to him, "you've got your *love letter* have you?" "Yes," he replied, "but it can't be help't." "It can't? ha! it can and shall be, you shall not fight," was my answer. He quickly retorted, "you must not interfere, the affair must now go on." "I will interfere, and you shall not fight if I can help it. I'm busy—so *adios*." "Stop," says Glen angrily, "if you do any thing to implicate my honor—" I interrupted him with, "nonsense! I understand that—if I do, I am answerable, that's all," and away I went.

Major Holding was in the Inquisition square, as I was crossing it, from him I then learned, that John Glen no doubt had selected Kensella to *befriend* him, and that McPherson was in Folger's house, if not in his own office. After an understanding with the Major to watch the belligerents, and to prevent the duel, even if we were obliged to resort to

force *on the ground*, I left him for the Consul's office. Upon opening the door, I saw a person sitting on the sofa with his back towards me, dressed in the style of the Consul's dishabille, whom I joyfully hailed with, "Mac, how are you." It was General Harrison, who laughed at my mistake, but noticing my too evident chagrin, asked, "Is any thing the matter?" I hesitated a moment, when thinking him the most likely person to arrange the affair, I told him all. "Well?" said he, throwing down the pamphlet he had been reading, and snatching up his hat and cane. "It is a pity that two such clever fellows should quarrel, they shall not fight, at all events. I'll put a stop to it," and away he went to hunt up the seconds. I now felt quite easy. I knew his influence with the parties was greater than that of any other person, and I knew too, that his experience in such matters would enable him to satisfy them. Nor was I mistaken. At his instigation the two seconds met before three persons whom they chose as Arbitrators — viz: Gen. Harrison, Bunch and Fowler; and there it was decided, that as the words of offence were given in the heat of passion, that the affair could be dropped without discredit to either side, and that the principals should meet again upon the same terms as before the quarrel.

I saw John Glen immediately after this decision was made known; he pretended to dislike the idea of my having spoken to Gen. Harrison at all, but I laughed at him and Kensella, and remarked that I did not care a straw whether they liked it or not, that I had done so of my own accord and upon my own responsibility, and that I should have it so understood by every one. They were upon the whole, contented with the peaceable termination of the affair, and highly pleased with the course of the General, as was every foreigner in Carthage. I saw the two champions together after this; but they did not speak. John Glen went to Barranquilla without coming to an understanding with his old friend; for which I was extremely sorry, as I well knew, that each thought highly of the other. The conduct of these two gentlemen, throughout the whole affair, was such as comported nearly with my own notions of honor and chivalry, consequently it raised them higher in my estimation if possible than ever. *This* duel that might have been, having now so happily terminated, I suppose we'll not have a chance of hearing of another during our stay; for the two New York packets Medina and Montilla have just come into port. It is therefore probable we will be off in one of them before my antagonist — Saunders — gets back from Antioquia where he has been for the last three months, however, as I am not particularly anxious to find myself arrayed as a principal in one, this event gives me but little annoyance.

We are all well, the General is in better health than he ever was in Bogota.

We have had several letters from the capital, by which it seems the country is quiet there. The authorities were making great preparations to receive Gen. Bolivar. Triumphal Arches &c. were erecting, and it is probable that by this, he has passed under them; his friends were coming out very explicitly and publicly in favor of a Monarchy, but it appears by a coasting vessel which arrived here a few days since, that the people of Venezuela are opposed to such a change, and have expressed their opposition, in flaming resolutions at a public meeting. This protestation coming from the department of Gen. Paez, the man in all Colombia whom Bolivar fears the most, may have a good tendency. Gen. O'Leary has returned to Bogota, but our hopeful countryman Carr is left behind with

his battalion in Antioquia, a simple Lieutenant still! So his dreams of greatness are justly marred.

The moment General Harrison turned his back on Bogota, an attempt was made on part of the Colombian Government to excite Col. Moore against the General, by telling him that it was his intention as soon as he reached home to open a newspaper warfare against him. Moore told his informers that "it was a d—d lie, he knew the General had never said such a thing." Failing thus with Col. Moore, they have by their Agents endeavored to work up the General actually to open against Moore, but their plans were too well understood. The Colombian Ministers now deny having ordered the General off. I have misunderstood the Yankee nation if the conduct of this South American government towards Gen. Harrison, does not prove beneficial to him. Our joy at the arrival of the American packets, was not a little alloyed in the knowledge that they could not *unload* until after New Years day. There are now so many vessels in port, which will fully employ the government lighters till Christmas comes. Then the *Fiestas* commence and last eight days when nothing is accomplished in way of business. I am not so badly off as the rest of our party at the wearisome delay, for the Montilla has brought over a box for me of clothing; cakes; candies; books and letters from my kind-hearted parents, sisters, friends and relatives. So what with overhauling the first, eating the second, reading the third and with witnessing and joining occasionally in the recreations of the season, I was able to vegetate till we were called to skim the deep.

Christmas, the anniversary of my landing in Colombia approached; with it came the usual routine of dancing — fire works, gambling, drunkenness and debauchery of all kinds which lasted through the second day of the New Year. The British frigate Herald came in port with the long looked for new Minister Mr. Turner, and the Brazilian Minister. They landed the day before we embarked, so we had a look at the characters, as well as of the notable Col. Wilson, the conceited newspaper puffer of Simon Bolivar. I announced their arrival to Consul General Henderson and other friends in my farewell letters to Bogota.

On the 9th of January 1830 we bade farewell to the hospitable, kind-hearted Mr. and Mrs. Bunch with other friends at the bustling *Aduana de Cartagena* or Custom House. General Harrison, Col. Torrens, Carter Harrison and myself were rowed out in a small boat to the New York brig "*Montilla*" in the harbor; we were received with a National salute from the two American vessels. At 5 o'clock we weighed anchor, our canvas was then spread to a light breeze, which in two hours brought us to Boac-Chica. At this fort it was necessary for the Captain (Beekman) to land, in order to show the Commandant the clearance of his vessel. I availed myself of the opportunity to see the inside of the fort, and accompanied him in his small boat. "*Quien es?*" (Who is it?) hailed the sentry on the dock, when we neared him. "Americans del Norte" I responded, at the same time jumping ashore. "Halta!" says he. "Porque?" "What for?" The only reply from the sentry was another "*halta*" with his musket pointed at me. I then asked for the Commandant. The important personage made his appearance after a delay of ten minutes and most obsequiously bowed the whole boat's load company within the castle, to *his sanctum sanctorum*. This was a heavily arched oblong room, one end of which was perforated by an immense port-hole, indicating that it had once been garnished with furniture of more substantial nature than the

flimsy cot, deal table, and three legged stools, now placed there for the accommodation of the woolly-headed commandant. The castle is built in the strongest possible manner; and if it, as well as the one on the opposite side of the entrance to the harbor were well manned, no Navy in the world could force an entrance. The dirty looking half clad, half starved loungers, called a guard, were the most miserable set I ever saw; without any other appearance of military system than was displayed by the solitary sentinel, the rest were carousing about in squalid groups, and not a single musket was to be seen, save the one pointed at me.

I acted as interpreter for our captain, and this ceremonial visit soon passed — when being escorted to our boat, we most cheerfully responded to the *adios* of the polite officer, and shot off after the brig which had already passed the Fort. As long as I could distinguish the land through the darkness, I remained pensively leaning on the taffrail; but the weather was hazy and I soon lost sight of Colombia — perhaps forever. Was up the next morning at daybreak, found the vessel scudding along with a fine breeze — leaving far behind us a country wonderful for its beauty, diversity of scenery, and picturesque shores. No land was now in sight and all the passengers sick, servants alone excepted; Cato had a thankful heart that he was now returning to an orthodox country, and his reckless master not left behind to be slaughtered by the tyrannical Spaniards. On the 12th we were on San Pedro's shoals, with Jamaica in sight all day of the 13th; then a calm delayed us which Col. Torrens thought "equal to the pangs of purgatory," it was vexatious enough in all conscience to every one, yet our sea sickness leaves us. We sighted the Isle of Pines in the morning and the mountains of Cuba in the afternoon of the 18th. On the 24th a French Sloop of War passed us; and the Mate — Tucker — harpooned a porpoise; there were plenty of the "nautilus" tribe, or as the sailors call them "Portuguese men of war" — around us. The 26th were in sight of the Cape Florida and its extensive reefs directly under us — put about in a hurry. Came near getting my noddle cracked by a heavy wedge which fell from the top mast to deck just along side of me. The General thought me a "queer one" for not jumping or even starting upon being made aware of my danger. 'Tis folly to be frightened at "dangers, past by."

This letter, as you see by the date, was commenced to send by Tayloe; but his party were hurried off so cavalierly by the authorities — on account of Mr. Leidendorf — and required to sail the very day of his arrival, that I dispatched a shorter one by him, and concluded to reserve and complete this on the ocean. Accordingly, when the fearful rolling motion of the vessel would at times admit, I have copied items from my daily journal to keep you advised of South American affairs. I regret the possibility of eventually making a fortune in that country has been blighted in the bud. I am confident the prospect would have become more and more cheering as my knowledge of the country increased, then with perseverance, judgment and energetic exertion, my efforts would in due time have been crowned with success. Now I may ask of the future — "What next!" It gratifies me to think, that the circumstance of the little new comer — Maria Elizabeth — possessing any of the features of my benignant countenance, should endear her so much to the family. If she takes after her mother — my dear sister Elizabeth, as much in other things, as she does after me in outward appearance, I shall be very happy to call her niece; nor shall Mag's insinuation, that she is so much handsomer than myself, create one

feeling of jealousy. I was going to say — kiss and embrace — but not so fast, I forgot that in *your country* the people are not so polished, even if they do have Masquerades, as to use an *embrace* for a salutation; but never mind that, give my best love to all the dear ones which will do quite as well — till I can give the embrace. Truly Yours,

RENS. VAN RENSSELAER.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, P. M. Albany, N. Y.

## CHAPTER II.

### SOUTH AMERICAN LETTERS CONTINUED.

“ *Washington Dec. 16, 1829.* General Solomon Van Rensselaer is in this city, and it was really pleasing to see the universal respect paid to his virtues, when he walked into the House of Representatives a morning or two ago. There was scarcely a member of any party, who had been in the House with him, who did not hasten to welcome his appearance; and I never saw a Secretary in the House with so large and disinterested a circle of friends about him. His virtues will cause him to be remembered and venerated when the Myriads of ‘ungifted fools, that gallop after fame,’ shall have broken their necks in the fruitless chase, and be lost in oblivion.”

*Judge Ambrose Spencer to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My dear Sir,

Washington, Dec. 21st, 1829.

I have been thinking of writing you for some time past, but waited to be able to say something worth a letter, & have at last concluded that it might be a long time before such an event happened. I have twice seen the President & have had the honor of dining with him; he is as you told me a very gentlemanly & affable man, & I must say treated me with great respect. I presume from what you said to him, & from the suggestions of other friends he was satisfied that my opposition had not been personal nor malevolent; as yet however he has not placed me on such terms, that I could converse very freely. As regards your office it would not be advisable for me to speak, until there be a necessity for it. I have become acquainted with your old friend Col. Johnson & took the liberty to speak of you & to present your respects — he was glad to hear from you, I think him an excellent hearted man, with pure and upright intentions. He is chairman as you will have seen of the Post office & post-roads committee. Perhaps a letter from you to him, incidentally mentioning Mr. Isaiah Townsend's petition for relief as bail of Garret L. Dox might be useful — the petition is referred to that committee. It would afford me great satisfaction to hear from you occasionally. I had almost forgotten to say that I have seen Maj. Barry, & I find him as you described him to me.

Very sincerely yours,

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer.

A. SPENCER.

T. K. Travers to Rens. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Van,

Bogota, 24th January, 1830.

You have no doubt formed, ere this, an opinion that I am a worthless fellow, and not worth being numbered in your list of friends. I must acknowledge that I have in some measure been negligent, but I am sure when you hear me out — although my apology may not be a good one — you will pardon me. Soon after the receipt of your letter of 16th November from Carthagena Mr. Brush had received a letter from Bunch saying that he must immediately come down to Carthagena; consequently I was occupied [as chief clerk] for some 6 or 8 days getting things in order for his departure. He left and took his brother-in-law with him, and left me as *you* know alone, therefore my time has been so much occupied in the affairs of the house, that I have scarcely had a leisure moment to even write to my brother; who by the by has returned again to Mompox, and the last letter from him brought me the good tidings of his entire restoration to health. This must do — and I will now proceed to answer your letter and give you the news of the day.

Since you left there have been a great many ups and downs. Poor Gooding has again been pursued, and threatened with imprisonment and banishment, but our good little Minister protected him manfully and got him clear. It appears that Gooding gave Mrs. Urdaneta a *cross look* as she passed by his door, and she went to Urdaneta and said “ Gooding was conspiring against the Government, and that if *he* did not go to Vergara [Sec. of State] *she would* and inform him of it. Gen. Urdaneta [Sec. of War] upon the *strength* of this, wrote to Vergara, and Vergara to Col. Moore; who immediately attended and requested him to state the proofs that he had against Gooding. The poor devil of course could not give any; and Moore told Vergara that if Gooding was sent out of the country, without satisfactory proof of his being guilty, that the Government of Colombia would have to answer to that of the U. States for such treatment of her Citizens. And that he would immediately dispatch Mr. Pickett with Gooding, who would take to the Government of the United States a statement of the facts of this case, as well as a number of others. Don't you say this was bravo? If he had not acted in this way, there is not the *least* doubt but Gooding would have been sent off without having time even to say *adios* to his friends.

The Liberator entered this city on the 15th, and on the 18th he installed the Congress: Suque was elected President and Doctor Estives the Arch Bishop, etc. The Liberator after giving the Presidential chair to Suque, resigned the Supreme Command; delivered, also, his Message — wherein he says, he will never again accept the *Executive power*. But that if the Country requires that his sword should be drawn in its defence, he will draw with the same Patriotism that has heretofore marked his life. I have sent his Proclamation and Message both to New York, where no doubt they will be translated and published. You will be pleased with them, I am glad that his sentiments bespeak him the man that I always thought him.

The Congress are framing one of the most *Liberal Governments* that can be imagined, and you don't, now-a-days, hear a whisper about *Royalty*. Col. Moore gave a ministerial dinner yesterday, and after it was over (10 o'clock at night) Gooding and myself went down to hear how things went on, and to find out what they had been *toasting*. Urdaneta has be-

come as savage as a bull — and says he has lost all hopes. Bolivar is furious with him for his having treated General Harrison in the manner they did, he disapproves of the whole — and says himself, that it is a stain upon the memory of the Republic. Adieu my dear Van, and believe me to be always yours.

Truly

T. K. TRAVERS.

Rens. Van Rensselaer, Esq., Albany.

*New York Feb. 6, 1830.* General Harrison, late Minister of the United States to Colombia, his Son, and his Secretary, Mr. R. Van Rensselaer of Albany, and Col. Torrens late Chargé d' Affaires of Mexico to the same government have arrived last evening (Feb. 5) in the packet brig Montilla, Capt. Beckman, from Carthagena, South America, having left that port the 9th of January. After a few days of rest at the City Hotel, General Harrison will proceed to the Seat of Government where his reception will be every thing that he could desire, notwithstanding his recall. Col. Torrens was peremptorily ordered to leave Colombia by General Bolivar in consequence of a suspicion that he was inimical to the Imperial designs of the Dictator.

Carthagena, Feb. 16, 1830.

Our political horizon bears the same gloomy aspect, as when I last wrote you. The battalion de Bojacca, Col. Vargas, which left this some weeks since for Maracaibo, on its march, robbed the treasury of Rio de la Hache of all the tangible, and then joined the Venezueleanos. We have not yet heard how the Tiradores have acted except that they are daily losing numbers by desertion. Orders have been received from head quarters not to offer hostilities, but to remain for the present very quiet — perfectly prudent. The renowned Grand Marshal of Ayacuche (Gen. Sucre) President of congress, proposed to that body to grant the desire of Venezuela, but was strenuously opposed by Castillo, when the latter was sent for by Gen. Bolivar, and asked if it was his intention to ruin the country, as the measure he objected to was the only one which could save it from destruction. Subsequently the aforesaid Marshal, the Bishop of Santa Martha, with another person were commissioned to treat with Gen. Paez for a pacific Settlement.

*Rensselaer Van Rensselaer to his Father.*

Dear Father,

New York Sunday Feb. 7, 1830.

Before you will have received this, I presume the notice of our arrival in this port, will have met your eye among other notices of the kind in the Saturday's papers. I should have written you by yesterday's mail, but found upon landing that I was too late for it. General Harrison and all are now well, but sick enough during our passage from Carthagena. I dined to day with the Dr., Mrs. Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Visscher &c they are well too, as their letters of to day will perhaps inform you. I there had the pleasure of perusing a letter from Adeline to Mrs. Visscher of the 1st inst, but was quite surprised at not finding one for myself also on hand. Our friends are much pleased with *Cato*; Mrs. Visscher says: "His refined Spanish manners did not allow him to use the old term of 'Aunty'—you know the Gentlemen of the South are rather distant!"—I expect to close my official duties with the General after partaking with him, Col. Torrens &c of an oyster supper at Mr. Editor Kings to-morrow evening. And in the meantime satisfactorily to arrange my own private affairs in this place, that I may then be ready to leave this city on Tuesday morning in the stage for Albany. If this can be successfully effected, it

will enable me to be a guest (though an uninvited one) at your frolic on next Thursday evening. The sumptuous entertainment you propose to give seems almost to have been arranged with reference to and a knowledge of my coming, as though you had fathomed the secret of my near approach to America. It will prove a joyous welcome after my stormy sojourn in the tropical clime. I wish the good old General could spare time to go up with me, but he will hasten on to Washington. I bear Colonel Moore's special recommendation to Mr. Secretary Van Buren with me — it was received just before our sailing from Colombia. The future seems to me to be closely enveloped in murky folds. Kiss all the good folks for me.

“Adios” —

Yours truly,

RENS. VAN RENSSELAER.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany, N. Y.

*Gen. Van Rensselaer to Gen. Gansevoort.*

Dear Sir,

Albany 23d February, 1830.

I understand that some of the members of the *Legislature* and other official characters have been solicited to combine in an effort for my removal from office, as Post Master in this city.

Motives of delicacy do not permit me, to advert to the *manifest* impropriety of exercising a *foreign* influence, in reference to a *local* station.

My public and private life must be familiar to you. It has been my ambition, when intrusted with public duties, either *Military* or *Civil* to regard the just obligations that were imposed upon me. It would be indelicate for me, to speak, with regard to my services or character in either department. My name is, in a *measured* degree, connected with the Military transactions of the Country and I am probably indebted to this circumstance for much of public favor. So far as the duties confided to my care as Post-Master of this City are concerned, I think I may with confidence, refer myself to the *public*, in proof of their Honorable discharge. Beyond this, it does not become me to speak. If aught is expressed in your House affecting either my honor as a Gentleman or my proper observance of *official* duties, I shall esteem it an act of friendship, if you would communicate to me the particulars. I am with Sentiments of Respect, your Obt. Servt.

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

For Genl. Peter Gansevoort, Member of Assembly for the City of Albany.

*Wm. McDonald to Rens. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Van,

Carthagen 6th March, 1830.

I am still here in this cursed hole, dull indeed it is, but I think it my duty to let you know what is going on here, so far as I can recollect and what may be interesting to you, but in the first place, I hope you and the General arrived at your destination safe and *free of Damage* and that you found all your friends in good health. It is allotted that I stay here another Packet, and I think that by the beginning of next month I will be on my way to Porto Cavello via Santa Martha. The disturbance in Venezuela has put them all upon their *Ps and Qs* here. It appears that Genl. Paez is determined to have a separate Government from Bogota, and they say in Bogota that *no* such separation shall take place, and are daily marching troops towards Caraccas. A mission, consisting of Genl. Sucre and one Bishop has left Bogota for Venezuela to treat with Paez. God only knows what will be the upshot; some say there will be fighting and others say no; but leaving these prognostications aside, I can assure

you that this Country is, at present, in a wretched and unsettled state. I wish my Fortune was made and I was out of it never to return, but

“Oft in the stilly night  
Ere slumber’s chain hath bound me”

I think of the duty I have to perform, and of her you “wot of” that’s “far awa.” Silas E. Burrows with two gentlemen left yesterday for Barranquilla on his way to Bogota; they say he is going to make Steam rail-roads from this to the Metropolis, we will see! He got into a sad scrape the other day; he was attending the “fiesta” at the “*pie de la Popa*,” drove out in his carriage, and on its return to Carthagena the horses took fright at the musicians. They knocked down about half a dozen of them, broke some of their legs and arms, and sent the instruments flying into the air; this catastrophe will help to lighten his well filled purse a little. I was at Torbaco last Sunday with Mr. Fowler, it was rather dull there, as scarcely any one was in the place; but I am thinking to go again and have a peep at the Volcano there. You will say that it shows an idle disposition of mine, but you know very well I have at present, very little to attend to, and that my departure from this depends upon the activity of others. Bunch & Co. have two vessels consigned them now in the harbor, they are doing most all the English business in the place.

Genl. Montillo is still here and Amador is Intendente. Col. Rash left this three weeks ago to join the troops in the interior.

I will now conclude with my respects to Gen. Harrison, his Son, and Mr. Tayloe.

I remain Dear Van, Yours ever,

Mr. Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, Albany. WILLIAM McDONALD.

*Gen. Van Rensselaer to his Wife.*

My Dear Harriot,

Washington March 7, 1830.

I wrote you of my safe arrival here on Tuesday the 2nd. I then immediately called on the Post Master General, he informed me that two or three Gentlemen had made inquiry of him whether there was any prospect of getting me removed, he told them there was not the remotest; that he knew the President had made up his mind upon that subject, and unless positively ordered by him, he would do nothing about it; and they remarked that then they would give themselves no further trouble about the matter, so all is safe here. I intended to have left this place to day, but am prevailed upon to dine with President Jackson on Tuesday, after which, on Wednesday morning, I leave Washington. General Harrison is still at this place and we see each other daily. I am kindly treated by all.

Yours unalterably and truly,

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Post Office Albany. SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

*Col. Castelli to Consul Genl. Henderson.*

REPUBLIC OF COLOMBIA.

Head Quarters of the Column of West Cazadores,  
San Jose de Cucuta, May 2nd, 1830.

Mr. Consul General,

After our departure for Antioquia, I understood that Lieut. Dabney O. Carr, of the column under my command, had officially carried many stories to the Government, and given a declaration against you, and against his own relation General Harrison, Minister Plenipotentiary from the

United States of America, accusing you of being concerned in the revolution of General Cordova ; although we gave at the time some credit to his Statement from not then knowing his character well, he was very soon found out.

His conduct particularly with regard to the pacific, virtuous and amiable General Harrison who protected him, and who had recommended him to me, astonished me so, I never hesitated in considering him an infamous fellow, and particularly when many officers informed me that he gloried in being capable of selling his own father, if by doing so he could be advanced a degree. I therefore consider it just to manifest to you that I, as well as all the chiefs and officers of the division abhor such conduct and principles. It makes us blush to think that we have in our bosom a man vile enough to profess them ; who besides recently *proved* to us that the titles of spy, adulator, traducer and false-witness may be considered synonymous. From his perfidious character which brought upon him general odium and from his conversation subversive of military discipline, I sent from Ocaia for his passport. Yielding afterwards to his supplications and protestations I permitted him to continue in the division ; but his conduct becomes every day worse, and I shall soon make him leave the column ; for besides what I have told you he does not know his duties. He applies himself to nothing but scandal, he has not been of the least service in this, and I do not use spies.

All this I submit to your knowledge for your satisfaction, and that you may be convinced that the mode of thinking of the Colombians is very different to that of this reprobate in whom nobody now puts the least faith.

I have the honor to be &c. &c. &c.,

CARLOS CASTELLI,  
Colonel Commandant in Chief.

Mr. James Henderson, Consul General from H. B. M. &c. &c. &c.

“Recollect that history will *judge your judgment*” has been too frequently reiterated, by honorable and high minded authorities in all ages, for us not to desire most earnestly that all these political agitations of the day shall soon have subsided. Then we may hope reason and humanity will again have resumed their ascendancy over the baser passions, and *that part* of the community, which *we* represent, will notice with expressions of deep regret and unqualified remonstrance, the treatment to which certain persons high in authority have been subjected. For it is indeed the exercise of a sacred right to express their views, freely and fearlessly, in relation to public measures which affect the honor of our country.”

*J. Macpherson to Renss. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Carthagena, 4th May, 1830.

I should not have waited to hear from you before I wrote to you, if I could have found materials to form a letter worthy of your acceptance and perusal. Carthagena has nothing within its walls worth noticing. The history of one day is the history of a year. As for the general Politics of the Country, they have assumed such a *Proteusian* character (if I may use a word new coined I believe) that I fancy the most clear sighted politician in the World, would not for two days in succession, maintain the same opinion as to the probable results of the present pending difficulties and perplexities, into which unprincipled ambition has plunged the Country. I say *unprincipled ambition*, for the character of the people is

less turbulent, they are less prone to violence, than any other on earth. Legislators of common honesty, without a grain of political science, might have ruled such a people and led them to prosperity and happiness. But this kindly trait of character has been mistaken (by those who ought to have known it better) for passiveness and indifference. But ambition when it takes possession of the mind is blind to all obstacles that oppose its gratification, and deaf to the voice of reason and humanity. The leader or leaders of Colombia, may now be compared to the thoughtless boy who withdrew the peg from the mile-stone. When we reflect on the dreadful scenes of blood in Mexico, Buenos Ayres, and Central America, we may well tremble for the fate of Colombia. You will be able to appreciate the justness of these apprehensions when I tell you that Casanan is in open rebellion. This part of the Republic you will see by the Map, lies on the right bank of the Apure, which river divides Venezuela from New Grenada. Reports say that Paez invaded it and drove off large quantities of mules and cattle, the property of certain people in Bogota.

Popayan has sent a Delegation to Congress, in which they say the Congress is an illegal Body, in as much, as it has Members from Venezuela, which forms at present, no part of Colombia. They deny the right of coercing Venezuela &c. &c. In consequence of these occurrences in Popayan and Casanan, the President of the Board of Ministers sent a communication to Congress, expressing his opinion, that in consequence of the State of Venezuela under arms to maintain its independence, the rebellion in the North, and the declaration from the South, a Congress *for New Grenada ought to forthwith be assembled.* This was considered by many in the house (and no doubt was intended to do) a dissolution of the Bond of Union between New Grenada, Venezuela and Quito, and much violent debating was the natural consequence. The result was not known when the mail left Bogota, but it appears that the then resident foreign ministers sent in notes, in which they declare, that as their Commissioners were directed to the Government of Colombia, their official functions must cease if a separate government should be formed in Bogota. It seems that Garcia Del Rio and Juan Martin of this place are the most strenuous opposers to the President's communication, and in consequence a hand Bill was sent out by Orbando, and another signed "friends to liberty" charging Martin with being an agent of the King of Spain and twitting Garcia Del Rio with his "meditations." Some letters from Bogota say that it is likely Bolivar will be named PRESIDENT; others say he certainly will leave the Country. He appears however by the Gazette to have solicited permission to have an interview with Paez!! Some letters from Bogota say that Paez was actually on his way at the head of the troops to the Capital. As you may suppose all were in dread and confusion — perhaps so intended to be, by those who hope to reap personal benefit, at the price of blood and ruin of this Country. I am sorry my news is not so *patent* as I could wish, but our Minister does not honor me with his Correspondence in the slightest, which I can only regret, but have no right to complain.

All your friends here are well including Mr. Glen, with whom I am again on good terms. Major Holding goes to Bogota with Mr. Bunch in a few days. Mrs. Bunch embarks by this vessel. The British Consul General will be down in a few days, the Office is done away with. Colonel Campbell goes to England. Pray is nothing to be done for the poor, Consuls? General Harrison, from whom I have a letter advises me to

proceed to Washington, when he thinks something might be done for me. It is however too far to travel, for a four years lease of an office, the term recommended by the President. Suppose this rule were adopted, and the States of the Union extended to the Pacific shores, what a *diffusion* of patronage would be in the hands of the President. True policy, I should rather think would point out the propriety of checking this increasing growth of patronage. In Great Britain the King's Patronage is of little use to himself, and is divided among the heads of departments of government. Not so in the United States; it secures the President's powerful influence, and ought to be kept down as much as possible, for if not, it will in time, prove dangerous to the Country. After all, the good old rule of holding office during good behaviour is the best. It is the best, because the Country is better served, men become expert in their different callings. Besides there is something revolting to humanity and decency to see a man and his wife and his children thrown out of Bread, merely because he is of certain politics, to make room for another because his vote has been serviceable to a President, and however the act may be disguised, it is nothing more nor less than downright bribery and corruption, as much so as if money had been promised and paid. God knows there is abundance of bad feelings brought into play at our elections; plentiful allowance of rancor, divisions in families, broken friendships, printed slanders and abuse to degrade us in the eyes of the world without further enlisting *private feelings* in the question of who is to be a President or Governor.

I have spun out this letter to a great length. I have to request that you will not mention my name as authority for any news from this Country. Besides the danger it might expose me to, I think it unbecoming my official situation. I learn that the Congress on receipt of the President of the Council's Message "resolved that this Body should proceed in the consideration of a new Constitution without any reference to the separation of Venezuela." The influence of the foreign Ministers *may* keep things together, but I think matters have gone too far. Their advice will not be heard in Caraccas or in Quito. It will always give me much pleasure to hear from you and write to you.

Yours truly,

M. J. MACPHERSON.

Rensselaer Van Rensselaer Esq., Albany, State of New York.

*The New York Commercial Advertiser's Comments on the Colombia News.*

"The following letter is from a highly respectable source, and we anticipate that ere many months, developments will be made, which to some people, will be of a startling character. Since the return of Gen. Harrison, the reader will have seen that this gentleman has on all occasions treated Mr. Moore, his successor, with marked courtesy and forbearance — nay, at the dinner given him at Cincinnati, General Harrison had the magnanimity to toast him. And yet, from the information in our possession, we entertain not a particle of doubt, that the letters received in this city, puffing Mr. Moore, and casting aspersions upon Gen. Harrison, have been written by, or with the knowledge and sanction of Mr. Moore himself:

*Extract of a Letter dated Bogota, 14th May, 1830.*

"Since the election of President and Vice President, Congress has dissolved, and its members are returning to their respective homes. Gen. Bolivar left us on the morning of the 8th, accompanied by a guard. In

his suite Canaval, Garcia del Rio, Francisco Martin, and lots of Generals. Those changes have been the means of bringing to light more than one vile intrigue. Among others it is currently reported, that here Gen. Urdaneta not long since sent for a mutual friend of H. B. M's Consul Gen. Henderson and himself, to whom he expressed his regret for the harsh measures he had been induced to adopt to force Consul Gen. Henderson, Gen. Harrison, &c., out of the country.

"He attributed his proceedings on that occasion to Mr. Moore, whom he gave as first cause of suspicions against those gentlemen of participation in Cordova's conspiracy — and unequivocally charged him with the fabrication of the "assassination story." Those reports have made your Minister very unpopular here as well as De Bresson and Col. Campbell who are supposed to have been his advisers. There has been a serious misunderstanding between the latter diplomatist and Mr. Moore in consequence of this business. All this, however, is most positively contradicted by Mr. Moore. Be it as it may, this affair cannot now remain much longer enveloped in mystery. I hope in a short time to be enabled to write you more fully upon this subject. Col. Needham who has already left this for the United States can tell you more about it."

"H. E. Gen. Rafael Urdaneta informed Mr. Augustus Leland that the first person who denounced Gen. Harrison, H. B. M's Consul General, and Mr. Gooding as being in communication with Cordova and as being hostile to the Government of Colombia, was Leandro Miranda, that the Council told Miranda, that they could not act unless he presented respectable proof of his assertions. That the next day when the Council met, Mr. Miranda was in the chamber adjoining the Council chamber with Mr. Moore the U. S. Minister. Miranda was asked if he was ready to present proofs, and answered that it was Moore, who was presented as such. Moore then explained the charges made against those gentlemen and Miranda acted as interpreter. Gen. Urdaneta also observed to Mr. Leland, that charges coming from so respectable a source as a Min. Plen: of the U. S. caused the Council as well as himself to pursue the steps they had taken; and that he was soon after convinced of their innocence. And that Moore's object could have been no other than to injure Gen. Harrison, also that the assassination story was a fabrication of Moore's to ruin others."

*Edward T. Tayloe to Rens. Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear Van,

Washington July 16th, 1830.

Yours of the 12th inst. came to hand yesterday. It was quite á propos, as I had arrived that morning from my farm in Virginia. I had been prepared for the information it contains by letters from Bogota, which I found awaiting me. They all concur in the statements of Moore's villainy, of which my suspicions have long been awakened; and circumstances have arisen to confirm them, though I was always slow to give them credence. My information does not differ, it appears, from what you have received, which saves me the necessity of recapitulating it. The developments have been made by Genl. Urdaneta, of whose integrity I have always felt a strong conviction, however much I condemned his measures. He would have given a certified statement, but Mr. Turner — the British Minister — had demanded an investigation of the matter. Gen. Urdaneta thought it better to present his statement to the Government itself, which, we are assured is prepared to do us every justice in reparation of the wrongs inflicted. Moore's base conduct is so well known that all his acquaintances

have abandoned him — and Pickett and himself have separated. Travers expects justice from Genl. Jackson. He says that the Americans in Bogota, receiving no protection from their Minister, have been compelled to address a representation to the Colombian Government — a copy of which he intended to send me, but he seems to have forgotten to inclose it. Travers promises to write me again in a short time. This letter is dated May 28. I am going up to Baltimore to morrow morning and shall probably go to Philadelphia on Tuesday next. I shall lodge at the Mansion House. My stay will not be more than one day — perhaps only a night, as I go for a Sister who is at school there, and is desirous of visiting this place. If you could meet me there, I should be delighted to see you and talk over our adventures by flood and field. At a later period I may extend my journey further to the North. If you ever come this way, you must find me out — and I now give you a formal invitation to my farm on the Rappahanock. I expect to be fast settled on it about the first of October next. I shall always be rejoiced to meet my old friends, among whom I am proud to claim yourself. I have been there a good deal during the Spring and Summer — and having been appointed a Magistrate by my County Constituents, have now some idea of becoming a Candidate to represent King George in our Legislature. I should feel more proud of success in being one of the “reformed.” I have not heard from the General since he left.

I remain Very truly Yours,  
 Rens. Van Rensselaer, Esqr., Albany, N. Y. ED. T. TAYLOR.

“If such oppression and outrages are to be met by the great body of the American people with silence and tame submission, then I confess that I have been mistaken in the character of the country which has given me birth. Is there on the records of diplomacy such an instance of ignorance and perfidy, as the successor of a diplomatic agent to denounce to the government of the country where he resides, his predecessor (whose credentials in matters of trust and importance now for the first time had been most unjustly sullied) with the evident design of seeing him ruined by vile intrigues that are despicable.”

*Gen. Harrison to Rensselaer Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear Sir, North Bend, Aug. 15, 1830.

Your letter of the 20th Ultimo reached me a few days ago. That which you wrote before had previously been received but the two News-papers did not come to hand until some time after; the delay of all was owing to their being directed to Cincinnati office instead of Cleves which is on my own land.

I have received letters frequently of late from Bogota, viz., from Mr. Henderson, Meyers, and Gooding — also a few days ago one from Dr. Cheyne. Gooding openly denounces Moore as being the sole Author of all the Violent Conduct of the Government of Colombia against Mr. Henderson and myself. Cheyne writes to me as he says at the request of Moore to induce me to suspend my opinion of the latter until I can see the manner in which he has spoken of me in his letter to the Govt. Cheyne is very bitter against Mr. Henderson. I have however, heard and seen enough to convince me that Moore was really the Author of the whole plot. Still I will not be his accuser. But I will certainly *leave my friends to act as they may think best.* I have thought that the wisest plan was to suffer the disclosure of his perfidy in my case to grow out of

the development of his subsequent misconduct to others. His Malignant disposition will not suffer him to be idle a Moment, there must be some one on whom to Visit his gall. It appears that he has quarreled with Pickett as well as Gooding, and it is asserted that he has offered to pledge his Government for the support of Bolivar. If this is true, an inquiry will unquestionably be made by Congress and his whole conduct exposed. It is better that the accusation should be brought by any one but me, whether it be the Public or the National Legislature which is to try him. It would be looked upon as the effect of jealousy and rivalry, and proof strong as holy writ would not satisfy his party. At least, I do not wish to be placed in that attitude. I look upon his conduct towards me, with the most perfect contempt and will not deign to consider him as a rival. I must confess too, that I was so far deceived by his professions as to come under mutual obligations of friendship with him. No inducement could ever make me the first to violate engagements of this kind as long as there was the least hope that he had not been treacherous. He has now through Cheyne requested a suspension of my opinion and certainly will accord to it so far as not to throw any influence I may possess in bearing him down until I am possessed of the whole ground. However, his conduct towards others has been such as to prevent my interference as to them; indeed as I said above, as to my own affair with him, I leave my friends to act as they may think proper under the circumstances which may be presented to them, if they think that my Defence against the charges of his friends can be only made good by carrying the war into his quarter, I will oppose no obstacle. I saw a few days since in a late N. Y. Enquirer a most base attack upon me. Carter was here yesterday, but has returned to College, he desired to be affectionately remembered to you. I wish you would communicate with Mr. Tayloe, and whatever your joint counsels may determine to be best, that do. My regards to your father.

Your affectionate friend,

W. H. HARRISON.

Col. Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, Albany, New York.

*Thomas K. Travers to Rens. Van Rensselaer.*

My dear Van,

Bogota 30 August 1830.

When Mr. Henderson's family left Bogota I was in Honda, upon business of the house. On their arrival there I gave up my house to them, and treated them as well as my limited means would allow. We *all* made a tour to the Mines of Sta Anna &c. To see the girls dressed — in jacket and trowsers with a flannel shirt over all, and a black sooty miners night cap over their heads — formed a most laughable scene. And to conduct Miss Fanny down the subterranean vaults of the mine, filled me with such a feeling that I cannot find words adequate to express myself. We all descended 82 feet below the surface of the earth, into dungeons dark and dismal where the appearance of the black and sooty miners made one believe that he had entered another world. After having passed two days with Capt. Cheyne we returned to Honda; they embarked the next day for Carthagena.

We have just got over a revolution, with which we have been kept for the last 21 days, expecting every moment to be our last. The Battalion of Callao, which marched from this City on the 5th for Venezuela, proceeded as far as Tapaquine where they were re-enforced by some 150 peasants of the plains, and marched back upon this City to overthrow the

Government. Cols. Johnston, Jackson and Capt. MacManus also joined them and succeeded in getting about 100 Cavalry, under the command of the former. The Government in consequence of having no troops to sustain it was compelled to surrender, after having had a most bloody battle in which they lost near 200 men killed and wounded, and over 400 taken prisoners, to the rebels. The country at the present time is in a complete state of anarchy; both the President and Vice President have declared that they will resign their faculties into the hands of the rebels; if they do there is no knowing the consequences.

Colombia is now forever lost, and a scene of civil war must inevitably be the future fate of the country; and I would not at all be surprised if the people in town arise and murder each other at the point of the knife. Such is the feeling at present, that no person is seen in the streets after six o'clock at night. The only resource which the Government have, is from Paez, and many seem to think that he will immediately on hearing the fate of Bogota march 10 or 12000 troops to the assistance of the Government. Without it, the Country is lost, and will be sacrificed to the mercy of guerrilla parties, which will form in all parts of the country for its destruction. All my hopes of tranquility being restored are now entirely at an end, blasted, and I do not think — with the exception of Paez, or Bermudas — there is any man in the Country capable of sustaining order. As for Bolivar, he has had his day — and to replace him at the head would be perfect madness. He can never retrieve again the good name he had, and the people generally are so inveterate against him, that I believe were he again established by the military (for by them he must be, if he ever is) he would be assassinated in less than two weeks. A new election of President and Vice President takes place next month. Poor Gooding in consequence of his enthusiastic liberality has been compelled to flee from Bogota. I saw him start this morning for the village of Caquisa accompanied by Mr. Secretary Pickett and Leland. I have by great good luck and precaution managed to steer clear, and weather the storm. This instance has doubly proved to me the necessity of a foreigner keeping himself from meddling with politics in this country, and I now know that it is a wise man who can take care of himself.

Lieut. D. O. Carr, who fought for the Government is dangerously wounded, having his left thigh and arm broken. I think he cannot live more than a few days. His bravery in this affair is almost enough to redeem his former bad conduct, and I felt so much for his situation, that I went to see him and offer my services as far as they extended.

*Sept. 2nd.* To day at half past three o'clock Genl. Bolivar was proclaimed in the *Square*, Dictator of the Republic; and a dispatch immediately was sent off, to call him to the Capital. Gen. Urdaneta is left supreme chief, beside the Minister of War. Flores, in the South, is also using all measures to force himself upon the Capital, and it is said he has 3000 men under his command. Pasto was by the latest news from that quarter, in a state of great agitation, and has risen, no doubt.

*Sept. 27th.* Poor Carr died of the wounds he received in the battle. We have received news from Carthagena that the city has pronounced in favor of the Liberator declaring him *Generalissimo de la República* and the same express brings intelligence that Venezuela was in a state of revolt. We are on the very brink of another contest in the Capital. Late yesterday evening, positive news was received that Genl. Lopez had ordered 1500 rations on La Mera — a small town about 15 leagues from the

Capital — and intended to proceed immediately to the plains of Bogota — A bloody contest will inevitably decide the victory. We have dates from the South up to the 5th of August at which time Genl. Flores was very ill and his army at a stand.

Yours always, truly,  
Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, Esq., Albany.

ROLLO.

*C. B. Meyers to Renss. Van Rensselaer.*

My dear Sir,

Bogota Sept. 22, 1830.

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your much esteemed favor dated the 1st July, and have read the contents with due attention. I am happy to hear that you are well. I had a letter from our much esteemed and mutual friend General Harrison, but none from Mr. Carter Harrison nor Mr. Tayloe since 14th May. Lieut. O. Carr was in the action on the 27 August on the Government side, he was severely wounded and died about 10 days ago. We had sharp work some times, and the blue pills were surging often over the Huérta de Jáymé. The Liberator General Bolivar is called back again as *President*. During the disturbance, the Liberals in town here, were outrageous against all foreigners; even foreign Ministers did not escape their great rage. Col. Moore, your Minister was publicly insulted in the streets, and many other outrageous acts were committed. This will be delivered to you by my particular friend Mr. John Sadler, whom I beg to introduce to your acquaintance, and all civilities you are pleased to confer on my friend shall be considered as shown to myself. Mr. Sadler will be able to tell you all that has happened here in the Political way the last few months. No doubt at the arrival of the Hendersons you must have been very busy my dear fellow, to please the young ladies. Did Mr. Henderson and family go to Washington? give me a long account what they did during their stay — When did they leave for England? God bless you and let you enjoy prosperity and happiness.

Your sincere friend,

Renss. Van Rensselaer Esq., Albany, N. Y.

C. B. MEYERS.

*Rens. Van Rensselaer to Gen. Harrison.*

My dear General,

Albany, Oct. 9, 1830.

Your favor dated Aug. 15th, was duly received, since which I have written, and received from Tayloe letters upon the subject of which it treated. I have also consulted with our friends — not only in this quarter, but from various parts of the State, all agree that Mr. Moore should be exposed, though they differ as to the *time*. Tayloe, for instance who was fearful that the proofs were not strong enough, was for delaying until they could be procured from Colombia. Others thought the quarrel of too much importance for Mr. Clay's interest, to be pushed at present; they wished it to be kept back, until a nearer approach to the period of the Presidential Election as the *effect* would then be greater. Tayloe, however, has lately seen Mr. Henderson, from whom he obtained the most convincing proofs of Mr. Moore's perfidy, and is, as I understand from Mr. Henderson, ready and anxious to commence the exposition at once. I am quite as anxious as he can be, particularly as this morning for the first. I came across the "base attack" upon you in the N. Y. Courier, to which you probably allude. That article was the very thing I wished for, and courted at the time, and I am deeply mortified at not having seen it until to day, when looking over the file of the paper in question, with Mr. Hen-

derson at the Albany Atheneum. The "attack" to which I *supposed* you did refer was the one to which "Viator" was an answer. I am now apprehensive, that if we commence until after another arrival from Colombia, or until after the departure of Mr. H. for England — it will be considered nothing but a manœuvre to benefit Mr. Henderson, of which he himself is the instigator. This I strongly imagine would be the case, as it is so well known that your course is so nearly identified with his. For that reason I am happy that I suggested to Tayloe, a few days since, the propriety of postponing any publications until we could hear from you upon the subject.

Mr. Henderson recollects that I mentioned to you, my suspicions of Mr. Moore's agency in your persecutions, when at Anolayma, and you Sir, may remember the same. Yet, as you silenced me then, by your seeming decisive confidence in his probity, I did not presume to mention all the grounds of those suspicions. But now, since it is evident, that you were deceived by Moore's *professions*, I deem it proper to give you a candid statement of the circumstances which then awakened my distrust of him. After the departure of yourself, Tayloe and Dr. Cheyne for Anolayma, I, as his temporary host, had many opportunities of private conversation with Moore. In one of these he animadverted so wantonly, as I thought, upon your conduct and character, that although I looked upon him as my future patron, I felt so much provoked (notwithstanding his professions of personal friendship for you), as to decline consulting him upon the course proper to be pursued after the fact of Carr's deposition came to my knowledge, and against the advice of Torrens and Leidendorf, I took my own measures to inform you. That Mr. Moore was displeased at my course was indicated in his first exclamation after hearing from me, that I had sent you a letter. "Why did you not consult me first?" my answer "did not want to trouble you" — apparently satisfied him. But when I told him Leidendorf's fears, that your house would be examined for papers by the orders of a desperate Government, his advice that I "should put on a bold front and allow the examination" so thoroughly excited my indignation, that forgetting the respect due to his station, I *swore*, "it should never be permitted while I lived," and abruptly left his room.

Such conduct satisfied Mr. Moore of my will to support your interests and honor, and as he knew that I had left him with an impression of his *hostility* towards yourself, he saw the necessity of lulling my suspicions, accordingly he followed me with counsel to "keep cool" and he "would go out and inquire into the affair." A variety of circumstances, unnecessary now to mention had rendered me apprehensive of a possibility of truth in Carr's charges, of course, I, being the only member of your family on the ground, thought it my sacred duty to prevent an examination of your house for papers at any hazard, and made every preparation, for that purpose, in my power. You may judge then of my emotions when Mr. Moore entered my room at mid-night and declared himself satisfied with the steps I had taken, and *his* determination to support you. I felt as if the burden of Atlas had been lifted from my shoulders. My doubts of Mr. Moore vanished and I willingly thought I had wronged him; but he had not sufficient art to keep up the new impression. In the conversation which ensued, he again evinced a pique against you, and although I could not fathom his motive, I saw his hypocrisy, and my contempt for him was heightened by the relation he gave me of his nights pastime with his pimp, the young Bolivar. Notwithstanding this, I now was convinced

that he would not dare to suffer the outrage which I had dreaded, consequently the next morning, after ascertaining that my messenger had been frightened back to the city with my letter, I, as if fully depending upon Mr. Moore's sincerity, committed the house to his care and carried you the news myself. Previous, however, to leaving the Huérto on this errand, in the conversation had with Mr. Moore, he endeavored to dissuade me from going, by assurances that there was no necessity for incurring the risk — as your *person* would be held sacred &c.

His repeated interviews at this time with Miranda I often mentioned to you. His declaration that your *Dispatches* had been opened and read — that you would have been expelled, if you had not been recalled from the country, his desire to quiet you upon the subject of Gooding's imprisonment, and of the indignities offered yourself — *all evince foul play*. Mr. Moore knew that I suspected as much, and did all he could to eradicate the suspicion, or at least to prevent an expression of it. He has sent me several flattering letters, one of recommendation to Mr. Van Buren for the Consulate of Santa Martha. They are weapons which may be used hereafter if necessary, to repel any attack he may make upon my testimony. Facts have now come to light in consequence of the late revolution in Colombia which have fully justified all the suspicions I entertained of Mr. Moore. I have seen a letter for instance from Gen. Urdaneta to Mr. Henderson, in which he avers his will and ability to prove Mr. Moore the instigator of all the suspicions which the Colombian Government entertained against yourself and others. Besides this, I have *certificates* (which I inclose) from Col. Hogan, Tinoco, Leland and Gooding, to prove that General Urdaneta *publicly denounced* Mr. Moore, as the *informer* of your participation in Cordova's conspiracy, and in the assassination plot. These certificates prove positively also, that Mr. Moore has not only written home himself to prejudice your own countrymen against you, but that he has employed others to do the same. Under all those circumstances I cannot conceive you bound to respect his request, that you will suspend your opinion of him, or that you should restrain your friends from promptly exposing his perfidy.

If he *has* written as favorably of you to our Government, as he would lead you to infer — I can only say that it is in accordance with his duplicity of Character, and that I have a worse opinion of him for that than ever. It is an evidence of his *little* cunning, but that will not avail him if we proceed, which I shall do unless expressly desired not to do so by yourself.

It appears that Mr. Moore has realized nothing from his fellow countrymen resident at Bogota but their undisguised contempt, for his conduct to you, and to punish them for it, I have Mr. Henderson's authority for saying, that he denounced them likewise, to the Government for meeting at Traver's house for political purposes. This indeed was the cause of the difference between him and Pickett, who was included in the denunciation. Mr. Henderson and family sail for Europe on the 16th, they desire to be remembered to you as well as to Carter.

With great respect, Your Obt. Servant.

Gen. Wm. H. Harrison, Cincinnati, Ohio.

R. VAN RENSSLAER.

Mr. Augustus Leland certifies, "that Mr. Moore declared that he had sent an article to Mr. Ogden in New York to be published against Gen. Harrison and Col. Torrens. I likewise certify that Mr. Moore said he

sent one of the severest articles possible against Gen. Urdaneta, to be published in the U. States, but that since that General had lately been appointed Commandant General he had written to try to prevent the publication of the said article."

*Gen. Harrison to Rens. Van Rensselaer.*

My dear Sir,

North Bend, 4th Nov., 1830.

Your favors inclosing the copies of certain certificates in relation to the conduct of Mr. Moore did not reach me until a few days ago, in consequence of their being directed to Cincinnati rather than *Cleves* which is the post town near to me. Ill health had prevented my going to Cincinnati for some weeks, and your letters remained in the office there until last Friday, when I took them out. I should have answered them on the succeeding day, but in the night a Messenger arrived to inform me of the extreme illness of my eldest Son, who lived in Kentucky two miles from me. I barely arrived at his house time enough to see him expire. He has left six children who will be in a great degree dependent upon me for education and support. My son married the daughter and only child of General Pike. His death is the most severe affliction I have ever experienced.

I have not a shadow of doubt remaining as to Moore's guilt to the utmost extent that the Certificates go. I have however strong reasons for wishing to delay a newspaper discussion in relation to his conduct. I will mention one of them: the Ohio Elections have just terminated, and it is ascertained that there is a Majority of Anti-Jacksonians in the Legislature, but extremely small not exceeding two or three. I shall be a candidate for the Senate, and I am not certain that the friends of Mr. Clay will not bring forward some other person. In the event of the Jackson party, perceiving clearly that they cannot elect one of themselves, the great majority, perhaps the whole will support me.

The four elected from this county and several others in different parts of the State will vote for me even if they should have a candidate of their own party. Under these circumstances it would be very unpleasant to have the leading papers come down upon me as they certainly would.

The course that I have thought of as the best, I will communicate in another letter. My mind is at present so very much disturbed that I can only request you to give my affectionate regards to your father and believe me most truly yours,

W. H. HARRISON.

Col. R. Van Rensselaer, Albany N. Y.

*Extract from Mr. Henderson's Memorandum.*

Consul General Henderson writes: "The interference and intrigues of Mr. Moore in the affairs of Colombia are generally talked about and are notorious. On the day of Election for President—when Carnal (who was put up as the tool of Bolivar) obtained on the first shew 27 votes, Moore was seen by many persons, running as if he would have broken his neck along the gallery and down stairs, to communicate the favorable results of the scheme in some quarter. This sort of petty interference as a Message Bearer, may suit the low groveling intrigues of Mr. Moore, but it is ill adapted to the dignity of a Minister of the U. S. To effect his diabolical purpose of party spirit against Harrison, he recklessly involves myself—with a large family—whom then he had never seen, because I was a friend of Gen. Harrison. And gets Colonel Torrens and Mr.

Leidendorff expelled, and his own countryman Gooding thrown into prison. That Moore was the occasion of all this, General Urdaneta has openly declared in all companies. It is well known to the members of Gen. Harrison's family that Moore stated that all their letters to the U. S. were opened. This is not true, the Post Office opened no man's dispatch."

*John M. Macpherson to Rens. Van Rensselaer.*

My dear Sir,

Carthagená 13th December 1830.

Your letter of the 10th October, I duly received and notice all you say about our Minister. I hope at some *future day*, the United States will have some kind of diplomatic school, where the rudiments, at least, of the profession will be taught. I fancy the selection of our foreign Agents are made without much scrutiny into the qualifications for filling the office with advantage and honor to the Country. The question is, how do you vote? and can you throw much weight into the next Presidential election? Now in my humble mind, the questions ought to be: "Have you received the education of a gentleman, and have you the manners of a gentleman, and have you improved your home education by traveling and rubbing off your prejudices by coming in contact with foreigners, so that when you go abroad you will not bore the people to death with your village Politics; and disgust them by a want of deference to their opinions of forms of government; hinting that they are Slaves and desire to be so, because they live under a Monarchical Government. And although I would not, were I President of the United States, hurt a man's feelings by asking him, if he knew how to put on his clothes, and keep himself clean; yet I would take good care that no Sloven, should disgrace the Country abroad. By the way, talking of dress, I consider *that*, as the strong mark by which we are distinguished from all other civilized people. It is a painful truth. but it must be confessed, that we are the most careless in dress of any people under the sun. Now those who are careless in dress, must be filthy in their persons.

But it is time I should say something of Colombian affairs. General Bolivar is in Santa Martha; much discontent and alarm exists in Bogota in consequence of his not going there. The excuses, or rather the reason, that he is too unwell to travel. He was staying at Soledad waiting, I suppose, the success of the expedition against Rio de la Hache, when he became so ill that an express arrived for a vessel to proceed to Savanilla to bring him to this place. There was no Colombian vessel here at the time, but the United States Schooner "Grampus" was in port, and her Commander Mayo, handsomely offered himself and vessel for the service; which was accepted by the Prefect with warm expressions of thanks. Just however as the Grampus reached Savanilla, the Liberator was embarking on board a vessel sent from Santa Martha, to which place the Grampus gave him convoy. I was right glad one of our officers had an opportunity of shewing his high respect for Bolivar; and the service is appreciated here, and I am sure the Liberator will be gratified at the mark of attention. It will be of service to our Countrymen. The question here is, if Bolivar dies what is to become of the Country? His friends say, Civil War to the knife; his enemies say, things would be better. My own opinion is, that the distractions of the country will never cease, until it is formed into this or more distinct governments. The present is an unfortunate state of things. Men will not submit to take justice in Bogota who live in Guay-

aquil, or in Panama, or at the entrance of the Orinoco. In Popayan, Orbanda and Lopez are in arms.

From the South, (I mean from General Flores) we hear nothing certain. The expedition against Rio de la Hache has proved fatal to most of the men by sickness. *This government* seems determined to reduce Venezuela by force of arms. The post from Santa Martha states that no less than six General Officers have arrived there, banished by Paez from Venezuela. This does not seem like any disposition on his part to settle the dispute amicably; a few months will bring many things to light and work many changes in this unfortunate Country.

I am glad to hear you say you feel an interest in the Consular Question. Government has my sentiments on the subject. Perhaps it would be as well not to write upon the business, until the matter was agitated in Congress, then some few clever things in the papers would *tell!* Mr. Musquera and his brother, the General, go by this conveyance, and intend spending some time in the United States.

"4th. We have rumors to day, that General Bemandas, is on his way from Venezuela to Bogota. I think this is likely, from the well known determination of the dominant party here to coërcé Venezuela to join Colombia. If Bemandos marches upon the Capital by the high road from Caraccas, he will cause the troops on the way to Venezuela to counter-march and act on the defensive. Bemandos, they say, was at Guta, a small town between Merida and Pamplin — if so he must soon be near Bogota. I have time to say no more.

Yours truly.

Renss. Van Rensselaer, Esq., Albany, N. Y. J. M. MACPHERSON.

The fate of Gen. Bolivar's unfortunate expedition against Rio de la Hache has at last convinced the chief that he will never again be acceptable to the people and is the cause of his ill health. A recent letter speaks of his hopeless condition and says: "I am afraid he will go off, but God grant this may not be the case, as many ambitious chiefs will quickly arise in case he is carried off, by the 'King of Terrors.' Simon Y. Ponte Bolivar the liberator of Colombia was born at Caraccas July 24, 1783, and died near Santa Martha December 17, 1830. After having resigned five times, he again accepted the presidency in January 1830 and left Bogota to wage war on Paez in the name of the Colombian congress. Toward the end of March 1830 he advanced at the head of 8000 men and took Caracuta, which had revolted and then turned upon the province of Maraeybo where Paez awaited him with 12000 men in a strong position. April 27, 1830 he again resigned."

My maternal grandmother — Maria Sanders, wife of De Heer Philip Van Rensselaer — died December 26, 1830, aged eighty-one years, at the residence of my father in Albany which had been her home for some time. In consequence of the misfortunes of her sons she had been deprived of her once princely property and left entirely dependent in her old age. When on that bed of death, her grandchildren had the proud gratification of hearing her attest, to the entire satisfaction she had ever felt in her soldier son-in-law; she did him full justice for his noble traits. In the presence of Rev. Dr. W. B. Sprague and others, in her dying moments when giving her blessing and bidding him adieu, in a cheery voice she emphatically said: "Solomon you have always been more than kind to me." The example of our excellent grandmama's truly moral and exemplary life as evinced by her daily walk and conversation was a precious

legacy bequeathed to her descendants. She was the connecting link to past generations, a noble woman who would sacrifice anything for posterity, and in whom the characteristics of her ancestors were fully developed; being an industrious, thrifty, self-denying and active Christian of rigid integrity. Her trust in Christ as a personal Saviour, and her devout communion with God was particularly marked and constant, while her wrestlings at the throne of grace glowed with a fervid eloquence and were transcendent. The honor of God was her constant thought and the "sustaining power beneath the beatings of every storm that darkened her life." This pious and consistent "Mother in Israel" was a model of singular excellence, a shining light in the home circle and a cheerful companion to old or young. Her instructions and warnings were invested with such peculiar power, that the gifted clergymen of our city delighted to meet around her sanctified and happy sick couch; they said it "was good for them to be there." She had lived to a mature old age and now went to her rest "as a shock of corn fully ripe." A few scenes in earlier days loom up before me, dear Hattie, when your mother and myself — then two little girls — occasionally visiting grandmama, slept in a trundle by her bed. Before the break of day we would hear the old lady singing a morning hymn and praying in audible tones; after which the call to me was: *Catryntje are you asleep?* Your mother did not at all then relish having her rest disturbed at such early and unseasonable hours, and would give me a gentle pinch as a warning that I was not to answer; but the venerable dame was not to be silenced. After a short pause the question would be repeated with a singular persistence there was no evading: "*Catryntje are you asleep?*" Then the "*liester kint*" was instructed in singing and prayer, very much to the evident disapproval of my drowsy sister, who would sometimes wonder, in a momentary ebullition of discontent: "If her good Father above *had not forgotten* to send for the old lady from earth." Daily we repeated "Show pity Lord, O Lord, forgive." "Lord I am vile, conceived in sin." "From all that dwell below the skies." "Most gracious Father, God of all." And on Sabbath day we had "Lord in the morning thou shalt hear." "Early my God, without delay." "Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near." These and other precious odes in honor of God, were drilled into me from the frequent recital at early dawn; (a system of tutelage, however, which I could not recommend as the most judicious, though it comported with the sterner measures of early discipline in those ages of prudence and sanctity when the "birchen rod," and not "maple sugar government" was in the ascendancy). A favorite pastime to the aged saint, though to us a punishment which we much dreaded, was the study of a page or two in the Heidelberg Catechism, with the well digested inference drawn out.

Nearly seventy-six years ago, on January 27, 1799, Mrs. Van Reusselaer was present at the dedication of the North Dutch church or "Schooner church" as called by some on account of its two steeples. She occupied the large square pew at the south side of the Dutch high circular pulpit on its single pedestal with winding stairs (it was built in Holland in 1656 and is now in the old consistory room). Just in front of the pulpit was an elevated desk in which the zealous young chorister, with his peculiar long white cravat, stood facing the congregation. "This singing master was himself a perfect curiosity and a study; it was a sight to see him lead the tune. He would first handle his 'tuning fork' (this had superseded the 'tooting weapon'), which with consummate skill was jerked to his ear,

to which he listened with an expression of intense anguish, then dropping his head, he performed an unintelligible solo, which sounded like a distant caterwaul, 'to get the pitch.' Then gracefully raising his head, with a countenance radiant of happiness, he poured forth the key note with exemplary vigor, and stretching his arm to its fullest extent, started on the tune, in full cry, rising and sinking on his toes with each bar, and beating time with great earnestness while leading the singing." There were no rich-toned organs in those days, no painted glass in gothic windows, no fresco ceilings, no carpeted floors, no richly embroidered hangings and velvet altar cloth, no fancy baskets or cross of costly flowers, but there was a wooden sand-box for each pew, in which the *tobak spit* was most carefully ejected. The large base viol was the principal musical instrument placed in the gallery just opposite the leader, and in those primitive times the congregation was proud of its music and seemed to realize it was their high privilege to sing the "Praises of Jesus." Sometimes my sister and myself were allowed to sit with grandmama in the large pew, where in cold weather we always found ready placed by the attentive sexton, the unique "*chaufferpie*" or little wooden foot stove lined with tin, having its pan of glowing coals, for the comfort of the old lady's feet. We enjoyed the seat because we could have a view of the whole congregation over which we kept a rigid surveillance. It was, however, rather a dangerous field as we took keen delight in ever watching the idiosyncrasies of the devotees; and were often greatly amused at the somniferous position of not a few persistent ones. Occasionally we would observe one of the old burghers (or even a church warden) slily slip a huge quid of the "tobak" in his capacious mouth and roll it as a sweet morsel under the tongue.

Or the presence of the filthy weed betrayed by the protuberance of cheek as if swollen from tooth-ache. Then too the aspect of a bulky nose begrimed with snuff, together with our telegraphic glances to each other conveying new items of interest, made it a very difficult matter to control our risibility. We were required to sit perfectly still, rather an onerous task for such vivacious youngsters, and if there were any symptoms of restlessness, whispering or playing, there would soon be such a re-action that our nervous system would receive a shock. Indeed we conscience smitten children would shake in our shoes when we observed the excellent woman, whose ubiquitariness of thought we never could comprehend, so deeply interested in the good dominic's sermon, yet, looking sternly at us over her gold-brimmed spectacles. Then the sight of an uncommonly "large pin," taken with deliberation, from the exalted dame's drapery, which always seemed so handy, quickly sobered and recalled the reckless young-ones to their senses; for it was the precursor to a punishment which if once inflicted, was never likely to be forgotten or coveted for a second trial. She was withal very indulgent to your mother whom she dearly loved, and bore with wonderful equanimity the dropping of stitches, when the mischievous child pulled out all the knitting needles from her carefully guarded stocking.

To equivocation of any kind she had an obvious aversion and it was a vain hope for the culprit to escape from the rigors of a severe reproof, but no one could deal more leniently with a repentant wanderer, staggering under the load of conscious guilt, for she was gentle and loving to all in distress. She ever found a certain fascination in all questions that referred to duty.

*Gen. Harrison to Rens. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Colonel,

Washington, 29 Jany, 1831.

I have been here for twelve or fifteen days and almost every day determined to write to you but (to me and my family) all important business which I came on has prevented me from doing or even thinking of anything else. I want much to see you before I go away and must see you. I shall be here a few days longer and then if I can get there, go to Virginia to see my relatives and return to this place. The commissioner of the Land Office said to me a few days ago, "What sort of man is young Van Rensselaer who went with you to Colombia? You may GUESS my answer.

He concluded by telling me that if he had an increase of Clerks you should have a place. This ought to bring you on at any rate; there is much choice in the situations. If you come, while in New York, do my friend, go to see Mr. Ogden and learn what has become of a large Box of Books, which was in his store when we arrived last winter, and which he promised to send to Cincinnati, but which he has not done. My affectionate regards to your Father.

Yours truly,

Col. Rens. Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y.

W. H. HARRISON.

As a patriot, hero, and a general, W. H. Harrison had received and deserved the thanks of the nation: but it was in the more intimate relations of life that the beauty of his character shone forth. His republican simplicity of manners in private, his gentlemanly deportment and truly estimable qualities secured the good will and confidence of all who were privileged in knowing him.

*Renss. Van Rensselaer to Gen. Harrison.*

My dear General,

Albany 4th Feb., 1831.

Your gratifying favor of the 29th ultimo was received yesterday. It took me altogether by surprise — but notwithstanding my engagements are such as to render my presence in Albany for some days absolutely necessary — I will endeavor to put them in such a train, that I may leave here in season to meet you at Washington on your return from Virginia; and I have no doubt but that I will be able to do so. I therefore hope you will have the goodness to inform me when that will probably be, and when you leave Washington for Ohio. My motions will be governed by yours, in case of an answer to this — but if I do not receive one by return mail, I contemplate setting out immediately after. I am much pleased to learn the result of your interview with Judge Hayward. Your wish in relation to your Box of Books shall be attended to.

With great sincerity your ardent friend and Obt. Servt.

RENSS. VAN RENSSELAER.

Gen. Wm. H. Harrison, Washington City.

*Renss. Van Rensselaer to Gen. Harrison.*

My dear General,

Albany 15th Feb. 1831.

When I wrote you last, I did not entertain a doubt but that my affairs would have admitted of my departure for Washington yesterday morning, but now I find myself under the painful necessity of saying it will be completely out of my power to start sooner than Thursday. I hope the delay will put you to no inconvenience, though your letter of the 8th leaves me but little room for that hope. Respectfully your Obt. Servt.

RENSS. VAN RENSSELAER.

Gen. W. H. Harrison, Washington City.

## CHAPTER III.

## NULLIFICATION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

*Rens. Van Rensselaer to his Father.*

Dear Father,

Washington 4 March, 1831.

The General Appropriation bill has passed: and now Judge Hayward has availed himself of the allowance made him in it, for extra work, to give me the promised situation worth \$1000. This is but a temporary berth, it is true — but there is no doubt but that the next Congress will allow him the number of Clerks that he has asked for, and then it will become permanent. So I consider myself a citizen of this Capital. My duties commence as soon as necessary books, warrants &c. can be procured from Philadelphia. In the meantime your friend Larry is looking for private lodgings for me, where my writing is to be done; both Mr. Van Kleeck and Gen. Harrison have been indefatigable in procuring my berth — and to both I am most truly grateful. The General leaves this for Baltimore on Monday; *he* has met with success too in his claim. May like success attend every undertaking of his — for he has as pure a heart as ever beat in a human frame. He has exposed *Moore's* conduct to the Heads of Department and gives them till next Session to act as they may think proper — if nothing is done before that, he will lay the whole affair before Congress, and if *my* testimony is wanted, I am to be called upon in such a way, that I will be *compelled* to give it. This arrangement meets my views exactly, for *I did not intend* to act as a volunteer witness, as, if called upon, I must *black ball* the little Minister Moore, in which case my evidence otherwise might have affected more interests than that of my *own important self*. You will see by Dr. Bradley's statement to Congress that there are *errors, at least*, in the G. P. O. I have not yet ascertained their nature exactly, but many people suppose, that "there is something rotten in Denmark."

Yours truly,

R. VAN RENSSELAER.

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany, N. Y.

*J. M. Macpherson to Rens. Van Rensselaer.*

My dear Sir,

Carthagea, 31st March, 1831.

The irregularity of what are dignified with the name of Packets is the cause of the irregularity of my correspondence; but another and perhaps a better reason for my seeming neglect is that the affairs of Colombia, for some time past, have fallen into such a mass of terrible confusion, that I have found it impossible to commit to paper any thing like facts, or to form an opinion founded upon any reasonable dates as to what may be the ultimate issue of the present struggle between Military Chiefs. The contention commenced indeed long *before General Bolivar's death*; and therefore the supporters of that mis-called great man cannot say, that the present evils are a consequence of his removal from this scene of action. The truth is, this people have no abstract notions of liberty and political rights (and by the by, in that respect they are like the bulk of the people in most or all countries), but they know and feel that they are miserably

oppressed and are therefore ready to enlist under the banner of any Military Chief, who promises to take the burthen from their shoulders. To you, I need not say, what their burthens and oppressions are — but until the people are relieved, every unprincipled scoundrel, who has skill enough to manœuvre a Battalion, will ever find recruits. But I must proceed to give you some idea of our present affairs. You know of course, that Flores in the South set up for himself and separated that Department from the General Government — and you know (of course also) that there was a reaction and that Flores went off and is now acting either with or in concert with Orbando and Lopez. The last news from Bogota state that Orbando had beaten the troops sent against him from the Capital and that in consequence 1500 more had left Bogota to arrest his (Orbando's) advance. Bogota was left without a regular soldier, and apprehensions were entertained that Orbando and Lopez would soon be with them.

In the meanwhile Gen. Urdaneta is acting with great determination and raising (pressing) men in every direction to keep up his army. I apprehend however that he will not be able to make good his position, for besides the North and the South, and I may add Panama, another hornet's nest has broken out in this immediate neighborhood. Perhaps of all the revolutionary movements which this devoted country has yet witnessed, the present, in this Department, is the most unprincipled on the part of the chief actor, and shews in a most striking light to what a state of degradation the Country is reduced. The last vessel that sailed from this, carried the accounts of a raising in Barranquilla, and that side of the country. The movers in this business are said to be several residents in Carthagena well known to be "Liberals;" they were ordered off for Jamaica in four hours to the number of fifteen. Among them Mr. Nuney, Mr. Lopez, and the venerable and long tried patriot Rodriquez Doct. of Laws. The very instant the movement took place in the country, Montilla, with that promptitude for which he is remarkable, sent General Suere with all the garrison that were fit to march and one-half the militia, to put down the INSURGENTS. Suere met a body of them four or five hundred, and as you may suppose, easily routed and dispersed them, and so ended the fruitless attempt, in which the country proper seem to have had no leader to direct them. Suere, you know was a long time an Aid-de-Camp of the Liberator, a favorite and as such met with rapid promotion, which I am told he merited as far as valor went; but had no other qualification. He is one of those who had enlisted to the full extent their opinions current and received as Scripture at the Headquarters of General Bolivar, such as, "the people were unfit to enjoy freedom, that they ignorant brutes &c &c" — a very convenient doctrine for these gentlemen who had monopolized the power of using the poor people as tools to serve their ambitious purposes. Such was General Suere, and assuredly from my acquaintance with him, I believed him to be the last man who would set up for a Liberator, or that he with his troops would free the party they had put down, yet so it has turned out. But how it came about is the most curious part of the business. The following are pretty near the facts; Mr. Glen of Barranquilla, a friend of the present order of things, gave a dinner to Suere and his officers, at which everything went on well, until the wine began to circulate when an officer in speaking of the services of his Regiment, said that "they were hard treated being employed on all services, whilst another Regiment had an idle life in Carthagena." To this reflection an officer of the regiment

reflected upon replied that, "his Corps was not to blame, they were as anxious as any other to serve in the field." This brought on a warm dispute in which others took a part, when Genl. Montillo was reflected on, and abused by some; and from one thing to another, it was *resolved*, "that General Montillo was unfit to be at the head of the Department and General Sucre should be declared in his place," which was forthwith done, and the next day, the PEOPLE met and gave sanctity to the act and General Ignácio Sucre was declared Protector of the Liberties of the people. Sucre then marched against this place, and has managed by the superiority of numbers to form a Complete Blockade on the land side and in the harbor, which has of course reduced the good people to some privations. By the aid of the U. S. John Popin and afterwards British man of War, the port is kept open to neutral flags. The fate of Carthage will depend on the feelings in the interim. If Sucre is attacked in his rear, he must raise the siege; if on the contrary, he is joined by all the other forces, I imagine the Town must fall, for as you may suppose, the people within the walls cannot be depended on, for as they say — and say justly, of what consequence is it to them *who* rules. Report says that Sucre is getting from Santa Martha — which place is in his favor — 24 one or ten 24 Pounds to plant on the hill La Papa — 500 feet above the city. If this is true and he can get them up the steep mountain, there will be no holding out. You will hear more of this through the newspapers, gleaned from the passengers in the "Medina" which takes this. I must break off. Yours truly

J. M. MACPHERSON.

Rens. Van Rensselaer, Esq., Albany.

"General Sucre became a member of the constituent congress of 1830, and while on his return to Quito from the session of that body he was assassinated. The Republic of Colombia comprised Venezuela on the north east, of which Carraccas is the capital, and Gen. Paez the president; Neuva Grenada in the centre, of which Bogota is the capital, and the late General Santander was the president; and the Equador; (Equator) on the south-west side of which Quito is the capital, and Gen. Flores the president. The province of Pasto and also the province of Cauca, were originally a part of Equador; but General Orbando, after the assassination of General Sucre, succeeded in detaehing two provinces from Equador, and thus uniting Pasto and Cauco to Neuva Grenada of which he had made himself president. The inhabitants, of these two places, are the most hardy and warlike of South America. They adhered with great obstinaey to the government of old Spain and Ferdinand VII and their subjection cost much blood."

*Gen. Van Rensselaer to his Son.*

Dear Rensselaer,

Albany June 4, 1831.

I inclose to you the proceedings of the Clay meeting; in point of numbers and respectability it was a very powerful one. You see a Committee waited upon the Patroon, who declined serving. He was hard pressed to do so, but at length he was obliged to tell them, that he would take no active part against the man of honor who even headstrong as he is, was such a true friend to me, and had kept me in the Post Office. This is really more than I expected; I did not think the Patroon would have thought of the bearing it might have had, but I feel truly grateful to him for his kind consideration. This I could wish President Jackson, Mr. Livingston and Barry should know, though it must not now be made

public. He told the Committee withal, that he was in favor of Mr. Clay as the candidate, and wished him success, but he would take no part in the election either for or against it. It is said Gen. Jackson expects to be re-elected to the Presidency for a second term, but has pledged himself to Van Buren not to be a candidate against him if V. B. can get the nomination for 1837 for which he will make strenuous exertions to be bolstered up. All are well and send their love to you. Richard wrote to you yesterday. I inclosed in his a letter to you for Mr. Edward Livingston of Louisiana from myself, and also one for him from the Patroon.

Yours dear Rensselaer in haste, SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

*June 22d.* Inclosed my dear Brother is a foreign letter which I imagine gives you news from South America. Papa called to see Mr. Van Buren on Monday, he was to leave town yesterday for Oswego to be gone a week; was friendly and communicative, intends calling on his return. Papa said he then would be happy to have him eat and drink with him, which Mr. V. B. said he would do with pleasure, so I suppose now his Honor will dine with us.

*Gen. Harrison to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear General,

Philadelphia 24th June, 1832.

As soon as I arrived in this City I wrote to General Cass upon the subject of a Military appointment for Rensselaer. But I am fearful that there is no prospect of success. I met here a young gentleman Mr. E. Lytle who has just returned from Washington, whither he had gone for the purpose of procuring an appointment in the newly raised Corps, but although supported by all the influence of the Ohio Jackson party he failed. They told him that every appointment was filled up though he got there only 48 hours after the law was passed. Indeed I believe that the list had been made out before the law was passed. And I have been informed that it had been previously determined not to appoint any but Western men. I shall leave this city on Tuesday or Wednesday for Washington and will endeavour to get employment for Rensselaer in the Surveying business which may perhaps prove eventually better. My best regards to the Ladies and Reusselaer as well as to the other branches of your house.

As ever — your friend,

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany N. Y. W. H. HARRISON.

“In the spring of 1832 a portion of the Western Indian tribes led on by Black Hawk, a fiery Sac chief, commenced a warfare upon the frontier settlements of Illinois. General Jackson immediately sent out troops, who subdued the Indians in August and Black Hawk was taken prisoner. Then came menaces of civil war from South Carolina, at which time the military was re-enforced.”

*Rens. Van Rensselaer to Hon. Joel R. Poinsett.*

Dear Sir,

Albany, Nov. 20, 1832.

Owing to the all absorbing excitement of a warmly contested election, or to the fastidiousness of our northern presses touching the political differences of your section, we are so lamentably ignorant here of the true state of things among you, and of your prospects, (that presuming upon a partial acquaintance commenced in New York about two years since at the table of Mr. Henderson, H. B. M's Consul General from Colombia) I am induced respectfully to ask of you an answer to the following ques-

tions. 1. Are the nullification partisans of South Carolina serious in their demands for an abolition of the Tariff? 2. If they are not gratified are they determined to persist in their measures to effect a dissolution of the Union? 3. Do they hope to entice or to force any of the neighboring states to cooperate with them, and if so, which of those states? 4. Do they feel themselves sufficiently strong without aid from other states successfully to meet in arms such a force as the President may have at his disposal to send against them at present; and will they, or can they so meet them? 5. If they can, will not the safety of the prominent members of the Union Party be jeopardized whether they too shall have taken a warlike stand or not? 6. Have the Union party resolved to resort to arms if necessary to the preservation of their principles, and if they have, will the personal services of your humble querist be of any kind of consequence to them? To enable you to answer the last, it seems expedient to state that I am 30 years of age, strong, healthy and active and rank as Lt. Colonel in the New York State Militia.

My Grandfather — General Henry K. Van Rensselaer — at the head of his regiment received a wound that in the end proved fatal, in arresting the career of a division of General Burgoyne's army during the revolutionary war. And my father, General Solomon Van Rensselaer, with whom I believe you are personally acquainted, distinguished as a Captain under General Wayne, was wounded through the body while charging the Indians in 1794. In 1812 he was again in the field and added to his fame as a gallant leader at the storming of Queenston Heights. I mention these facts in relation to my primogenitors in hopes it may be presumable that the scion of such a stock is worthy of taking an early and a conspicuous part with you in case (as insinuated in a late article from the United States Telegraph) the Union Party call in such allies as they may find it necessary to employ. It is true I have no record of deeds showing a participation in the chivalrous spirit of my sires; but your old friend General Harrison, or Mr. Tayloe if applied to can give such testimony to the *fidelity*, daring, and conduct of his late Attaché (as displayed among the intriguers of Colombia) to satisfy you that I am capable of making myself useful in what I deem a righteous cause. Therefore as I have no occupation now, or any ties that can interfere, and as I do not purpose entering into any, I hope you will take into consideration the anxiety I must necessarily feel for your answer, with any suggestions you may confidentially make — and oblige me as soon as it may suit your convenience.

With great respect, Your Obt. Servt.

RENSSELAER VAN RENSSELAER.

Hon. Joel R. Poinsett, Charleston, S. C.

*Hon. Joel R. Poinsett to Rens. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

8th Dec., Charleston, South Carolina.

I received your letter and read it with great pleasure. It is always gratifying to enlist the feelings and Sympathies of good and brave men. You must have seen the ordinance and the Governor's Message, which will answer all your inquiries. I believe no state in the union will cooperate with South Carolina in her mad and wicked project of dissolving the union. No doubt we shall be in danger; but we will bear ourselves through manfully and fearlessly. Whether the Union party will resolve to resort to arms for the preservation of their principles is hard to say. They will defend their rights if attacked, I think it will be difficult to

avoid a civil war. We should be glad to have such men as you are among us; but you ought to come whenever the President calls for volunteers and the war is begun. I shall then be most happy to see you here. I send you two addresses written and delivered by me. With cordial esteem

I am, Dear Sir, yours truly,

Renssr. Van Rensselaer, Esq., Albany, N. Y.

J. R. POINSETT.

“The constant complaint of South Carolina against the tariff, is, that it checks importations, and disables foreign powers from purchasing the agricultural productions of the United States. When the State of South Carolina sought to nullify and make void the Tariff laws, General Jackson issued a vigorous proclamation, denouncing the act as rebellious and treasonable. Gen. Scott with a force was posted at Charleston, South Carolina, and every portent of a desperate and bloody struggle was visible as General Jackson had declared that he now should use all the power entrusted to him to vindicate the laws of the Union and cause them to be respected.

“It was immediately after the election of General Jackson to the presidency for the second term, in the fall of 1832, that the State of South Carolina assumed, by the formal edict of a regular convention of the people, to *nullify* and make void the Tariff laws of the United States, on the ground, being imposed for the purpose of protecting American manufactures, they were unconstitutional and invalid. General Jackson’s imperious passions were lashed to madness by the Carolina resistance, and the whole physical power of the country but awaited his nod. At this crisis congress assembled, and the efforts of Mr. Clay were promptly directed to the devising and maturing of some plan to prevent a collision between the Union and the nullifying State, and spare the effusion of blood. Under these circumstances, Henry Clay projected and presented the bill known as the COMPROMISE ACT. The nullifiers, as the rebellious leaders were called, quailed, and gladly accepted this compromise which had been so adroitly prepared by Mr. Clay for the sake of peace. The bill provided for a gradual reduction of the obnoxious duties and quiet was restored when it became a law on March 3, 1833. John C. Calhoun, who had recently resigned the office of vice president, and was now a member of the United States senate, was one of the principal leaders. If he had not veered off into nullification, he would have continued one of the most able and national statesmen that the South ever produced. He possessed a lofty ambition, but never demeaned himself as a time-server.”

In the autumn of 1832, our parents, dear Hattie, decided that your mother and myself should spend a year in Canada, to continue the study of the French language, under what we supposed would be more favorable auspices than could be obtained even at our excellent “Albany Female Academy.” The party was augmented by the addition of three other young ladies intent upon acquiring a knowledge of this important branch of a finished education. From West Troy we proceeded, in a canal packet boat drawn by three horses (in tandem style with the driver astride of one, plying his bugle with merry notes when we approached any of the stupendous locks lowering the canal from, or raising to a summit of more than fifty feet), passing close by Cohoes Falls having “a total descent of 78 feet, and a perpendicular pitch of about 40 feet.” There were “spots of deep historic charm” and objects of interest all along our route which with the recital of memorable incidents caused the time to pass swiftly.

When at night we came into the cabin, a cosy little room about six feet high and ten long, we had a novel experience which was irresistibly disposing us to much noisy mirth. There was now a red drop curtain as a dividing line between the ladies and gentlemen's apartment. We found on either side of this dormitory hanging planks not more than 2 feet wide each one supplied with mattress, pillow and the necessary appendages to make an inviting-looking bed. Then there was great labor bestowed in packing away under seats innumerable carpet-bags, big box, little box, band-box and all; it was marvelous how so many parcels were compressed into such an infinitesimal of space. The corpulent ladies were humbly requested to repose on the *lower* tier of shelves, which they were only too glad to do after inspecting, with an askance look of suspicion, the slight cordage that hooked these ship-berths to the ceiling. The gabblers were only just quieted down when there was such a commotion on deck, together with a hard banging and scraping against the sides of a lock that the entire company were wide awake and greatly edified by the promiscuous ejaculatory remarks: "Holy Moses! What's that!" exclaims the fat old lady snugly ensconced on the under settle. "We're going to the bottom madam!" is the response of a wrathful masculine voice from the next division. "Mamma am those Ingins?" "No child, no, go to sleep." Soon however the flood-gates were opened and the boat glided safely through into the level canal; and we were once more lulled to forgetfulness by the rippling noise of water as the tow-rope strikes its surface and the sonorous snoring of tired gentlemen.

In due time our joyous party arrived at Whitehall seventy-three miles from Albany. Taking the steamboat "Burlington," Capt. Richard M. Sherman, we were soon crossing the beautiful Lake Champlain. We were greatly interested in the graphic account given to us by the Captain of the burning of the steamboat "Phoenix" near Plattsburg, September 5, 1819, which was at the time under his command, then a young man only twenty-two years. "It was owing to the energy and presence of mind, together with the decision of this young commander that *not a person was lost* on that fearful midnight, though the boat was three miles from the nearest land. Shortly after the fire was discovered, it raged with irresistible violence. The passengers, roused by the alarm from their slumbers, and waking to a terrible sense of impending destruction, rushed in crowds upon the deck and attempted to seize the small boats. Here, however, they were met by young Sherman, who, having abandoned all hope of saving his boat, now thought only of saving his passengers, and stood by the gangway with a pistol in each hand, determined to prevent any person from jumping into the boats till lowered into the water. With the utmost coolness and presence of mind he superintended the necessary preparations, and, in a few minutes the boats were properly lowered away, and the passengers received safely on board. They then shoved off and pulled through the darkness for the distant shore. As soon as this was reached, and the passengers landed, the boats returned to the steamboat and took off the crew, and as the captain supposed, every living soul except himself. But, shortly after the boats had left the second time, he discovered, under a settee, the chambermaid of the Phoenix, who, in her fright and confusion, had lost all consciousness. Lashing her to the plank which he had prepared for his own escape, this gallant captain launched her towards the shore; and was then left alone with his vessel, now one burning pile. Having satisfied himself that no living thing remained on board his boat, and with the

proud consciousness that he had saved every life intrusted to his care, he sprung from the burning wreck as it was about to sink beneath the waters, and, by the means of a settee, reached the shore in safety. This simple narrative of one of the most heroic acts on record, I heard from this noble captain's lips only more minutely detailed to satisfy the inquiring minds of his young and interested passengers.

Our baggage underwent a slight inspection by the custom-house officer at St. Johns, situated on the river Richelieu or Sorel. We had a fine view of the Military Station and old fort all of which were particularly interesting to our dear father. The ride of twelve miles to Chambly along by the river was not soon to be forgotten, the road was in a miserable condition, the deep ruts and mud holes made it a perilous undertaking; not more than three or four buildings, made of logs were to be seen between the two places. Finally we came to the foaming rapids of the Sorel river, passed close by the old Chambly Fort, wound around the circular basin and were soon comfortably domiciled with our old friends, the venerable parents of John and Edward S. Glen. We were charmed with the picturesque site of the ancient town at the foot of the sparkling rapids, on the circular basin nearly two miles wide, formed by the expansion of the River Sorel, which connects the River St. Lawrence with Lake Champlain. There are two villages: the *French* District, situated on the basin, which contains the Roman Catholic Church, a large College for young men, the Female Academy, stores and French inhabitants. The English Canton consisted of an Episcopal Church, the various mills just above the rapids, with a small number of English residents and officers. On the Commune, half way between the two settlements, was the principal Hotel. In the English village and close to the beautiful rapids stands the famous old strong Stone Fort of Revolutionary renown, which was captured by the Americans in 1775 and over which I loved to roam.

The Beloeil mountain 20 miles distant on the Sorel was then and in subsequent years the scene of many a delightful pic-nic. At this our first visit, only the beautiful bottomless lake nearly at the summit, graced the lofty mountain, but "in 1843 a huge cross was erected, the pedestal of which was sufficiently large to form a chapel capable of containing fifty persons." Subsequently when on a visit in 1847 to this pleasant place, "during a severe thunder gust, the lightning and wind completely demolished the cross but spared the pedestal which being white can be seen at a great distance." We made a charming visit to Montreal about nineteen miles distant, with a general intention of visiting the principal objects of interest, so we neither forgot the ride around the Royal Hill with its view of the great mountain wilderness on the north of the city; nor the Cathedral on Place d' Arms with its two towers being 225 feet in height. Within this massive structure, of Gothic style of architecture, 8000 persons can easily be accommodated. And now having accomplished the "sight seeing," arrangements were made for the new vocation.

Our dear parents did not leave, till they saw us pleasantly established in an excellent French school instructed by nuns sent out from the Congregational Nunnery of Montreal, and under the supervision of Rev. P. Mignault, vicar general, the most worthy and estimable Roman Catholic priest of the Chambly Parochial. Feeling a strange interest in our quaint position, and fortified with the urbane promise of no compulsory obligations as to religious instruction; and also that we should be allowed each

Saturday afternoon to visit, and continue till Monday morning at the residence of our friend Mr. Glen; with the same privilege extended for the holidays and Catholic festivals; we willingly remained, but there was a shower of tears. This circumspcet arrangement kept us securely under Protestant influence, and each Saturday morning the Episcopal clergyman, Rev. Mr. Braithwaite, with the vigilance of a good shepherd insisted upon gathering together all the Protestant lambs of that scholastic flock into the green pastures found at one end of the little sitting room of our nunnery. Here with great persistency he faithfully expounded the Holy Scriptures, expatiating fully on the fallacy of Catholicism, entirely oblivious of the pertinacious surveillance of the saintly nun who was always present at this moral and religious training, but ostensibly occupied with her beautiful needle work. Our labors were not particularly oppressive, as French, music and instruction in their exquisite embroidery, crochet, or ornamental worsted, wax-work and other fancy novelties comprised the extent of our avocations. It is really a pleasant task to review the "lights and shades" of those early academie days, for there were many intelligent and studious girls whom we highly appreciated and with one or two we formed a life long friendship. There were about fifty or sixty pupils in the school, ten of whom were from Protestant families in the States. The too susceptible minds of three of these young ladies, our fellow-students, were sadly warped, "beguiled by sophistries and witched by a pretense of truth, fantastic as fiction," much to our regret did renounce their Protestant faith. They found ready sympathy and encouragement in "the powers that be," and soon, with complete self-abnegation, made their decision to return to the "one early and only true Church. They made confession, were baptized, and anointed with the "holy oil of confirmation on the forehead," finishing the first act in the drama, by receiving "the Bon Dieu" or the "sacramental wafer."

The rosary around the neck, rope girdle, crucifix held between the clasped hands, coarse black dress, white kerchief about the face or black hood, accorded with *their* ideas of earthly rest. Their youthful imaginations were charmed by the "dramatic and pompous ceremonies of the Romish ritual;" the sequence was — they enthusiastically embraced the vocation of a *religieuse* with due solemnity, fixed in the determination to devote themselves to the service of God; to enter a convent and in a state of holy seclusion, by good deeds, prepare for heaven under the instruction of their confessors? We cannot "draw a vivid picture of the rigorous discipline and miseries of conventual life and the evils which result" from it for we saw nothing of the kind detrimental to any person. On the occasion of our *jour de congé* or holidays, we certainly had most enjoyable, merry times in boiling, pulling or watching the making of molasses candy; skimming off the scum, stirring it frequently, the flavoring, blanching of almonds or ground-nuts and boiling sufficiently that the mixture might be crisp and brittle, were momentous episodes in the daily routine. Occasionally some of the nuns from Montreal would come over for a day or two; we much enjoyed their visits for they seemed so full of mirth and "perfectly content with the happiness of a nun's life" in the seclusion of convent walls.

Assuredly it is a hazardous experiment and of doubtful expediency, if not a very serious responsibility incurred, for parents and guardians to send their children from the sunshine and smiles of a happy home, and consign them to the confines of a nunnery. It is impossible that the

exiled child can bask in the genial rays of love as found in the "home" sanctuary; and the excitable, tender hearted *might* experience the pernicious effects, *might* be influenced by the blandishments which entangle, and the subtle polishing which garnish the novitiate. It was not required of *us* — though all the Canadians were obliged at certain times to "dip their fingers into the font of holy water and touch the water to the breast, forehead and each side, thus forming a cross and say a short prayer." When the cathedral clock struck twelve the entire body of students immediately arose and with decorous gravity repeated a prayer; soon after which, we all stood patiently in wrapt attention while the "*Benediciti*" was pronounced, and then sat down to our simple meal with as much zest as many do to the most magnificent banquet.

Our lady superior was dignified and serious, a lady whom we all respected and could not fail but be struck with her beautiful character. Sister Saint Theresa was always very pleasant, and with her winning smile she seemed cheerful and full of gayety; also most desirous to make smooth like velvet the roughest places of life. Unfortunately, however, this wise, ubiquitous mentor had an innate proclivity for creeping very stealthily upon our little coterie, at unseasonable hours, the utility of which we did not at all appreciate. She was strongly suspected of prying into wardrobe minutiae, as two Bibles were missing from two separate trunks. We must (perhaps) have overlooked them, for when my sagacious sister Harriet had announced her determination of making the loss known to our friends, the Bibles were again found, without difficulty in the respective trunks, which were subsequently kept locked.

Vividly as though events of but yesterday, another panoramic view now glides before my mental vision, portraying a few incidents connected with our conventual life; which not even the waves of acute sorrow that have been surging over my head since those times have obliterated. The school regulations demanded that all pupils rose, dressed and were ready for prayers before daylight; we then, at signal of bell, kneeled on the uncarpeted floor, in a double row around the community-room. The Protestant girls being also required to be present, availed themselves of that opportunity to commune with the ever present God in their own private morning devotions, and felt it an incouparable privilege to do so. On kneeling down, the Canadian suppliants prostrated themselves and kissed the floor, after which many devout ejaculations enhanced the spirituality of the occasion; long prayers were recited, some of them while bending lowly over "Hail Mary," Ave Marie, creeds and confessions with the Rosary or string of beads used by Roman Catholics in counting prayers; the protracted length of these exercises, in the kneeling posture, were to us exceedingly fatiguing and the interest often slackened.

One memorable cold winter's morning, all were solemnly engaged in the oratory of the building; the novices were repeating together aloud the words "*Ora pro nobis. Ora pro nobis.*" Simultaneously, to my utter consternation, I heard, — in sweet, plaintive, clear accents close by my side: "*Albany beef! Albany beef!*" I could not have been more startled had the veritable sturgeon from the Hudson or North river splashed by my side. While I listened with fear and trembling, for I instantly recognized the tones of my facetious sister, I was really surprised to hear how perfectly and harmoniously she made her words assimilate with their peculiar intonation, till certainly even I could perceive the similarity of style, and indeed there was a marvelous resemblance between their sounds

and her peccant imitation. In amazement I at once turned, and saw the youthful devotee meekly kneeling with inimitable composure; her fair young head erect, as "her raised countenance seemed appealing to Heaven for mercy" eyes closed, clasped hands raised before her breast, with a faultless manner, as though oblivious of her surroundings, while she continued monotonously, with a firm voice, to rehearse her strange words! She was a general favorite with all her young companions, not one of them would betray her, but the occasion was too great a test for their risibility. Many of the Canadians understood a little English, and after a moment of intense suspense, during which, by surreptitious glances, the pupils seemed to comprehend the affair a smothered spurring, or suppressed giggle of a light girlish laugh would burst upon the stillness of that chamber, broken only by the ceremonies of papal authority. Nothing, however, seemed to disturb the equanimity of the devout proselyte; her attractive quietness was in striking contrast to their levity. How she was enabled to maintain such perfect composure under the trying ordeal I do not know, for the lynx-eyed Saint Theresa was quietly watching her every movement.

While kneeling in extreme weariness, and striving to find amusement for herself in the dim lamp-light during the long dolesome service, her sensitiveness and inveterate keenness of satirical perception, was on the impulse of the moment, thus ludicrously exercised by the similitude of the sound, "*Ora pro nobis*," as pronounced in the measured sing-song cadence, to the words of "*Albany beef!*" The temptation to indulge in her peccadilloes, was too strong to be resisted and instantly, on the ear, without one feeling of irreverence, rose the abrupt expressions as she joined with solemn accents in the inspiring prayer. How the idea ever struck her imaginative mind, seemed a marvel to my obtuse sense; but while conscious keen eyes were scrutinizing, I could not suppress a smile at the novelty of the thing, yet I trembled for the result to the facetious recluse, not knowing but the severest penalties might be inflicted.

After the conclusion of the matin exercise, the superior took her customary seat and with an authoritative voice said, "*Mademoiselle Marie venez ici.*" You might have heard a pin drop in the hushed stillness of the moment as, in anxious solicitude, all her young companions stood around waiting for further developments.

At this peculiar crisis the mischievous girl, without the slightest appearance of being a culprit, went joyously forward to obey the summons. To the question in French, of what she had been doing while we knelt? she promptly answered "Praying." In reply to further inquiries "with a ludicrous elongation of her usually bright face," she assumed a grieved look, and expressed her surprise at the discourtesy of laughing at her feeble efforts and also calling her to an account! How could she be censured if unfortunate in getting the right tone, though it might be a humiliating fact, did she not come there to learn? The finale of close investigation was a loving smile of rare approval from the credulous superior, and a gentle tap of appreciation on the head of the *bonne enfant* who no doubt was striving to be a good Catholic — certainly was not guilty of a heinous offense and no penance was imposed!! The demure faces of the surrounding circle during the rigid examination, and the bright smiles of relief at the commendatory encomiums for her piety, gave sufficient evidence of the high esteem in which she was universally held. "The culture of manners is a specialty at all Catholic schools" and it was manifested now as the most perfect decorum was observed during all the proceedings. An

increase of kindness and good will were plainly felt to be the pervading influences among our ranks, and a more "cheerful looking saint" than Mademoiselle Marie was never seen.

We witnessed a religious festival of the church of Rome, that occurs on the next Thursday after Trinity Sunday, in June, "the month of roses." It was the procession of *La fête Dieu* or *Corpus Christi* day, in honor of the eucharist; it also justly represents that God is King of Armies, but there were not a few among the illiterate mass of the people, who, not having been initiated into the mysteries of the finer meshes of Catholicism, but really supposed, and told us, it was to fire away the devil, their common enemy from the community. Rustic arbors beautifully festooned with evergreens and flowers, had been erected at certain distances; the inclosures of which were decorated with choice paintings; and carpets spread upon the ground. The table in each arbor was covered with an altar-cloth splendidly embroidered — the handiwork of the nuns — on which was the crucifix and other customary paraphernalia. At the hour appointed for the ceremonies, the military, in all their polished equipments, were drawn up in fine style. The vicar-general carrying the consecrated wafer, over whom was upheld a handsome canopy, with the other high dignitaries of the church clad in their gorgeous robes; the several orders of priests with their attendants, in white gowns, walking backwards, some of whom were throwing up the burning incense, others scattering rose leaves and flowers in the pathway; students from the college, together with the populace made an immense concourse of people. The mellifluous chanting of the students, "the charm of the ostentatious form," and the imposing lustre of Catholicity was all very captivating and made it an impressive pageant. As the procession arrived at the different arbors, there was a general halt and prostration while the reverend fathers officiated at the altar and sprinkled them with holy water.

The largest and most richly furnished of the arbors was directly beneath our school-room windows close against the building. While the ceremonies were progressing in this little sanctuary, and the air heavy with fumes from the burning incense, the people were densely packed before the house in a posture of adoration. The hushed stillness of the motley crowd when the host was elevated, the sonorous responsal from the students to prayers in the miniature chapel, the theatrical display, and the *tout ensemble* of this august spectacle seemed a most potent appliance both to attract and control in abject submission the minds of that worshipping assemblage. The many windows of the edifice were filled with pupils and their friends, among others were Miss Glen, my sister and myself; while directly around the booth, assembled many Catholic gentlemen whom we knew. At the conclusion of prayers, while still prostrate, the military fired a *feu de joie*, it was a heavy volley, and simultaneously with the sudden blaze and crash, above all its noise came the discordant bellowing of a frightened refractory calf — which with eyes widely distended till only the white seemed visible — manifested its alarm by terrific cries. With frantic leaps he dashed wildly through the startled, kneeling multitude; sprang hither and thither causing no small commotion, while the throng of devotees rose simultaneously from their knees with wonderful agility and beat a precipitate retreat; indeed the grounds presented an animated tableau. At this critical moment in the midst of all the tumult, rose a shrill, piercing cry of "Oh! Jane Anna! Jane Anna! See! see, THERE goes the *devil* in the shape of a calf!" Which accompanied

with the gleeful clapping of her hands in unspeakable delight that knew no bounds, quite electrified us. The scene seemed real, not illusory, and almost impressed you with the idea, that the precocious enthusiast rejoiced in the belief that Satan had actually entered into the animal and taken his departure. The remark certainly was most *apropos*, for you could readily imagine the furiously frantic calf possessed with the evil ravings of a demoniac spirit, and it would not have been surprising if the startling apparition had made converts of many others to the doctrine of transmigration on that occasion.

The friends around, however, were by this time pretty well posted in the peculiar proclivities of my fun loving sister, and I observed more than one highly amused gentleman when rising from his knees, shake his head or finger at the merry girl, as though they considered her case a hopeless one and the incorrigible Mademoiselle Marie impervious to reproof.

Previous to our return home, our excellent lady superior sickened and died. When the cold chill was on her clammy brow, we knelt near her bed side and saw her receive the last sacrament. The rite of extreme unction, "or the application of sacred oil to the head, the hands, and the feet of the dying saint;" together with the consecrated wafer, which was held by the priest between his fore-finger and thumb and then laid on her tongue; the sprinkling with holy-water, burning incense, chanting, and prayers were solemn rites, and seemed a comfort to the good lady who soon "passed away." The host was then borne in a procession through the streets to the church; a boy going before, dressed in white, rang a bell, at which sound all persons near prostrated themselves, remaining in that position till the "Bon Dieu" had passed.

*Col. Van Schaick to Rens. Van Rensselaer.*

Washington Jany. 23, 1833.

You may rest assured my dear Colonel, that no change will be made in the Post Office at Albany let "the Regency" do their ———. The declaration of General Jackson that he would *not* remove General Van Rensselaer unless his enemies dare denounce and could *prove* him a defaulter sets the question at rest forever. Besides I take the liberty to inform you that the Post Master General has expressed himself so unqualifiedly delighted with a breakfast, or dinner or some visit of that sort he made at your fathers, that when applied to he said, "I have seen this gallant soldier surrounded by a most amiable and charming family — intelligent, happy, delightful; I cannot consent to bring misfortune into such a circle — I cannot consent to Gen. Van Rensselaer's removal." Such I have been well assured is the substance and language held by Mr. Barry. Our true policy is to consider the question of a removal as a thing not to be discussed, much less to be dreaded. The effort to remove Gen. V. R. is looked upon with abhorrence by men on both sides, and thousands of Jackson men are glad that it has been defeated. There is no chance for you in the fighting way unless the whole nation is involved in a civil war — the actual collision if there is one, will be short. People will soon begin to inquire, "what are we fighting about?" If you could send me a superfluous Evening Journal or Microscope now and then I should be obliged. If I can do any thing here for you — command me.

Yours truly,

J. B. VAN SCHAICK.

Colonel Rens. Van Rensselaer.

*Hon. W. T. Barry to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My dear Sir, Washington, 28th Jany., 1833.

I have received yours with the extract from the Daily Advertiser. What is said of myself is true, and I suppose it is so as to what the President is represented to have said. It is a matter of no importance, and it is not necessary to trouble the President about it. I owe you an apology for not answering your esteemed favor, received some time since, enclosing a copy of your letter to the President. The patriotic tender of services you make, is in accordance with the history of your life, distinguished by acts of gallantry and bravery. The President appreciates it properly.

Present me kindly to your amiable family and believe me to be — Sincerely and truly — yours.

W. T. BARRY.

Genl. Solomon Van Rensselaer, P. M. Albany.

“The patriotic tender of service,” was on the occasion in 1832 that South Carolina threatened to secede, on account of the increased duties on imported goods as enacted by congress. South Carolina opposed the tariff, insisting “that duties should not be collected within her borders. Jackson said he should enforce the law, and took prompt measures for so doing.” The president issued a proclamation on the occasion, and Gen. Van Rensselaer offered if necessary to go to Charleston in support of the constitution and the laws. “The difficulty was not settled till congress passed a bill introduced by Henry Clay, providing for a gradual reduction of the tariff. Conrad Ten Eyck and Charles B. Lansing were at this time Gen. Van Rensselaer’s aids.”

*Gen. Harrison to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear Friend, Cincinnati 15th Jany., 1835.

The last correspondence between us was a letter from you dated about eighteen months ago. I did not answer it — for at the time and long after, I was greatly afflicted in mind and frequently so in person. I could not write to you without telling you all the tale of my woes, and although I knew that from your generous heart I should experience the kindest sympathy, I was determined to suffer alone and not excite feelings in my friends which would distress them without doing me any service. Without going into particulars, I can now tell you that the sources of my misfortunes, were pecuniary embarrassments produced in part by the imprudence of two of my sons, but much more by my own folly in making myself responsible for men whom I took to be honest upon their own professions. In the midst of my difficulties, however, I never gave myself up to despair, but resolutely resolved to apply every remedy within my reach to overcome what I could overcome and palliate what I could not. My efforts, if they have not completely succeeded, have so far approached towards success as, to give me every encouragement to persevere. I am in hopes to be able to liquidate all the claims upon me and still have enough left to support my family. I am greatly aided by the possession of an office humble indeed, but still honorable and lucrative. I am the *Clerk* ✓  
*of the Court of Common Pleas of Hamilton County* at your service. But I have news still more strange to tell you if you have not already heard it. Some folks are silly enough to have formed a plan to make a President of the United States out of this *Clerk* and Clodhopper! And amongst other reasons they assign is, that of my being the only one at all likely to

overthrow the Champion of the Empire State. Now if he were only a Champion, however famed for deeds of noble daring in fair and open fields, an old Soldier could not well decline the contest. But then he is supposed to deal in an Art which forms no part of the tactics that you and I have learnt. But even with this advantage, I will not yield the field to him if I am selected for the combat, but will willingly give way to either of the more able and experienced Warriors that can be selected from the ranks in which I am enrolled. I send you herewith two or three papers which contain Articles that may interest you.

My family are not in the City with me, my Wife was too snug in her quarters at home to come up here. But I merely stay myself whilst the Court is in Session. I have rooms in the best hotel. Present me most affectionately to Mrs. Rensselaer and the young ladies and to Rensselaer — by no means forgetting the son-in-law and daughter. Tell me in your next how my namesake<sup>1</sup> grows and whether the Mother and Grandmother, at least, do not think him the finest fellow in the world. Carter is with me, he has been studying Law for a year past at Dayton, and is now attending the law lectures of King, Wright & Walker.

Your affectionate friend,

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y.

W. H. HARRISON.

*Gen. Harrison to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear Friend, White Sulphur Springs, Va., 25th Aug., 1836.

Upon my arrival here two days ago I received your letter urging me to visit N. York. I have duly weighed the proposition and have taken the advice of several of the most talented men of the State, who are here and as much interested as you are in the Cause. The opinion of all coincide &c. that I should by no means place myself in an attitude which would give my opponents an opportunity to say with truth, that I was traveling for the purpose of Electioneering. Believing that I would at least lose as much by such a course as I would gain; my position is now one of dignity at least. I did not bring myself forward; my friends did not bring me forward — I was brought out by the Spontaneous Will of the People: the object — to put down Corruption and *Manœuvring*, to restore the times when the decision of the people was the result of their judgment, not of their passions inflamed by artful demagogues. I am here in a way to give cause for no unfavorable remark. I am on a visit to near relatives whom I have not seen for several years. No one can with propriety object to it; particularly as I decline all public dinners, travel rapidly, and mingle as little as I can do without giving offence — with the people. There is only one reason connected with the Election that would have authorized this journey, and that is to counteract the opinion, which has been industriously circulated, that *I was an old broken down feeble man*. Upon this subject it gives me pleasure to say to you, as I know it will be highly gratifying to you, that I was never in better health in my life. You would scarcely know me, I am so much altered for the better since we *two met*. [The greater part of the time during his visit at my father's house in 1832, he was suffering severely with ague in his face.] I go

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<sup>1</sup> The little namesake, "*Harrison*," son of Richard and Elizabeth V. R., was born June 9, 1832 and died July 9, 1833, aged 13 months.

from hence towards the seaboard of the State and shall be in Baltimore in about twelve days when I shall expect a letter from you.

My affectionate regards to the Ladies and Rensselaer.

Yours most truly,  
W. H. HARRISON.  
Genl. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y.

Vice President Johnson said in the house of representatives whilst a member of that body: "Of the career of Gen. Harrison I need not speak, the history of the West is his history. For forty years he has been identified with its interests, its perils and its hopes. Universally beloved in the walks of peace, and distinguished by his ability in the councils of his country, he has been yet more illustriously distinguished in the field. During the late war, he was longer in actual service than any other general officer; he was, perhaps, oftener in action, than any one of them, and never sustained a defeat.

"Such is the man who still enjoying his untarnished fame and glory, and standing on a proud and lofty eminence, where neither malice or envy can assail him, is now summoned by his grateful countrymen to leave the quiet walks of private life to guide the councils of the nation, and 'deliver the country from the dangers which encompass it,' AND HE WILL BE HER DELIVERER!! In January, 1818, General Harrison introduced a resolution, (when in congress to which he was elected in 1816) in honor of Kosciusko, and supported it in one of the most feeling, classical, and eloquent speeches ever delivered in the house of representatives."

*Robert Johnston to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Post Office Dept. Appointment Office,  
Washington, March 15, 1837.

Sir,

A letter has been received at the Department in which it is alleged that you have for a long time been in the practice of returning persons as Clerks in your Office who have never acted as such, and giving large salaries to persons who render but little service; that your Son R. Van Rensselaer was not Employed more than a third of the time and that his work was wholly superfluous; that your daughter, A. Van Rensselaer, has received a large salary for two and a half hours work in a day &c. It is also alleged that you do not personally attend to the affairs of the Office, but leave them wholly to the guidance of your Assistant; and that for the year 1834 you obtained and returned the receipts of Clerks for \$700 each, when in fact you only paid them \$600 each.

I am instructed by the Postmaster General to communicate these charges to you, and request an answer with such explanations as you may think proper to offer.

Very respectfully,  
Your Obedt. Servant,  
ROB. JOHNSTON, 2d. Asst. P. M. Genl.

S. Van Rensselaer Esq., P. M., Albany, N. Y.

"Having been a warm politician of the old federalist school, General Van Rensselaer, who was a terse, caustic, and accomplished writer, wielding the pen with great power and sometimes stinging severity, became a marked object of displeasure with the democratic general government. And now in the renewal of the crusade against the sturdy veteran, to all these intensified charges, instigated by some of their sycophantic adherents to democracy, the following reply was sent.

*Gen. Van Rensselaer to the Post Master General.*

Sir,

Albany March 24, 1837.

Your letter of 15th inst. I received on Monday last. I have been attending Court, as a witness for three days or I would have answered it before. Who the letter writer is, you mention, I cannot conjecture, unless he be a Clerk I dismissed from the Office for not attending to his duties. I should be happy to see that letter if it is not contrary to the Rules of the Department, I will return it if desired.

As to the Charge of my leaving all to the management of my Assistant is untrue; he has Charge of the Distributing Department and for which he is responsible; my private office adjoins the Post-Office and so situated, as your Agents can tell, as to overlook, and hear what passes in it, and I superintend the whole.

The Finance Department I exclusively attend to. I am induced to believe that the Office is well managed, as I have never heard of a Complaint *here* to the contrary — and to my promptness in making my returns and payments, the Post Master Genl. can best judge. When Genl. Harrison went as Minister to Colombia my *only Son* was in his family, he is warmly attached to him, and out of delicacy to me and of his own accord has withdrawn from the Post Office and has had nothing to do with it since the 30th June last. As to my Daughter, she is unfortunately Deaf, and has in consequence of it, withdrawn from company, and devotes herself to writing which greatly amuses her, she is very accurate, writes with great facility, and I very much doubt whether any Clerk can be found to copy about Fifteen Hundred pages of transcripts as she does a quarter; the returns will show the same, besides other writing for me. Before Major Barry changed the mode from quarterly to weekly payments, the accounts of the Office as had been usual before I took charge of it, were paid quarterly, the consequence was that I lost large sums. I do not wish to disturb the ashes of the Dead and therefore I shall avoid mentioning names unless it becomes necessary, but I lost by two gentlemen, now no more, Fifteen Hundred Dollars, whom I could not possibly avoid crediting. I was at Washington and mentioned the thing to Colonel Gardner and asked him if it was not possible that the Post-Master-General could allow me for it, he said he believed not, but that I had better speak to him. I did so, Major Barry told me, that he could do nothing, but that it was a hard case, that these and other unavoidable losses should come out of my salary alone; and that as my Clerks received the balance of the Commission, they ought to contribute their proportion; and advised me to deduct a portion of the amount from their Compensation. I accordingly deducted from five Clerks with their Consent One Hundred Dollars Each; although I knew that I was right in doing so, I afterwards regretted it, lest it might give rise to improper remarks, and I never attempted it afterwards.

Besides these, there are several other losses I sustain, the mails generally arrive in the Evening, a great proportion of the letters are delivered between early candle light and 9 o'clock, until that hour the delivery is kept open. The consequence is, at those hours, good from bad bills cannot as well be distinguished as in the day time, and many Counterfeit ones are taken, this too is my loss. Errors in making change, in the hurry of a crowd, upon letters and newspapers. The corrections at the Genl. Post Office of my Accounts &c all tend to reduce my Compensation, in which I think my Clerks should participate, and which I respectfully submit to the decision of the Post Master General.

I inclose you the oaths of office of two new Clerks, the one is a night clerk, and the other for the distribution, in the place of *Perlee* dismissed, and the other is that of *Martin* whose names are now on file in the General Post Office. *Martin* was one of the night clerks, was tired of the business and resigned. Indeed the duties of this extensive night office, as I may term it, are very hard; they commence half past five in the morning, and the mails are not all made up until half past ten or eleven o'clock at night. Two more clerks will leave the office on the first of April, it takes two or three months before they know their duty; and when the Contract with the Rail Road Company commences, I shall require an additional clerk to get the Steam Boat mails ready for the Cars at 11 o'clock, unless the Post Master Genl. directs its departure at one o'clock. From this you will be enabled to judge of the candor of the letter writer, and shall only add, that the Clerks I have in the Office are very efficient, that they have full employment and that I have only those whose names are last returned to the Department, and the two now mentioned. It takes the time of a Clerk to distribute blanks, twine, wrapping paper &c., to the different Post Offices, which this Contractor might as well do by appointing an Agent in this City. Post Masters with the same facilities might apply to him as well as to me, and save the trouble of opening numerous letter and drawing our attention from the business of the office.

I am with great respect your Obt. Svnt. SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.  
Robert Johnstson, 2nd Asst. Post Master General.

The above answer must have been satisfactory as Gen. Van Rensselaer was retained in office until 1839.



MORGAN LEWIS.

*Gov. Lewis to Miss Van Rensselaer.*

My dear Miss Van Rensselaer, New York, 5th June, 1837.

I do not venture on your Christian name, though I believe it to be Adeline. The Ear-Trumpet however, which accompanies it, will determine, for which of the Daughters of my friend Gen. Solomon Van Rens-

selaer it is intended. I met with it by accident, and believing it would be an acceptable present to you, though the offering of an old man and a widower, I take the Liberty of presenting it to you, with my best wishes that it may prove an agreeable companion. It's form will shew its use. It will be necessary for you however to caution those who speak to you through it, to speak low, slow and distinct.

With my affectionate remembrance to your father, mother and sisters, be pleased to place on the list of your friends.

Your hbl. Servt., MORGAN LEWIS.

Miss Van Rensselaer — Care of Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany.

“The great panacea for *deafness*, the catholicon for the removal of untold human ills, both physical and mental, which will make a life a summer sky, which will replace the darkness with the gladdest sunshine, which will put a budding rose where first flourished the ragged thorn, is the blessed habit of an implicit reliance on the wisdom and love of Providence in every occurrence of life; of humble gratitude if it is gladsome; of uncomplaining resignation if it is adverse: saying and feeling of every deprivation: ‘Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.’ This is the balm of Gilead; it is true bliss.”

*Miss Van Rensselaer to Gov. Lewis.*

Dear General,

Albany, June 10, 1837.

Your present arrived safe and proves indeed, “an agreeable companion.” It is highly valuable as it enables me to converse with ease, and I shall prize it the more as coming from one who has always been a particularly kind, warm friend to my dear Parents. They have a great and true regard for you, and they frequently speak of you with interest and affection. They also feel this new instance of your ready, considerate kindness very much indeed to their afflicted daughter. I cannot express my thanks for this valuable gift as I could wish, but you may rest assured dear General, that I am truly grateful. It was my intention to have purchased a Trumpet, but put off doing so until I could go to New York myself, that I might know at once if the instrument would be of use to me. I find it very pleasant, on applying the tube to my ear, to feel the sense of hearing is quickened and aided so much, as to enable me to distinguish the different sounds quite readily, which without would be at the best but obscurely heard.

The incapacity of perceiving sounds is a great deprivation, for deafness is always liable to depress the spirits, and my organs have been so long impaired that this trumpet is really a comfort. I am exceedingly glad to have one so much sooner than I expected and return you my thankful acknowledgments. Papa, Mamma and their tribe desire to be kindly and affectionately remembered to you. Accept our esteem and best wishes, and believe me sincerely, your much obliged friend,

Gen. Morgan Lewis, New York.

ADELINE VAN RENSSELAER.

*General Lewis to General Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Staatsberg, 16th Sept., 1837.

Our Wheat having failed in this country last season, I find it difficult to procure that which is fit for sowing. I will be much obliged to you therefore if you will inquire whether I can procure in Albany fifty Bushels of white flint, perfectly clean and at what price, and should the latter not be too extravagant I will send my Overseer up to purchase it. I will

thank you to give me an early answer as my grounds are ready to receive it. I should have called to see you on my return from the Springs, but arrived in Albany in the night, very unwell, and hastened home early the next morning.

With respects to the Ladies of your family, believe me to be your friend and Servant.

M. LEWIS.

Maj. Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany.

It is an interesting episode in our general history to read such a letter from General Morgan Lewis; though his services as governor, as an officer, and a gentleman ranked among the very first, yet he retained his simple habits. His military career was during the stirring events of early times, then he served brilliantly and with patriotic fidelity. Now we see, from another bit of personal biography his interest in agricultural improvement. General Morgan Lewis died April 7, 1844, aged ninety years. "Land and labor are the principal sources of public and private wealth. The more fertility we can impart to the one, and the more intelligence we can infuse into the other, the greater will be the returns they make and more happiness."

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#### CHAPTER IV.

##### NARRATION OF FACTS CONNECTED WITH THE FRONTIER MOVEMENTS OF THE PATRIOT ARMY OF UPPER CANADA.

"The oppressive course of the English government towards the Canadas was the occasion of a multiplicity of unfortunate events. In March, 1837, the constitution of Canada was violated by forcibly laying hands upon the People's money, in opposition to a vote of the Peoples' Representatives, acting under the constitution solemnly guaranteed to them by the Imperial Parliament. This was the source of the subsequent evils, one false movement led to an intricate train of dire calamities and unwonted inconveniences. The Reformers had taken great pains to inform the British Government of the true state of affairs in Upper Canada, and many believed that Sir Francis Bond Head would do what he could to remove the chief causes of discontent, until the proceedings of the Executive previous to and at the last general election of a House of Assembly, convinced them that nothing but a revolution would relieve the country. In the declaration of grievances of the 31st of July, the British Government were distinctly given to understand that revolt might be the consequence of its base duplicity. In December, of the same year, the suffering people rose to vindicate their right to the attainment of free institutions; but after a vain struggle against monarchical oppression, the strong arm of power hushed the Canadian patriots into the quietus of silent endurance. In this trying crisis many true hearted valorous Americans sympathized deeply, and were enthusiastically attached to the cause of Canadian

Liberty who, reckless of life, with a generous, noble daring and the most anxious solicitude for its success, unmindful of penalties to self, volunteered to assist their oppressed neighbors in alleviating their many grievances and to emancipate their country. The excitement was intense. The prevalent sympathy at Buffalo for the Canadian Patriot cause had exhibited itself in the organization of a volunteer corps. There was great significance in the fact that a portion of both Canadian provinces were in insurrection against the British Government.

"Among the sympathizing republicans was a true hearted, noble man, RENSSELAER VAN RENSSELAER; possessing heroism, strong patriotic enthusiasm, and generosity; ever ready to unfurl the standard of liberty, he unfortunately was induced to engage in the 'Canada War' which he considered a just warfare as being based on practical and correctly enlightened principles." This enterprise was a great sorrow to both of his venerable parents, it caused the bitterest anguish and disappointment, for they confidently supposed this idolized only son to be in Syracuse with his affianced. They had not the slightest idea of an entanglement, till they received letters from Buffalo, and now to them every hope seemed blasted by this untoward espousment of Colonial burdens. The climax was reached when a friend wrote to my father that "General Rensselaer Van Rensselaer was in command of the Patriot Army at Navy Island." The head quarters were at Navy island on the Niagara river just above Fort Schlosser, and here was the rendezvous for the insurgents of that neighborhood and their American sympathizers.

"Navy Island is at the foot of Grand Island, near the Canada shore and is considered a secure position. Recruits from both sides of the river are constantly joining the patriot standard there. The leader of the patriots who is planning operations favorable to their cause is a son of General Solomon Van Rensselaer. He no doubt remembers and hopes to avenge the blood his father shed in the sacred cause of Liberty—that cause in which the patriots are now struggling near the place of his former operations."

#### PROCLAMATION.

"THREE HUNDRED ACRES of the most valuable Land in Canada, will be given to each VOLUNTEER who may join the Patriot Forces now encamped on Navy Island, U. C. Also ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN SILVER, payable on or before the 1st of May next.

By order of the Committee of the Provincial Government.

W. L. MACKENZIE, *Chairman Pro. Tem.*"

Navy Island, Tuesday, Dec. 10th, 1837.

"*The Spirit of the Country!* We give the following extract from a letter from a gentleman in Tompkins county, to a business firm in Buffalo, as one among the many which we have seen, indicating the feeling which prevails all over the country, in reference to the course of the Canadian reformers:

"Dear Sirs — I herewith send you a ten dollar bill, which, with my respects and good wishes, please give to my friend, W. L. McKenzie, who I discover by the papers is in your city. If however, he should have previously left, give it to some other Canadian Patriot, and if the cause of freedom and disenthralment from petticoat government will be subserved by drawing on me for \$50 or \$100, I shall be happy to meet the demand.

Yours respectfully."

“Rumor, regarding the War, is wide awake yet, with her thousand tongues. It is certain that the inhabitants of the other side are surrounded with trouble and suspicion. The fact that the loyalists, on the Canada shore, near this city, have destroyed all means of crossing, speaks plainly the fears they have of their own people. None are permitted to cross to this side, but sworn loyalists.”

Dear Sir,

Lewiston, Dec. 11, 1837.

This section of the country is rife with rumors pertaining to Canadian Affairs; but they come with such variegated complexions, it is difficult for the most discriminating to cull out the truth in all cases. However, as this is the centre spot for news from the Upper Province, yesterday and to day was spent here to obtain the information given below, which coming from the best of authorities, can be relied upon as far as it goes, and presents a picture of the consternation that prevailed among the royalists at Toronto. The Canadian papers however stigmatize the Patriot efforts at resistance as a “pitiful and contemptible conspiracy,” and speak of Mr. Mackenzie, who, they say is at the head of it, as a “pitiful and contemptible demagogue.”

It appears a well concocted plan for a general insurrection in the Upper Province had been devised and the day for the carrying it into execution appointed. “Had Mackenzie acted with less precipitancy and rashness, and allowed Dr. John Rolph and Bidwell to mature their plans, the insurrection would unquestionably have been more general.” The Patriots were secretly carrying and drilling their forces when Gov. Sir Francis Head received an intimation of the design and immediately adopted measures to frustrate it. Volunteers were called in from the adjacent towns, and he soon found himself sufficiently strong to march against the Patriots in their principal rendezvous “at Montgomery’s Hotel, 3 miles back of Toronto between 6 and 10 at night, and proceed from thence to the city, join friends there, seize 4000 stands of arms, which had been placed by Sir Francis in the City Hall, take him into custody with his chief advisers, place the garrison in the hands of the liberals, declare the province free, call a convention together, to frame a suitable constitution, and meantime appoint Dr. Rolph, provincial administrator of the government.”

Governor Head in his despatch says: “I was in bed and asleep when Mr. Alderman Powell awakened me to state, that in riding out of the city towards Montgomerie’s tavern, he had been arrested by Mr. Mackenzie and another principal leader — Capt. Anthony Anderson; that the former had snapped a pistol at his breast; that his (Mr. Powell’s) pistol also snapped, but that he fired a second, which, causing the death of Mr. Mackenzie’s companion, had enabled him to escape.” “As soon as Mr. Powell reached Toronto, the alarm-bells of the city were rung — the Governor’s family were on board a steam-boat ready to fly, the government house abandoned, and the Governor himself trembling in the City Hall. Colonel Moodie of the army had attempted to pass the barrier at Montgomery’s but when warned by the guard, he had persisted and fired a pistol at them, on which one of the men leveled his rifle and shot him.” On the approach of the Loyalists, the Patriot forces, about 700 strong, under the command of W. L. McKenzie, fell back to a piece of woods where they made a stand and an action of considerable spirit ensued. The result was a trifling loss of killed — about three, and four wounded,

though a larger number of the enemy were both killed and wounded; both parties eventually fell back to their respective strongholds. The Patriots went to Youngstreet, some ten or twelve miles north of Toronto, where they are supposed to be engaged in recruiting forces, cutting off supplies from the enemy &c. The Loyalists returned to the city and are now occupied in fortifying the place; in capturing or *expelling* the disaffected. Among the expelled is Ex-Speaker Bidwell, who arrived here in the government steamer, "Transit," yesterday; Dr. Rolph and other conspicuous members of the Provincial Parliament have been here some days.

"The Governor has, by proclamation, which I have seen, offered \$4000 reward for Wm. L. McKenzie and \$2000 each for some six or eight of the leading Patriots. The impression appears to be that McKenzie should have marched upon the city as soon as it was ascertained that his designs were suspected. Then a panic pervaded all classes, he would have met with little or no resistance, and the whole province would have yielded to him. But brave and chivalrous as he undoubtedly is; able as he is in the editorial chair; or as a debater in the legislative hall — he unfortunately has acquired but little tact as a military man. Of course he lacks that confidence so necessary to be diffused among the well wishers of his cause. A proper military leader, however, will be found and spite of the partial check sustained, the spirit of reform will yet burst forth and carry everything with it in the Upper Province before the Winter is ended. A wag spread a report in Niagara, a day or two ago that the Yankees were organizing on the American side for the purpose of taking the Fort. In consequence orders were issued to all true and loyal subjects of her most gracious Majesty the Queen, to rise in their might and repel the puissant invaders. They did rise to the number of about 1000, and are now strutting most valiantly about the old battlements. They keep up a strict guard at the different ferries, where every stranger is closely examined before he is suffered to pass. Another wag propagated a story in Queenston that the loyalists were coming over to seize the person of Dr. Rolph, on which the Yankees brought out their old muskets, &c., and stood prepared to do battle in behalf of their distinguished guest. The excitement is intense on all sides."

*Dr. Chapin to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Buffalo, Saturday Dec. 16, 1837.

I understand from reports, as well as personal inspection, that your Son is engaged in procuring volunteers, for aiding the Patriot Service in Canada, in this vicinity.

So far as I know and according to the best of my opinion and belief, the Enterprize is undertaken, without any System of operation — without Arms — and Munition of War, with a few Adventurers, some of doubtful character, and at best, many that have not Seen Service. I hope that I am Mistaken, in my views of the subject; but the sincere personal regard I hold for you, constrains me, to say to you that I fear he has not sufficiently counted the cost, and I am induced to make this Communication to you, in hopes that your parental advice may not be lost on him. You may perhaps think that I am interfering with not strictly my business: but I hope you will receive this in the Same Spirit of Kindness in which it is sent, and believe me to be unalterably yours,

CYRENIUS CHAPIN.

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y.

This same Cyrenius Chapin, M.D., was one of the kind-hearted, skillful physicians who in 1812, with such tender solicitude dressed my father's wounds after the battle of Queenston. Though their sympathy for each other, had been unspoken for years, yet now, to alleviate the anxiety of my dear parents, the interesting accounts given by this heroic man, so well appreciated in every circle of benevolence, were such as to keep us fully apprised of all my brother's movements — as far as known to him — in the struggle to acquire Canadian liberty.

*Dr. Chapin to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Friend,

Buffalo City, Dec. 23, 1837.

Your inestimable letter came duly to hand. I found that your letter to your Dear Son had been by him taken from the Post Office. It is therefore impossible for me to do as you request. Before he left this City for the Canadian Service, I called upon him — stated fully to him my feelings, and my views of the whole matter. He seemed inclined to yield to my suggestions, to relinquish his ideas of joining the rebels in Canada. But I soon after found out that he finally had embarked in the Service. He sent for me (I presume soon after he received your letter) and I called upon him. He was surrounded by what we may call a Mob; of course, he made no communications to me — as to his views — nor as to the business upon which I was requested to call upon him, and we separated. I was not then aware of any letter from you to him nor to myself. Upon the receipt of your letter I immediately wrote him to come to this City to see me upon the business. My health would not permit me personally to go to him. I presume he will soon return here, and either abandon the Service or I shall with the Co-operation of some of our most worthy substantial and intelligent neighbors and citizens endeavor to my utmost to prevail upon him now *at once* to abandon the enterprize and to complete the business he came here upon, and to return as soon as possible to his Father and his Friends. Whatever may be the result — you shall be immediately advised of it. Sensible of, and fully reciprocating your feelings as a Father, as well as a man, a citizen and an officer of the highest grade — I at once, but in haste reply, as fully as I am now able to do to your letter. No further assurance of my prompt exertions to the utmost of my power, can be necessary. Should you find it possible to be here yourself, I should think it advisable. With respect and Esteem.

Yours, &c.,

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany. CYRENIUS CHAPIN.

*Gen. Van Rensselaer to his Son.*

Dear Rensselaer,

Albany, December 23, 1837.

Without my knowledge and in opposition to my feelings and opinions, you have passed the *Rubicon* and there is now, no returning with honor. If your men are true to themselves, I know you will be true to them and the trust reposed in you. Your position is an admirable one for defence, when at the same time it enables you to strike a blow when you please and at any point, if you should succeed in the first Battle you will sweep all before you; if not, and you should be taken, your life is forfeited and all the influence that can be made in your favor cannot save you, the greater the Rank, the surer the punishment. Governor Head, I think, will not venture to carry the Island, and as to his Shells and Rockets,

they will prove harmless in your situation. Shells can be seen coming and are easily avoided. and if they fall near you, drop flat on the ground, and nine times out of ten, they will explode over you. If they find that Bombarding you, don't answer their purpose, they may collect boats and try to carry your Post by storm; then will come the tug of war. If your 18 and 6 pounders are well managed, some of their Boats will go over the falls, and if others land, the Musket and Bayonet must do the rest. Tell your men from me, that I know from experience, it is *much safer* to stand and fight than to run. It is the duty of a Commander to think of every thing and provide as far as he can for every contingency. On the vigilance of the Guards, the safety of an army depends. The Officer of the day should visit the Sentinels between each relief during the night, the more boisterous the weather and the darker the night, the greater the necessity, for that is the hour a vigilant officer will choose to surprise you. I think your 18 pounders will be able to reach their mortars and do execution. How many pieces have you in all? What number of Muskets, *Bayonets*? How many men and how organized, ammunition, &c. What are your prospects of recruits? Your cause is popular here, and War with England may grow out of it.

When I wrote to you that letter, the Commercial Advertiser in Buffalo, mentioned that the Patriots were carousing at the Eagle Tavern, and recruiting, also that the command which was offered to you, had been accepted. I felt justly indignant at the violation of our Laws, and the neutrality of the Country and consequently wrote as I did. Now, however, the posture of affairs is different, you are in an Enemy's Country and the recruits are coming to you, and although my opinion is the Same, as to its imprudence, I do not see how you can retrace your steps, if your men prove true to you. Poor Mary is greatly distressed, I have written to Syracuse to Major Forman and made the most of it. John S. V. R. feels in high spirits and says go ahead; he has your Newspaper under his management; it will do well. It is said that the District Attorney has issued warrants for some of your patriots — look out. Do you want anything from here? Your letter of 15th postmark Buffalo 19th, I received last evening. The other you mention I have not received.

Yours affectionately.

SOL VAN RENSSELAER.

Success attend you dearest Brother, and ditto says *Matilda*. Mary, Mag and I have an idea to join you what say you? *Catharina*. So the Albany Misroscope advises the idlers of the city to do: "*Follow the example of Van Rensselaer who like Lu Fayette, has left the luxuries of his home to join the Patriots.*" With a kiss from us all, *Margaretta*.

*Adeline Van Rensselaer to her Brother.*

Albany Dec. 23, 1837.

I said from the first my dear Reuss. that a letter must be on the way for us, and right glad am I to say that yours of the 15th arrived yesterday, the post mark was Buffalo, 19th. The first news we had of your engaging in the cause of the Patriots was from a letter and a Buffalo paper, saying, it was currently reported that the command had been offered to you, and it was believed you had accepted. The paper arrived Sunday night, it caused great and sore distress among us all. Papa was in extreme agony, but would not tell us the cause of his anguish until near twelve o'clock on Monday. Just before day-light he told Mama, she really forced it from

him by her urgent solicitation; and we could not at all account for her tears and distress until he handed me the paper. He supposed from that, you were recruiting in violation of the laws of our country to aid rebels and it raised a storm. It seemed as though all your prospects were blasted by this imprudence; he was so down hearted that I could not bear to look at him. However, the news since then, has cheered him a little, and now he knows you are *in for it* and cannot draw back, he tries to make the best of it, and I am glad to say he is more reconciled, and thinks if you are successful in the first battle, you will do wonders for the cause in this *third* invasion of Canada! He feels for the Tories just as he did before, though I can see sometimes that his blood is up for the Patriots — in a quiet way. I tell him and Mama (but she does not allow it) that *both* your Grandfathers were rebels, and it was not any wonder you sympathized with, and had joined to aid the oppressed in their struggles for exemption from undue control and abject surveillance. La Fayette did the same in our revolution; and you are only following in the footsteps of our noble ancestors who have *twice* before this, with the United States government, attempted the subjugation of these British Provinces. And dear Reusselaer, with *your* enthusiasm, generosity and inborn command of character, we cannot blame you — however we may deprecate the hazardous undertaking — that you accepted the offered command, only be wary.

There is a strong under-current at work in our good old City, and vehement feeling among all classes — some against, and others in favor of the cause; but sympathy for the Patriots certainly has the predominance. John S. Van Rensselaer and many staunch friends do not hesitate to say openly, that their ideas about the Canada trouble are changed entirely since *you* have entered the list of their defenders. We all are proud of your standing among them, hoping and trusting that good may accrue from the movement. In your own dear home your loved ones talk and try to cheer our idolized parents and each other; but how much soever we may take *pride* in your position, the intense anxiety at heart for your safety is deeply painful, and we all feel alike. When the mail arrives all the papers are searched for *your name*, so take good care of yourself, and do not expose yourself rashly, not only for our sakes — but your poor dear Mary has been really wretched, yet she fully appreciates your noble and chivalrous motives, she behaves beautifully and will stand by you; both she and her Father have written to us. Papa sent a very good letter to Major Forman, making the best of the present state of affairs. He stated his own views of the position of Navy Island, and from what he remembered of it, said the selection of such a position would do *credit* to an older and more experienced soldier, that a better one could not have been found; he pointed out the island, to us, on his map of Queenstown.

We obtain all the intelligence that is known about the "*cause*" but you must find time to write us dear Reusselaer about yourself, it will do much to cheer and comfort us to know even trivial circumstances. We have not seen dear Mama smile once since the reception of the unlooked for tidings; her beloved face is now overshadowed and almost paralyzed with anxiety; she says she is wading through the troubled waters, and living over again the agony of 1812 in her old age. I feel so sorry for both of our dear parents. It is supposed by many that in the movements on the Frontier in favor of the Patriots there is something political at the bottom, and that Van Buren is trying to involve us in a War with England.

Governor Marcy's Proclamation is considered a cold water business; his son, a member of the Van Rensselaer Guards is very anxious to join the *rebels*. The *Argus* has felt with them for some time as also a few of the *Troy papers*. Weed came out yesterday with a strong, good piece for them and now we are all democrats to the back bone. Papa says he feels for the British as he previously did, yet as unfortunately you have engaged against them, he knows you must now go through it with untarnished honor, as he thinks your lion heart will sustain you in every emergency to do what is just and proper — his trust in your discretion is unbounded. It warms his blood not a little to hear the praises lavished on you by our friends; he is constantly thinking of you and your plans — I vow I believe my fearless soldier daddy would like to be with you! You have a great responsibility on your shoulders; the people think and say you are “a chip of the old block” — and we hear of many volunteers who intend to join you *after* the great initiatory step is taken, but coward-like they want you *first* to bear the brunt, the shock of the onset. After which — if the fierce bull dogs of government are not at your heels — they will gladly flock to your honored Standard to assist you in the business of ingathering, and reaping of illustrious military distinctions, that might possibly encumber you or be grievous to be borne. The tardy workers of the “eleventh hour” will not then object to equal emoluments of station and honors, oh that all would go at once. God in mercy watch over your safety my beloved brother, and grant success to your undertaking. If there is *now* only a concert of movement and readiness, through the British colonies, to aid, the “cause” *must* triumph. Then if you should be successful and achieve with God's blessing the independence of the Canadas, your position my dear Brother, will indeed be an exalted and envied one. But oh! *if you are check-mated*, the recoil will be terrible, disastrous to all future pre-eminence, and what a sad blow to our noble venerated father!! Those adherents who now so warmly applaud will be the very first to turn against and to condemn in you what they will then certainly call an unwise step. Even the newspapers that now so enthusiastically and openly uphold the movement, will rant most zealously with high sounding words against your republican loyalty. Political sycophants will then be the first to despise and most eager to “kick you to the bottom of the hill.” Your present position is pregnant with “*weal or woe.*”

With much love, wishing you a “Merry Christmas and “Happy New Year” from all.

Your affectionate sister,

ADELINE VAN RENSSELAER.

Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, Esq. Buffalo, N. Y.

*Rensselaer Van Rensselaer to his Father.*

Dear Father,

Navy Island, Dec. 25, 1837.

I received a letter from you a few days since when in Buffalo, the *tenor* of which is only remembered now, for it was consigned to the flames as soon as read. Among my “*scoundrel crew,*” we have such things as ex-members of Parliament and *Gentlemen* of large fortunes who cheerfully perform the most severe duties assigned them. I have also the countenance of ninety-nine out of every hundred of your friends in this quarter; even if such manly editors as Stone, King, &c., choose to give a political turn to the enterprise. Another Tory here, the Mayor of Buffalo, tried hard to nip it in the bud, and it was owing to the effect of his sneaking manœuvres that I was compelled to move before my prepar-

ations were complete and invade Canada with *twenty-eight men*! The Mayor has been *hooted* out of his office.

My position is impregnable — my force in men and arms has been hourly augmenting and I will soon be prepared for a sleigh ride visit to Sir Francis Bond Head, Governor of the Canadas. I HAVE counted the cost of all these matters, and am very sure that I will never regret the course I have or may take to push them ahead. I leave the world to justify me to my kindred and my dear friends, but it matters not how they feel or act, I hereafter will not forget or *discard them*, or recede now. I, as an American, fear not the Red-coats be they few or many. Let my desk be *scaled up* and taken under your own especial charge until further notice. My love to all. Niagara Falls is my nearest P. O.

Happy Christmas to *you* to my *dear Mother*, and to all,

RENS. VAN RENSSELAER.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany.

*Dr. Chapin to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Friend,

Buffalo City 25 Dec., 1837.

I have been deceived. Your Son *had* proceeded on his way home as far as Lockport, at which place, I am now informed, he met some men with a Field piece on their way to the Island. By them he was induced to return with them and is now upon Navy Island with others and in service. I am unable myself to effect his return or to devise any measure by which he might be reclaimed. I would therefore suggest to you the propriety of your personal presence at this City or at some place near the Island, where you might readily meet him, or perhaps, and as you may determine, to put the matter into the hands of the Marshal in such manner as you may deem proper and the most feasible.

I remain Dear Sir, Your Friend &c. CYRENIUS CHAPIN.

Genl. Solomon Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany.

*Gen. Van Rensselaer to his Son.*

Dear Rensselaer,

Albany 26th December, 1837.

Yesterday morning a Letter from me left this for you, it went in the Lewiston package, under cover to Mr. Vaux the Post Master at Niagara Falls, and I requested him to forward it to you by express without delay, so if you have not received it, you will know to inquire of those two Post-Masters. I wrote to you in full, that the steps you had taken I entirely disapproved of, but that it was then *too late* to retire with honor, if your troops are true to you. I have also written to Dr. Chapin to the same effect.

There is a wonderful excitement, and great anxiety in the City for your success, and your course becomes more and more popular, even your dear Mother says you cannot now retire with honor, while at the same time she and all could not even wish it if by so doing there must be any compromise of noble integrity. An Officer's reputation must be unsullied.

The Governor of Upper Canada sent a messenger with a requisition to our Governor for William L. McKenzie a fugitive from justice; the demand was refused for various reasons, among others, that he was in the British Dominions on Navy Island. The Messenger left here yesterday morning; on his return to the Gov. when he arrives, if the attack on you has not already been made, it will immediately take place. It is not only a point of Honor with them to drive you from the Island, but necessary to

their safety to destroy this rendezvous which they know will become troublesome.

You may calculate that all the force they can collect will be employed. Do not be deceived by their bombardment to screen their main attack, which will be made from above. The boats from Fort Erie &c. will assemble some miles above you, at that point, their force from above and below will collect at night to conceal their movement; and the current without aid of oars will carry them to (which might disclose the movement) the point they wish to attack; that point, I think, will be the east side of the island. You should have parties of observation well up on Grand Island, and on Buckhorn Island; they possibly may land on Grand Island. I throw out these hints that you may be prepared for every contingency, but above all means, be not surprised, the darker the night, the more it snows or rains the greater the necessity of being on the alert.

All send their love to you and pray for your success.

Your affectionate Father,  
 SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.  
 Genl. Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, Navy Island.

"A requisition had been made by Sir Francis B. Head, lieut. governor of Upper Canada, upon the American authorities for the person of Wm. L. McKenzie, as a fugitive from justice, charged with certain felonies. Gov. Marey declined to comply with the application, on the ground that the offenses charged against Mackenzie, being incidents of the revolt, were merged in the higher crime imputed to him of treason, a political offense, excepted by our laws from those for which fugitives can be surrendered by the Executive. The opinion of Attorney General John J. Crittenton, given at the request of Governor Marey, sustained this conclusion. Also that the alleged "fugitive's" head quarters were at Navy Island within the limits of the province of Upper Canada. Mr. McKenzie however had been in a jeopardous situation before he reached the island, but arriving at Buffalo as a Canadian refugee he found shelter under the roof of a good Samaritan. When it was announced at a public meeting of citizens in Buffalo, that Mr. Mackenzie and another of his compatriots were at the house of Dr. Cyrenus Chapin, the excitement was intense. The meeting was held at the Theatre. Every foot of the house from the orchestra to the roof was literally crammed with people, the pit was full, the boxes were full, the galleries were full, the lobbies were full, the street was full, and hundreds were obliged to go away without being able to gain admission. The venerated Dr. Chapin presided. Never saw we such a scene, never heard we such a shout of exultation. Such enthusiasm is honorable to the feelings of our citizens. A price was set on the Patriot's life by the agents of transatlantic power, it was rumored that a British officer was in town for the purpose of taking Mackenzie, also that there was a coat of tar and feathers prepared for the former.

"Fellow citizens," continued the old veteran, "his life is in our power, he has thrown himself upon our protection — will you protect him?" "We will! we will! Bring him out!" "Gentlemen, he is too fatigued, too sick, to come here to night. But tomorrow night he shall address you." (cheers) "I am an old man, but at the hazard of my life will I protect those who throw themselves upon our hospitality. If any mean scoundrels, for the sake of the reward of \$4000 which is offered for him, should undertake to get him, they must first walk over me. I am rather too old to fight, but I have got a good bowie knife." (Here showed one of very respect-

able dimensions, which was greeted with three loud cheers.) "Now we must act with prudence and discretion. I want six strong, brave young men, as good sons as we have got among us, to go to my house to night, for fear of any attempt on the part of the loyalists." "A hundred!" "No, I want only six — who'll go?" "I, I, I" — was heard all over the house. A dozen sprang upon the stage. At last the meeting formed a procession, and marched to music through the streets to the residence of Dr. Chapin, and gave three cheers for Mackenzie and his worthy host. Fears were still entertained that the demand for McKenzie would have to be complied with, and the friends were solicitous that he should be placed entirely beyond its reach. Reus. Van Rensselaer therefore took him under escort from his hiding place, at ten o'clock at night, to White Haven, on Grand Island, ten miles below the city, where the Canadian refugees and volunteers had assembled the day before, for a descent upon Navy Island which was now accomplished."

*The District Attorney to Renss. Van Rensselaer.*

Sir,

Buffalo 30th Dec., 1837.

This morning our city was thrown into violent commotion, in consequence of a report from the seat of war, that an armed force from Canada had then recently landed upon Grand Island within the territory of the United States. Measures were immediately instituted to ascertain the truth of the report. It turns out to have been without foundation. A messenger has been dispatched to Col. McNab, with instructions to remonstrate with him against such a proceeding, and the bearer — Mr. Stephen C. Clark, will call upon you clothed with similar instruction. The public authorities on this frontier cannot and will not remain inactive in case our soil is made the theatre of operations for either of the belligerent armies.

It is the duty as well as the policy to maintain a strict neutrality with Great Britain, and no means will be spared on the part of the public authorities to sustain and enforce the laws for that object. If, therefore, you have at any time had it in contemplation to land the forces, or any part of them, under your command upon Grand Island, it is to be hoped that that project will be at once abandoned, as the power of this country will be called out to repel such an invasion of American soil.

I am, Sir, your ob't serv't,

H. W. ROGERS,

*Dist. Atty. for Erie co. Acting for the U. S.*

To Gen. R. Van Rensselaer, Com'g at Navy Island.

*Rens. Van Rensselaer to the District Attorney.*

Sir,

Head Quarters, Navy Island, Dec. 30, 1837.

Your favor of this day's date was this moment received. In answer, I have to say, it never was my intention to send any armed force to Grand Island, or any other part of the U. S. On the contrary, I have been so fully satisfied that *that* soil would be held sacred by both belligerent parties, that I had not even made any preparations for defense against that quarter until yesterday morning, when it was reported to me that an armed force of the enemy supposed to be 100 strong, was seen there about day light. How much I have been deceived as to the judgment I had formed of the good faith of the enemy, you yourself sir, may judge, when

you shall have heard of the bloody tragedy, on board of the U. S. Steamer, Caroline.

RENS. VAN RENSSELAER, *Commanding &c. &c.*

Henry W. Rogers Esq.,

District Attorney and Acting Attorney for the U. S.

The steam boat Caroline, which had been loaded with provisions and munitions of war, anchored at Head Quarters and used as a ferry boat between the island and Schlosser's Landing, was burnt on the night of December 29th at the American Port Schlosser, and her crew murdered by a gang of British cut-throats, by orders from Col. McNab. "The steamer was moored with chains to the dock at Porter's store house, having crossed the ferry several times during the day. Several persons went on the boat and requested permission to lodge for the night as they were unable to obtain quarters at the Tavern. These requests were acceded to, and they retired to rest. At midnight several boats filled with armed men from the Canada shore boarded the Caroline, rushing upon the defenseless crew and passengers with muskets, swords and bayonets, exclaiming, 'Cut them down! give no quarter!' and chased the unarmed occupants astern. Some were severely injured, one man was shot dead on the wharf, and twelve more never heard of afterwards. The boat was towed out into the river, set on fire, and left to the current above the cataract. It sunk near Iris Island, and on the following morning charred remains of the vessel were seen below the Falls. It was supposed that more than one of the missing men perished in the flames or the turbulent waters."

"The excitement amongst the soldiers on Navy Island, on being informed of the savage butchery on board the steam boat Caroline, was tremendous. A general parade was ordered, and each soldier took an oath 'never to sheath sword or bayonet until they had revenged the outrage'—sealing the affirmation by kissing the naked steel. The horrid butchery of our unarmed citizens caused the most intense tumult at Buffalo. 200 Seneca Indians from that city were placed on Grand Island to prevent the Canadian Indians from landing there should they make the attempt. The indignation of the people on the frontier was intense. The whole frontier from Buffalo to Lake Ontario now bristles with bayonets. The ferries are stopped. The citizens are all fearlessly preparing, to meet and punish, all attempts to repeat the atrocities at Schlosser. The funeral of the murdered Durfee was held at the Buffalo Court-house. After prayers and some remarks, by Rev. Mr. Hawks of Trinity church, the concourse of people was addressed in a feeling and patriotic manner by H. K. Smith, Esq. An immense assemblage attended, who appeared to feel as one person, the thrilling interest of the occasion. McNab disclaimed any intention to violate neutrality, by seizure of the Caroline, and offers to pay for the boat!!!

"He makes no attempt to atone for the murders of American citizens!!! yet at the same time the flag of the Caroline hangs as a trophy in Toronto. After a sufficient time had elapsed to enable the boats to reach the Canada shore, near Chippewa where beacon lights were placed, after their destructive work on the steamer, loud and vociferous cheering at that point was distinctly heard at Schlosser. The state of increased excitement was so extensive that General Scott was sent to the frontier. Subsequently Col. McNab, who had the command of the British forces, was highly extolled by his government and this cruel exploit was made the occasion to dub

him a knight. The knighting of McNab by the Queen is ridiculed in the city of Toronto. The affair of the *Caroline* was an ill-judged occasion for Victoria to exercise that function of sovereignty in America. At one time the diplomatic correspondence between the two governments concerning this invasion of our territory and the horrid butchery of our unarmed citizens on board the steam boat *Caroline* threatened a war. The British government had avowed the transaction as done under their authority, and demanded the release of Alexander McLeod who subsequently came voluntarily into New York and there publicly boasted, in a hotel, of his participation in that outrage for which he was arrested."

*Immense Meeting at the Capitol.*

"On January 4th, 1838, the largest meeting ever held in the city of Albany, assembled at the Capitol in pursuance of a previous call, to sympathize with the oppressed and persecuted Patriots of Canada, and to adopt such measures as might be deemed necessary to afford relief and mitigate their sufferings. It is estimated that between five and six thousand persons were present. The large hall of the Capitol, sufficiently capacious to contain fifteen hundred persons, was completely thronged an hour before the time designated in the call for the meeting. Thousands were in the park unable to gain admission. Seldom has a more numerous, and never a more respectable public meeting been held in this city, than that which assembled in the Capitol Park on Thursday afternoon for the purpose of expressing the sympathy which every American citizen must naturally feel for that portion of the Canadian people who are now attempting to free themselves from the dominion of the British crown. The proceedings of the meeting were characterized by the warmest enthusiasm, and at the same time tempered by that moderation and prudence, which is so necessary to be preserved at the present time, to avoid a violation of those rules of national comity due from one people to another, and which the faith of our own and the British Government is pledged by treaty to observe towards each other. The resolutions passed at the meeting, are free from any objection on the above ground, and are such as must meet the approbation of all friends of rational freedom, in every country.

"At three o'clock the meeting was called to order by Samuel S. Lush, Esq., who stated in a few brief but eloquent remarks, the object for which the meeting had assembled. On his motion,

"His Honor Teunis Van Vechten, Mayor of the city was appointed President; Erastus Corning, John Towusend, James Porter, Ichabod L. Judson, John W. Bay, Gerrit Y. Lansing, James Mahar, James Robinson, John N. Quackenbush, and Gideon Hawley, Vice Presidents; and Peter Cagger, Asa Fassett and Charles S. Olmsted, Secretaries.

"At this stage of the proceedings, a motion was made that an adjournment be had to the Park, and unanimously carried. After the meeting had organized in the Park, the President, on motion of Mr. H. V. Hart, appointed the following gentlemen a committee to draft and report resolutions, viz: Samuel S. Lush, Samuel Beardsley, Samuel Stevens, Dudley Burwell and S. DeWitt Bloodgood. After the resolutions had been reported, they were unanimously adopted, amidst the cheers of the assembled multitude, then Samuel Stevens, Esq., being loudly called for from all parts of the Park, ascended a platform raised at the foot of the steps

of the Capitol, and addressed the meeting in an eloquent and spirited speech, during the delivery of which he was repeatedly interrupted by loud bursts of applause. Joshua A. Spencer, of Utica, Daniel S. Dickinson, of the Senate, and D. B. Gaffney, were also loudly called for, and severally addressed the meeting in a manner replete with ability and patriotism. Loud and continued cheering interrupted these gentlemen during the delivery of their addresses.

“Mr. H. V. Hart offered the following resolution which being read, was unanimously adopted: Resolved, That a committee of four from each ward be appointed to receive contributions for the relief of the Canadians in distress: After the passage of the resolutions, Mr. Tracy, from Lower Canada, briefly returned thanks to the meeting for the sympathy evinced in behalf of his suffering countrymen. The proceedings of the meeting were signed by the president, Teunis Van Vechten, vice president and secretaries.”

*Gen. Van Rensselaer to his Son.*

My dear Rensselaer,

Albany January 5, 1838.

Your letters of the 29th and 1st, I have received, the former only to day from New York, it must have been put in the N. Y. bag somewhere west; they give us great pleasure, and the accounts I hear of you from Mr. Bidwell and others add greatly to that joy. The largest meeting ever known in this City was held yesterday at 2 o'clock in the Capitol Park, the proceedings you will find in the inclosed paper, as well as the movements of the British troops below. The excitement among all classes is very great, and some of those who blamed you at first, now hope and pray for your success. I cannot point out any particular course for you to follow, because at this distance I am ignorant of circumstances with which of course you are well acquainted; but, it is always wise, never to despise your enemy and act with prudence and firmness. If it becomes necessary to move your cannon on sleighs, let those in front of your column be pointed to the front, and those in the rear, in that direction, for if the attack is made in front when on your march, you can not turn your sleighs in time. In the other case you have only to unhitch your horses, and in five minutes you can open your fire; the same will apply to the rear. Impress it on the minds of your men not to fear the British Regulars, they are but men. I have beaten the best of them — Brock's own — with raw troops and under every disadvantage. Mr. Papineau, Speaker of the House — was here a few days since incog, he stayed at James Porters; he has now gone to the North to get up a movement on the borders of Vermont. Write as often as you can, only a few lines and let me know what is passing. Many prayers are put up for your success and safety.

Your affec. Father,

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Genl. Rensselaer Van Rensselaer Navy Island.

*Rensselaer Van Rensselaer to his Father.*

Dear Father,

HEAD QUARTERS.

Navy Island, Jan. 8, 1838.

It is now some time since I had leisure to write home and no doubt you are getting to be somewhat impatient to hear from me again. It is a satisfaction to know amidst my throng of business, that if you do not hear directly, you do indirectly, through the various newspaper expresses who

are as anxiously watching our motions as you could yourself. Since my last, my force has increased beyond my expectations and for several days past I have felt myself sufficiently strong to make a descent upon the main shore; but the want of a Steam boat — since the destruction of the Caroline — and the advice of the Buffalo Committee, under whose guidance I consider myself in part — has restrained me. Meanwhile the enemy are ostensibly making every preparation to drive me from my little republican Territory, but they dare not try the experiment. They have had three Schooners, several scows and barges lying in sight above me for some days past — but the sight of my artillery grinning on my fortifications is rather too much for them. Yesterday (Sunday) and the day before, they thought to take a little satisfaction out of us by means of a cannonade from their main shore. 300 or more 6-9-12-18 and 24 pound shot and bomb-shells were fired at us. One of the last passed over the wooded Island, lodged into the store room attached to Head Quarters, and exploded with the tremendous effect of drawing the juice out of a barrel of sour-kROUT and scattering a box full of peas. That was all the damage sustained. Not a hide or a hair was touched. The only return they had was from the pocket-pistol of one of my saucy wags. Their mortification must be excessive, for McNab had boasted of his ability to sweep the island clean in 30 minutes, and had *pledged himself* to be in possession by Saturday (last) night: At the termination of another week the gallant Colonel may land here in perfect safety, for then in all probability we will be active else-where. We are well fed, and if all are not very well quartered, we are hearty and as *patriotic* as ever. Thank Mag for her letter and all for their good wishes. I am happy to hear that, that dear good old Mother of mine is becoming more reconciled to the idea that her spoiled pet should play the part of a valorous military character. Tell her I charge it all to a contagion caught while traveling, on other business, under a cloak belonging to my "soldier Daddy;" and that he should be more careful of lending his apparel to others. That cloak, by the way, was my only wrapper for a long while. At length, the Ladies of Buffalo, God bless them! shewing the like patriotic sympathy of earlier times, with true practical ideas and great discrimination sent many comforts of life as a present to me. Among other articles were warm blankets — clean garments — woolen socks — stockings — a splendid buffalo skin — a fine liquor case — cakes mottoed "*Success to the Patriots,*" &c., &c. Now I rest as comfortably as a nabob and I never felt better.

My news from my Second-in-Command is of a most cheering nature. He has taken on 100 men from Cleveland and it is said that Dr. Duncombe is in Malden in great force. It is said further, that McNab is this morning dividing his forces and sending off a portion to watch Dr. D. We know at all events that there must be some bobbery among them, for we now see them dis-embarking from their Schooners. I forgot to say that just before daylight this morning, they opened again upon one of our fatigue parties — without doing any damage — and that I in turn poured some shot into them, from three of our batteries which soon quieted the noisy operation. We have had none hurt yet. My love to all. Let them write often. I shall do so when possible. Henry is very efficient and vigilant. [A son of Maj. Gen. Henry K. V. R.] Preserve the inclosed for me.

Yours truly,

RENS. VAN RENSSELAER.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany.

*Rensselaer Van Rensselaer's Own Notes on his Military Life.*

“Left home the latter part of November 1837 on a tour West for the purpose of picking up NEWS and NEW SUBSCRIBERS for the *Albany Daily Advertiser*, of which Paper I was then the Proprietor. My avocation obliged me to tarry a day or more, at the different important places on my route; and I was often thrown in the way of hearing conversations on the probability of a *revolutionary movement*, in the Upper Province of Canada, as the only method to settle the protracted disputes with the Home Government. As I advanced, I found *rumor* more and more busy with increasing the probability of such a result; and, in consequence — *I was delighted to find* — an interest, and a *sympathy* in behalf of the revolutionary party proportionably great, and at an early day, I sent our Editor a hint, that a favoring paragraph in his columns occasionally would aid me very materially in my labors. At ROCHESTER, I was informed that messages from the Canadians, supplicating assistance from the Americans to enable them to shake off their foreign yoke, had already been received. One evening while there *I heard*, the animating cheers which greeted a resolution passed *unanimously* at a meeting of a military company — the “*Irish Greens*,” I believe, to respond *in person* to the supplication whenever they could do so with effect. When about leaving ALBION, a credible person drove up, and gave information that, from the mouth of Oak Orchard creek, he had just heard a heavy cannonade across Lake Ontario in the direction of Toronto. This report from such a quarter, was received as “good enough” proof that the revolution had in reality *commenced* — that blood had been shed — and the anxiety to *know* more was indescribable. At LOCKPORT too, I found every one yearning for *news* from Canada — via the Niagara frontier, and I hastened on to learn it, without waiting for Subscribers there. The prayer “*God speed the Revolutionists!*” was almost universal.

On arriving at LEWISTON I was grievously *mortified, irritated, and disappointed*, at ascertaining that the Revolutionists had been DEFEATED, back of Toronto, in their *first* efforts for Independence on the Thursday previous — Dec. 7th — that the minions of British power were hunting the suspected Patriots from their homes in every direction; and *many*, it was reported, had been taken and incarcerated with every mark of insult and cruelty. A few, more fortunate than the rest, had already obtained a refuge on our shores. I immediately sought an acquaintance with such, for the purpose of obtaining *correct news*. But the detail given by them, of their country's wrongs, and their own; and of their narrow escapes, had the effect of adding, if possible to the excitement of my own feelings. The Hon. M. S. Bidwell, Speaker of the P. Parliament, had just landed from a steam boat. Of the two alternatives so very graciously allowed him, by Govr. Sir Francis Bond Head, he had chosen, to come here, rather than be imprisoned on the charge of HIGH TREASON. Dr. John Rolph also — *fearing* he might not have an option of his own in the matter — had fled from Toronto, without asking for leave or license, immediately after the unfortunate battle; and although carried back several miles on one occasion, his consummate address enabled him eventually to pass all the numerous guards infesting the road, by this time; and he had reached this village in safety the previous evening. Soon after the arrival of the last gentleman, a report was circulated, and *believed*, that a party of Royalists had tracked, and were determined to come over in the night to

kidnap him ; but the inhabitants of Lewiston did not feel disposed to submit quietly to such an outrage. They put their arms — defensive and offensive — in readiness for the rescue, and the attempt was not made. Next day I saw those arms conspicuously displayed in different quarters of the village ; and to judge from the feeling evinced by the various groups I saw then too, the *sympathies* of the people were *already* fairly enlisted in behalf of their unfortunate neighbors. I made *no* attempt to resist the contagion. One group stationed on the high bluff at the ferry, uttered “curses both *loud* and *deep*” at seeing the RED COATED *guard* on the Queenston side compel a traveler, about to cross over, to strip nearly naked in the *open air*, drizzling and cold though the weather happened to be, that he might search for “*treasonable documents.*” This traveler proved to be a *well known* and highly respectable American of the vicinity. But this availed him not. All crossing there, were obliged to pass through the same ordeal ; and afterwards if they expatiated largely and glowingly in public places on the subject of the *indignity* thus offered to them and through them to their country, it is not very surprising.

The effect of this, and indeed of almost every new incident, or rumor, was to give new fuel to the spreading excitement ; and to keep it spreading among all classes. I participated in it *fully* myself. If I had possessed either the inclination, or the power to have resisted it in other places — *here* I must have yielded. The spot occupied by “*the red-coated guard,*” I remembered was once moistened by the blood of my gallant *Father* — the *enemy* who *shed* that blood, wore the same livery *then*, that this fellow did now ; and it was worn too, by the same foe, against which my brave old *Grandfather* contended, when *he too* was crippled, during our *revolutionary contest*. “FORT ANN” and “QUEENSTON HEIGHTS” with *all* their associations came vividly to mind ; and, if I lacked aught of it before, I now became in every sense of the word “A SYMPATHIZER” for the stricken Canadians ; and the honest truth is — *I did long TO SEE “the RED COAT” yet yet another drubbing.* 11th December I passed on towards Buffalo by R. Road. At NIAGARA FALLS, where we stopped awhile to change TRACK and TRAIN, it was my fortune to be stowed in a compartment of a car occupied by two rank royalists just over, and one rattling reformer, who afterwards proved to be an accredited Agent from his party in Canada. We were scarcely under headway before a warm discussion arose between the *two* and the *one*, on the subject of their domestic difficulties — the causes of them &c. Considering myself merely as “a looker on in Venice” — or as “a child among them taking notes” — and wishing *light* on the topics which engaged their attention, I scarcely ever joined in their conversation, particularly so, as I soon found the *ONE* was *more* than a match for the *TWO*. However in the course of our ride the taunting remark was made to me, by one of the irritated royalists — “since you are so partial to the Reformers, you had better go over and join them.” My reply — “*It would take but little to coax me to do so*” — was treasured up in the memory of our little traveling Agent ; and having found out my stopping place in Buffalo, he called upon me soon after dinner to inform me that he had *very particular reasons* for asking if I had *intended* what I had said. But as he was unknown to me, even by name ; and as he did not feel disposed to give his *particular reasons*, I turned him off rather unceremoniously, with an evasive answer, or rather with a jeering one.

My own proper business being of such a character as necessarily to put me

in the way of hearing all the news, I soon ascertained that the utmost excitement pervaded the community at Buffalo also as well as other places along "the lines." All were anxious to hear the result of a *movement*, which by previous understanding, was to have been made in the London District, under the guidance of Dr. Duncombe, simultaneously with the ill-fated affair at Toronto; and all were extremely solicitous for the safety of Wm. Lyon McKenzie, the ostensible leader at the latter place. He, by the way, though hotly pursued, after skulking about in the woods, and among farm houses for several days, with a reward of \$4000 on his head, and escaping many a peril; finally succeeded in gaining an asylum on our shores, to the manifest joy of every body. But the excitement *was* intense. All, all felt it, and the greater part of all were sincerely disposed to contribute, to the extent of their abilities, to make the cause of it — the Canadian rebellion — SUCCESSFUL. Many a chivalrous young man, unable perhaps to contribute in any other way, stood ready to risk his life and to lend his personal services in the field; and I was very much pleased to learn that a PROJECT was already on foot to embody them for that purpose.

In the course of the afternoon a tall, hawk eyed looking personage called at my room, and announced himself as THOMAS JEFFERSON SUTHERLAND. To be thus particularized by one of "the lions of the day," appeared somewhat singular; for although entirely unacquainted with him, I had heard his name mentioned in connection with *the project*, above alluded to; and I was not a little at loss to surmise his business. However he soon dispelled the mystery. After displaying an immense package, letters of recommendation (as a collecting-attorney if I recollect right) and of introduction to every body, *from* divers individuals, the Hon. John W. Taylor, late Speaker among the rest, he asked whether his vouchers were sufficient to satisfy *me* of his standing and character. I replied, "certainly, Mr. Taylor's letter is all sufficient." "Very well then, Colonel Van Rensselaer," he continued — "I know you well enough too, by reputation, and there need be no reserve between us. I once kept a military school — I have seen service in Brazil, and also under Bolivar — I have just returned from Toronto, where unfortunately I arrived too late to be of use to the Patriots there, but I have come off with full authority to commission officers, to enlist men, and to collect means in the United States for the purpose of assisting them in their struggle. And now, Sir, having understood that you have declared — '*It would take but little to coax you over into this service*' — I have come to try your sincerity with the offer of an important commission." I must admit that the tenor of his conversation took me completely by surprise; but, without affectation, I answered:

"It was undeniable that I had used the expression imputed to me, yet it was made in the heat of the controversy, when no serious intention was entertained of acting in accordance with it. My engagements were too numerous already, and too important to admit of my incurring more; and besides although my best wishes were with the cause he advocated, I did not conceive my experience in military matters sufficient to justify me in the attempt to discharge — in immediate actual service — the duties of a military command."

The more I objected, however, the more urgent was he; and he rose proportionately in the magnitude of the commission offered. First it was a Colonels, then a Generals, his second in rank; and lastly he proposed to resign his own post of COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, *if I would accept it*, and he

would act as *my* Second. All this seemed fair — though it might be flattering — and much as he may have over rated my importance, he evinced an earnestness that elevated him greatly in my estimation. While I hesitated then for a fitting reply he avowed himself *extremely* anxious that I should accept his offer, because he *knew* the people of Canada were ripe for a revolt — that a little assistance on the outset would ensure success, that it was the interest of Americans to give this assistance. As a proof of their inclination to do so, he stated that he had already been presented with a quantity of arms, and munitions of war, that he had enrolled 400 men, with a number of experienced officers, who, in conjunction with himself, would take all my troublesome portions of duty on themselves; and that *he*, considering himself amply gratified — would lead my *forlorn hopes* and do *all* my fighting.

He candidly admitted, that it required a person better known than himself to impart a proper tone to the enterprise — that there *were* prejudices against him — for some unstated cause — which *might* render all his individual efforts nugatory; and, he was apprehensive — from passing indications — that the enterprise would fall through, unless I would co-operate with him forthwith. Full and sole powers were to be invested in me to conduct all military operations in my own way, and no one allowed to interfere. Well! *I wavered at last*, but I required a stated time for reflection before my answer could be given, but parted from him then, with an understanding that he should have my definite reply at the end of twelve hours. Pending this, the result of my more particular inquiries, was a full confirmation of the opinions imbibed from previous notice of passing events in the Canadas, viz: that the Canadas were only prevented by the strong arm of power from throwing off the yoke of foreign despots, and notwithstanding the unfortunate issue of the ill-concerted battle of Toronto, that a vast majority of the people were in favor of a political reformation, that there was every encouragement for the belief, that if one successful battle was fought and a good stand maintained for a short time, they would concentrate their forces and do their own fighting afterwards. With the hope of being instrumental in hastening a crisis so desirable to all the republican world — my wish as a Northerner to see the chivalrous example of the South in the case of Texas, emulated here, my innate detestation of tyranny and oppression wherever manifested made me wish to act in liberating the oppressed of Upper Canada and to establish a republican form of government in the Province.

That same night — Dec. 11th — I attended a thronged meeting in the Theatre, under the expectation of hearing McKenzie but with many others was disappointed. The privations and fatigues of his late flight had incapacitated him from attending. It was announced however that he would appear the next night. The announcement was received with uproarious shouts of applause, and when a guard of *six* was called for to protect his person from kidnappers, at least six times six mounted the stage as volunteers. A "Committee of Thirteen" was also appointed, from among the most highly respectable, and influential citizens, of which Dr. Ebenr. Johnson, late Mayor, was Chairman, for the object of collecting contributions for the promotion of the cause for which McKenzie was an exile. From such indications, and from the information I was enabled to glean through the intelligent, I became fully satisfied that all Sutherland's positions were right in the main, and particularly so the last one. There *was* danger that nothing effectual would be done, if *he* was to be recognized as the

leader ; while *all* those who were confidentially consulted, were decidedly of the opinion that *I could* give a proper tone and impetus to the affair. And they solemnly pledged themselves to sustain me in every way, if *I* would only take that post, and get up a diversion in favor of poor Dr. Duncombe, who now otherwise unsupported, would have to encounter the whole power of Gov. Head. These reflections settled the matter ; and relying on the numberless promises of being upheld while trusting in the smiles of Heaven itself I agreed to accept the office : thus it was that for the want of a better, I consented to act as the Patriot Commander-in-Chief of Upper Canada.

At that dark period, when the Patriots were flying in dismay from the dangers which beset them at their own firesides ; and when few indeed were disposed to jeopardize their lives and prospects to assist — youth was not to be caviled at. Thirty-seven years then was considered age sufficient to mature the judgment of any one who could resuscitate their drooping prospects, and the want of experience in actual service was deemed of no material consequence. Industry, zeal, management, prudence, and determination were admitted to be every qualification expected.

Dec. 12th. Sutherland called again according to agreement. After recapitulating his previous arguments, he added that he had seen some of the prominent Canadians, since his interview with me last evening, and that they were as desirous as himself that I would accept the proffered command. I then informed him I would gratify what appeared to be the universal wish, provided my acceptance was not made public for a stated time — one or two days I think — that I should not be called upon to identify myself with any movement on the American side, or, indeed, to act in any way before his troops were marshaled in Canada. He readily acquiesced in all this ; as also did Dr. John Rolph, President of the Executive Council, organized before the rising, near Toronto, and Wm. Lyon McKenzie, member of the same. They were waiting in an adjoining room for my determination, and seemed much rejoiced to find it was favorable to their wishes. From them *I derived my authority* and with it full power to conduct all military operations for them at my own discretion. *Not one — not even they themselves* — was to interfere with me, in any manner or shape, until the affairs of their country were in such a position, that a civil power might be organized, and act with safety, THIS PLEDGE of *non-interference*, was both unasked and unexpected on my part ; but it was the suggestion of Dr. Rolph given cheerfully by himself, and *exactd* by him from McKenzie, who at first evinced somewhat of a nonconcurring disposition. The remainder of that momentous day was spent by me in obtaining all the accessible information I could for the benefit of my new vocation, meanwhile Sutherland was so actively employed at his rendezvous and depot, that I scarcely saw him again that day, nor did I do any kind of business with him. At night I attended the adjourned Patriot meeting at the Theatre, when both McKenzie and Sutherland made speeches. The latter paraded his men after the meeting, and sent a message to me, to make my *first appearance* that evening, but I flatly refused, on the ground, that it was not in our bargain. He succeeded however, in making me show myself at last by a *ruse de guerre*.

A FLAG — the offering of some zealous friend — was to be presented ; he called at my lodging with the donor, and before I was aware of his object, he led me into the hall, where he presented me to the cheering crowd as his GENERAL. But in spite of his solicitations, I refused either

to address them, or to receive their gift. Sutherland was obliged to do both. After this, Sutherland marched off to the arsenal and robbed it of some hundred state arms, without any hint or instructions from me to do so, and indeed without my knowledge. This feat over he moved off with "*the spoils*" to Black Rock. About 3 o'clock A. M., he came back, and routed me out of my bed, to let me know what he had been doing, and to inform me that he was fearful the Sheriff, or Police Officer — Barton — was after him with a warrant, and he wished me to go out to Black Rock immediately to ascertain if such was the fact. I did so, and was told by Barton, that he had no warrant for Sutherland, and that he was not under orders to re-capture the stolen property; that he was there merely to watch where it might be taken to — and *he supposed*, if the Sheriff was indemnified against any personal loss, the ensuing day, that no further notice would be taken of the matter. I then returned to Buffalo. A few hours afterwards, however, some of those arms were re-captured by the Sheriff, *Lester Brace*, in spite of the opposition of McKenzie and Sutherland, who were both there at the time. I was not. At night, the same arms were again stolen from the authorities, and an attempt was made by Sutherland to put them and his men, on board of a Schooner in the harbor, but he was prevented by the firemen of the city, who being called out and armed, beat him off and seized his vessel. He then marched down to Tonawanda, 10 miles, and crossed over to Grand Island at *White Haven*. From whence on Dec. 14th, he sent me word by express (Major Burnham) that in *one hour* he would leave for Navy Island, and he begged me to join him there with all possible dispatch.

I immediately waited upon "*the Committee of Thirteen*" — to make them aware of Sutherland's proceedings. I found them convened and so much disgusted with Sutherland's late lawless course, that they were about to dissolve as a Committee. *This news*, however, elated them not a little; and they resolved to hold on — to collect, and forward me an abundance of supplies &c., and they were particularly anxious that I would move off without delay, and take McKenzie with me because Gov. Head had made a requisition upon Gov. Marcy for his person and they wanted me to defend him. All this I agreed to do; and Dr. Rolph promised to dispatch a messenger to Dr. Duncombe forthwith, to let him know what I was about; and to get him to march down to open a landing for me on the main shore, in *Chippewa*. I saw McKenzie soon after this interview but he was so much occupied in getting his "*Proclamation*" printed that I could not get him started until 9 o'clock in the evening. By this time, word was brought me that Sutherland was still lying at White Haven, and there I found him sure enough. His pretext for not being on Navy Island was frivolous at best; but his arms and stores were already on board of a large scow; and his men were soon embarked after my arrival, and ordered to "*push off*." They did so, but Col. Sutherland and his second Maj. Burnham, did not push off with them. On hearing the order they suddenly found themselves called away on very important business. I helped to push this boat off, and then followed in a smaller one. As soon as it was light enough to count, I found my force *all told* were exactly 26 men. Rather a falling off from my promised 400, it must be admitted, but I was told that the remainder were in the neighborhood, and that many would join in the course of the day. I had previously been informed, in consequence of the unavoidable delay, while making prepara-

tions for a movement, connected with the difficulties which grew out of the seizure of the public arms at Buffalo, that many of the men had returned to their homes, but I was not prepared for such an appalling falling off. However after a little reflection, I resolved "to go ahead."

Mr. McKenzie on observing our small number sunk inert and spirit broken, upon the frame of a cannon, where he passively reclined until aroused by a false alarm. The idea of encamping on British territory, with such a paltry force, seemed hazardous enough to me, but considering this as the forlorn hope of the hunted Canadian, when I thought of his pitiable condition,—of the immense interests at stake, of the unprepared state of the enemy, of speedy reinforcements promised me, and of the mortification incident to a retrograde movement—trusting in the good faith of our friends and Providence we advanced. When we arrived at *Buckhorn Island*, about sunrise of the 15th December, I directed the *large boat* to lay to, and I passed over to reconnoiter Navy Island, in the small one, accompanied by three men. We found no force there, and the concerted signal was given, which soon brought over our GRAND ARMY, and we took formal possession—unnoticed by the enemy—of this portion of her Britannic Majesty's dominions without even saying "by your leave," and in spite of all that John Bull could do we kept possession until the 14th January, 1838. Sutherland and Burnham joined us just after we had landed the last of our two six-pounders &c. This addition made our force just 28 men, but almost every hour brought us new recruits and by Sunday morning Dec. 17, we mustered 60 good men and true. The enemy did not reconnoiter the Island until two days subsequent to our landing, on this Sabbath we fired our first shot across the bows of this first British observation boat. The effect was, to make it steer "*back again*," without having fully accomplished its object—and to awaken such a cordial sympathy in our favor, that guns, men, arms, provisions, ammunition and clothing were forwarded on to us in the greatest abundance. In less than a fortnight our force had increased to 200; with this augmentation there came to me a corresponding addition of duty, fatigue, anxiety and danger, but I braved it all for the sake of the glorious cause in which I had embarked.

About the 27th of December, my spies brought me intelligence, that Dr. Duncombe's forces were all disbanded on the approach of Col. McNab; and that the Colonel with the provincial forces he could muster was on the march with the *avowed* threat of sweeping me off the Island, as he said "*in thirty minutes*" after his arrival opposite me. Well! finding myself abandoned thus by my Canadian friends, and that my expedition was now their only hope of breaking their chains, I dispatched Sutherland to Detroit with the rank of Brig. Gen. and with directions to collect all the *Refugees* in that quarter, also such sympathizers as he might find there, and make a *diversion* in my favor at Malden, or wherever else he could strike with effect. I, in turn, promised him that he should be sustained *to the last*, if he did so; and that I would keep the army opposite in check, until I could hear from him again at any rate. All this was done with the consent, and approbation of McKenzie. I had proposed to McK. previously, that I should go on this expedition myself; but to that he would not agree. If I left the island, he said, "he would leave it too," so however poorly Sutherland may have executed his duty, it is no fault of mine. He started off with the best prospects of success, and failed in the end.

On Dec. 27th, Col. McNab arrived at Chippewa and forthwith opened his heavy *thunder* on my gallant band, according to promise, but with little or no effect. My boys thought less of his shower of shells and balls, than they did of a rain storm. We lost but one man. We could always drive McNab from his guns when we tried it, and besides we drove his three schooners from their moorings. The play was always in our own hands, as long as we chose to remain on the Island. The steam boat *Caroline* was burnt, Dec. 29th, at the American Port Schlosser, and her crew *murdered* by a gang of *British cut throats*, by orders from Col. McNab. After this, the troops on either side were so rapidly reinforced, that in a short time McNab had some 4 or 5000, and I some 7 or 800. But notwithstanding the disparity in numbers, he could not be coaxed to attack me. He after several ineffectual attempts, though assisted at last by Gov. Head, was obliged to give up the idea and there he lay now simply watching me. The newspaper refers to these events thus: "Sir Francis Head on his arrival at Chippewa severely censured some of his military officers resident in that neighborhood because they had not gone to Buffalo and seized Mr. Mackenzie; and also because they had not dislodged the patriots from Navy Island. If Sir Francis wants Navy Island, it is there before him! He can take it for himself! In this case he will win all the honor; but if the attempt be made to take any of the patriots from our soil, who may have fled hither for shelter, we believe the governor himself would hardly be safe in the midst of his own guards."

The Governor's proximity was just what I wanted, for I hoped in a very few days to hear Sutherland attacking him in the rear. A letter from Buffalo of Jany. 4, 1838, says — "To night's mail brings intelligence of a large force opposite Detroit co-operating with you" &c. This *was* cheering news, but I wondered at not hearing from Sutherland direct — however it enabled me to allay the discontent which already began to manifest itself on the Island; and as we had the promise of another Steam boat, and other boats sufficient to land us on the enemy's shore whenever we felt disposed to go — matters began to look bright again. About the 9th of January being in momentary expectation of hearing from Sutherland on the other side, extensive arrangements were about being made for separating Col. McNab's forces *by a ruse*, which it was intended, would enable me to land on the main shore, either with or without a fight — whichever might be deemed most prudent — so as to effect a junction with Sutherland. While these arrangements were in progress, the Commissary — Genl. Arcularius — demanded of me, by letter, the State arms, which had found their way to Navy Island — and a number of very highly respectable gentlemen of the neighborhood, who were with him at an interview subsequently had, proposed, much to my astonishment, that I should evacuate the Island for the American shore and abandon the enterprize. To my astonishment, I say, for this was the first symptom of opposition manifested since I first assumed the command of the liberating army. Among these gentlemen were Judges A. Porter, and S. Deveraux of the Falls, John W. Beals, Buffalo, John Sweeney, Tonawanda, Geo. Boughton, H. Walbridge, H. Gardner, Barrett and Ransom of Lockport. They used the most potent arguments to induce me to comply with their propositions. Situated, however, as I was, in relation to Sutherland in the West, and to another officer — Bill Johnston — whom I had dispatched to the River St. Lawrence to get up a diversion there too, I felt that if I did comply, I would be both dishonored and a deserter in my own estima-

tion, I therefore broke up the interview and went on with my arrangements to bother John Bull.

During the period we remained on the Island, of the thousands who visited us, for business or curiosity, all are witness of the extent of the duties, fatigues and perils which devolved upon me. None can say I shrunk from any, or neglected any. On Wednesday Jany. 11th I had an interview with Col. W. J. Worth on Navy Island. He came to ask me over to the Falls to see Governor Marey and General Winfield Scott. The latter attempted to intimidate. The weather, and *a law* about to be passed by Congress he said, would cut me off from all supplies &c, and beside the British Regulars were coming up in force from the lower province to dislodge me, &c., &c.

Gov. Marey, when alone with me — said he thought that under all the circumstances I was in a very critical situation. He hoped therefore that I would evacuate the Island for the American shore; and although *he* knew of *no law* that could prevent my marching a body of *armed* men through the country, he hoped when I did leave that I would disarm the men first. That interview too broke up without any result. On Thursday Jany. 1, my *grand ruse* was played off. A large collection of wagons was made in the neighborhood of "The Falls" near *Schlosser*, and belief thereby induced that I intended landing there that night, for the purpose of getting above or below the British forces. A show of chartering boats too had been made at Youngstown and at Buffalo. This all tended to confirm the belief on both sides of the river; and all were looking out for me in the very quarters where I need not have been expected. The stratagem took admirably well. Both friend and foe was deceived. The regular and militia force stationed at both points on the American shore were hastily called out, and kept under arms for hours to intercept us. Her Majesty's troops were marched to the neighborhood of George and Fort Erie to prevent our landing there, and then my real point of intended attack — Chippewa — was uncovered, except by perhaps, 150 or 200 men left behind to keep up their harmless roar of artillery. The intencion was — and every man on the Island was ready and eager for the fray — to have been towed by a steamer in our flats and yawlboats across the river above their artillery — to have forced a march over it, down to Fort George — to have beaten the detachment of the enemy's army there, and to have taken passage in the British Government Steamer lying there that night for Toronto &c. — but the golden opportunity for landing there then was lost, for my promised boats *did not come*. The men would not hazard the passage of the Niagara without the tow of the Steam boat, and although we had the promise of one; although we stood under arms from sunset to midnight, in waiting for one; although I had dispatched three different messages in due season to the proper sources, begging it to be sent that night, "FOR GOD'S SAKE! or, "ALL IS LOST" — it did not appear. It is but an act of equity, however, to say, I have the assurance of General Scott, that it was not owing to him.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE CANADIAN PATRIOT ARMY.

*Dr. E. Johnson to Rens. Van Rensselaer.*

Sir,

Buffalo, Jan. 4, 1838.

The committee have had in consideration your communication of this morning, and while they regret that there is too much truth in your remarks concerning the apathy of the Canadians they still think that a successful blow struck by you will arouse them. With your own conduct as the commander of the forces at Navy Island you have no reason to be dissatisfied whatever may be the result of the cause in which you are engaged and if on a full view of your situation you should think it expedient to retire, no one can censure your conduct.

Without some prospect of success, an attempt on Canada would appear to be wanton waste of life and you may with perfect propriety retire if you think the cause entirely hopeless. If the committee may be allowed to give you an opinion on this subject they would say — *Do nothing precipitately* especially as to making an attack on the Canada shore opposite you or as to disbanding your forces. You can rely upon supplies of provisions from this shore so long as you remain at Navy Island. To this the committee are willing to pledge themselves and they do so not relying *solely* upon the resources of Buffalo. There is beyond question a growing interest on this side in your movements in every city, village, and hamlet in the State of New York. Nor these only, the sound of approaching men reaches us from every quarter especially from Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan. We have the most encouraging accounts from Cleveland and Detroit. To night's mail brings intelligence of a large force opposite Detroit co-operating with you. And there is every disposition in all places to aid you with money. What aid we have been able to give you so far has been done with little effort and from our own neighborhood, this we shall continue to do until we can obtain aid from other places, especially from New York, Albany, Boston and other cities to do which we shall dispatch agents. The excitement produced against the Government of Upper Canada by the murder committed at Schlosser under their authority will aid your hand, and we would advise you by all means to wait until you hear the effect produced by that diabolical transaction. A subscription is in progress for a Steamboat and you can rely upon the committee for an energetic action upon that subject and we think with a fair prospect of success. I am General—Your obdt. Servt.

E. JOHNSON, *Chairman of the Buffalo Committee.*

Gen. Rens. Van Rensselaer, Navy Island.

Dr. William Hullinger made a noble offer, which is a fair specimen of the forethought and energetic impulse which led to many similar instances caused by the inspiration of the movement. "Having understood that the army on Navy Island is not sufficiently well supplied with *Physicians* and *Surgeons*, I am induced by various considerations to inform you that

I am at your disposal. If my services are required as assistant surgeon I am willing to enlist during the war, be that longer or shorter. If success crowns your noble efforts, then I would expect a compensation, but if not, which may God forbid, then I would expect that a loss of time on my part, would be a small sacrifice in comparison with the loss others would suffer."

*Dr. Chapin to Rens. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Buffalo, Jany. 10th, 1838.

In less than five days, I am of opinion, if this kind of weather holds, that you will be frozen up, on your Island. The *Anchor* ice will be floating near your shore in such quantities, as will prevent access to the Island.

I refer you to the opinion of Judge Porter, Benjamin Barton, Esq., or any old inhabitant, for their opinions, in relation to this subject. The ardor and enthusiasm of the Public will soon be chilled, in my opinion, unless you make a demonstration of some kind. I believe there are many that would join you, from this side, if you should land on the Canaota shore. If you have only 200 men, you can safely land at some Point, in the Province, and after raising the Patriot Standard, many would crowd to it if such a *nucleus* was formed, around which they might gather. If you dare risque it, send a forlorn hope of 100 men across, opposite your Island and supply or support them as rapidly as possible.

I apprehend that Gravelly Bay is too far up the Lake; almost any Point, between Navy Island and Fort Erie, I believe now to be vulnerable, and I think can be invested with your forces, in such a manner as to be tenable.

If you think so, let 50 land at Fort Erie; 100 at Black Rock; 200 from the head of Grand Island, and any other disposable force as a reinforcement to cross below the above mentioned places. Or should it be thought better, send your force to Schlosser and march to Youngstown, and have ready boats there to cross. And to make the work easy send one hundred a forlorn hope to Fort Mississaga to be suddenly re-enforced — as occasion may require. This force to be moved in the fore part of the night so as to be ready to march, on the other side of the Niagara River by daylight in the morning. At all events you must leave the Island soon for your own personal safety, otherwise I am afraid all communication will be cut off. Again I repeat it the Island must be left. Accept from me, my best wishes for your success and welfare and I beseech you to leave the Island, for one side or the other, with all reasonable haste. Your friends here, join with me, in our good wishes, &c. In the meanwhile I am very respectfully

Your Obedt. Servt.,

Genl. R. Van Rensselaer, Navy Island.

C. CHAPIN.

*K. H. Van Rensselaer to Rens. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Rochester, Jany. 10, 1838.

Let me introduce to you our friend Mr. Huff of Mendon. He has a few gentlemen with him for your cause, together with some money, clothing, &c., &c.; he is warmly in favor of the Patriot's claims. He has also *One Hundred* in money from our Committee, we hope it will be of service to you. There are about 30 gentlemen to leave in the morning for your camp, and the prospect of as many more following in their track. You will want to make good arrangements on our shore, so that what means we can send will find a safe harbor, and you be able to receive them. How

does Henry do? remember me to him. We are all anxious for some news of *blood*. I heard from Albany to day, friends all well.

Yours, K. H. VAN RENSSELAER.

Gen. Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, Navy Island.

*Thomas H. Hyatt to Renss. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Schlosser, Friday eve, Jan. 12, 1838.

Information was brought to the Commissary General and to Gen. J. Jackson at Niagara Falls, that you were intending to night to land your forces, *with their arms*, on the American Frontier, with a view of marching through a portion of our territory to invade Canada. And as those gentlemen were about making some dispatches to Gov. Marey, now in Buffalo, they proposed mentioning the intelligence that they had heard relative to your landing with armed men on our shores. Feeling as I have from the beginning a deep interest in the success of your expedition, and desirous that no impediment should be thrown in your way, *without a cause*, I interposed, and assured them that I had good reason for believing that you had no intention of so far violating our laws as to land an *armed force* upon our territory. I assured them that I had been credibly informed that when you left your present position, you would convey all of your arms and munitions of war by water, and would only permit your men to land, if they landed at all, as other citizens have a right to come upon our territory without arms or warlike weapons. And my object in addressing you now is to assure you, that although I wish you success in your enterprise, I should extremely regret to have any of your soldiers land upon our shores, with implements of war, that would expose them to the rigors of our laws, and be the means of engendering, as it evidently would, a severe collision between your Patriot band and the authorities of the United States. Should you think proper to relieve the anxiety of some of your best friends, in relation to this matter by addressing me a line on the subject, it will be thankfully received, and no improper use or advantage taken of it.

Yours with Respect,

THOS. H. HYATT of Lockport

Gen. R. Van Rensselaer, Navy Island.

*Col. Worth to Renss. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear General,

Jan. 14th, 1838.

I will meet you in your Camp with pleasure, but would prefer seeing you at the House at Schlosser, as I am quite indisposed from excessive fatigue. However, it shall be as you prefer. I will be at Schlosser at 1 o'clock.

Yours truly,

W. J. WORTH.

Gen. Van Rensselaer, Navy Island.

Mortified as I necessarily was at this failure, for I well knew the enemy could not be played with *twice* in the same way, my spirits were buoyed up the next morning — Jan. 14th — by *fresh promises* of boats, provided I would take my men up to Buffalo, and embark them there. This I agreed to do, particularly so since it was said, that the owners would not jeopard their boats, by sending them to Navy Island under McNab's heavy guns.

Accordingly arrangements for the EVACUATION were all made before nightfall, and as soon as darkness was sufficiently dense to cover our movements from the enemy, the retreat commenced. We were seven hours getting all off. I was the last that left. My spare artillery was landed at Schlosser — after much difficulty and danger to the crew in charge. They

60 or 80 would most probably have gone over the Falls but for my presence and example in the critical moment. [“These brave men stayed on Navy Island for one month, and then, at their own choice, left it, and not in fear of their opponents. Opposite to them, were assembled five thousand men, consisting of British regulars, incorporated militia, and a body of Indians. Batteries were erected, and balls and shells were, at intervals, cast upon the island. The islanders were incessantly in a state of danger and alarm; yet they would, at times provokingly return the fire; still they remained unattacked. Thus this sturdy band of men — raw and undisciplined — in the severity of winter, with no shelter, but such as they then constructed, and miserably clad, set at defiance and laughed at the overwhelming force which lay so near watching all their movements.”]

At this trying crisis, where was Wm. Lyon McKenzie? He left the Island when the bombardment and cannonading was commenced against us in real earnestness, and in spite of my remonstrances and entreaties, to the contrary, he pushed off for Buffalo, where he remained safely ensconced in the house of a friend. Nothing was more perplexing than his conduct. I had known him long to have the reputation of a firm and consistent opposer of monarchical abuses; as such, I respected him so much that many little disagreements occurred between us before my confidence in him could be shaken. A breach however, eventually did occur, which grew wider as my knowledge of his disposition and character increased. I found him governed by the impulses of the moment, fickle, arbitrary and impatient. He would suggest fifty plans for effecting the object in view, in as many minutes, and abandon them as often, but he could fix upon no single one and follow it out. If I presumed to differ or remind him of his stipulation, not to interfere, his potent ire would immediately arise and a quarrel ensue. On one occasion we differed as to the policy of appointing a time and place for two friends to meet us with 100 armed Canadians each. I wished them to remain quietly at home until they knew we had landed on the main shore of the enemy, particularly so, as their march would not be a long one to join us, and circumstances might oblige us to foil them, another time, about crossing over to the enemy's camp, when they were strong and we less than 200. He offered then to be one of fifty to do so — but I heard nothing more of the project after giving him permission to get up a party for the purpose. The fears he openly expressed, in the hearing of the troops, as the probable effect upon the island, of the enemy's firing their mortars and heavy batteries, was very discouraging, and we quarreled about that; again because he chose to consider himself in the light of a nonentity, for the reason that I did not deem it proper to call him in as a military counselor. I should have done this most willingly, if I had not by this time lost all faith in his qualifications or discretion. I was well aware, that with so little actual experience as I possessed, a trusty counselor would be a great acquisition. To keep his restless spirit quiet, however, while our reinforcements were coming in, as well as to relieve myself of a most burdensome duty, the general correspondence was intrusted to his charge. How well, or how badly he has performed the duty, I am not able to judge, for he scarcely ever thought it necessary to make any report, and his course in this respect has assuredly been detrimental to the service.

On my arrival in Buffalo after the evacuation, I understood he had been extremely abusive towards every thing American, on the occasion of his arrest by the U. S. Marshal, and that he had disgusted all his benefactors

in that quarter by his violent language. My knowledge of his disposition induced me to believe this most readily. I knew he had previously made some of the most efficient, active, and influential Canadian Reformers lukewarm, if not opposed to the cause by a similar course; and my contempt for the impolitic ingrate, knew no bounds when he again showed himself — among the members of the Executive Committee whom I had called together to consult upon further measures — and attempted to direct my military operations. He is a meddling little body but fully devoted to the cause of freedom.

*Dr. Chapin to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Buffalo Jan'y. 15, 1838,  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 9, P. M.

The Army on Navy Island evacuated the same last night, at about 12 o'clock, and the forces there collected have been disbanded. Your Son was arrested, for accepting a Commission, under a foreign Power. He gave bail this Evening for \$5000 at the Eagle Tavern.

You are doubtless aware, that this is not an affair that can subject him to an ignominious punishment, but it was deemed necessary, to keep up the appearance of neutrality, and will probably end in smoke.

I advised him to quit the Island as there was danger of his being blockaded with ice, in a short time, and I was satisfied that his party could not be kept together, without resorting to lying, begging or stealing, which course could not be approved by him or the Public, and which means are not as good as Treasury Notes, which you doubtless know are below par.

Your Son deserves much credit for sustaining himself on the Island and keeping the whole Province of Upper Canada at bay, for more than five weeks, with only about 510 men. His discipline of the men will not probably injure them. I hope he will return home and turn his attention to something more profitable to himself and his friends.

I remain, as ever, Truly Yours,

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany.

C. CHAPIN.

"The patriots in Michigan, deceived by a report that Van Rensselaer had made a successful landing on the main shore in Canada had pushed down the lake to join him, but meeting the straggling bands of Navy Islanders, and learning the truth, both parties had disbanded."

*Rens. Van Rensselaer to his Father.*

Dear Father,

Buffalo Jan'y 18, 1838.

Since my last, my time has been so fully taken up in evacuating my late rendezvous — in baffling some of the certain great and envious ones, that you may guess at, and in arranging for future operations that I very much fear the family may have been over anxious on my account — but you, I trust, will let them know, that *no news* direct from me, is a sure indication that all is well. I have got to be so much of a *lion* now, that all my movements are chronicled without a loss of time; and when I make none, the disappointed *lying* Tories coin them to suit their own purpose, but in spite of all that, trust me. I feel the importance of my situation, and cannot be made to disgrace it. If *policy* or my situation debars me from rebutting every lie told of me remember now, I tell you, that time will come. My men are all *disarmed* and like good quiet fellows are on a line of march *West* to get a job at *canal digging*.

They are hale, hearty and full of confidence in themselves and in me. I shall join them before long, to set them at work, and I may say, their

job — if a dashing one — will not be *over dangerous*. Matters and things look better and better every day, *I must succeed*. Adeline's of the 12th with Mag's postscript was forwarded me from Lewiston and reached me to day. Hereafter let them direct "*Care of Dr. E. Johnson Buffalo.*" Tell Adeline we *are* getting to be rather *cannibalish*. Are Mrs. Chrisler, Dupuy and Powell young and tender enough to make a good fricassee of? Never mind though — I'll *see* and judge for myself I promise you. Let that dear Mother of mine and all the rest of my good friends be easy. My duty now requires me to be as little exposed to danger as possible, and let them know I have a great many reasons for keeping it in my mind's eye and that *I will do so*. Be easy then I say! Is it not rather curious that I, the son of the crack Captain of Wayne's Dragoons, should have with me "*Cornplanter,*" the son of your old friend; and that as the son of the "*Hero of Queenston,*" I should have with me as my Adjutant General — McCloud of the Glengary men who behaved so bravely there, as at the battle of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane? Well! there are many changes in the affairs of this world. I'll make the most out of everything — but the exiled Patriots of the Canada's *must* find a way to their home again.

Love to all, Yours truly,

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, P. M. Albany. RENS. VAN RENSSELAER.

*Military Notes continued.*

"At Buffalo, on January 18th, it was soon ascertained that General Scott's *money-bags* were too heavy for us; and that he was enabled to buy off all the boats which we spoke of chartering, so that I might form a junction with our Western army. In *consequence then, of a promise* exacted from me by Governor Marcy — "*That I would move my men out of the State of New York as speedily as possible*" — the Navy Islanders were ordered to foot it up the Lake to Detroit, or to any other intermediate place, where vessels might be found to convey them over into Canada. McKenzie strenuously opposed this arrangement. He, in the plenitude of his wisdom, insisted that my men — who were quartered some two or three miles west of Buffalo, under orders not to march westward, until boats could be procured for their conveyance — should have the order countermanded, and that they should return in battle array — charge upon the State and the U. S. forces — seize Gen. Scott's boats required to carry them, the *material* &c., to the Canadian shore — and to embark from Buffalo at every hazzard. A more violent altercation than any previous one, ensued between us, and as he persisted, I avowed my intention of disbanding my army — of throwing up my commission, and left the room for that purpose. Shortly after the other gentlemen followed with assurances, if I only would retain the command, that McKenzie should not interfere thereafter with any of my plans. McK. too again stipulated to the same effect and decided to domesticate himself at Rochester to get up a new paper in support of the cause. Having carried my point and nothing loth to accede, for extensive systematic arrangements, for the future, were on foot all along the frontier and supposing they must terminate successfully, I was anxious to participate. Under the renewed conditions then, I agreed to go on and sent Br. General McLeod up in charge of this body of men; while I went East, in the meanwhile, to ascertain how Bill Johnston was progressing. While in Buffalo I was thoroughly satisfied that the U. S. authorities would follow, and if possible, prevent that detachment of my army westward bound, from making a descent up-

on the enemy. I also knew the British regulars — 800 or 1000 strong — sent up from Montreal to dislodge me from Navy Island, as also a large force of militia were moving up to meet it on the opposite side of Lake Ontario, therefore I determined to make use of my brave men as a decoy for the vigilant of both nations, whilst another of the detachments was to be converted into a forlorn hope. A messenger was despatched to Col. — who had it in charge — to make him aware of the design.

*Rens. Van Rensselaer to Wm. L. McKenzie.*

Dear Sir,

Buffalo, Jan. 21st, 1838.

We have had every difficulty to surmount since you left this city, but before high Heaven, I think we will surmount them all. Then *nil desperandum*, but be of good cheer. General Scott has given up his system of bullying and now goes largely in the business of buying. When he ascertained the futility of trying to frighten us out of the idea of running the New England from this port, he descended to the alternative of out-bidding our worthy committee some \$500 and *succeeded!* The consequence is, *we can get no conveyance by water from this place*; but the spirit of our boys is good, and they are determined to foot it, if needs be, to Detroit, so as to get a passage over to the other shore. Meanwhile, it is my purpose to make a *dash* at another quarter, of which you will hear in due time. I will drop you another note before making it; but let me ask you seriously to take good care of yourself. I am told — and the bearer, Mr. ———, late student of — will give you the particulars — that there are a number of desperadoes now here to *assassinate you*. Look out then, I say look out.

Yours truly and sincerely,

RENS. VAN RENSSELAER, &c., &c.

Wm. Lyon McKenzie, Esq., Rochester N. Y.

*Major Gorham to Rens. Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear Sir,

Jany. 23, 1838, West Mill Creek, Pa.

Ere this I suppose you have heard of Gen. Scott's most unwarrantable, not to say treacherous seizure of our arms at Fredonia. I saw the steamboat Fulton at this place and I was aroused in the dead hour of the night with the announcement that our long expected boat had arrived, but too soon my exultation was dampened by the intelligence that "It was the wrong boat." They have landed a detachment of about 20 volunteer militiamen at this place "*to preserve the neutrality.*" This and the affair at Fredonia has aroused the feelings of this hitherto most supine place, and the inhabitants are incensed to that degree that the 20 men will be a mere cypher, indeed it is not impossible but that they may some night lay down their....., a just retaliation for the Fredonia affair, 80 m.....s and 35 side arms, and about 40 swords and pistols can be had here and if necessary a six..... with her captain a most resolute determined fellow of great muscular strength and physical courage. If the affair is properly managed to transport them away, a part of them are already *somewhere*; the only difficulty lies in transporting them beyond the reach of those who would take them from us. A Captain Douglass of this place has in this harbor, one of the best brigs on this lake and says he will sail *when* he pleases, *where* he pleases and *with what* he pleases if he is engaged. I leave you to form your own conclusions. A Schooner hove in sight this afternoon and after beating towards this fort, finally tacked and bore for Long-point on the Canada shore, I mention this because not being in the secret of

this movement, I am not aware but it may be one you should know of— if it is not already known. The people of this place, of course, think, many of them, that it is all up now with the Navy Island boys, and did I know positively, one word from me would cheer them up and set them to work, and they would do anything. I have this moment received your favor per Major Morgan and will at once comply with your orders.

Yours forever,

NELSON GORHAM.

To Maj. Gen. Van Rensselaer, Commanding &c., &c.

*Rens. Van Rensselaer to his Father.*

Dear Father,

Syracuse Jany. 29, 1838.

Since I last wrote you, my attempt to get upon the enemy's main shore with my Division No. 1 — the Navy Islanders — has turned out a complete failure. The reasons are: 1st, when on the Island, although my ruse for drawing the enemy away from my real point — Chippewa — succeeded to admiration, the Steam boat Barcelona, did not come to my assistance as promised, and I was obliged to forego the intention. In this case, the enemy who numbered about one third more than myself were divided between Waterloo and Niagara. Scarcely enough were left at Chippewa to man their guns, *above* which I intended to have landed, and to have forced a march *over* them to Niagara, beat the militia there — for they had nothing but militia — carry two steam boats lying in port and proceed to Toronto &c.

I could have done this with ease, for *no one* knew my plan, both friends and foes were *humbled*. I had 150 teams, to carry out the deception, at Schlosser and the Falls, with steam boats, ferry boats, and other boats at Buffalo and Black Rock. The New York militia under Gen. John Jackson were all under arms to stop my passage at the Falls. Governor Marey and General Scott at Black Rock to stop me there. I knew well after this, that I could not get up another such a beautiful ruse so I was fain obliged to make a *virtue of necessity* and allow the Governor together with Gen. Scott to *coax* me off the Island. They pride themselves much upon the success of *their* prodigious undertaking; but while they are chuckling and amusing themselves by following up a portion of my force which is no kind of use to me just now, I am flattering myself with the idea of making them laugh on the other side of face before they are much older.

I should have gone to Detroit if they had acted up to their implied understanding — as it is, I am bound for the *North* to morrow and will write again soon. I should have written from here before, but I came to Syracuse to recruit, yet since my arrival on Thursday evening last, have been under the Doctor's hands and really unable until this day to do so, owing to debility arising from the effects of my late excessive fatigues incident to severe camp duty, bringing on dysentery &c. Although I have lost a little flesh since I left home, yet rest — good attention and the kindly care bestowed on me by mother Forman and my bonnie Mary has made me almost as good as new, and I am getting stronger with every moment.

Mary received Mag's letter this morning. I am sorry to find by it, that they must be disappointed in not seeing me as soon as lying rumor has led them to expect. But no matter — all in good time. I am running into no new dangers tell them. My friends in the *West* are as *warm*, as

true, and as *confident in me as ever*. I think I can manage now so as to make them do a little of my work for me. Love and kisses to all.

Yours truly,

RENS. VAN RENSSELAER.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany.

*Military Notes:* While at Syracuse I received a report from Col. ———. He sent word, to my utter confusion and dismay, that McKenzie was in his vicinity as officiously busy as ever, and that I must come and drive him away by some means or other, or his presence there would render the enemy suspicious, and nothing could be done. Accordingly, although a fair subject for the sick-list still, I immediately started off in an open sleigh, and rode day and night under a fictitious name, and cautiously avoided every place where I had reason to apprehend recognition. Within twenty four hours after accomplishing the journey, the Colonel handed me a note, addressed to him by McKenzie, in which, regardless of his oft-told pledge of non-interference, he (McK.) arrogates to himself the right to direct the contemplated expedition, and anxiously inquires, if it is true, as he is informed, that I am on the field of action. With the Colonel's concurrence, I made myself his substitute to reply as follows:

*Rens. Van Rensselaer to Wm. L. McKenzie.*

Sir,

— February 1st, 1838.

The enclosed was directed to you the day previous to my leaving Buffalo, by a student of Dr. ———, who at Niagara Falls handed it to Maj. ———, then on an express to Col. ———, of this place. After fulfilling the object of his mission, Maj ——— went on to report himself to me at Syracuse. He then confirmed a rumor which, to my surprise, had reached me of your presence in this vicinity. To my surprise I say, for when we parted at Buffalo, it was under the understanding that you were to remain in Rochester for a special object. At every stopping-place on my way from Syracuse to this, I heard of you, and after passing through Sackett's Harbor, which I did well *muffled up and without stopping*, I was followed by two persons in a cutter, whose sole object was to get "*a sight at McKenzie*;" of course they were mistaken, but recognized me, and it seems from yours to Col ———, have reported my visits also through the country. I have no doubt but that our neighbors will get hold of it, and if so Col. ———'s expedition too must prove a failure. To counteract this, and to throw dust in the eyes of the Royalists, of Gen. Scott &c., I propose to start *openly* from Watertown to-morrow, and proceed *openly* through the country to Buffalo, where I wish to stay a short time at any rate. I would not have been here now, but for a message from Col. ———, requiring my presence — and return *privately* in season to participate in the expedition; and I *propose* that you start in the same way forthwith, *on an important mission to Albany*, which I will mention when I see you — but avowedly to join the L. C. Patriots. If this is done, Col. ———'s object must succeed — but *he and he alone* must make all the preliminary arrangements; for he alone can make them with effect and with secrecy. If you agree to all this, it is well — if not, I must beg you to make such arrangements as may be deemed most advisable, without reference to myself; for I have urgent affairs of my own, which require my attention elsewhere, and I will neglect them no longer.

Respectfully your ob't serv't,

Wm. Lyon McKenzie, Esq.

RENS. VAN RENSSELAER &c. &c.

In an interview, the last one had with McKenzie, on the day succeeding the date of my last, in the presence of another Canadian refugee — Mr. Gibson — whom I always considered both true and discreet, he readily agreed to abide by the propositions made him, except so far as the trip to Albany was concerned. He wished, instead, to go to the Lower Province in reality. No objections being made, he promised to start next morning. I left almost immediately, to perform the part his inconsiderate course imposed on me; and thus an all important period of time for arranging matters for a decisive stroke, was lost: and the abandonment of the late intended Patriot Expedition against Kingston, was chargeable to no one but Wm. Lyon McKenzie through his further interference with Col. —'s proceedings.

*Gen. Van Rensselaer to his Son.*

Dear Rensselaer,

Albany February 4, 1828.

I have this evening received your letter from French Creek, and hasten to answer it. I think without the necessary means at your command to carry on the Expedition you propose, it is madness to think of it. You have gained more glory already, than most men in a long life of military pursuits. It is well known, and so spoken of here, that if your plans had not been defeated by others, you would in all probability have been successful. All think that you can now withdraw with *Honor*, and wish to see you. I earnestly recommend this course, and that you return home and wait for future events.

A similar letter I have written to you at Syracuse and left it open for Mary and her parents to see I wish you to return. Your Mama, Sisters and all join me in this wish, and send their love. In haste Dear Rensselaer, your affectionate Father —

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Gen. Renss. Van Rensselaer, Buffalo.

*Rens. Van Rensselaer to his Father.*

Dear Father,

Buffalo Feb. 7, 1838.

I have barely time to say to you that, I arrived here last evening, will leave to-morrow, that my health is re-established, the prospect of success is better and better, *every thing looks well*. Tell the two *Dr.'s* from Canada. I will write again in a day or two from the *East*. Addie's letter of the 23rd received here. Inclosed is the "lock of Hair" she asks for, and two pretty pictures for "Ria Bittie." Love to all.

Yours ever truly,

RENS. VAN RENSSELAER.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer.

*Rev. H. A. Parsons to Rens. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Feb. 8th, 1838.

I take the liberty to give you what information I possess relative to the British outrage upon the Steam Boat *Caroline* at Schlosser. My residence is at the place where Old Fort Schlosser once stood, very near the bank of the river, directly opposite Chippewa, in full view of two sides of Navy Island, and nearly half a mile below the Stone house or Steam Boat landing. From my proximity to the Store house and Navy Island, and on account of the general excitement that prevailed, and being at leisure, I endeavored, for my own satisfaction, to ascertain every thing that was in operation in relation to Navy Island. I accordingly visited the Store house every day till the Island was evacuated. Soon after the Patriots took possession of the Island, people began to come in great numbers from

the neighboring towns and counties, to witness the attack upon the Island by the British. Many of them had a great curiosity to visit the Island, and were willing to pay very liberally for ferriage, whenever they could get an opportunity to go over and return. At length the importance of a Steam Boat to accommodate them was talked of and loudly called for, because the small boats, that were used, were occupied the whole of the time by the Patriots.

On the morning of December 29, some of the passengers in the cars from Buffalo stated that the *Caroline* was on her way down with a large number of passengers, and soon after I saw her land at Navy Island. After staying there half an hour, she came over to the Store-house with a large number of passengers on board. This was about 1 o'clock P. M. There were some hundreds of people that day about the Store house and tavern near by, many of whom were anxious to visit Navy Island and return. Accordingly the Boat made two trips to the Island and back that afternoon, carrying passengers both ways, and sailing under American colors. I neither saw nor heard of any other colors on board, though I went upon both decks and into the cabins; neither did I see or hear of any arms or ammunition whatever that were carried over in the Boat at either trip. The second time she went to the Island, a few Canadians and some half a dozen volunteers from the East had arrived, all of whom went over in the Boat to stay upon the Island; the rest of the passengers, including some who landed upon the Island when the Boat first came down, returned to our shore with the Boat about Sun-set. The Boat was then made fast to our wharf, where she lay till about half past twelve o'clock, eight hours.

The tavern near the Store-house had for a week been excessively thronged with strangers, who had come out of curiosity to see what was doing. Unable to get lodgings at that tavern or in our Village, many had come to my house from night to night to lodge, and on the morning above mentioned, I complied with the request of a number of strangers and went with them to the Store-house where the Steam Boat was lying and staid their till 10 o'clock. The flag of the boat was lying upon deck, the flag-staff having been broken by accident an hour or two before. I saw no arms of any description on the Boat in the evening, nobody thought of an attack, nobody seemed to apprehend any danger.

When I left the Store-house, a large number of Gentlemen, strangers to me, and apparently strangers to each other, were enquiring for accommodations for the night; and soon after I had returned home, a number came to my house to get lodgings, who said they had just been to the boat for the same purpose, but that every berth was full. Up to this time, I state from my personal knowledge, there had been no guard, arms or ammunition kept at the Store-house, or the tavern — no body seemed to dream of any danger there. On the night above mentioned about twenty men lodged at my house, and we retired about eleven o'clock. About half past twelve, I was awakened by a bright light shining into my room, I instantly rose and discovered a very large fire on the water near the Store-house. I watched it with intense anxiety for some time, unable to determine with certainty what it was. It would occasionally move a few rods and then stop; at length it began to come down stream gradually, and when it passed my house, it was from 15 to 20 rods from shore, burned entirely to the water's edge with nothing above except the boiler and some part of the

machinery. I continued to watch it, till it went down the rapids and over the falls.

Soon after daylight, I was at the Store house and saw the dead and wounded, then learned the particulars respecting the attack. It has since been ascertained that nine were killed; seven of whom were left upon the boat and burnt up. One man, Durfee, was left dead upon the wharf, and a boy twelve years of age, was run through, both with a sword and shot with a pistol, and seen by a number that escaped to fall into the water, striking his head in falling upon the sill of the Store house. I saw considerable blood at the place on the sill the next morning. Capt. Drew, you will observe, in his official report of that attack sent to McNab, states that they killed six besides wounding others. As their orders were to give no quarters, they doubtless intended to kill as many as they could.

The people at the Tavern informed me when I arrived there the next morning, that when the alarm reached the house, there was a general enquiry and search for arms to defend themselves as they then thought the assailants would come ashore and attempt to burn the tavern, but that nothing could be found in or about the house except one old musket and two pistols, which were discharged out at the door, and after that they could find no ammunition with which to reload them. The next night we had guards at the Store house and upon our shores, for some distance, and a number of boats from Chippewa came over in the course of the night apparently to do other mischief, but were deterred by our guards. Any other particulars about which you may wish to make any inquiries, I shall be happy to communicate at any time. I have the honor to be,

Sir, very respectfully yours,

Gen. Rens. Van Rensselaer, Syracuse, N. Y.

H. A. PARSONS.

"A great majority of the people in Canada are in favor of a reform; and, were there any prospect of success, would join the standard of the patriots, but so long as the ultimate result of the struggle is so very doubtful, they prefer to remain neutral. They know that if they should embark in the cause of the patriots, and fail, their property, and perhaps their lives would be immediately sacrificed. Not less than fifty thousand dollars are now offered in the two provinces for traitors, which is the only marketable cash article now to be found among the Canadians."

*Dr. Chapin to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Buffalo City, Feb. 8, 1838.

Upon the receipt of your last letter and agreeably to your request, I called upon your Son then in this city, explained to him fully the futility of the projected invasion and Conquest of Canada, and I then fully believed he had concluded to leave this place immediately for Albany, and that he would soon be with you. Indeed, I for sometime supposed he was there. Subsequently I heard of him at Oswego and at Syracuse. This day I saw him in the City and spoke with him. He still persists in going on with the project of revolutionizing this Province of Upper Canda. Says he has 2000 men now under Arms at the West -- and that he believes he shall be able to, and *will* raise 2000 more at the East; with this force he still entertains the idea of effecting the conquest of the Province.

I write merely to give you such information as I possess relative to his

situation and prospects. I still feel and am confident as I have uniformly felt, that nothing can, at any rate, at present be effected; all projects of a revolution are futile — if not absolutely Utopian.

I know of nothing new, that would be beneficial or pleasing to you, now in my power to communicate.

Very Respectfully Yours, &c.

General Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany.

CYRENIUS CHAPIN.

*Military Notes:* From the following extracts from Colonel Worth's despatch to Gen. Scott, of February 9, the day after I left Buffalo again, on my return to the East, the success attending my visit may be surmised. Gen. Scott, by the way, having smothered the hydra of Patriotism, in his fancy, or reduced it at least to a state of profound quietude, was complacently wending his way on the road to Washington. Speaking of the bonnie braw Navy Islanders, who then with unparalleled perseverance, were plodding it knee-deep through the mud for the West — "under the command of Mr. McLeod, Mr. Van Rensselaer's Adjutant Gen., stated to be a man of much energy." The Col. adds — "The latter individual left this place last evening to join these forces. Information on which I rely, represents Mr. Van Rensselaer as sanguine of making a forward movement, at the head of 3 or 4000 men." The effect of this despatch was to hurry Gen. Scott back under whip and spur. He scarcely took a breathing spell until brought up by the city of Detroit, in the neighborhood of which all the disposable forces of the United States, as well as of Her Britannic Majesty, it appears too, had been hurried to dance attendance upon Mr. Van Rensselaer; and a merry dance they had of it. As matters have turned out since, I exceedingly regret the latter were disappointed in not seeing me, for I religiously believe my followers would not have fallen short of the numbers stated by Col. Worth, had I deemed it expedient to act there in person. All who are acquainted with the strength of parties in Canada, must acknowledge that with such a force to begin with, it would have been a difficult matter to beat me. To avoid a collision with the United States troops, however, which under the circumstances of the case — to appear hereafter — I need not, in the eyes of many, have been so very scrupulous about, to spare an unnecessary effusion of blood, and to secure a post which I certainly could maintain; I had long since determined to act in another quarter.

The whole American frontier now, from Buffalo to Plattsburgh clear of every power to check the substantial sympathies of a generous people — and no garrison of importance at any place between Malden and Montreal on the British side — it seemed to me an easy task to carry Kingston by a *coup de main*, and compel the citizen soldiers in Fort Henry to capitulate afterwards. As late as the middle of February, the greatest number of men in arms reported to me, in fort and town together, was only 300 — no regulars and many of them trust worthy friends — ready to co-operate with us. The approach could be made over the ice without observation, to within half a mile of the fort; so could the remainder of the distance, had the preparations been conducted with the secrecy and promptitude intended. But McKenzie having gathered an inkling of the design in the course of our last dispute, before he left Buffalo, the execution of it was delayed, as before stated; and soon it became a matter of public notoriety, in spite of all my studied efforts at concealment. On reaching French Creek, I was astonished to hear of McKenzie's return to Watertown. The day of

my arrival — on the 17th — I read articles in the papers that “the connection, military or political, between General Van Rensselaer and the Canadians now sojourning on this frontier has entirely ceased, at his own personal request and without the most distant intention, on either side, to renew it hereafter.” The perusal was evidence enough to me of Me Kenzie’s work and determination to ruin the expedition, which, in its incipient stages had been so redundant with promises and feeling the most anxious solicitude for its success I requested that any other officer should be selected to command and I would act as his second. The next day Me Kenzie — having an idea of the impolicy of his course, was quieted. At any rate word was sent me *that he should not interfere.*

*Rensselaer Van Rensselaer to his Father.*

Dear Father,

French Creek, Feb. 19, 1838.

Yours directed Buffalo and its duplicate sent to Syracuse have both been received. I am now drawing up a statement of my late military operations, which will be forwarded to you when done. A perusal will satisfy you I have no reason or apology for withdrawing from the service I am engaged in, nor would you. I therefore repeat that *I go ahead* in spite of man or devil. Enclosed is a letter for Mr. Mills, he mentions having left directions with you where it may meet him. You need have no delicacy in telling him, you are too much involved already on my account, if he should ask you to contribute to the Patriot fund.

Where is Dr. Rolph? Letters *now* are addressed me to the care of F. W. White, Watertown. Inclosed are some exquisite pieces of poetry for you. I am told they have a new piece of music at Oswego, called the “Navy Island Dance,” and another styled “Van Rensselaer’s Reel.”

My love to all. Yours sincerely,

RENS. VAN RENSSELAER.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany.

*Rensselaer Van Rensselaer to his Father.*

Dear Father,

French Creek, Feb. 21, 1838, 10 o’clock, P. M.

I am off with my *advance guard* in a few moments to secure my arms from capture by our own Authorities, to be captured perhaps by the Authorities on the other side — but if they get them on the other side, they will have a pretty good job of their own to attend to. The main body is to join me to-morrow — and then we go to work in real earnestness. My trunk will be found at Wm. Johnstones, in this place, in case an accident should befall me. If not it need not be looked for there. I have been too much engaged to finish a history of my late campaign — but the honest part of the world know, that if I do fall, or fail, it is owing to the recklessness and folly of Wm. L. McKenzie; and to the faithlessness of *Marcy* and *Scott*.

My best wishes for the happiness of all, and love to all.

RENS. VAN RENSSELAER.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany.

*Military Notes.* — Feb. 21 — It cannot be proved against me, that I “provided, or prepared the means for a military expedition” from *French Creek to Hickory Island*, unless the fact of my sending Bill Johnstone from *Navy Island* for that purpose, may bring me under the provisions of the statutes.

It might perhaps be proved though, that I sent a person to some Canadians in the neighborhood to let them know that I was "*going home*" and that in consequence of this, they came to French Creek, and — although not organized as a military force on the American soil — they followed me into *Canada* and *were seen* on Hickory Island the next day. With singular pertinacity the following letter was published.

*To the Editor of the Jeffersonian.*

Dear Sir,

Watertown, 22nd Feby. 1838.

Allow me the use of your columns to state, with reference to the extract you published from a letter of mine last week that I have neither seen nor corresponded with Mr. Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, in his recent movements on this frontier, but have earnestly and invariably urged my friends to withdraw all confidence from him in matters connected with Canada. As to his generalship, I do not pretend to judge of its merits. Others will do that.

Yours very respectfully,

W. L. MACKENZIE.

He found by the experiment, however, that I neither had lost the confidence of the Canadian or American patriots. The effect upon them was the occasion of great injury to the cause; and not only tampering with an officer on duty, but sowing the seeds of insubordination in the army. In two different counties where 200 volunteers from each were to have joined the expedition, all remained at home, upon being thus led to suppose I had abandoned it, except about fifty. In another county, out of 100, only twenty-one came, and so on. As for Mr. McK's sneers at my generalship, they may pass for what they are worth. Whenever he, himself, makes a better display of generalship than manifested at the battle of Toronto, he may "pretend to judge" of the merits of mine. Till then, I am perfectly content to leave the question for the decision of those, whether friend or foe, who have been tried and not found wanting. My object in going to French Creek several days before the expedition was to set out, was, at the request of Col.—, that I might be at hand to advise with him, and also to learn in person, if all things were properly prepared, but I was at private quarters, invisible to all, except those who were to act a part, until the evening of the 20th. A report then, which occasioned considerable alarm, was extensively circulated and believed, viz.; that the enemy were coming over to burn the place; when, by request, I moved to one of the taverns, to make ready for its defence. With this occupation — with watching and with receiving visitors, the night passed over without rest. So did the next. For after a busy day a portion of which was spent with the Colonel in reconnoitering Hickory Island — finding it essential now to have a spot of our own, where we might organize the forces without offence to the American authorities; but discovering an unwillingness on part of the officers to lead off the advance guard, although two of them did offer to act in the end, my boding fears told me that the diabolical purposes of Mr. McKenzie were answered, and that the spirit of distrust was abroad. Determined to counteract it if possible, I hastily wrote several farewell letters — a task which had been reserved for the next day — and started off at two o'clock, A. M. of the 22d, as file leader of a party of about twenty brave fellows from Onondaga county. Our route was over a field of slippery ice, part of the way, the balance of the distance of seven miles, was through a bed

of unbroken snow, nearly knee deep. Forty men came on after us in about an hour. This was our whole force, until after the first muster at sunrise. Various other musters were made in the course of the day, when, as afterwards sworn by a witness on my examination in Auburn, "the total number of volunteers appearing on parade at different hours was 82, 71, and 51; the majority of whom were Canadians." This last is a fact of some importance, for the British authorities, both civil and military, have endeavored to make it appear that these expeditions were got up exclusively by Americans — but such is not the case.

In the course of the day, while on Hickory Island, several messages came to me from different bodies of Canadians, stating where and when they would meet me, as per understanding between them and McKenzie; also giving me their signals of recognition, &c. No doubt 2000 would have joined within 24 hours, had we succeeded in the outset. The apprehensions that they would be exposed to the suspicions and fury of the royalists, was one reason why I was so extremely anxious to second Col. — in his indomitable efforts to make the expedition a successful one. But all our hopes were in vain, and many of our Kingston friends who had flown to arms, anticipating our coming, were taken and incarcerated.

All that man could do, in compliance with his agreement to have all things in readiness on the 22d was done by the Colonel. The cannon, small arms, fixed ammunition, stores &c. were all on the ground by 4 o'clock, P. M.; but of the 700 men who actually agreed to join us, the numbers were as already given.

The enemy on the contrary were fully prepared. They had two companies at Gananoque, two miles from our camp, in addition to their local force, and a block-house, 100 at Kingston Mills, six miles from us, and 1500 at Kingston, twelve miles from us. But of these, it was generally conceded, that if we had appeared before them with a respectable army, one-third were with us; one-third luke warm; and the remainder decidedly hostile. Our men, however, heard of their preparations with great exaggerations, and became discouraged, so much so that towards the middle of the afternoon they applied in squads of tens and twenties for a leave of absence, and on being refused, they became absolutely mutinous, threatening to force their way home without one. Just then assurances, sent from French Creek of a reinforcement of 300 men and sleighs enough to carry the whole force, pacified them for a while, but hour after hour slipped by without an appearance of either, and the disaffection became greater than ever. Under these circumstances a council of war was held, and the result of the last muster given, when the officers — among whom were some who would have been an ornament to any regular army — all concurred in the opinion that it would be the height of madness either to attempt an offensive movement, with so small a force, or remain where we were. A retreat, therefore, was now deemed to be the wisest and most prudent course. It was made without loss at 7 o'clock. In my humble judgment, it was well we did so, for, the enemy were on the Island before daylight next morning 300 strong. The number of persons assembled at French Creek that day was variously estimated from 1500 to 2500, some for curiosity, some to oppose and some to aid us. After the failure, the chagrined crowd poured all kinds of abuse upon my devoted head because a few thought McKenzie's star the ascendant, and mine so low there "was none so poor as to do me homage." I, however, could have furnished no greater proof of folly than by invading Canada with fifty-one men, on faith of a "god-

send," when every thing there was mustered against us. The above facts of officious intermeddling — together with many others — fully show the abandonment of the late intended Patriot Expedition against Kingston was chargeable to no one but Wm. Lyon McKenzie. To him also I am indebted for the bitter tone of public sentiment after the failure and the severe criticisms on my conduct.

Having thrown up my commission in disgust at the want of good faith, and the base ingratitude of McKenzie, my errors, whatever they may have been, cannot be turned to my own advantage. They may be pointed out for whoever may be selected to be my successor. He may also profit by the errors of the Canadian Refugees and Patriots. I embarked with them in their perilous struggle for the dearest privileges and rights of man. When I assumed the responsibility of the post assigned to me by them, it was under a distrust of my own fitness, but, as I then thought, with a full knowledge of all the difficulties to be encountered, and they are to judge whether the account of my stewardship is satisfactory or not. All are now aware that there was not only a want of military leaders but a total deficiency in proper arrangement, at the commencement of the rising; and no concert of action with the frontier movements during the latter part of the campaign. The Americans who agreed to sustain me on condition of my taking command of the Patriot forces, most nobly have redeemed that pledge. They armed, fed, and clothed my brave associates for months with a liberality unsurpassed in the annals of history. The menials of Great Britain no doubt will deign to be satisfied with the truckling spirit displayed by the U. S. Government on the occasion. If no splendid victories have ever crowned our circumscribed efforts of last winter, we, with but trifling loss of life or treasure, have taught the enemies of our institutions a lesson so severe, it will not soon be forgotten. You have our heartfelt thanks for your kindness, the effect of which, "like bread cast upon the waters, will return after many days." After the evacuation of Hickory Island; according to previous notice given Brig. Gen. McLeod, of the Western division of the Patriot forces, in case such a contingency should occur, I intended to have started off immediately for Detroit, though nearly worn out with the incessant fatigue of the last fifty hours, together with vexation and mortification. But at the request of the citizens of French Creek, I remained over night with cannon planted, scouts out and men ready, particularly those from steadfast Onondaga county to repel an apprehended attack from the enemy. No enemy came but they quitted the small island opposite Gananoque, and returned to French Creek.

The *Kingston Whig* says: "A prisoner taken on the island was brought to town, and underwent an examination in the Garrison. We learn that he deposes to the enemy being in number 1000, and that the invasion of Canada was postponed in consequence of McKenzie's not having fulfilled his engagements. A quantity of old iron to the amount of nearly a ton, and consisting of every kind of broken implement, to be used as grape shot was left behind on the island and taken possession of by the British. A specimen of the shot was brought to town in Col. Bonnycastle's sleigh. There seems to be considerable doubt whether or not Van Rensselaer is with the enemy, but no doubt exists, as to very few Canadians being in the gang. The honor and glory of the enterprise are engrossed solely by American citizens. *Vive la republique!* the only free country on the surface of the globe, where liberty is crammed down one's throat whether

one likes it or not." Intelligence was sent to me, not long after, that an action was fought on February 28th at Point au Pelee Island, in Lake Erie, Upper Canada, between the Patriot forces under command of Col. E. D. Bradley and a detachment of about four hundred British regulars. Major Hoadly and Capt. Henry H. Van Rensselaer of the Artillery were slain. The latter was a son of Maj. Gen. Henry K. Van Rensselaer and half-brother to Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer. "Capt. Van Rensselaer fought with unexampled bravery;" he resided at Rochester and formerly belonged to the United States Navy. This patriot officer born July 28, 1806 fell in battle Feb. 28, 1838 at the early age of thirty-two years. His brother Kilian H. Van Rensselaer — went on immediately to Point au Pelee and recovered the body.

"A large meeting was held at Detroit relative to alleged Canadian aggressions. A committee appointed at a previous meeting to collect information, in reference to the insults and outrages alleged to have been committed by the British authorities on the rights of Americans citizens reported.

"The committee had permission to see and converse freely with the prisoners that were taken in the engagement at Point au Pelee islands. None of the prisoners are citizens of Michigan. Those that were not wounded are confined on board of a schooner lying at the wharf at Malden. They expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with the treatment they had received. The wounded prisoners taken in the same engagement, were in a warm and comfortable room, and to all appearances, were well provided for. Their wounds were regularly dressed twice a day under the directions of the surgeon. Two members of the committee, in company with three or four of the most respectable citizens of Malden, went down the ice, to that place, where Sutherland and Spencer were taken prisoners, and from the examination are satisfied that they were captured and taken in British waters, and consequently within the jurisdiction of the Canadian government."

In Toronto, Thos. J. Sutherland stated to the court-martial that he was an American citizen, and was born in Dutchess county, N. Y., is of Scotch extraction. "*Sentence of the Court Martial on the Pirate Sutherland. That the said Thomas J. Sutherland be transported as a felon to one of Her Majesty's penal Colonies for the term of his natural life.*" "This sentence, after having been approved by the governor, was read to the prisoner, who did not approve of it at all, and declared to a constable that there should be no opportunity of carrying it into effect. Will he then open more veins?"

"On Wednesday February 28, 1838, Col. Levi Lewis, Deputy Marshal, arrested Rensselaer Van Rensselaer at Syracuse, and brought him before Judge Conkling to be examined relative to his violating the United States Laws, in beginning and setting on foot, and providing and preparing the means for a military expedition against a nation with which the United States are at peace. For the purpose of obtaining witnesses, the examination was deferred until Monday of this week, in the meantime, Van Rensselaer, failing to give bail for his appearance, was committed to jail. On Monday (March 5th) morning the examination was commenced at the Court House, in this village — three witnesses were examined, when the examination was postponed until 10 o'clock this morning to wait the arrival of other witnesses. It was proved on Monday, that Van Rensselaer was at French Creek with a large armed force, on the 22d ult., that early in the morning he with twenty-two others passed over to Hickory Island, that during the

day, large numbers armed with muskets, rifles and pikes, came on to the Island, that they had two six-pounders, and one eighteen-pounder, that eighty-one persons were the highest No. he could muster, that they all returned to French Creek the same day, and voluntarily disbanded. It was also proved that Van Rensselaer was at Oswego two or three weeks before, requesting men to engage in an expedition against the Lower Province, that he said 'we want men and means to go and see Papineau,' and that a few pistols, swords, and cutlasses were contributed. It was also proved that Van Rensselaer gave orders, after he left Navy Island, in January to Sutherland to go west, and that he also gave orders to have the forces moved west to find conveyances across the Lake. The examination of Van Rensselaer is closed, and as he declined to give bail, he will be committed to jail in Albany to await his trial in June."

*To the Editor of the Cayuga Patriot.*

Sir, Having seen in your last paper a paragraph purporting to be an expression of the opinion of a Colonel Woodruff of Salina in reference to Gen. Van Rensselaer's late movement on the Northern frontier, and in which an imputation of cowardice is attempted to be fastened upon him. I beg you will allow me the use of your columns to state that I have since had an interview with Col. W., who gave it to me as his *decided opinion* that the only prudent course Genl. V. R. could have adopted at the time he evacuated Hickory Island was the one pursued by him, and that to have attempted to effect a landing on the Canada shore at that time would have been a rashness worse than madness. As a Canadian and as a member of the Provisional Government appointed by the Patriots of U. Canada, I deem it but an act of justice to Genl. V. R. to state that he possesses my fullest confidence, and I also believe that of a majority of its members. And I deeply regret the schism that has been created between him and one who ought never to have been allowed to interfere with him; and whose prudence if not his feelings should have prompted him to sacrifice every selfish consideration rather than to weaken by useless broils and contentions the ranks of the patriot service, already none too strong. During all the time that Genl. V. R. with his forces held possession of Navy Island I was with him, and acted under him; and I am bold to say that any person who witnessed the coolness, calmness and self possession which he then manifested in the most trying times, even when the hearts of many of the boldest quailed within them; as well as the reckless daring courage displayed by him; and the animating smile that ever played upon his countenance when exposed unprotected and uncovered to the thickest and heaviest of the enemy's fire while encouraging and instructing his men in their duty, will know how to treat such base insinuations; no matter how often they may be repeated, or from whatever source they may emanate. Gen. V. R.'s defence, against the insinuations and aspersions of one who instead of vilifying him should ever consider himself under an eternal debt of gratitude to him, will be presented to the public, so soon as it can be done with safety to others in like manner implicated and whose security — he true to his native feelings is ever more considerate of, than his own.

NELSON GORHAM.

Auburn March 7th, 1838.

*Military Notes Continued.* Having learned that the failure of the enterprise was by many imputed altogether to me, I determined before going

West, to give the public a true statement of facts in relation to the matter. For this purpose, I set out for Syracuse in the morning, and while thus occupied there, was taken by a U. S. Deputy Marshal on the charge of getting up a military expedition against a neutral power. The bail required for my appearance in Court was freely tendered by friends of the cause in the place; but the First Judge of the county, whose duty it was to make out the bail bonds, declined doing so, on the ground that he was too much engaged. This, in connection with the tone and manner of His Honor, the U. S. District Judge at Auburn, before whom I was consequently carried — when he gave me the gratuitous information, that I would “have to go to jail, unless I found security,” satisfied me that there was a preconcerted plan to get me among strangers, where the difficulty of procuring bail, would enable the powers at hand, to subserve the despicable policy of the Government, by putting me in jail *for effect!* If a similar course had been previously adopted in similar cases, and with the same authority, I should have had no feeling on the subject. As it is, I draw the contrast more in sorrow, than in anger, between the course pursued in the case of other Patriot officers and my own, as contrasted with the Texan Officers.

After a confinement of a day or two, I wrote to an old family friend, one of the wealthiest men in the village, that I was already under bonds to the amount of \$6,000 to appear for trial at the June term in Albany, on the charge of accepting a commission in the Patriot service — that the same amount would probably be required in my present case, and I concluded by asking if he would procure it for me. His reply was, it could not be procured in the place. In consequence of this, I formed a resolution, as a Canadian Refugee, to give no one but a known and active friend of our cause, another opportunity to refuse me a favor. I act from principle then, when I decline giving my connections as bail now.

Albany Jail, 29th March, 1838.      RENSSELAER VAN RENSSELAER.

In conclusion I have to say that after I became bound to the Canadian Patriot cause, I had but *one* opportunity of withdrawing with honor to myself and I was deprived of that opportunity by the treachery of one of Marshall Benton's witnesses, viz., Julius H. Clark of Syracuse. He took a letter out of the Post office *there* from Wm. L. McKenzie to myself and suppressed or detained it, so that I never got it &c. &c. If I had got it — I would have left the service and this indictment would never have been found against me. So good Mr. VETO Clark — I owe you one. Mr. McKenzie seems to have been much engaged, as an indefeasible right, in making searching inquiry into my habits, as seen by the following extracts, and his letter to me which he subsequently published. He persistingly reiterates: “There never was a harsh word or letter between Mr. V. R. and me. He was accused of habitual drunkenness. I never echoed the complaint. He has been accused of cowardice; but although he lacked for energy and decision, his whole conduct on Navy Island, the coolness with which I saw him brave danger, satisfied me that he possessed the bravery of his father. Aside from deficient skill, his worst failing must have been too apparent to every one who knew him to require remark from me. We all have failings of some sort. The folks on the main shore and our own people, were ignorant of all this, and the terror of the name ‘Van Rensselaer’ did much for us in Canada.

“While on Navy Island, the General his father wrote him often, and in a style so affectionate, sensible, manly, and generous, that I did feel regret

t hat the Post master of Albany had not the command on Navy Island, and the son the control of the letter sorting mystery." All these charges were wholly irrelevant to benefit the cause, and could not result in amicable consultations.

*Wm. L. Mackenzie to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Watertown, Feb. 24, 1838.

I find that our previous conversations have left an erroneous impression on your mind, which I exceedingly regret, and hasten to correct. When we left Navy Island, without going into Canada, I possessed no power on behalf of the revolted Canadians, to make a second contract or agreement with you, without violating the provisions of the act of April, 1818, of which I was entirely ignorant until after our first conversation at the Eagle in Buffalo.

I gave my opinion before leaving for Rochester, that if you wished to continue to assist the Canadians, it might be done by remaining with the volunteers who had been formally disbanded to avoid difficulties, and accompanying them into Canada wherever an entry could be made, and with the many additional bodies of men whom we expected to join our friends during their march westward. But you neither joined the men, nor, up to the end of January, gave my friend Mr. McLeod any aid, counsel or advice whatever. On the 1st of this month you wrote me that you had urgent affairs of a private nature requiring your attention, and that you would neglect them no longer, if I did not assent to certain propositions contained in your letter. In a conversation at Mr. White's, on the following day, at which Mr. Gibson was present, I once more recommended to you to go to the forces in the West, if you wished to serve us, and thus draw the attention of the Canadian authorities towards Detroit, and informed you that I disagreed to the propositions above referred to. As you did not go westward, I reasonably concluded that you had turned your attention to those "urgent affairs" of which you spoke, but on my return from Plattsburgh, found that some misapprehensions existed, which this letter will, I trust, fully and finally remove. After acknowledging very respectfully every testimonial of your disinterestedness and good wishes towards those Canadian exiles whom misfortune has driven to this frontier, and with whom I am connected by a common bond of interest, I beg distinctly to state that I consider all military and political connection between you and us at an end. I think you cannot in any way serve or benefit the cause of Upper Canada, except by those kindly wishes for the restoration of tranquillity to the country, and the attainment of free institutions by the people, which filled the breasts of many of your many, noble and generous countrymen—and I beg you to contradict any false and unfounded rumors which may reach your ear, to the effect that you are either conducting or a party to any expedition against the European authorities in Upper Canada, seeing that such is not the case.

I remain, dear sir, Very respectfully,

Your obedient serv't,

WM. L. MACKENZIE.

General Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, Syracuse.

## CHAPTER VI.

## DEATH OF MRS. SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER.

“At the annual dinner of the St. George’s Society given in Toronto on April 23, 1838, the standing toast, ‘the royal navy,’ was given from the chair, on which Captain Marryatt, the novelist, rose and returned thanks, he then proposed as a volunteer toast, ‘*Capt. Drew and his brave comrades who cut out the Caroline,*’ which was received with loud acclamations.

Captain Macaulay of the British army presided as chairman, and among the company were Mr. Sullivan, president of the U. C. executive council, and Judge Powell of the legislative council, the latter a native American.

“*Snarleyow, or the Dog Fiend.* Much just indignation has been excited along the frontier by Capt. Marryatt’s *mal à propos* toast of Capt. Drew and the *brave (!)* men who murdered Durfee in the dark. There was a public meeting at Lewiston at which it was resolved to collect all ‘*Peter Simples*’ novels in the town and publicly burn them. In accordance with this resolve, all the copies of Captain Marryatt’s novels *were* collected, taken down to the river side opposite Queenston and the title of each having been told aloud, the whole were then committed to the flames. We believe, however, the better way to punish the gallant captain for his offensive toasts, would be to refrain from *purchasing* his novels. This would be much more effectual than burning them after they are bought. Dawson, one of the murderous band who burnt the Caroline steam boat, crossed over to Youngstown on the 17th ult. to get married — was arrested as one of the murderers — and is in jail in Lockport. For ordering Dawson to do as he did, M’Nab is Knighted!! Such unwise occurrences engender much bitter hostility and cause many open revolts which might be repressed.”

*The Vice President to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Senate U. S. Washington 8 May, 1838.

I was very happy to learn that you had received my continued good wishes by our friend Judge Spencer.

I hope you do not deem it necessary for me to receive any evidence besides your declaration, not even that, as to your honorable course relative to your Son’s voluntary movements in relation to Canada.

Sincerely your friend,

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany.

RHD. JOHNSON.

The Canadian patriots having placed Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, without solicitation on his part, in command of their forces, a calumnious charge had been brought, that General Van Rensselaer was conniving at, and abetting his son in the insurrectionary movement in the provinces, and also that Rensselaer Van Rensselaer was then employed in the Albany Post Office!! What a terrible moral degeneracy existed in those days, that the futile effort should have been made, by means of many contemptible allegations against him, to embarrass the indomitable “Gentleman of the

Old School," whose honor bright and untarnished their envenomed arrows could not reach! Shame on the servile sycophants who wished to deprive an old man of his hard bought but scanty living! General Van Rensselaer exonerated himself from the charges made and he was allowed to retain his office till the following year. Meanwhile the proscriptive policy was again making rapid strides in the surreptitious management of governmental affairs; the restless intriguers, with the gall and bitterness of disappointment rankling in their breasts, were on the *qui vive* to knead up another batch of sour bread. "The cry of 'too old' has been raised before and the people have rendered a verdict in relation to that; what is to come next?"

*Rens. Van Rensselaer to Col. Worth.*

Dear Sir,

Albany Oct. 2, 1838.

I yesterday received a communication from Mr. Denison of your place in which he inclosed an affidavit of having served a subpoena upon you to appear as a witness at the next term of the U. S. Court in this City in my behalf; and he says, he is requested by you to inform me that "It will be very inconvenient, if not almost impossible for you to attend." Now Sir, it would be a source of deep regret to me to be obliged to put any man, whom I esteem as much as yourself, to any unnecessary inconvenience — but as I have refrained from embarrassing General Scott's present occupation in not subpoenaing him, on the ground that your evidence in connection with that of Governor Marcy — who too is subpoenaed — will be all sufficient for my purpose.

I really hope you will stretch a point to oblige me by attending if possible. If you do so, I trust I need not assure you, you will lose not a leaf from your chaplet by my connivance, even if I had the power to rob you.

Very respectfully, Your obt. Servt.

Col. W. J. Worth, Sacketts Harbor, N. Y. RENSS. VAN RENSSELAER.

*Col. Worth to Renss. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Head Q, Bks. S. Harbor, Oct. 8th, 1838.

A few days since I addressed a note to Mr. Yates seeking a withdrawal of the Subpena for my attendance. Since your letter has been received — as you seem to consider my testimony important — it is my duty to attend of course unless, the summons is revoked and shall be highly gratified if any evidence that I can give may be of benefit to you.

I am Sir, respty. Yours,

R. Van Rensselaer, Esqr., Albany.

W. J. WORTH.

"GENERAL STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER, the Patroon of Albany died at his residence in Albany, on Saturday afternoon, January 26, 1839, aged 74 years.

"He was at one time an active politician and efficient public man, was elected Lieutenant Governor and held the office six consecutive years, was subsequently elected to the Legislature, and ten years was Chancellor of the University. On the breaking out of the last war with England, he flew to the defence of the northern frontier, there was no more patriotic officer in the service. He was not fond of Military life and did not long remain in the service; he was convinced that the profession of arms was not the sphere in which he would be most useful. The Patroon was made President of the New York Agricultural Society when first inaugurated in 1818 and General Solomon Van Rensselaer was

Chairman of the Executive Committee. He was elected to Congress, as the successor of General Solomon Van Rensselaer, and served during two conventions called to revise the constitution, he had also been frequently a member of the New York Assembly. For the last fourteen years of his life he was president of the canal board, and at the time of his death, was Chancellor of the University of New York. He left only one child by his first wife, Stephen, who now becomes the last Proprietor of the Manor. The second wife was Cornelia daughter of Judge Patterson of New Jersey, by whom he had nine children, four of whom are living."

"This good man's life was full of beauty, foremost in every good work, the friend of the widow and the fatherless, the helper of the indigent; distinguished for his philanthropy and disinterested benevolence. He was ever an ardent friend of the cause of internal improvements, and his name is identified with all our principal public works. Respected for his services; fortunate in his life; fortunate in his death; he has left the example of his life to be imitated, and his demise to be regretted by all who knew his character and deplore his loss."

*Gen. Van Rensselaer to the Vice President.*

Dear Sir,

Albany Feb. 11th, 1836.

Your kindness in procuring me the appointment of Post Master, induces me to address you at this time. Another effort is making to have me removed, not from any personal hostility towards me or for any neglect of duty, but because they want the office. The advice of Mr. Monroe, yourself and others, I have followed up and refrained from meddling in Politics. I am the Sub Treasurer from this and the adjoining Counties, large sums have passed through my hands; Every draft of the Post Master General — Amos Kendall — I have paid, and all will be paid to the extent of the funds in my hands, and rest assured that they will not have it in their power to say that I was a defaulter to the amount of a single cent. I send you my book, published about a year ago, in answer to Genl. Armstrong. With these hasty remarks I shall close and not further trespass on your time.

I have the Honor to be your obt. Servt.

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Col. Richard M. Johnson, Vice President.

*The Vice President to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear Sir,

Senate Chamber Feb. 21, 1839.

I have received your favor and I return my thanks for the Volume you sent me. As far as I can serve you relative to your present position and office, it will be done with pleasure. Most sincerely your friend.

RHD. M. JOHNSON.

Genl. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y.

Judge John Sanders in his interesting reminiscences states: "When the great Northern boundary question, in 1839 regarding Maine, was up between England and this country of 54-40° or fight, it was strongly talked of by the powers of this State, to place Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer in command of its forces, and send him with great prowess to the front; from the current of opinion it was then thought, the struggle and appointment would certainly take place. He came to see me on the subject, and in a long conversation laid the whole matter in discussion before me, and said if he accepted the appointment, he wished me to accompany

him as aid. This proposition may excite your surprise, *as it did mine*, but he was in earnest, and when I remonstrated as to my inexperience in actual service, as having only served as judge advocate in militia service, he replied, *that is nothing*. I know of what material you are made, better than you think for.' I replied — 'well General, I prize the compliment, and if your appointment is made, I shall give the matter serious consideration.'

"The storm, however, blew over, the affair was compromised, and the appointment, consequently, was not made and so the matter ended, but my impression is, that had he been called out — such was my admiration of his fearlessness and ability, that had the offer been renewed, I should have accompanied him to the front. In view of his extraordinary combinations, from any stand point, his most commanding aspect was his unquestioned fearless heroism, and first class military abilities. He was without doubt, the MICHAEL NEY OF AMERICA, the man of France who Napoleon remarked at St. Helena, '*Was the bravest men he ever knew.*'"

*Gov. Seward to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My dear General, Albany, March 11th, 1839.

I could neither throw the notice into the Evening Journal on Saturday nor answer your note that day. You will have seen the notice in the paper to day and I trust it will be beneficial. With sincere respect and esteem.

I remain your obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Major General Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany.

*"Fire of the Old Flint.*

"We learn from the highest authority that Maj. Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, who was distinguished in the Indian war of the last century, and who led the American troops at the battle of Queenstown, has promptly tendered his services as the senior major general of New York state infantry to the commander-in chief in the event of a war between England and America. This 'hero of two wars' therefore should his country again be compelled to 'try conclusions' with an enemy, will be found with his 'bruised arms,' leading his countrymen to battle and to victory."

"There is a store and dwelling in St. Regis (an Indian village lying upon the boundary line between the United States and Canada), on the forty-fifth parallel of north latitude which is the dividing line. That line passes through this building so that, in the same room, you can step from the United States into the dominions of Queen Victoria. At certain intervals along that frontier line as boundary monuments are cast-iron obelisks, three feet and a half in height."

*Proscription! Ingratitude!!*

"March 18, 1839 — General Solomon Van Rensselaer, our excellent and respected Post Master, has received a letter from Amos Kendall announcing that he has been instructed by the President of the United States to say that in his judgment **THE PUBLIC INTERESTS WILL BE PROMOTED BY A CHANGE OF POST MASTER AT ALBANY,**" and that such change will be made at the close of the present quarter. The efforts and schemes of demagogues, for the removal of General Van Rensselaer are finally consummated. While Gen. Jackson was in office these efforts were unavailing. The Old Chief rejected with indignation every proposition to remove this Veteran. Wrong as Gen. Jackson was in many things, he

had the generosity and patriotism to protect a gallant soldier, who had poured out his blood for his country. 'While I am President,' said the Hero of New Orleans to the Hero of Queenston, 'and you discharge your duty faithfully, you are safe.' And he kept his word. But when the Jackall crept into the Lion's seat, the reptile tribe obtained their audience. Solomon Van Rensselaer was a devoted and gallant soldier. He fought bravely through two wars. He has with equal honor and fidelity discharged his duties as Post Master. Never was the public better accommodated. Never was a public officer more universally respected. And yet the old Veteran is insulted and the whole city outraged by the false, canting pretence, that '*the public interests will be promoted*' by his removal! The removal is base, but the *pretence* for doing it is villainous. General Van Rensselaer was appointed by President Monroe in 1822 against the strenuous efforts of Martin Van Buren who wanted the office to be in the hands of one of his creatures more pliable."

*Samuel L. Gouverneur to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear Sir,

New York March 23, 1839.

I have this moment received your letter of the 21st. I heard with deep regret, but without the least Surprise, of your removal from office. The Circumstances of your appointment, I can never forget. Mr. Meigs was Post Master General at the time. The right of appointment was, by the law vested in him, on his direct responsibility to the President of the U. States. In all cases, and especially of importance, the approbation of the President preceded the issue of the Commission. Mr. Meigs was your friend, and disposed to appoint you. Mr. Van Buren and others, appealed to the President, and in the most earnest terms to prevent it. I have all the letters and papers which passed — but not immediately at hand. They will at a proper time, with others, and on a full view of the events of that day, be submitted to the public. Every opportunity was afforded by Mr. Monroe to canvass the merits of your appointment. On the express application of Mr. Van Buren, full time was afforded to collect public sentiment, and if possible make it available against you. The principal charge, and I believe the only one was, that you were a Federalist, and opposed to what they then called the Republican party. Upon a full consideration of the case, Mr. Monroe, not only distinctly refused to interfere to prevent your appointment by the then Post Master General; but I well know it had his decided approbation. I had frequent conversations with him during the period of time that the appointment was pending. He expressed himself indignantly at the idea, "that a man who had fought and bled in two wars, should be denounced as a federalist, and on that score alone, be totally excluded as unworthy of the patronage of his Country." It was urged upon him that you were opposed to his administration. He resisted it firmly as an objection, and particularly remarked, "that a man who bore the lead of the enemy in his body had a right to think for himself." Mr. Monroe is well known on all occasions to have held the doctrine, that difference of political opinion alone was no just cause of exclusion, or removal from office. He always claimed to be President of the U. States and not of a party. The history of his administration points to many cases, which would illustrate these facts; nor is it defiled by a Single instance of the removal from office of a Citizen admitted by all, to have faithfully discharged the duties of his Station.

I can say to you Sir, with great sincerity, that although Mr. Monroe

did not believe at the time of your appointment that you were a decided friend of his administration, he not only, for reasons which I have alluded, approved of your appointment, but, that believing you, to be a highminded and honorable man, and a gallant Soldier in the last wars, he took a deep interest in your welfare and happiness, to the latest day of his life. I have stated nothing in this letter, which I do not know to be true. It is due to you, in reply to your favor which I have acknowledged. It has been my desire to do justice to you without giving intentional offense to others. I have every disposition to withhold my name from any discussion of this character, but I do not feel myself at liberty to refuse a Statement of the facts which you have requested.

With great respect and regard Your Obt. St.

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany. SAML. L. GOUVERNEUR.

[“The writer of this letter is the Son-in-law and was the private Secretary of President Monroe, at the time of my appointment.” S. V. R.]

*Azariah C. Flagg to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Sir. Albany, March 28, 1839.

On the 26th instant I received notice from the Post Office Department, of my appointment as Post Master at Albany, to take effect on the first of April. I beg leave to enquire whether the building occupied is rented for the Post office for any fixed period, and whether in relation to that, or any other matters connected with the office, there are any preliminary arrangements required to be made by me before the first of April.

I have the honor to be, With much respect, Your obt. Servt.

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany. A. C. FLAGG.

“It is true that Azariah C. Flagg has received his Commission of Post Master. We have nothing against him personally; but we learn with equal sorrow and surprise that Solomon Van Rensselaer, the time worn veteran, whose blood flowed so freely for his country on Queenston Heights, is to be removed from the office of Post Master in Albany to make room for some hungry partizan. We regret that the ‘*necessities and good of the Party required it,*’ and that its pressing wants are so great as to demand the expulsion of one whose hoary head and honorable sears proclaim how truly and how long he has served his country. If the office from which he has been now removed had been made a sinecure and secured to him for life, it would have been rendering but ‘*faint quittance*’ for his gallant services. It is a pity that those in high stations should forget the dignity of their exalted positions and become participators in such nefarious intrigues.”

*John McLean to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My dear Sir, Ridgeville 29 March 1839.

In the National Intelligencer which I have just received, I observe with very great regret, that you have been removed from office. Whilst I rejoice that this blow, which has been apprehended, has been suspended longer than I expected, I have not language to express the detestation in which I hold a policy which regards neither merit qualifications nor public services, in the advancement of party views. This system which has been introduced from New York, into the federal government will, I fear, fasten itself upon the country, until the moral force of our institutions shall be utterly destroyed. And when this shall be the case, our government will

not be worth preserving. Perhaps any form of government is preferable to that of a republic which is thoroughly corrupt. And this must be the inevitable result of a policy which substitutes party for principles, and which uses the patronage of the government to effectuate its objects. There is nothing of a political nature that I so ardently desire, as to see the better days of the republic imitated; for on this depends the perpetuity of our institutions and the cause of free government. This would be to the friends and advocates of free principles, a much higher token of triumph than was the run of Austerlitz to the trained legions of Napoleon.

Your removal very naturally reminds me of our association in the public service and the recollection of which I cherish with the greater pleasure from a conviction that while it continued, you felt yourself safe in the arduous discharge of your duties, from any attack upon your official character and interests.

Very truly your friend,

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y.

JOHN McLEAN.

"July 27, 1839. Mr. Van Buren visited New York state in anticipation of the election and made a lengthened stay in New York city. The following appeared on the occasion of Mr. Van Buren's visit to Albany: "Friend Weed, Will you be good enough just to *ask* the State Printer [Mr. Crosswell] to *ask* his 'Republican Highness' whether, during his sojourn among his 'Democratic friends' in this city, he intends to call on the warworn veteran, Van Rensselaer, his '*federal enemy*,' whom he turned out of the office of Postmaster, in order to make room for one of the 'faithful?' There is no doubt but that the brave old General would receive him with feelings of the deepest *gratitude*, and endeavor to reciprocate 'His Republican Highness's generosity for 'turning him out' of the office, as a reward for the many scars he received while in the defence of his country. QUEENSTON HEIGHTS."

"The signs of the times are all auspicious. There are openings in the political clouds now lowering upon our country through which we can discover a better and a brighter future. There are symptoms of discord and decay about the dominant party which plainly foretold its speedy dissolution. With what spirit can the friends of Martin Van Buren in other states support his pretensions, when they know that his native state rebukes and rejects him? What better proof could be required of his utter unfitness for the station in which a series of accidents has placed him than the fact that his fellow-citizens of his own state, notwithstanding the powerful influence of state pride, notwithstanding the strong inducement of personal friendships, notwithstanding the force of early associations have, and still will express their distrust of him."

The noble resolution of the Canadian Patriots to resist oppression even with the sacrifice of fortune and life, was generally approved of, even by law abiding citizens, but they were not willing to do any thing which would compromise our national neutrality. After a while, as the legitimate result of the existing feeling, the Revolutionary movement in Canada came to a stand; the rising seemed to be premature, independence decidedly impracticable; and the Patriots were convinced they must bide their time, and persistingly wait until they could discern whether those bright prospects were to be realized, before another hostile step was taken. Then the zealous minions of government had showed their anxiety that the majesty of law should not be ignored, and with commendable alacrity

Mr. Rensselaer Van Rensselaer was arrested by a United States Deputy Marshal and placed under bonds to the amount of \$6000 to appear for trial. "The United States vs. Rensselaer Van Rensselaer. The trial of the indictment in the cause against the Defendant for violating the neutrality laws commenced Friday, October 18, 1839, and being convicted he was sentenced by the District Court of the U. S. to six months imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$250." He was confined in the jail of the city and county of Albany. His family and friends saw that his room was provided with every comfort, even luxuries were not wanting, for his friends were numerous and unwearied in their benefactions. Time passed rapidly and pleasantly; varied by visits from his own loved family, reading, writing and the evenings enlivened by the presence of many jovial companions. There was no stigma affixed to his name and this was not a living grave.

*Gen. Harrison to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear Van Rensselaer, North Bend, 19th Nov. 1839.

Your letter of the 9th, reached me two days ago. I had the day before received information of your triumph in the Empire State. What a groan the news must have brought from the bosom of the little man at Washington. I must confess I felt great apprehensions from the effects of his visit and length of stay in New York. His having failed to accomplish the object of his visit, shows that the bonds with which he had bound his party there, have been effectually broken. I hope you will not fail to carry your present intention into effect of going to Harrisburgh in some capacity or other. N. G. Pendleton, whom you know, goes from this District accompanied by Judge Burnet — the latter as one of the Delegates of the State at Large. I think that there is little doubt that with the exception of one Vote, that I shall have the support of the delegation from Illinois, Indiana and Ohio; the exception I allude to, is the Delegate from the Cleveland District in this State. They were in that District at first in favor of Mr. Clay, my last information is that they are for Scott. However, I am persuaded that there is not the least danger to be apprehended from him. I received ten days ago a letter from Mr. Burch the Editor of the Missouriian, who was a member of the Whig Convention for the appointment of Delegates to Harrisburgh. He says, of the four chosen, one was the friend of Mr. Clay, one of mine, and two had never declared a preference for either — but in a postscript to his letter he says that he had just learnt that the two latter had declared for me. He also says, that the friend of Mr. Clay cannot vote for him from the Unanimous Adoption by the Convention of some Resolutions in relation to Pre-emption Rights &c. Col. Todd writes that he had a conversation with Gov. Metcalf (one of the Kentucky Delegates at large) and with Mr. Bullock who goes from the Louisville and Shelbyville District, and that they both told him that they would support the Candidate who could best unite the opposition to Van Buren. Since the reception of Todd's letter, the District has instructed Bullock to pursue that course. This was done no doubt in accordance with Bullock's expressed wishes. Todd says that even Robert Wickliffe of Lexington will pursue the same course. I knew that he was warmly opposed to Mr. Clay's being brought out upon the ground that he could not be elected and that I could. From these data a tolerable estimate may be made of the Vote of the West in the Convention. Mr. Clay will certainly get the vote of Louisiana and of Mississippi —

should delegates be sent from thence. Neither Tennessee nor North Carolina will, I understand, be represented.

A movement is making for me in the Upper part of Maryland, and the highly talented McMahon of Baltimore has openly declared for me, as has the great Democratic Leader McCullough of the same City although he voted the V. B. ticket at the last election. There never was a time that I could not beat Van Buren in Ohio and Indiana. In the latter I would be willing to put the Election upon the decision of the old Jackson men abstracting every real Whig vote, and I am daily gaining strength. The fact is that many of the most zealous Jackson men were always amongst my warm personal friends. The pressure of the times has brought many to believe that a change of Rulers is necessary, but they will not admit that it is any evidence of change of principle to vote for me, as they say I have always been on the side of the people. One of the most violent Jackson men that I ever met with, told me lately that he would not turn on his heel to determine which should be President, V. Buren or myself, for, said he, you are both good Democrats, but as for Mr. Clay he never was a Democrat, or had sympathy for the people! Jupiter Ammon! Van Buren a Democrat and Mr. Clay not one!!

Your present situation, and that in which you were in, when you last wrote to me, is a most forcible illustration of the instability of human greatness. You then announced yourself as occupying the high dignity of a Sub-treasurer. I hardly know of such a fall since the days of Woolsey, but I hope that *not* like him you will bid "a long farewell to all your greatness." You must absolutely go to Congress, I am satisfied that the good people of New York must think as I do that you are improving in eloquence. I cannot tell you how much delighted I was at your late dinner speech, but you should think that my opinion of it was enhanced by the subject. I see that the *Caging of Rensselaer* does not prevent his Crowing, give my affectionate regards to him. Notwithstanding the high regard I have for Genl. Scott, I must confess that I should feel somewhat more than mortified if he should be preferred to me by the Convention because, as he has never served in any Civil Capacity, his Selection could be placed on no other ground than that of his military services, and it would be at once a declaration that those services were far more important than mine. This I am unwilling to admit. I will not say that placed in the situations in which I have been, he may not have done better than I did, but as he never commanded in chief except for a short time in Florida, his talents to lead Armies under the difficult circumstances in which I was placed has never been tested. Can those who urge Genl. Scott recollect that I was at the head of an Army, and at the same time at the head of a Government vested in both capacities with the most extraordinary powers whilst he was yet a subaltern? That I possess evidences of having given satisfaction to the Government as well as to the people, and that their expectations were not disappointed—that my conduct then was the foundation of the appointment to the Command of another Army in a period of gloom, distress and despondency, whilst Genl. Scott was yet a field officer. That the Commission for that Command was accompanied by a power to exercise as to appointments, organization, &c., all the powers which the President himself possessed (to be submitted of course to him) that the important prerogative of peace or war as far as it regards the Indian tribes was also given to me? How would they justify to the people my being pushed aside to make room for Genl. Scott? Do

they not apprehend that the 20,000 men who served under me, who if they are not all alive, are represented by their Sons and Grandsons (there is something strange in the fact that the sons and grandsons of my soldiers are, if possible, more attached to me than the soldiers themselves, "they had heard," they say, "their Fathers talk about me"), will suppose that in this treatment of their Commander an insult was offered to them? When the pretensions of Mr. Clay have been urged against mine, the Strong Argument used by his friends was that he was a more experienced Statesman, and this brought over to them very many who were personally and warmly attached to me. You see that I can add no more, even if I had more to say, than to desire you to present my affectionate regards to Mrs. Van Rensselaer and your daughters.

Your friend,

Genl. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y. W. H. HARRISON.

*Brig. Gen. McLeod to Rensselaer Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Van,

Cleveland Ohio, Nov. 20, 1839.

Yours of the 28 ultimo came duly to hand late last evening. After McKenzie's sentence, I was not surprised on hearing your fate, but that either of you should be imprisoned and fined, for acting from the impulse of the finest and noblest feeling of the human heart I must confess greatly surprises me. Like the chivalric La Fayette you sacrificed your ease and interest, and like him gallantly volunteered your service to assist the persecuted, trodden down and oppressed Canadas to break their chains, assert their liberties, obtain their independence and take rank among the free nations of the earth. Your incarceration, by the United States, for such heroic devotion to the cause of Canadian liberty casts, in my humble opinion a deep reflection upon the character and principles of the bold and fearless deliverers of their Country, the immortal patriots and heroes of 1776. It holds them up to the world, as I view the subject, as rebels who ought to all intents and purposes, to have been punished, as you and McKenzie are, in place of being heralded to posterity as the avowed and successful asserters of their Country's freedom, and rights of man. Tell it in Washington, but "publish it not in the streets" or highways of the benighted Canadian Saxons, lest the uncircumcised helots of the Lady Queen of the Isles rejoice. This act of the U. States Court in whatever light it may be viewed, appears to me, and many others, as an instance of gross ingratitude toward the memory of the mild, but unfortunate Louis, King of France, who involved his country in a war with England in order the more effectually to assist the Colonies to obtain their independence. The anti-republicanism and monstrous law on which you and McKenzie were arraigned and convicted, charges the French government with a breach of treaty with England, and as plain as any judicial act can, declares that the noble and philanthropic Lafayette ought to have been fined and imprisoned instead of being rewarded, for presuming to aid the Colonies in throwing off the "baneful domination of the mother country."

Let the political sages of this great Republic, palliate or varnish over the verdict of the U. S. Court, as plausibly as they please, yet the law which dooms the Canadian patriots to fine and imprisonment, is to say the least, a foul blot on the pages of the Statute Book of the Federal Government; and a deep stain on the formerly fair beauties of the National Constitution. This Sentence, openly and decidedly, approves the invasion of your Country, and murder of your fellow citizens at Schlosser. Allan McNab, by whose order these murderous deeds were perpetrated, has been *Knighted*,

by the Queen of Great Britain, as a mark of the royal petticoat approbation; as well as for his mighty deeds of valor performed opposite Navy Island, in throwing a few random bomb-shells in Gen. Van Rensselaer's *Bean-Barrels*. This conviction of the unfortunate Canadian patriots approves also of the murders committed by *Prince* at Windsor, the executions at London U. C., Niagara, Toronto and Kingston. But worse than all the *transportation* of Free born American Citizens to *Van Diemens Land for life*. Your disinterested devotion, without pay or hope of reward, to the cause of the suffering Canadians, is in its principle, the very same which actuated the heroic Lafayette to embrace the cause of the proscribed Colonies, although dissimilar in their results and rewards. He was extolled and lauded to the skies by his brave and gallant Countrymen, and promoted Major General in his country's service for his martial and brave conduct in rescuing America from its ruthless oppressors.

You are fined and imprisoned, for attempting to do for the descendants of his Countrymen in Canada, what he had actually done for the United States. With the all powerful and timely assistance of the French, Washington and he proved successful. On the other hand, the failure of the Canadian Patriot Generals was owing principally to the unexpected exertions and officiousness of the military and civil officers of the American Government. He being successful was rewarded. You and Mac proving unsuccessful in a similar case, are punished. *O tempora! O mores!!* What a happy precedent is your incarceration to the enemies of rational liberty throughout the civilized world. They rejoice that Republican America gave the first example of a law which for its despotic tendency, is unparalleled in the Statute Books of Monarchical Europe. In fact Sir, it has become the subject of general conversation in the Eastern and Western Hemispheres. I have just parted company with a Scotch Gentleman immediately from London, who states that Lord Brougham, and the Law Officers of the Crown, were surprised and could not divine what the American Government meant by punishing the Patriots with fines and imprisonments. There is something rotten in Denmark! The punishment of my Countryman and compatriot Mr. Mackenzie is cruel to an extreme; it is extended to a large and helpless family consisting of an aged mother entering into her hundredth year, a wife and five or six lovely children.

Adieu, Yours &c &c.,

Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, Esq., Albany, N. Y. DONALD McLEOD.

November 23, 1839. The Albany County Whig Convention which met at the City Hall, by a unanimous vote appointed GEN. SOL. VAN RENSSELAER a delegate to represent this District in the Presidential Convention to be held at Harrisburg, Pa., on December 4, 1839.

*To Genl. Solomon Van Rensselaer Delegate Elect to the National Convention at Harrisburg.*

Albany County Convention.

The delegates Appointed by the Different Wards and Towns Assembled in County Convention at the City Hall on Saturday the 23 Inst., for the purpose of Appointing a Delegate to the Whig National Convention to Nominate President and Vice President of the United States. The Meeting was called to order by Lewis Benedict Esq., upon whose motion John Haswell was appointed President and Philip W. Groot and Leonard G. Ten Eyck Secretaries. The Delegates appeared and took their seats.

On motion of Thomas McElroy, Esq., the Convention proceeded to ballot for a Delegate from the 10 Congressional District to the National Convention. On counting the Ballots, SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER of the City of Albany was Unanimously Elected such Delegate.

On motion of James Edwards a Committee of five was Appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the views of this Convention. James Edwards, John W. Bay, Levi Shaw, Christopher Batterman and Westly Blaisdell were such Committee. On motion of Thomas McElroy in case of a vacancy that Friend Humphry be substituted a delegate in place of Solomon Van Rensselaer Esq. The Committee reported some admirable Resolutions which were unanimously Adopted.

Philip W. Groot, Secretary.

JOHN HASWELL, *President*.

The Harrisburg Convention convened on December 4th, which resulted in the nomination on Dec. 6th, of WM. H. HARRISON FOR PRESIDENT and JOHN TYLER AS VICE PRESIDENT.

*Gen. Van Rensselaer to Gen. Harrison.*

My dear Harrison,

Albany, Jany. 8, 1840.

I did not write to you from Harrisburg because I knew you would be pestered enough with the news of our glorious triumph. I will not even say to you that I am gratified for you know that is useless. That I have largely contributed to your success is certain, nay more, had I not been at Harrisburg, it is allowed on all hands, you would not have succeeded. The office holders here, secretly made their arrangements and aided by the prospect of office in January procured the appointment of a pack Delegation. After the first vote, I stood alone among them, the result of each vote was "*Harrison one*," which occasioned much friendly merriment. I met it in the same spirit, and remarked, that before we had done, they would all join me, but this they could not understand. But just before the last vote was taken, I called out John A. King and two others and told them, the time had at length arrived for me to speak and to act. That John C. Spencer, Weed and a few others at Albany — to answer their own purposes — had thrown a fire brand in the Whig ranks at the eleventh hour, and if it did not scorch them I was much mistaken. "If your votes are cast for Scott upon this last ballot, the friends of Harrison will elect Clay." It came like a clap of thunder upon them, and they eagerly inquired whether "I was serious. My reply was, "never more so in my life, there stand my two Messengers, the one for the Ohio, and the other for the Pennsylvania Delegations. You have brought about this state of things — the responsibility rests with you by bringing forward Scott. I shall not recede a step, if even the State and its office holders go to — together." It is needless to add that they cast their votes for you, and decided the question.

It was my good fortune to be in the same Car with the *Massachusetts Delegation*, and a gentlemanly set of men they were. They told me, that they had not made up their minds how they would vote, but would decide after they had procured all the information they could, and as they had understood that you and I had served together, and were very intimate, they begged me to give them all the information in my power. Observing at the same time that, "although they were not personally acquainted with me, they knew my character well, and should place implicit confidence in what I said." I did you no more than justice — and the result of the

conference was, that they strongly intimated, that they would vote for you. And during the two days struggle at Harrisburg, they encouraged me to persevere; and every effort that was made to draw them over, they resisted, and acted true to me and themselves. The office holders here are exceedingly mortified that I single handed among their packed Delegation have foiled them. They say openly, if I had not been at Harrisburg, you would not have been nominated, but poor Devils! they must work to save their own Bacon — and now the State is your own. The evening before we left Harrisburg a fund of \$6000 was subscribed by the Pennsylvania Delegation and other Citizens to establish a paper at Harrisburgh and Mr. Greely of New York is to edit it. When I took leave of Governor Shultz, he shook me with both hands and said, they felt grateful to me, and assured me that his State would go for you. Mr. Sprague, who was one of the Massachusetts Delegation (was a distinguished Senator in Congress from New Hampshire and now resides in Boston) expressed a wish that you should visit them. I told him, I feared it would do more injury than good, for certain it was, that Van Buren and Clay had gained nothing by their visit, but if it was his wish I should communicate it to you. He said he would consult their Central Committee and let me know; and assured me that their State would give you a large Majority. It is probable that the Abolitionists from this State will address you, avoid to answer them if you can. I may next summer take a tour through the western part of this state and stop at Cleveland &c., on my way to you. If you are elected, draw about you the first men of the Nation, and make your administration a glorious and happy one. Those who love me, love you, they all desire to be affectionately remembered to you.

Sincerely Your friend,

SOL. VAN RENSSLAER.

Gen. W. H. Harrison, North Bend, Ohio.

Hon. Henry Clay said: "The whigs of 1840 stand where the republicans of 1798 stood, and where the whigs of the revolution were, battling for liberty, for the people, for free institutions, against power, against corruption, against executive encroachments, against monarchy."

"I believed it due to myself, to the Whig cause, and to the country, to announce to the public, with perfect truth and sincerity, and without any reserve, my fixed determination to support the nomination of WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON. I now declare my solemn conviction that the purity and security of our free institutions, and the prosperity of the country, imperatively demand the election of that citizen to the office of Chief Magistrate of the United States. The present distressed state of the country may be traced to the usurpations of the executive branch of the government."

*Gen. Harrison to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Van Rensselaer,

North Bend, 16th Jany, 1840.

I duly received your interesting letter to day, and your paper with a marginal note. The latter must have been designedly detained for I have seen the proceedings at the meeting for more than a week. I must have received at least 30 letters within the last week, most of them from people whom I cannot displease by not answering — the consequence is that I am obliged to neglect my friends. For besides letter writing I have to attend to domestic matters, or I shall soon be without the means of supporting

the great number of persons dependent upon me, viz, the families of three deceased sons, and one living one. A second Court with concurrent Civil jurisdiction having been established for this County, my office has become of so little value that I have given it up entirely to a nephew who married my youngest daughter. I returned a few days ago from my first visit to Cincinnati since the nomination. I found our cause progressing more prosperously there, than I could have believed. If the election were to take place tomorrow, I should have the vote by 15,000 majority in this State and a larger one in Indiana. I have little doubt of Illinois or Louisiana.

In Tennessee it is said that we are going ahead and have already got some recruits. Two days ago I received a letter from Tyler. He says that "several prominent men have given in their adhesion in the lower part of Virginia, who said that they could not have voted for Mr. Clay and that his information is still better from West Virginia."

I wish you would "carry out" your design of coming out here next summer via Lake Erie—and bring Mrs. R., with you and some of your daughters. You would be likely to see many of *your* old associates and your correspondents when you were Adjutant General. Although I cannot write very often to you, there is no reason why you should not write. I am in fine health and my Wife as well as usual; present to your Wife and daughters our best regards.

Your affectionate friend,

W. H. HARRISON.

General Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany, New York.

*Samuel S. Lush to Rens. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Albany Jany. 23, 1840.

I have made enquiries at the proper source, and have ascertained, first, that the sentence of 6 months imprisonment and \$250 fine must be complied with by confinement for the term, and the payment of the fine before you can be discharged from Custody. As to the second query, there is no disposition at present, nor is it likely that you ever will be called on and will be discharged on your own bail unless some subsequent infraction of the neutrality law would compel the Government to pursue it. This you will see depends on yourself. Indeed I am well satisfied that you would not have been tried on the first Indictment but for that unfortunate Statement published in the Gazette, which contained a confession of your infraction of the Law and was deemed as putting at defiance the power of the Government.

Truly Yours

Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, Esq., Albany, N. Y. SAM. S. LUSH.

The minutiae of daily life inside of prison walls can never be very attractive; but in this instance, though the prisoner of state had (as affirmed by the body-politic) forfeited his freedom, and nothing could be done to mitigate the penalty imposed by judicial wisdom, on what was technically styled *legal guilt*, his name was *not* "a stench in the nostrils of his country." There were myriads of friendly strangers who had quick sympathy with the patriot officer, and regretted that he was the victim of so "tangled a web of truth and falseness." All his "loved ones" experienced great satisfaction from the restoration of his jaded physical powers, by the cessation from the servile toil in his military duties. Then too the monotony, of what might otherwise have been the dull, lonely hours of the jail-bird, was dispelled by much pleasurable excitement; and

the sunshine emanating from his contented mind was greatly enhanced by the companionship of genial spirits, who, in little groups, assembled each evening to *while away* the time. There was still a mournful lesson for him to con, and his state of serenity was again quickly overshadowed by a heavy cloud looming up on the horizon of his checkered existence. A "bitter cup" was to be drained and the holiest ties of "home" to be sundered, his idolized mother was taken ill — not seriously we delusively thought, but soon her case assumed those well defined symptoms that clearly intimated her work on earth was nearly finished. And on Monday, February 3, 1840, after a short illness of one week she (in the house where she was born, and in the same room which witnessed her marriage forty-three years before), was called to a better world before the great white throne, aged sixty-five years. Mrs. Van Rensselaer had been severely disciplined in the school of adversity by the wreck of many youthful hopes in the early deaths of several of her children; the tenderness of wifely love for her dauntless, heroic soldier — and now again the tension on her feeble frame had been greatly tried, for her motherly heart was constantly tortured with intense anxiety during the Navy Island affair. The sacredness of filial grief will scarcely allow, even at this remote interval, the unavailing of the scene of that mother's death-bed. Such sorrow and the grief of that bereaved domestic circle could with difficulty be palliated by the consciousness that our loss was her gain; but the silent agony of that soldier husband was unendurable. "Be still and know that I am God" fell on breaking hearts. She trod the mazes of life as a good daughter, tender wife and loving mother. A favorite niece of my mother, since numbered with the dead, sent the following tribute to the memory of the "loved one."

"In her, religion, kindness and refinement were happily blended. Few deaths have been more sincerely lamented or more deeply regretted; yet never were sorrows sustained by more assured hope of a joyful resurrection. Her life gave constant testimony of her being a Christian. The church to which she belonged will long embalm her memory. The vacuum in the hearts of those that love her, can only be filled by the grace of him who has taken away the treasure which he gave. Charity was her delight and aim; she did good to all, but in the sanctuary of her own home that worth was most apparent. In the immediate circle of her relatives, a breach is made that time itself cannot fill. Revered by the young and esteemed by the old, her life was spent in the silent, persevering discharge of her duties which as a well grounded Christian she loved. Blessed are they who having lived now sleep in Jesus."

Convinced that the shaft of death was quivering in her heart, our venerated mother urgently requested that: "My son may be allowed to come and receive my parting benediction." Then came up the weighty consideration of how would such a step comport with the dignity of executive power? It was "contrary to law!" "Such a precedent would be unwise!" "For one in custody to have such privileges extended to him might have a demoralizing effect upon the community!" But could not the judicatory cede to a dying mother some of their legitimate rights? Was it possible that the wish of this estimable lady, now writhing in the pangs of death, had to be disappointed, were her pleadings to be disregarded, the special prayer of her maternal affection to be set aside? No, such cruelty would have been a purely arbitrary act and a libel upon the highest spirit of humanity. To the credit of our race let it be known that there was

one unbiased, fearless man who, unaffected by any extraneous causes, and not responsible for collateral results, did not seek to repress all the tenderness of his nature, but yielded a cordial assent to the motherly entreaty, and subsequently could enjoy the proud satisfaction of having accomplished a purpose so great, so humane. The courteous treatment, the noble stand taken under the existing circumstances (admitting of no delay) by the kind hearted and excellent HENRY B. HASWELL, county clerk, who, ever desirous of relieving all when in distress; and oblivious of consequences to himself in his official relation (with the sheriff, Michael Arteher, being cognizant), took all the responsibility, and brought the imprisoned patriot officer down, late at night, for a short visit to that house of sorrow, with the express understanding that only the mother should be seen.

A true and wise humanity pervaded the whole management. A horse and sleigh had been securely fastened to a post at the Jail, during the evening — which Mr. Haswell appropriated for the purpose, and in perfect silence they quickly traversed the darkened and deserted streets to their place of destination. On their arrival at Cherry Hill they found the door unlocked, no person was visible, and that agonized prisoner was freely permitted to enter the adjoining room, the door being left open. His mother was indeed dying, but recognizing her cherished only son, she threw her loving arms around his neck as in untold anguish they wept together. We heard her faint, low tones; a stifled sob, then moans would burst from that manly heart overwhelmed with grief as the pale lips gave a mother's dying charge to her darling, wayward boy. Those were solemn moments as struggling with the mysteries of death, she clung so tenaciously to his last earthly embrace; forgetting self in this secret mission of love. Farewell words were spoken by the failing, faltering voice; and with a deep passionate cry, wrung from his tortured heart, he pressed once more the tremulous lips of his exhausted, cherished mother; and then in mournful silence with great drops of moisture on his pallid, haggard brow, that stricken man came forth. The sympathizing friend took his arm leading him in his speechless woe to the sleigh, and they left that house of anguish for his temporary prison home.

The prayer for strength was granted as in that dark and painful hour, our sweet mother whispered words of love to the stricken group who called her fainting spirit back from the portals of the grave. She knew us all. We supposed her gone, when to our surprise she turned to meet the last kiss from her daughter Margaretta, whose cry of sharp anguish seemed to keep the spirit back, and with loving smiles she soon after gently fell asleep in the bosom of Christ, safe in her Saviour's arms. A melancholy void was left, but oh! what a holy spell still clings around the memory of that hour.

The following night the sleigh was found at the Jail's precinct, and once again that dauntless officer brought the distracted son to Cherry Hill. He knew his mother's freed spirit was in Heaven, but it yielded a melancholy satisfaction to be allowed to view her much loved form stretched on a cot and was a comfort to the bereaved one. Her countenance was fresh and fair; and though her marble brow was cold with the chill of death, she looked beautiful even in this quiet sleep; for her lovely features still wore her pleasant smile with its sweet expression. Oh! the sorrow of that weeping mourner, his heart-strings were tuned to its highest pitch. We forgot our own grief in deep sympathy for this only brother, as on

bended knee, with the long wail of agony, he laid his manly head on his mother's icy breast. She had been the idol of his life! He withdrew to the next room closing the door; and at this signal four of his weeping sisters, having schooled our bleeding, almost palsied hearts to endurance with the calm resolve of desperation, entered and lifting most tenderly that precious form from the cot, placed it in the narrow coffin. Oh God! the wretchedness of that moment; that we, her own daughters, should deposit our darling mother in her last resting place. The love of sisters for our broken hearted brother hushed every feeling, and we could better bear this heavy cross and perform our sorrowful duty than our doting stricken father, for none must know — no one must see the prisoner of state out of the Jail; and neither he nor his humane keeper saw any person but Mrs. Van Rensselaer on the occasion of either visit.

When all was ready and the cot removed the sisters withdrew, with the consciousness that thoughts of duty had hushed to sudden peace the troubled waters of *their* hearts, and contributed to the sad gratification of a "loved one" whom "though the whole world turn against him," they would not. The closing of the door gave intimation that the suffering brother might again venture into the room, now prepared for the funeral exercises on the succeeding day. He knew it was his last opportunity to view those loved lineaments of the dear form, now dressed in habiliments for the dark grave, and his deep sobs were unendurable. The request made to higher authority that the prisoner might be permitted to attend his mother's funeral, had been refused. "It would be impolitic!" No only son, save in spirit, followed the precious remains to the place for interment of the dead. Subsequently, when on the mission-field in China, after a lapse of more than thirty years since that eventful period, I received tidings of the death of that noble, benevolent man, HENRY B. HASWELL, Aug. 10, 1869, tears of sorrow filled my eyes, and sure am I, his death-bed was not imbittered by even one feeling of remorse or any regretful memories for that deed of mercy. His decease removes the seal of secrecy from our lips. He is now beyond judicial arraignment or censure; and what was never breathed while the actor in that drama, lived, is now recorded as a just tribute of praise to an upright officer and a truly philanthropic gentleman whose brain was not muddled by judicial enactments. Though it was not my privilege to lay a wreath or coronal of choicest flowers on his casket, that matters little, for an imperishable crown now decks his brow; while on earth his laureate wreath proclaims "the memory of the just is blessed."

*Gen. Harrison to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear friend,

North Bend, April 16, 1840.

You have no relation who more sympathizes with you in your irreparable loss than I do, the event was known to me from the newspapers before the receipt of your letter. I beg of you, however, to recollect that you have others remaining who are entitled to your assistance and that for their sakes it would be improper to give yourself up to unavailing sorrow. It is not my intention to leave Ohio this summer, excepting perhaps a hasty trip to Vincennes on business. I shall, however, go on to the Delaware Springs some miles north of Columbus. *When* I go will depend on circumstances which I cannot decide on. But that will make no difference. Come on my friend and see me. When you get to Wheeling come on to Columbus in the stage, there you will learn whether

I am at Delaware or not. If I am you can join me and we will come to North Bend together.

My best regards to my friend De Witt, I have received his kind letter. Present my affectionate regards to your family.

Your friend

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany.

W. H. HARRISON.

“Sympathy and little acts of kindness with gentle words strew the path of life with flowers, soothing the bleeding heart and better fitting us to brave the storm of time. Our relatives in eternity outnumber our relatives of time. The catalogue of the ‘loved ones’ *living* becomes less, and we see perpetually the lengthening train of the departed till our affections are less glued to earth, and more allied to heaven.”

*Revs. Van Rensselaer to Hon. Daniel D. Barnard.*

Dear Sir,

Albany Jail, April 16, 1840.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your two favors of the 10th and 13th instant, the last this day, and let me assure you of my gratitude for the interest you have manifested in my behalf. When writing you on the 31st ult, I hoped some arrangement might be made without subjecting myself to the deep and lasting humiliation of asking for a *pardon*. Because while receiving my sentence, I was told in substance that — “though it was the *policy* of the United States to convince the World of its determination to enforce its Neutrality Laws, and by punishing the infractors of the same, to show that it acted in good faith with other Nations, still that I was NOT deemed guilty of any act of *moral turpitude*, but rather that my *chivalrous intentions* were praise-worthy &c.”

Now Sir, I have the *modest assurance* to tell you, I coincided with Judge Thompson *in totum*. I could not have done so had I willfully transgressed against those laws, if, like others since my time, I had made mad sacrifices of human life, if, instead of saving, I had uselessly lost to the Country the immense amount of property, both public and private which came to my hands. Why then should I now whine out *peccavi*, and drop down on my marrow-bones for a *pardon*? *I cannot do it*. I knew when entering the service which has brought me to this strait, that a *halter* awaited me if caught alive by the enemy, but I know full well that *that* could not have made a craven of me. At any rate, having submitted without a murmur to the imprisonment, which I thought it was the *policy alone* of the Country to impose upon me, I did suppose the punishment would end with that, and I would not be harassed further for a FINE which, paltry as it is, I can neither pay myself, nor could I allow my connections to do so for me, even were they abundantly able. If I am prevented from going into business — which must be the case, if Government persists, I would rather remain *as I am* — a charge to that Government, sooner than to my family, until I ascertain the further disposition of the Court on the other indictment next June. Yet I must confess that for several important reasons to myself, I would like extremely well to have the President either directly or indirectly sounded on the subject, so that I cannot be mistaken in future as to his own particular views. If it is not asking too much, you will confer an additional obligation, by enlightening me on this point, as soon as next Tuesday morning, *if possible*. In haste.

Very respectfully, Your Obt. Servt.,

RENS. VAN RENSSELAER.

Hon. D. D. Barnard, M. C., Washington City.

“ We know that the executive would be fully justified in exercising the pardoning power and the majesty of law would be maintained. It was natural for every American patriot to sympathize with those who sought to achieve their independence, and this practical sympathy, of aiding the oppressed, was the occasion of offense to Great Britain. The threatened danger of a rupture of the friendship between the United States and England has been removed by the efficient action of government, and now it could be but an act of simple justice to release from any further indebtedness those who keenly felt that the failure was satisfactory neither to themselves or others.”

*Hon. D. D. Barnard to Renss. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Washington, April 20, 1840.

I can understand very well, the feelings by which you are actuated in regard to accepting a *pardon*. But I really cannot see, considering the matter in a *legal* point of view, how it is possible for you ever to be relieved from the *fine* imposed upon you, in any other way — except by paying it. It is not a *debt* from which, as an insolvent, you might be discharged. Congress could not relieve you. It is part of a *sentence*, for an alleged offense against the laws, and as such, as I have supposed, it can only be remitted by a pardon. I write to you, immediately on the receipt of your letter, and without waiting for consultation with anybody. I apprehend it would be utterly useless for *me* to attempt to get at the President's views beforehand in regard to your case. His habitual caution would scarcely allow of his committing himself on this subject — at least to *me*, who have no particular claims to his confidence. If, by any possibility, I hear anything, in any question of interest touching your case, I shall not fail to advise you.

Your Obt. Servt.,

Renss. Van Rensselaer, Esq., Albany.

D. D. BARNARD.

“ Controversy avails nothing, it is far better to yield a little even if we think our *dignity* might be compromised, than to quibble a great deal. The habit of standing up for our rights, is one of the most disagreeable and undignified in the world. Life is too short for the perpetual bickering which would attend such a disposition, and unless in a very momentous affair, it will in the end be more satisfactory to yield to pressure.”

*Renss. Van Rensselaer to Governor Seaward.*

Dear Sir,

Albany Jail, April 21, 1840.

In the course of the next 24 hours I expect a letter from the Hon. D. D. Barnard on matters connected with my imprisonment here, after which I will be able to judge of the propriety of remitting the enclosed. But before I do conclude to do so, I would feel highly gratified and honored if I could be indulged with a few moments private conversation with yourself on the subject matter of the enclosed. If I may be so indulged, the interview can take place at your own hour during the course of this day or evening in my jailer's parlor. To-morrow I may be at large, but as still circumstanced with the United States Government, I cannot consider it etiquette as yet to pay you a visit openly; and that is my apology for taking the present liberty. Much good may arise out of such an interview and that would be an additional gratification to me, particularly so, let me assure you Sir, if it affects yourself.

As a matter of course, both of us will consider this communication as

*strictly confidential*, and after a perusal of the within it may either be returned in person, or by the bearer.

I have the honor to be very respectfully &c. Sincerely your friend  
and Obt. Servt. RENSSELAER.

To Gov. Wm. H. Seward.

*Gov. Seward to Renss. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Albany, Tuesday Morning.

Every hour in the day, for this day is engaged, I will with pleasure call at the Jail to-morrow morning at nine o'clock. Yours respectfully;

Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, Esq., Albany. WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

*Renss. Van Rensselaer to Hon. D. D. Barnard.*

My Dear Sir,

Albany, April 30, 1840.

I intended to have replied to your favor of the 20th sooner, but the difficulty to a *jail-bird* of bringing any outside business to a focus has interfered until now. Since the receipt of yours, all friends with whom I have consulted, concur with you in your views as to the course I ought to pursue in this matter. Accordingly I have reconciled my conscience, pride or whatever — to the task of putting for the PETITION — *not* for a "pardon," but — for a remission of the paltry fine, if this is a distinction without a difference, it matters not. I inclose you the consequence, and since I have done so, I sincerely hope it may not be unavailing, If it were thought necessary *thousands* of names from this place alone, instead of *tens*, could be attached to the paper, with very little exertion. But I trust those I send will be all sufficient for your purpose, particularly so, since this case of mine does not appear to be a new one to the President. I find it noticed in McKenzie's Gazette of April 18th, an Extra of which I herewith transmit, that Col. John Vreeland, a Navy Islander, who was confined in Detroit *for a year*, on a similar charge with mine, has had his fine \$1,000 remitted. I therefore think I have grounds for hope, but, let me hear from you on the subject *as soon as convenient* I pray you. Hoping you may have entirely recovered from the effects of your late indisposition. I have the honor to subscribe myself your obliged

and Obt. Servt.

RENSSELAER.

Hon. D. D. Barnard, M. C., Washington City.

After the expiration of Rensselaer Van Rensselaer's six months incarceration in the Albany Jail, a Petitionary epistle from the citizens was forwarded on April 29, 1840, to the city of Washington, through our energetic member of congress Hon. D. D. Barnard, recommending the remission of the penalty of \$250 to the favorable consideration of the president of the United States. The sequel to this request from the Albanians was that President Van Buren kindly rescinded the pecuniary fine and the patriot soldier was free.

*Edwin Crosswell to Renss. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Saturday Morning, May 9, 1840.

The fact of y<sup>r</sup> release was received by Major Flagg, in reply to a letter from him to the President in y<sup>r</sup> behalf. You may rely upon the information; the papers will undoubtedly be received in the course of a day or two. Respectfully y<sup>r</sup> obt. servt. E. CROSWELL.

To R. Van Rensselaer.

“ May 9, 1840, Rensselaer Van Rensselaer was sentenced to six months imprisonment and fined \$250 to stand imprisoned until the fine be paid. It having been satisfactorily shown that he is wholly unable to pay the fine, the President has remitted the same. Wm. Lyon Mackenzie was sentenced to 18 months imprisonment, from the 20th of June, 1839, and \$10 fine. The residue of his punishment was also remitted.”

*Hon. Daniel D. Barnard to Renss. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Washington May 13, 1840.

I enclose you herewith, communications just now received from the Secretary of War [Joel R. Poinsett] — I perceive, by the Albany Argus, and was rejoiced to perceive, that the Application to the President in your behalf was successful. This was the first intimation I had of the conclusion to which the President had come. I did suppose, from what he said to me, that he would have communicated directly with me, and that I should have had the pleasure of forwarding to you his favorable decision. I rejoice however, that the decision has been made, and that no time was lost in making it known to you.

Very truly and respectfully, Your Obt. Sert.

D. D. BARNARD.

Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, Esq., Albany.

*K. H. Van Rensselaer to Rens. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Rens,

Rochester, May 14, 1840.

Some old writer says that it is good to be imprisoned or suffer for conscience sake. May be it is, but I believe in these days of sunshine and liberty, man would rather be *outside* of the walls of a prison. I will then congratulate you upon *your release*, and pray that some *Tory* may be put there in your stead. Soon after your confinement I gave you a long letter — by a patriot friend — of some of my travels &c. in the land of promise (Texas) but not getting an answer from it, I supposed you was O-p-h, or shut up from the hearing of your friends, until Mr. McKay (a neighbor) told me he had seen you last week in prison well and in good spirits. Mr. McKay is lately from Canada, he loves the Tories as well as the Devil loves a Christian, he is willing they should have a warm place. If you should feel much like moving about make us a visit in Rochester this summer. Give my love to your Father and the girls, say to them that I truly feel for their grievous loss. I did not hear of it until a short time since. I have been jumping about, since my return from Texas, endeavoring to settle up my old concerns, so as to carry a little with me in to the fairy land. If you feel full of *fight* turn that way, you will be better received than by the Canadians and have more honorable foes (Mexicans and Indians). Martha and the children are well; times hard, and Harrison Stock rising. Log-Cabins, Hard Cider and Tipacano Clubs all the go. If the steam can be kept up *woc* to Matty Van Buren and his political friends.

Remember me to all the friends at Cherry Hill.

Yours Truly

Rens. Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y.

K. H. VAN RENSSELAER.

*Hon. Daniel D. Barnard to Rensselaer Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Washington, May 14, 1840.

I wrote to you yesterday, and shortly after, received your letter of the 11th May. As this letter was dated at *Cherry Hill*, it afforded, before it was read, full confirmation of the fact of your release from durance. I

need not say that I heartily congratulate you, and all your friends. As for the case of Johnson to which you refer, and his desire of trying what virtue there may be in a Petition in his case, I have to say that I should much prefer, and should think it much preferable for the party himself, that the Member of Congress from Mr. Johnson's own District, should be charged with the care and presentation of that Petition. If sent to me, I will hand it to Mr. Thomas C. Chittenden, who, I have no doubt, would perform all his duty in the matter.

Very truly and respectfully  
Your Obt. Servt.,  
Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, Esq., Albany, N. Y. D. D. BARNARD.

“ All that is wanted in Canada is the education of self reliance. There is in Canada industrial activity in abundance, and by the side of it undeveloped political capacities resting in a painful state of dependence. There are in Canada elements to form a great people, and the danger is that comparatively nothing will be made of them. Canada is big enough, it is quite strong enough, it is intelligent enough and therefore Canadians ought to look after their own business; and perhaps if she were self-dependent it would soon desire to be annexed to the United States.”

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## CHAPTER VII.

### TOUR TO THE WEST.

*Joseph B. Boyd to Gen. Van Rensselaer,*

Respected Sir, Cincinnati June 19, 1840.

I take advantage of your present visit to our City, to drop you a few lines, to request the favor of a short specimen of your hand writing, which I desire to add to a large Collection of Autographs I have gathered of distinguished Soldiers of the Revolution. If your valuable time will permit you to comply with this request, you will by so doing confer a lasting obligation upon

Yours Respectfully,  
Gen. S. Van Rensselaer, Broadway Hotel. JOSEPH B. BOYD.

*Wm. H. H. Taylor to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir, Cincinnati, 20th June, 1840.

The “ Citizens Guards of Cincinnati ” will hold an encampment at the Cincinnati Race Course on the 1st, 2nd, 3d and 4th days, of June 1840. We expect Several Companies from the interior of this State and four from Louisville, Ky.

It will add not a little to our pleasure to be honored by a Visit from you at any time most suitable to Your Convenience. Our Company to a man have expressed a desire to see upon our “ Tented field ” the Soldier Statesman, and honest man, the largest portion of whose life has been spent in faithful Services to his Country.

And whose name will be cherished by every True American Citizen to the latest Generation. With great respect Your Obedt. Servt.

WM. H. H. TAYLOR,  
*Chrm. of Com. of Invitation.*

General Sol. Van Rensselaer at Col. N. G. Pendletons.

*Invitation to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Cincinnati, 25 June, 1840.

As a Committee on behalf of a number of Citizens of this City, we have the pleasure to solicit the favor of you to partake of a public entertainment which they propose to offer to you at the "Henrie House" in this City on next Thursday the 2nd July. The Citizens of a City which was once the Site of Fort Washington, are gratified in the opportunity of your present visit to the West to manifest their grateful sense of your early and bleeding Sacrifices in the War terminated by the memorable Victory under Wayne. And they feel an especial pride in asking you to partake of a public Dinner on the very spot where you were wont to exercise your troop of Calvary at a *period when the vast region to the North West was the abode only of the Untutored Savage.*

In this reference to your early Career, we desire to speak also, of the grateful admiration inspired by your gallant efforts in another War and upon another theatre.

The sacrifices you encountered at Maumee *were* only equalled by your heroic devotion on the Heights of Queenston. We hope it will suit your convenience to meet us at the entertainment proposed at the Henrie House.

I remain yours respectfully,

SAML. W. DAVIES, *Chairman.*

JOHN P. GAIN,

S. FALES,

CHAS. S. CLARKSON,

A. IRWIN,

H. L. SALEN,

MILES GREENWOOD,

PAUL ANDERSON,

WM. BILLINGS,

LOUIS H. SHALLY,

C. S. TODD.

To General Solomon Van Rensselaer.

*Invitation to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Sir,

Greenville Ohio, June 27, 1840.

The Whigs of this County have determined to celebrate the 28th of next July — the Anniversary of the Indian Treaty made here in 1814 by Gen. Harrison; and have instructed us to solicit you to be present on the occasion. As the Soldier of Wayne; as a soldier of the late War; as a patriot ever, connected for near fifty years, in arms and in friendship, with our own Harrison, the undersigned pray you to accept this invitation as a small, but heartfelt mark of the high value placed upon your Services by the Whigs of the West. Come then, dear General, and although you may find left, but few of the traces of old "Fort Greenville," your welcome to this spot, consecrated in Western history, shall not be the less cordial — not the less interesting to you, and not the less satisfactory to the many of your fellow Citizens who will joyfully greet you with "Well done good and faithful servant."

Respectfully your friends and fellow citizens,

W. M. WILSON.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Cincinnati.

I. N. GARD.

"Hurrah for the log cabin chief of our choice!

For the old Indian fighter, hurrah!

Hurrah! and from mountain to valley the voice

Of the people re-echoes hurrah!

Then come to the ballot-box, boys, come along,

He never lost battle for you;

Let us down with oppression and tyranny's throng;

And up with old Tippecanoe!"





TO CHARLES C. HENRY

Sol Van Rensselaer

*Jno. P. Foot to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Cincinnati 29th June, 1840.

The Directors of the OHIO MECHANIC'S INSTITUTE respectfully request you to honour their third annual Fair by a visit to the exhibition at Hall of the Institute on Third Street. They are desirous, by displaying proofs of the progress of the arts of civilized life in this region, rescued from the occupation of the Savage by the valour and labours of yourself and the associates of your early life, through the blessing of Providence, to add to the many manifestations which our Country affords that the toils and sufferings you have endured in her behalf, have not been fruitless, but have largely contributed to the increase of human happiness and to the strength and glory of our Union.

Respectfully Your Obedt. Servt.,

General Solomon Van Rensselaer.

JNO. P. FOOT, *Pres.*

*Presentation to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

The Directors of the OHIO MECHANIC'S INSTITUTE herewith request General Van Rensselaer's acceptance of a *Cane* from the battle-ground of Tippecanoc. They hope it may serve occasionally to remind him of the gratification afforded them by his compliance with their request to visit the Institution on the site of Fort Washington, where his presence in 1794 increased the security, and in 1840 added to the pleasure of his fellow citizens of the West. To Genl. Soln. Van Rensselaer."

"*Gen. W. H. Harrison and Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer* — These distinguished men were companions-in-arms in early life, and fast and true friends ever afterwards. At the public dinner given in Cincinnati to Gen. Van Rensselaer, Gen. Harrison was among the invited guests. He could not be present for reasons assigned in his letter declining the invitation. Like every thing Gen. Harrison wrote, it is remarkable for the classic beauty and purity of its style. The earnest expression of the warm feelings of his heart which it so forcibly conveys, is also a distinctive trait of his character. The letter is valuable also on account of the high but justly deserved tribute it pays to the military abilities and strict integrity of our late lamented fellow-citizen — GEN. SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER." The above eulogistic and accurate words were penned in 1852 after the decease of both those noble and estimable gentlemen who will ever be held in an endearing remembrance. The letter, however, to which allusion is made was written for, and read at the dinner in Cincinnati.

*Gen. Harrison to S. W. Davis, &c.*

Gentlemen,

North Bend 1st July, 1840.

A recent domestic affliction in the death of one of my sons, and the present illness of Mrs. Harrison, will prevent me from enjoying the great pleasure of being present at the dinner to be given on Thursday next to my beloved friend and old associate in arms, General Solomon Van Rensselaer. It is now forty-seven years since I first met this distinguished soldier in the army of General Wayne — he, in the capacity of Cornet of Dragoons, and I as an Ensign of Infantry. Associated in all the toils and difficulties incident to a war the theatre of which was an unbroken wilderness; of age nearly correspondent; and of dispositions and tastes which induced us to seek the same employments, the same amusements and the same fellowships, our friendship thus formed by prepossession and knit in common danger, could not be ephemeral. It was such indeed as though

we had owned the same paternity, and had been nurtured at the same bosom. And I may say with Castalio of his brother :

“ When had I friend that was not Polidore’s,  
Or Polidore a foe that was not mine ?”

I will not attempt, gentlemen, to give you even a summary of the services of Gen. Van Rensselaer. I will not tell you of the deep debt of gratitude which is due to him from western men, of his gallant bearing in the battle of the Rapids of the Miami, and the blood which I saw pouring from his manly bosom upon the soil of Ohio, or his still more glorious achievements upon the heights of Queenstown, unobscured, like those of Abraham, by the blood of the contending heroes. All this you know. It is to be found in the records of your country, and furnishes some of the brightest pages of its history. But, for a moment, let me ask your attention to the more recent history. Aye, what is he now ? What and who is the hero of two wars, the conqueror of the heroic Brock, of him by whose management, or whose gallantry, so deep a wound had been inflicted upon the military character of our country ? A year ago I would have answered you, fellow citizens, that he was living in humble retirement in the bosom of a large and happy family, supported by the emoluments of an humble office, the gift of a President who had himself jeopardised his life, and shed his blood in achieving the independence of his country, and knew how to appreciate a Hero’s services, and reward a soldier’s toils. Such, gentlemen, was the situation of my friend, the defender of Ohio Cabins from the furious savage, the bearer in his body of the marks of seven distinct wounds, when the spoilers came.

When the disbanded legions of Augustus were suffered to eject the happy husbandmen of the fairest portion of Italy, we have reason to believe — we know indeed — that some were spared. The ruthless warrior was not suffered to usurp the seat and violate the groves which had resounded to the songs of the greatest of poets. We may conclude also, that the scarred veterans of former wars were exempted from the otherwise general proscription. Indeed we must suppose that the sympathy naturally felt between men of the same profession, would have induced the usurpers to spare the war-worn followers of the great Pompey, although they had been the soldiers of liberty, and the sworn enemies of their own faction. But, gentlemen, let me ask you *now* to point to an exception in the proscription which has raged in our own country for the last twelve years ? Who has been spared that professed any thing which could tempt the cupidity of the spoilers ? My friend is the last victim. The reason of this honorable distinction I could tell. It is somewhat different from that which induced the giant Polyphemus to intend the like honor to the King of Ithica. But you may perhaps be anxious to know the reasons which have been assigned for this outrage upon the feelings of the American people. Why, it was precisely that which has been given in all countries for all the violent and unjust acts of tyrants : “ *The public good.*” In this case, “ the advantage of the democracy.” In the midst of such abominations, how appropriate is the exclamation of one of the distinguished victims of the savage Robespierre, “ Oh ! democracy, how many crimes are committed in thy name !” It may be proper, gentlemen, that I should add that General Van Rensselaer has accounted for every cent of the public money that ever came into his hands, and that he dares the strictest investigation into his conduct as an officer. What cause of deep

reflection, gentlemen, does the case of my friend, contrasted with that of others known to be public defaulters, who have been retained in office, present to the patriot and the friend of Republican government? I conclude, gentlemen, by offering you a sentiment. May Solomon Van Rensselaer be the last victim in our country of party violence; and may the services which are to be the future passports to office be not those rendered to a party, but to the whole people. I am, gentlemen, with great respect,  
 your humble servant,  
 W. H. HARRISON.

To Samuel W. Davis, &c.

"A public dinner has been tendered by the citizens of Cincinnati to General Solomon Van Rensselaer, who is now on a visit to this city, in testimony of their respect for him as a gentleman and a soldier. The dinner will be served up at the Henri House at three o'clock on Thursday July 2d. This proposed public testimonial affords ample affirmation in proof of the undivided and enthusiastic feeling in regard to this military chieftain."

*Public Dinner to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

The *Cincinnati Republican* contains an animated account of the dinner given Thursday July 2, 1840, by the citizens of that place to GEN. VAN RENSSELAER of Albany. This tribute of respect to the gallant veteran of two wars was as well deserved as it seems to have been freely and cordially rendered. Col. Samuel W. Davis, the Mayor of Cincinnati, presided at the Dinner, assisted by Major Wm. Oliver, Jacob Strader, and Anthony Harkness, as Vice Presidents. The Committee appointed for that purpose reported the following Toasts, which were drunk with great enthusiasm:

1. *The President of the United States.*
2. *The next President of the United States* — William Henry Harrison.
3. *The old Thirteen States* — The mothers of the new Thirteen; cradled, themselves, in the principles of liberty, they cemented by their glorious constitution the rights asserted in their revolutionary struggle.
4. *The new Thirteen States* — The daughters of the old Thirteen; like their mothers in days of yore, they despise at once the seductions of corrupt influence and the terrors of arbitrary power.
5. *The People of the United States* — Let them "do their own fighting and their own voting" and all will be well.
6. *General Solomon Van Rensselaer* — Our distinguished Guest. His wounds at Maumee and Queenstown attest his valor in two wars. Ohio owes him a deep debt of gratitude which we delight this day to acknowledge.
7. *Kentucky* — The blood of her sons was poured out like water in the war to maintain the freedom of the citizens; she will not fail to honor the noble and gallant chief who so often led them to victory and glory.
8. *Ohio* — The young giant of the West; she too will rally around the standard of her "first delegate" who at Maumee and Fort Meigs, signalized his own name in the protection of her frontier.
9. *New York* — First in number, first in wealth, first in enterprise; may she be the first at the polls in November, in support of sound principles.
10. *The North Western Armies of 1794 and 1813* — The one closed the war of the Revolution; the other suffered and triumphed in the second war of Independence.

11. *Cincinnati* — The site of old Fort Washington, now the seat of industry and the arts — her enterprising citizens will honor, for his civil virtues, the venerated chief whom her soldiers, when a frontier fortress, delighted to obey.

12. *Our Country* — Glorious in War — more illustrious in peace — the example and hope of nations ; may her honor and prosperity be immortal.

13. *The Fair* — Their smiles the reward of the Soldier and Statesman ; their counsels the foundation of the virtue and intelligence of the youth of the nation.

After the sixth toast was read, General Van Rensselaer returned his thanks for the compliment by the following remarks ; which were read by his friend Col. Pendleton :

GENTLEMEN : I am altogether unaccustomed to public speaking ; my life has been one of actions, rather than words ; my hand more conversant with the sword, than the pen. I cannot, however, suffer the sentiment which you have just given, to pass, without the expression of my most grateful acknowledgment. While that sentiment, gentlemen, received with so much cordiality, is justly flattering to the pride of an old soldier, it recalls events and scenes, productive of other and better emotions. Your allusion to the Maumec, carries me back to the year 1792, when a youth of eighteen years of age, with the commission of General Washington in my pocket, and, I trust, some share of his principles in my bosom, I first landed in Cincinnati ; and what a mighty change has been wrought in that short period, what higher eulogy can be passed upon the enlightened enterprise of your people, than the simple fact that the humble individual who now addresses you, saw the site of your noble city, when there were no houses, but a few rudely constructed log cabins along the bank of your river, and the challenge of the sentinels on the parapet of old Fort Washington, alone interrupted the universal silence. The line of the canal was then our northern frontier, beyond which the lurking Indian made it unsafe to penetrate ; and the pursuit of a stray horse among this magnificent amphitheatre of hills surrounding your city, was conducted with little of the pomp, to be sure, but much of the precaution of a military incursion. With the exception of a few old settlements on the Wabash and Mississippi, whose inhabitants had become almost incorporated with the surrounding Indian tribes, there were no white men in the whole North West Territory, comprising now your own great State, and the States of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin Territory. The roaming Indian alone possessed it. Where are they now ? They are gone, like the falling leaves of their own boundless forests ; but unlike those leaves, no reviving spring shall witness their return. Such was Cincinnati, what is it now, after the lapse of forty-eight years ? I was indebted to the politeness of the directors of the Mechanics' Institute, for an invitation to their Fair last evening, and had I a catalogue of the articles there exhibited, I would produce it as the most eloquent and comprehensive answer to the interesting question — "What is Cincinnati now ?" The exquisite symmetry and beauty of the various articles bore ample testimony to the skill of your workers in wood, and in brass, and in iron ; while nothing can exceed the good taste exhibited in the many ornamental specimens of the Institute. I cannot, however, omit to remark, and if it will not be considered invidious, to commend, the vast proportion, in which the useful exceeds the merely ornamental. The combined effect of the whole exhibition forces upon the mind, the reflection that he who

would discover the secret of the unparalleled growth of Cincinnati, and its comparative exemption from the general embarrassment of the times, must seek it in her workshops and in her factories.

From this balcony, fellow-citizens, my eye rests upon the ground where it was my daily duty to manœuvre my troops; and when I recall the scene, as it then existed, and compare it with what I now see, it fills me with emotions, which no language is adequate to express. The thoughtless inconsideration of youth is proverbially short-sighted; but what imagination could then have bodied forth the grand realities which now surround us? The inclosures of some dozen miserable huts, Fort Washington and the low grounds, on what is now Columbia street, then called Hobson's Choice, were the only points which had been cleared of the forest. Your handsome private buildings; your noble public school-houses; your magnificent churches have succeeded, and a log cabin is not to be found within the bounds of your fair city, except as an appropriate emblem of the youthful ardor, the indomitable spirit, the pure and disinterested public virtue, which, through years of toil and danger, such as they only can conceive who have felt them, have watched over the infant settlement of the great West, and protected the log cabins, and their hardy and adventurous inmates, from the tomahawk and scalping knife of the relentless savage.

At this period I first became acquainted with Harrison; he was nineteen years old, and I one year younger. We were for a long time the youngest officers in the army, and I am happy to say at this distant period, that the friendship thus formed upon youthful sympathies and congenial dispositions, proved too strong for time and absence, and we met in New York, in 1827, after a separation of thirty years, the same warm friends as we had parted on this spot in 1797. This period recalls to my mind, the inauguration of the elder Adams [John Adams] and with it the charge against Harrison, of "*ancient Federalism.*" I am a living witness, that at the period to which I refer, the charge was without the slightest foundation. The republican principles of Harrison were then as well known as his chivalric spirit, he had no superior in either. It has been reserved for the politicians of the present day, even while surrounded by the monuments of his civil and military virtues, to question both.

General Wayne was a severe disciplinarian, as well as an able General and gallant soldier. He exacted the most punctilious conformity to all the rules of military life; particularly did he exhibit himself, and require his staff to exhibit a constant example of the conduct he required of others. Brave, temperate and laborious himself, he selected his staff for qualities similar to his own. Of such a military family thus organized Harrison became a member, in the confidential relation of aid-de-camp. The delicate duties of that responsible station, he performed, not only with the entire approbation of Wayne, but to the satisfaction of every officer of the army, with whom its duties brought him into almost daily intercourse; and such was his uniform urbanity and kindness to the soldiers, that their respect for him as an officer, was only equalled by their love for him as a man. The first North Western army, while in quarters in the wilderness, had few amusements to vary the dull routine of camp duty. The consequence was, that habits of dissipation were acquired by many of the officers, whose rank and age made their habits contagious. Harrison, though of an age peculiarly weak against such temptations, was strengthened to successful resistance, by an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, both gen-

eral and professional. Temperate, active and studious then, as now, he lost no time. Then, as now, the sun never found him in bed; and the intervals of military duty were devoted to a course of extensive historical reading. The battle of the Maumee, on 20th August, 1794, was fought by the Indians with the most desperate courage. There was no point of the line at which the danger was not imminent. As aid-de-camp, it was Harrison's duty to carry the orders of the General to any part of the army. These orders, of course, were most frequent where the fight was thickest, *and in those parts of the fight I generally saw him on that eventful day.*

I can attest the truth of the remark said to be made by General Wilkinson and Col. Shamburgh, that Harrison was in the front of the hottest battle — his person was exposed even from the commencement to the close of the action — wherever duty called, he hastened, regardless of danger, and by his efforts and examples, contributed as much to secure the fortune of the day, as any other subordinate to the commander-in-chief.

General Wayne, in his official account of the battle, after naming several officers who distinguished themselves, says: "I must add the names of my faithful and gallant aids-de-camp, Captains De Butts and T. Lewis and Lieutenant Harrison, who, with the adjutant-general, Major Mills, rendered the most essential service, by communicating my orders in every direction, and by their conduct and bravery, exciting the troops to press for victory."

I was stationed with my troop on the extreme left, and the order to me to charge, was delivered by Harrison. In that charge I was severely, it was thought mortally wounded. Perhaps, I owe my life to the prompt attention of my young friend, who carried me to the general's tent, and nursed and watched me with the tenderness and affection of a brother.

Of the officers of that army, so far as my knowledge extends, there are but four survivors — Generals Harrison and Brady, and Major John Posey of Kentucky, who was a Cornet in my troop, and myself. General Wayne, whose best eulogy is the grateful, and affectionate remembrance of the People of the West, was wholly unnoticed by Congress, and died at a miserable hovel in Pennsylvania; and there, without a stone to mark the place, his body was deposited. And now, when the people are calling your friend and neighbor from his farm, by acclamation, to redeem the country from the distress and degradation to which it has been reduced by a *selfish and designing* politician, the orders have gone forth to charge upon him, even upon him, whom the people assembled in unheard of numbers to honor, the most detestable crimes, civil and military, which the wildest imagination, unrestrained by a single moral sense, can conceive — *military* crimes, which if true, would long since have consigned his body to a felon's tomb, and his memory to general execration — *civil* offences and delinquencies, which if true, think you he would now stand first, as he does stand first, in the hearts of his countrymen!!

People of Ohio and Indiana, you who have been the objects of his civil administration, upon you, especially devolves the grateful task of asserting the civil virtues of your old and best tried friend; to raise his fair fame far out of the range of the puny shafts of low ambition, and I hesitate not to believe it will be efficiently performed. You are now called upon in his old age to repay that immense and accumulating debt of gratitude, which I, *an eye witness*, not from hearsay, now testify your fathers incurred, in his early youth.

The inheritance has descended upon you, and I will not do you the

injustice to doubt that in November next you will entitle yourselves to a receipt in full from my gallant old friend. Is this the language of Gen. Harrison? No! disinterested and generous as brave, he advances no claim upon his country for services he has rendered. It is the language of his friend, and of your friend — of one removed by age far from the temptation to flatter either friend or foe. What shall I say of charges against his military character? nothing. One old soldier cannot be brought to vindicate the reputation of another old soldier from a charge of cowardice, indignation would choke my utterance. I appeal from the living to the dead — I appeal from Van Buren and Kendall to Shelby and Perry. I thank you again, gentlemen, for the kind manner in which you have been pleased to refer to my early and humble services. Permit me to propose the following sentiment:

*The City of Cincinnati* — The wonderful creation of virtue, intelligence and enterprise. Her name associates in our remembrance the patriotic farmers of old Rome and young Ohio.

During the entertainment, a large concourse of persons had collected in the street opposite to the Hotel, and a solicitation being expressed to hear addresses from the Balcony, the company adjourned to that place, when a call was made for the reading of Gen. Van Rensselaer's speech. When it was concluded, Governor Poindexter, an invited guest, was called for by the crowd, and addressed them extensively upon the subject of general politics. Animated addresses were then made by request, from Messrs. White of Indiana, Major Chambers and W. W. Southgate, Esq. of Kentucky, and Wm. Johnson, Esq. of Cincinnati and Mr Turner of Baltimore. The dinner was prepared in a manner suitable to the occasion. The large dining room at the Henri House was completely filled, our citizens evincing an anxious solicitude to participate in an entertainment designed to honor one of the early defenders of the West and was a testimony of respect to a distinguished veteran of two wars. The convivial entertainment continued until the approach of night, when the crowd dispersed in great harmony.

"The signs of the times are all auspicious; in all sections of the Union the people are responding heartily and joyously to the nomination of William H. Harrison. He is a son of one of the signers of the declaration of independence, and who, in the early history of Virginia was, for a long time, governor of that state. The election of Gen. Harrison will bring back the republic to its original purity. Born and educated in the days of Washington, and in the school too of that great man, his principles and feelings are of that exalted character which animated the statesman and patriot of the revolution. All is joy and bustle of preparation for the combat. At Cherry Valley from 8,000 to 10,000 were present at their log cabin raising.

"An ox weighing 1000 lbs., was admirably and skillfully prepared and roasted about eighty rods from the log cabin, and a cake of ginger bread two feet square was presented as a gift from Glen's Falls."

*C. V. Van Rensselaer to Renss. Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear Brother,

North Bend, July 4, 1840.

You probably have read all my letters home with detailed accounts of matters and things, so this will give only a bird's-eye view of the subject. Since papa and myself parted from our "loved ones" in Albany on June 3rd, our daily life has been merged in a constant vortex of pleasurable

scenes. The entire jaunt has been attended with many gratifying incidents, and the one important feature of the trip has been genial sunshine and good health to both. Indeed thus far nothing has occurred to mar the enjoyment, "heads not crushed in car or carriage nor blown off on steamboats;" we seem to have been insured against accidents by sea or land. You will not expect nor will I attempt descriptive sketches of places visited; but must say the ready hand of welcome met our dear father everywhere. Our stay in the metropolis of the Empire State was of course delightful; how could it be otherwise with places of amusement, plenty of visitors, walks and rides through the fine avenues and promenades; was there ever any lady who did not find New York attractive? Sailing across the harbor to South Amboy was quite refreshing and then came the variety of cars, and steamboat from Burlington to Philadelphia. The "City of Brotherly Love" was certainly enticing, and we had a fine view of it from the nicely graveled walks at the Fairmount Water-works on the east bank of the Schuylkill river so celebrated for its scenery of "sloping glens and silent shades." Among the many distinguished friends who called on Papa, I was particularly pleased with brave Commodore Charles Stewart of the "Old Ironsides" of 1812. He is now about 55 years old, robust and cheerful, a polished "gentleman of the Old School." After a few days we left Philadelphia and in due time reached Pittsburg in the dispatch vessel called "*packet-boat*" drawn by three horses, plying or flying on the Pennsylvania Canal which for a distance passes close to the Susquehanna. The bugler was seated at the bow and announced the near approach to locks or thriving village by the lively peals and merry notes he sent forth from the bugle, when we left our floating parlor for the deck with manifest danger of broken skulls from low bridges.

At Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, on the lovely Susquehanna, there were myriads of his old acquaintances to escort us to the State House and other sites of interest. The scenery at the junction of the Juniata with the Susquehanna about 14 miles beyond the city was truly picturesque, the wild romantic beauty of the stream with the bold mountain background was particularly striking. We crossed the Alleghanies in stages; while on the summit we took strolls around to see the inclined railway "upon which the coal-laden cars go down by the force of their own gravity." After our *speedy* traveling on the canal we did not regret to reach Pittsburg with its hilly surroundings of coal. I do not think my face was clean above ten minutes at a time in this smoky, dirty city; while the ladies' white dresses were plentifully besprinkled with soot from the many iron smoke-stacks. The place, however, was very interesting to the old soldier as the site of Fort Du Quesne; it has altered greatly since the time he first rested there with his command en route to Fort Washington, then it was mostly a wilderness filled with Indians and wild beasts. The iron rolling mills and manufactory of glass were to me very curious and instructive. This is a great manufacturing town and you would suppose that Vulcan, the god of fire, resided here, from the thick clouds of smoke and flame with begrimed faces on all sides. Our next move was in a steamer down the Ohio river to Portsmouth, and from thence by the Ohio and Erie canal, through Chillicothe on the Scioto river, passing through a very rich country to Columbus. We were the guests of Mr. Kelly and visited all places worthy of note: the Capitol — Lunatic Asylum — Deaf and Dumb — Blind and the State Penitentiary an imposing edifice.

"At the *Port Meigs* Gathering 25000 persons were present on the

battle ground to greet in his old age the veteran of Ohio. Gen. Harrison was dressed very plainly, having on a plain Kentucky jean frock coat, bombazine stock, black silk vest, and blue pantaloons. His keen piercing eye retains all the fire of youth and is full of elastic vigor. When the General took his place on the stand and presented himself to his fellow citizens, he stood uncovered as the welcome was again expressed by a *three times three*. Thomas Ewing was the principal speaker. A Music wagon was drawn by four horses with a streamer surmounted by a boquet of flowers, with names of Harrison and Tyler. This was followed by a Log-Cabin on wheels with a barrel labeled 'Hard Cider.' There was at least from 4 to 5000 persons at the meeting in *Cleveland* at the dedication of a Log-Cabin—(every one that goes up in the West is an enigma). The tin horn gave notice that dinner was ready as the lengthened procession marched to the table, which was calculated to accommodate 200 persons but would only hold one-fourth of the patriotic and happy guests." The papers say: "The meeting of Generals Harrison and Van Rensselaer at Columbus was deeply affecting. They had been Captains under Wayne—they fought together at the memorable victory of the Maumee and throughout a long and eventful life have been devoted friends. The gallant old Hero is on a visit to Gen. Harrison. They were escorted out several miles from Columbus by a large number of friends on horseback—a large cavalcade of citizens; and at parting the Band struck up Hail Columbia, and with three hearty cheers their friends bade both God speed. The string of the latch was not pulled in at any place. Major Clarkson and Colonel Todd the gallant aids of Gen. Harrison accompanied them."

While in the stage, after leaving Columbus when stopping at places, a crowd gathered around to see "Old Tip" and then he would introduce papa: "Here gentlemen, is my old friend General Solomon Van Rensselaer, one to whom we all are deeply indebted." I heard him frequently say to the gentlemen that Gen. V. R. had more wounds than any man in the United States. When the crowds understood who our dear father was, they seemed delighted, some told him they considered him public property, that he ought not to refuse the honors offered to him, for he could better persuade the public, by telling what *he knew* and *had seen* of Harrison than they could by twenty speeches; it was most gratifying to me. At *Springfield*, a beautiful city about 84 miles above Cincinnati, there was another phase of this "Hard Cider Campaign" and we had a very gay time. I say *we*, because being the only lady in the electioneering party I of course came in for a full share of courteous attention. Three miles from the city we found an immense multitude in waiting, gentlemen either in carriages or on horseback. Gen. Harrison, Papa, Cols. Clarkson and Todd were invited to occupy an open barouche, and I had the stage to myself with a guard of honor on either side. There was a concourse of many thousands forming a wonderful procession with many gay banners, bands of music, military, Log-cabins on a small scale with the latch-string out, canoes of all sizes with one or more persons in them, one large canoe filled with ladies, barrels of "Hard Cider" with the mug close by for the weary travelers, one large open wagon packed with girls prettily dressed, all was enlivened by shouts, cheering and patriotic songs of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." Gen. Harrison says these gatherings of the yeomanry compose "an Army which Napoleon would have been proud to Command in his best days." After a time as the procession "dragged its slow length

along," one of the marshals rode up to the coach and asked: "Have I the pleasure of addressing Miss Van Rensselaer?" Being answered in the affirmative, he informed me, Gen. Harrison had directed him to escort me to Mr. Warders, which in course of time we finally reached. I was deeply grieved to hear the very sad tidings, of the death of a Son of General Harrison, just received.

"Died very suddenly on Tuesday evening June 9th, at the residence of his father, at North Bend, Dr. Benjamin Harrison. He was in the 34th year of his age. His funeral took place on Saturday (13th) morning at the Bend. This intelligence will be a very great shock to the General, as the Doctor was in good health, when he started to Fort Meigs." This gloomy information quickly frustrated all the pre-concerted arrangements for the day's enjoyment as the General was really equal to no further effort. An elegant entertainment was soon ready, and after partaking of the viands we bade our hospitable friends adieu, and were allowed to proceed on our journey, much to the chagrin of the assembled hosts. We left Springfield in the same order as our entrée — the gentlemen in an open carriage while I brought up the rear in my stage with four horses under a gallant escort. Our advance, through the dense mass of human beings, was so slow it enabled me to see all of the beautiful pageant. In the neighborhood of the Market House were no less than twelve cabins and some bark canoes. In front of one cabin was a spear erect, labeled "Old Tip's Tooth pick"!! and a cannon out of the mouth of which: "Harrison's Thunder" was seen to issue. After passing the immense array of cabins, canoes, vehicles of all kinds, and the crowd, our gentlemen returned to the Stage. The *Cincinnati* paper says: "General Harrison arrived in this City from his tour to Fort Meigs on Friday evening June 19th. He was accompanied by General Solomon Van Rensselaer of Albany, N. Y., who met him at Columbus. Gen. Harrison is in as good health as we recollect to have seen him for many years. He left for North Bend on Saturday morning.

"General Van Rensselaer remains at the Broadway Hotel for a few days. He has received numerous calls from our citizens to whom he has been introduced. This is his first visit to Cincinnati since the year 1794, at which time as captain of a company he marched his men frequently through the uncultivated land which now designates our beautiful city. General Van Rensselaer is only one year the junior of General Harrison, and like the latter in his old age, retains the vivacity of youth to a remarkable degree. His name is identified with the history of the country as one of her noble defenders; and the many scars he has received are the best evidences of the perils encountered to secure the blessings of civil and religious liberty which we now enjoy. May both the time-honored patriots live to enjoy many years of peace and witness the country restored to the healthful condition of other days." It was startling to look upon the formidable array of letters which had accumulated during General Harrison's absence. The opening of this multitudinous correspondence was far too oppressive an undertaking for him after the afflictive intelligence just received, and I wish you could have seen the busy workers that first evening in Cincinnati. Cols. Todd, Pendleton, Major Clarkson and Mr. Ewing claimed the right or privilege of dumping the contents of the many overflowing bushel baskets on the floor after which some few of the epistles were handed over to the good General, but the greater part of the voluminous correspondence was soon reduced to ashes. To open

and read all the letters would not have been, to any person, the office of a sinecure, it was really a tax. At the solicitation of Col. Nathanael Pendleton, after the departure of Gen. Harrison, we became his guests, and many attentions were tendered by personal friends while distinguished honors flowed in upon dear papa.

*The Grand Raising.*

“More than 15,000 FREEMEN assembled to raise Old Tip, a new Cabin at SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, on Thursday June 18, 1840. This Cabin raising in this place was the tallest affair of the kind by far, that has ever yet been held in the Mad river Valley, or in the State at large. From Fifteen to Twenty Thousand persons were present to cheer on the good work of Cabin building and Government Reforming. Early on Wednesday evening buckeye trees began to be planted, and banners and flags to be reared. Thursday morning brought us a clear bright sunshine, while Banners, Flags, Canvas, Mottoes, and devices of all kinds, lined the main street for the space of a mile. Each house seemed a fortress of freedom, with its banner hanging ‘on the outer wall.’ Across the streets and alleys were stretched great sheets of canvas with divers inscriptions: ‘The People’s Candidates.’ ‘Keep the Ball Rolling.’ ‘Honest poor men better than rich public robbers.’ ‘Tip, Tyler and the Wagon Boy,’ and many others. Here stood a handsome Buckeye and nailed to it a finger board pointing Eastward ‘To Kinderhook 300 miles.’ There an old apron hung out labeled ‘Hard Times.’ Among many striking incidents we noticed the handsome sassafras cabin filled with ladies; a noble canoe not less than fifty feet long, hewn from a solid tree of giant size, drawn by six horses, and filled by men setting two abreast. They were ready to paddle not only old Tip’s canoe but row Van Buren up Salt river. The Trappers were decidedly in their glory. Their singular appearance attracted much attention; on each side of their cabin was a Steel Trap, with a weasel in his grip and on one side the words ‘Leg Treasurers look out.’ Squirrels and Coons alive. The whole mass of vehicles with a large body of horsemen escorted by a band of young men with a beautiful blue silk banner, they rolled along a huge ball, ten feet high covered with numerous pithy and pertinent devices and mottos. This large delegation was led by a large canoe which was paddled by ‘a native.’ About one o’clock we rode out on the National Road to meet Gen. Harrison. Three miles from town we found a numberless multitude, drawn up in good order, awaiting the approach of the Old Hero. The mass were literally covered with brilliant banners. A handsome carriage in which were thirty little misses, bearing each the name of one of the states or territories, and one the confederacy, inscribed on sky blue banners, made a most elegant appearance among those who had gone forth to welcome the Chief.

About half past one the Columbus Coach drove up, and the General—accompanied by that scarred Veteran, Solomon Van Rensselaer, and Colonels Clarkson and Todd—took a seat in an open barouche, and the whole assembly proceeded to the village. It was a beautiful sight—and no doubt caused the heart of Harrison to swell with pleasure—on reaching the brow of the hill east of the village, to observe the thousands assembled in the streets, and to see the long line of flags and banners stretching far off in the distance. Up to this moment all had passed away without anything to mar the general good will, or dampen the general enthusiasm. But, prior to making a circuit of the village, and pro-

ceeding to the speaker's stand to address the people, Gen. Harrison and his friends paused a short time at the residence of Mr. Warder. Here a letter was handed the General, informing him of the death of a favorite son, the fourth he has lost within a few years, and of the injury of a grandson, by the falling of a tree! So far as the principal character was concerned, all the pride of the pageantry was lost in the feelings of the bereaved father. The heavy hand of sorrow has already taught those who have lost their children, the disheartening influence of such news; and those who have not been robbed of their offspring by death, cannot be taught, by words, the depth of a parent's woe. As a matter of course, Gen. Harrison was in no condition to participate in the proceedings of the occasion, and this circumstance tended to produce general depression. Anxious to return to his suffering family, the General speedily resumed his route to Dayton. He passed through the crowd in an open barouche. Governor Vance addressed the multitude, explaining the cause of the unexpected departure of the people's favorite. To judge from the silence which pervaded the twenty thousand persons present, we should suppose that all, while they experienced keen disappointment, yet entered into the feelings of the General, and acknowledged that no course would be proper for him, other than the one which he had pursued. He passed uncovered through a dense mass, reaching from one end of the street to the other, and proceeded on his journey to North Bend. After the departure of Gen. Harrison, the people gathered at different points, and spent the day in listening to speeches and log cabin songs. Gen. Charles Anthony, Governor Vance and others addressed the assembly and their speeches were of the kind which go home to the good sense and better feelings of the people, but the sudden affliction and departure of Gen. H — was a source of deep regret."

Our time passed most agreeably while partaking the generous hospitalities of Col. Pendleton's splendid mansion. He has a lovely family; two grown up daughters Susan — and Martha, George H., a lad about sixteen, with three younger children; they are surrounded with every luxury that wealth can provide. The invitations — in every conceivable shape seemed unbounded. Col. Taylor with a committee of officers waited on papa (having first sent him a written invitation) to urge him to visit the "Tented Field" where a number of companies from Kentucky were encamped; we therefore deferred leaving Cincinnati till afternoon and yesterday morning — Friday 3d — went out with a large party of ladies and gentlemen. Gen. Van Rensselaer was received with military honors in the presence of an immense assemblage. It was a beautifully touching sight to see his silvery locks glistening in the sun as the old hero stood uncovered while they saluted and lowered their flags — (Three or four horses were frightened and ran off when the salutes were fired). He had for his Staff besides all the ladies, Col. Todd, Major Clarkson, Major Gwynne and Gen. Taylor of Kentucky. After papa had been escorted to the grand stand, the commanding officer returned for me and I felt quite honored as he gave our party an excellent position. The Hero of the day received a most lovely bouquet sent by a very charming lady of the "Queen City." We regretted to decline the pressing invitation from Gen. Taylor to become his guests for a few days, but we left Cincinnati in the four o'clock boat, Friday afternoon, for North Bend escorted by Col. Todd, Col. Taylor and Miss Lucy Este, a grand-daughter of Gen. Harrison. Miss Susan Pendleton was also to have accompanied us, but she and her father will join us next week in a

trip to Louisville. As the steamer pushed off, a salute was fired, in Gen. V. R.'s honor, from the wharf, which was returned from our boat, the surrounding vessels also paid him the same compliment; midst the firing of cannon nine or ten times, ladies in the balconies waved their handkerchief to which papa replied by showing his uncovered silvery head. When about three miles from the city another cannon was fired from the shore. We arrived at North Bend, sixteen miles below Cincinnati, in less than two hours and found Gen. Harrison waiting for us on the shore who expressed great delight at having us with him. North Bend is a delightful spot, situated directly on the Ohio; the Cabin stands back some distance; a beautiful lawn slopes down to the canal which runs between the house and river. This is a spacious and convenient dwelling, the original log cabin stands in the centre with wings on either side. Mrs. Harrison is one of the handsomest old ladies I have ever seen, she is a perfect beauty and such a good person I love her dearly. She asked me if Rensselaer was a cousin or brother; she felt quite attached to him as her son Carter esteemed him so highly and corresponded with him. Mrs. H——— does not yet leave her room, but is better. Gen. Harrison says, "Your father was a favorite with Judge Symmes and knew my wife—then Anna Symmes—long before I did."

To day being *Fourth of July* a number of gentlemen arrived, quite unexpectedly, to see Gen. Harrison; and then I felt exceedingly honored when the dear good master of the house came to Mrs. Harrison's room to seek me, and ask if I would "go in the kitchen to superintend dinner and get up some kind of dessert." There were plenty of domestics to do the drudgery, and I succeeded admirably so that at the dinner table the gratified General gave me full credit. He said the custards were delicious and the pastry so nice that when he gets to the "White House" in Washington I shall be QUEEN, and all the young aspirants for office shall go to me for a proper certificate before the honor shall be conferred.

The General brought with him from South America a splendid large Macaw, it is a species of parrot; it is quite tame, flies to the top of the lofty trees before the house, the plumage is very brilliant, but it makes a most unearthly croaking noise or scream so shrill. I must leave a little space for our dear father to write a few lines.

With very much love to all affectionately Yours,  
CATHARINA V. VAN RENSSELAER.

My dear Children,

Sunday Morning July 5.

Cuy has left little for me to say, indeed she must do all the writing for I have enough to do to answer the pressing invitations from all quarters and to attend to the calls which are daily made upon me. The Kentuckians are urging me to visit their State, and all are anxious that I should visit Benton's State; [Missouri] they say I can do more good than any other man; among others, Harrison is decidedly of that opinion. He and I visit Cincinnati to-morrow; we return in the evening or the next morning, when Col. Pendleton and daughter will return with us. I leave this on Wednesday, and after spending a day at Louisville (where they wish to give me a public dinner but which I shall decline) I shall proceed to St. Louis, and return by the way of Chicago, thence by steam up Lake Michigan to Mackinaw, down Lake Huron to Detroit. Cuy is delighted we are going that route, and it will be very pleasant. Let us find a letter at Detroit. Harrison will have an overwhelming majority West of the

Mountains, and he is every thing I could wish. He will call about him a Splendid Cabinet. We are just going to church at Cleves, a little town half a mile from this. Kiss each other for me and may God bless you all.

Your affectionate father,

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Rensselaer Van Rensselaer Esq., Albany, N. Y.

*Invitation to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir.

Louisville Ky., July 10, 1840.

In the name and on behalf of the Citizens of Louisville, we tender to you congratulations, and assurance of a hearty welcome to our City. The part which you have borne in the defense and honor of the Country, is known as well by the testimony of many Citizens of Kentucky who from time to time participated in the toils and dangers in which you had a distinguished share, as by the public Documents and History of the Campaign.

We desire that you will favour us and many others of the Citizens of the City, with an opportunity to tender personally our respects, by meeting us at a public Dinner at the Galt House this Evening at half after 3 o'clock.

GEO. M. BIBB,

FR. JOHNSON,

WM. COCHRAN,

JNO. O. COCHRAN,

J. E. DENDERGRAST,

G. WASHINGTON ANDERSON,

THOS. ANDERSON,

WM. H. FIELD.

“The falls on the Ohio river at Louisville are very picturesque in appearance; when the river is low, the whole width is covered with foam. The river is divided by an island which adds to the beauty of the scene. To obviate the obstruction to the navigation caused by the falls, a canal two and a half miles in length has been cut round them, to a place called Shippingsport. It was a work of immense labor, being for the greater part of its course cut through the solid rock. The total cost of the work was little short of a million dollars.” Taking a carriage we drove around by the canal when on stopping, PORTER the Kentucky Giant came up to converse with us.

*Catharina V. Van Rensselaer to her Sister.*

My Dear Margaretta,

Geneva August 5, 1840.

The trip with our dear father over the interesting sites connected with the War of 1812 was to me very exciting; a precious privilege to any person, but how much more to be appreciated by his child. After a very enjoyable visit at Buffalo and the recipients of much kindness from Dr. Charles Winne and his estimable wife, with complaisant attentions from many well known friends, we proceeded from Niagara Falls directly to Lewiston about seven miles distant. We called on two old and well tried friends, one of whom was very ill — the other had charge of the boat in which papa crossed on October 13th. Both of these men recognized, and were really delighted to see the brave old soldier who bore so conspicuous a part in that stirring time: they thought his *white hair* was the greatest change about him. I seemed to be treading on sacred ground in a fairy land, and with wrapt attention eagerly took in the different points as our dear father, with evident pleasure, explained all that I desired to know. Sending back our luggage to the Falls by the cars, we wandered around in every direction; many things recalled so forcibly past events, that I almost expected to meet the old Commander Gen. Stephen V. R., and hear the cheery greeting of Major Lovett. On the summit of the

Heights before us stood the lofty Monument; and yonder in full view had once passed the ill-fated army of General Hull. We lingered long, and then walking down to the river's edge crossed in a small boat to the other shore; the passage was perfectly safe, but the great rapidity of the current together with the many eddies in the stream made me feel safer with my hand clasped firmly by the "loved one" at my side. Lewiston was named in honor of our old friend Gen. Morgan Lewis, but we must leave him for we have now crossed the Niagara river and are at Queenstown which is delightfully situated having a fine view of Lake Ontario.

The landlord at the hotel said, papa's visiting Queenston that day was a singular coincidence as his name was in the morning papers in connection with the great battle [it was an extract from Gen. Harrison's letter for the Cincinnati dinner.] After satisfying our curiosity with the village and its surroundings, we took an extra coach to ourselves for the Falls stopping at Brock's Monument. Alighting from the vehicle, we slowly ascended to the site nearly 370 feet above the river. When I was here in February, 1836, while on my way to Ohio with Uncle Schuyler Van Rensselaer and my sister Harriet Maria, the monument was in a perfect condition, we went up the winding stairs to the top from the base inside; the view was magnificent, but now the spiral flight of steps is entirely destroyed, no part of it remaining but a short iron rail that is fastened to the wall. We had been told the monument had crumbled to the ground in pieces; it however has not fallen but it looks very much dilapidated and as though it might fall any moment. It is cracked from top to base, crevices large enough to put in both hands; the entire structure looked very dangerous and I did not at all regret to find ourselves again safe in the carriage. Papa feels very indignant at this cowardly ruin of a tribute to such a noble man as Gen. Brock. The Canadians evince much bitter feeling about this act of vandalism and have come to the very sage conclusion that the destruction of this memorial was sanctioned by the nation! "On the night of April 17, 1840 — only 3½ months since — some evil-minded and unknown persons [Lett] endeavored to blow up the monument by gunpowder. This disgraceful attempt was partially successful; the keystone over the door was thrown out and the structure badly cracked." After a charming ride we reached the Falls; then went on the top of the house for a view and from thence to Table Rock close to the grand Horse Shoe Fall. I had seen so many gratifying things on the Canada side I was really loth to leave. Never again would I stand with our dear father by that noted rock, at the foot of the rapids on which he jumped from his boat — never again pause with him, in speaking silence on that plateau where he lay, riddled with balls, among the dead, dying and wounded.

About seven o'clock we accompanied a party down to the rushing water's edge, and crossed, safely in a small boat, to the American side and were soon lodged at the Cataract House where we found our baggage. General Peter B. Porter called on papa that same evening, and urged us to remove to his residence; the kind invitation being declined, he courteously insisted upon our being his guests for the following day. After an early breakfast I was one of a party that visited Goat Island, from thence went down the "Biddle Stairway," on the west of Luna Island, along the rocks to the edge of the wonderful falls; I felt well repaid, but was not sorry to find myself safe at the top of the spiral stairs. We crossed the Terrapin bridge a "structure 300 feet in length, and projecting 10 feet over the

falls, to the stone tower, going up the winding steps to the top, a height of 45 feet;" the view was indeed sublime. Navy Island came in for a full share of deep interest and inspection as the abiding place for a time of our much loved patriot brother. On our return to the hotel we found Gen. Porter with his estimable daughter and his son's wife had been after us; we went to his pleasant mansion and found an elegant entertainment prepared, with a few gentlemen guests to meet Gen. Van Rensselaer. In the afternoon Gen. Porter took us for a charming drive to their farm. [Gen. Peter B. Porter died at Niagara Falls, March 20, 1844, aged 71 years.]

Did I write about our charming visit to Philip on Put-in-Bay Island? While there the Captain of a Revenue Schooner invited us to go in his vessel to Sandusky City; the sail was delightful in this miniature Man-of-War. I regretted to leave the beautiful harbor at Put-in-Bay where once was anchored the whole squadron of Commodore Perry. Our dear father finds pleasant land marks all over, and his entire trip has been to him exceedingly interesting. The only things left behind not regretted were the rattlesnakes; the boys made a thriving business in catching these vile serpents at Rattle snake Island, and then selling them to the passengers on the steam boats.

One afternoon hearing a great commotion I looked out of my bed-room window which opened on the narrow portico; four of the young men were busily engaged around a large barrel. In answer to my inquiry of what they were doing; they very cautiously raised a heavy cover displaying a large lot of Rattlesnakes of every size; two or three moved their articulated horny cells, with such a vibrating motion that the rattling sound was fearful. I had seen quite enough, but I closed the glass of my window very securely, yet I fancied all night I heard them darting against the cover, much to my disquietude. We are now the guests of H. V. R. Schermerhorn, Esq., but go often to see Kate who is very ill, both she and Frank Dwight urge us to visit them but I think she is too unwell. [Mrs. Catharine V. R. Dwight died August 20, 1840.] Aunt and Uncle Schermerhorn are quiet well. Mrs. Gideon Lee called to see me and invited me to remain on a visit to her; she sent her carriage for us Monday afternoon, we took tea at Mr. Lee's residence and had a pleasant, social time. We had a charming sail from Geneva across the lake to Jefferson, and all were delighted with the wild, romantic Glen, we enjoyed the trip. Mr. Watkins was truly glad to see papa. Seneca lake is very deep and the water never freezes; the sail over this beautiful sheet of water together with the scenery about the picturesque ravine is well worth viewing.

On Saturday, August 1st, papa went with Rensselaer Schermerhorn and Francis Dwight to a public meeting about 30 miles from Geneva to Vienna, which is beautifully situated at the outlet of Canandaigua lake. The band drawn by four horses and followed by a number of vehicles drove up to Rensselaer's house and stopped, when three gentlemen came in for Gen. Van Rensselaer, and led him on the piazza. One of the band rose and said three cheers for the "Hero of Queenston" the gentlemen standing in their carriages made the welkin ring with their noise. The music then struck up a march and Papa walked out to the barouche immediately following the band; the other carriages formed in a line behind and made quite a respectable procession. They sent a messenger ahead to give notice, and on entering the village found the men drawn up in a double

line who gave hearty cheers and saluted the old Hero as he passed down the centre; the party returned in excellent spirits but wearied. The paper says: "There was a Great Whig Gathering at Vienna in the town of Phelps. As the procession was forming a numerous Cavalcade from Geneva, Waterloo and Seneca Falls, made its appearance. The procession was opened to receive them, and as they were passing through, the venerable GENERAL SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER was recognized in one of the carriages. A universal and spontaneous shout of welcome arose from all present; and the associate of HARRISON in the hard fought battle of Miami, the time honored and time worn soldier, was again and again greeted with the cheers and acclamations of the people." *Syracuse, August 8th.* We arrived at this place on Thursday afternoon, Major Forman was waiting for us at the depot. Papa left early yesterday morning for Oswego to return next Monday. "Great Whig Gatherings" are very common and he has accepted an invitation to be present at the Utica assembling. We are to be guests of Mr. Devareux. Papa joins me in affectionate love. Ever yours.

CATHARINA V. VAN RENSSELAER.

Miss Margaretta Van Rensselaer, Cherry Hill.

*Oswego County Whig Meeting.*

"The arrival of General Solomon Van Rensselaer at our Village on the 7th, on his return from a visit to his friend Gen. Harrison, his compatriot in arms at the battle of Miami, under Wayne, afforded the citizens an opportunity to pay the respect due to him as a soldier, who had on more than one occasion shed his blood in defence of his Country. And yielding to the solicitation of his friends, he consented to appear at the Market House, there to receive such public demonstrations which a worthy citizen and gallant soldier justly merited. Such was the ardor and spirit on the occasion that within a few hours after notice was given the large room in the Market-House, on the Evening of the 8th, was filled to overflowing; when immediately on the appointment of officers, Matthew McNail, Esq., President, Messrs. Cochrane and Barnes, Vice-Presidents, Messrs. Isaacs and Van Schaack, Secretaries, and Gen. Van Rensselaer had taken his seat on the right of the President, three cheers were given for the Hero of Queenston. The meeting was then addressed by Mr. Duer, fully answering the expectations of those who had heard him on other like occasions. Animated by the presence of him who had fought side by side with his friend Harrison, he eloquently presented his History — his appointment by Washington as an officer of the dragoons at the age of 18 — his gallant conduct at the Battle of Miami, under Wayne, in 1794, when he witnessed the bravery by Harrison, aid to the commander, in the thickest of the fight — his seven wounds — his consequent suffering from them and the many which he received at the Battle of Queenston in the War of 1812 — his subsequent appointment of Post Master at Albany by President Monroe and removal from it for opinion's sake by (tell it not in Gath, nor in the streets of Askelon) Martin Van Buren, whose undeserved elevation to the office of President was lamented by every one capable of feeling for the honor and character of the Government. Mr. Duer was listened to with deep interest, frequently by loud expressions of approbation by the audience. Mr. Bond being called upon to address the meeting, gave a rapid but glowing sketch of the public life and service of Gen. Harrison which drew from the audience repeated acclamations.

“It was a happy effort upon the spur of the occasion, exhibiting in just light the character of him, who, in all the stations he occupied, whether in peace or in war, like the Father of his Country, never failed to do his duty, and which he did do with an ability and fidelity, which entitles him to the highest Honors a free and magnanimous people can confer. The meeting then adjourned with cheers three times three previous to which, on motion of Mr. Fitzhugh, it was resolved that the thanks of the meeting be tendered to Gen. S. Van Rensselaer for his kind attendance and prompt and fearless vindication of the character of Gen. Harrison from the foul aspersions of the opposition.

“Mr. Monroe, not unmindful of General Van Rensselaer’s services, during the last term of his presidency, appointed him to the office of Postmaster at Albany. But Martin Van Buren incapable of any act independent of considerations which respected self, having always an eye to the ways and means to promote his selfish purposes, sees no worth in any one in the distribution of offices unless he can procure him votes. Although Martin’s evil genius accompanied Gen. Jackson in measures injurious to the best interests of the Country, yet the old soldier, when he entered upon his office as President, utterly refused to listen to his application to turn Van Rensselaer out of his office, alleging that he had bravely faced the enemies of his Country, and shed his blood in its defence. The patience and the hardships endured, and the valor displayed, afford fruitful themes for the most brilliant displays of Victory. A President of generous feeling and manly bearing, who would value ancestral services, and who knew that the father of General Van Rensselaer had fought and bled in the cause which gave us liberty and Independence, would not, as Gen. Jackson did not, remove the son from office for mere opinion’s sake.”

*James Cochran to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear General,

Oswego, Aug. 15, 1840.

Accompanying this note, is a paper containing the proceedings of the meeting you attended at this place. It fell to my lot to write out the proceedings and hope you will be pleased with it. It no doubt would have been done better by some other pen, but hurried as I was I did the best I could. Mrs. Cochran is well and joins me in best regards for you and your family. I need not tell you, how happy we would be to see any one of your daughters, as well as yourself at Oswego to occupy rooms in our house, in case of a visit. With affectionate regards, Your friend.

Genl. Solomon Van Rensselaer.

JAMES COCHRAN.

*Judge McLean to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear Sir,

New York, Nov. 19, 1840.

The battle is won, and victory perches on the brow of him who cannot fail to confer honor upon the Station to which he has been called by the general voice of his fellow citizens. The battle is won, but the triumph must be perpetuated. The movements in this quarter touching the organization of the Administration I fear are premature, and unless they shall be arrested, a dangerous issue may be presented by our enemies in 1843. The old Hero’s Cabinet must be erected on the Republican Platform, if we hope for the succession. All personal preferences must be merged in the great cause of the country; and the friends of Clay and Webster must make mutual concessions for the general good.

There are men enough friends of both these distinguished Statesmen

eminently qualified to sustain the integrity of the party, and discharge the duties which might be assigned them in the Cabinet. The names of Clay-ton, Ewing, Sargent, Southard, Crittenden, Rives, Davis, Preston, &c., rank high in the catalogue of Statesmen and patriots, and a selection from these and such as these as members of the Executive Council could not fail to secure the approbation of all true hearted Whigs.

Let me request your good offices in adjusting the difficulties which I have adverted to, and your friends will owe you an additional debt of gratitude.

faithfully yours &c..

General Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany.

JOHN McLEAN.

*Silas E. Burrows to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear Sir,

New York, Jany. 2, 1841.

There is great excitement in this City among the various applicants for the Collectorship and Post Master's situations. No original Harrison men are yet moving for their prizes, but are waiting for the 4th of March when their old veteran General's Reveille shall have beaten. We want *you* to select any situation in the land, and rely on us — to do all in our power to gratify your wishes, with an assurance that nine tenths of the original friends of Genl. Harrison will unite in the same. With him you battled for our Country in 1794, with him you have crossed the "*wintery Alps* and slept upon its snows," and now when victory has crowned your labors, and a grateful Country looks to you as brothers in arms, there is nothing that the old body guard of Harrison more desire, than to see you with him reap the richest reward the Country can give to gratify your wishes. The two most prominent candidates, and who have knocked at most men's doors to obtain their endorsements, did all in their power to prevent the election of Genl. Harrison up to the Harrisburgh nomination, and one of them played such a card that he nearly destroyed us. We had rather trust the present incumbents than such men as these. When at North Bend in November I left a request that you should be Secretary of War if you would accept of it, and very recently have heard it reported, that you preferred coming to this City. Do you recollect last summer I said to you in Albany, that you must come here and take your selection of the offices? We want to know what your wishes are, and we are with you to a man. There are no duties in the Custom House for a Collector to perform, but what you can do without difficulty.

Do let me hear from you and believe me very truly your sincere friend and Most Obt. Svt.

SILAS E. BURROWS.

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer.

*John S. Borron to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear Sir,

New York, Jany 20, 1841.

Your friends in New York have been mortified to see the *letter writers* in Washington ascribing to you the intention of being a candidate for Collector &c. I have on all occasions declared that you was *not* a candidate for any office; but that the whole country expected and believed, that General Harrison would either invite you into the Cabinet, or offer you such an office, as your friends would consider due to your eminent public services. We are of the opinion that much of the matter in the letters from Washington originates from certain Members of Congress. I will take this opportunity to state, that great and universal dissatisfaction prevails all over the Country, at the bold attempts that are now making

by certain men at Washington to arrange appointments long before the opinion of Gen. Harrison is known upon the subject. I have a very high opinion of many Members of Congress. But I have a still higher opinion of the virtue and intelligence of the people. The recent glorious triumph is conclusive evidence that *the people* were better judges of what the country demanded, than our representatives in Congress. From the whole history of General Harrison's life we shall find that it has been his invariable practice to consult the will of the people, this has been the ground of his immense popularity every where. Gen. Harrison would have been triumphantly elected in 1836 if the *politicians, who are now so anxious to control every thing, had not prevented.* \* \* \* \*

I am most Respectfully yours

General Solomon Van Rensselaer, Washington. JOHN S. BOWRON.

*Silas E. Burrows to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear General,

New York, Jany. 21, 2841.

I was detained in Washington till Tuesday morning which prevented my seeing you Monday evening at Philadelphia. The public opinion, expressed by those I saw on the road, in relation to your appointment as Collector was very gratifying to me. It seems to be considered, an acknowledged right of yours, as one of those appointments General Harrison will make as a matter of course. With him you fought, with him you have entwined wreaths of glory around the Standard of our Country, and with him we now desire you to be honored, and to receive such an income as shall make you feel happy and independent as the evening of life approaches.

I *know* you have more personal influence and popularity in *this* State, and I think in the United States than Genl. Scott, and I am sure your prospects as successor to Genl. Harrison are better than the hero of Chippeway. I assure you there is no situation in the U. States which enables the incumbent to exert such an influence (and at the same time do his duty) as the Collectorship of New York. If you are Collector, you can be Governor when you please; and I am honest in saying I believe sincerely you can be *Tippecanoe's* successor. Or should you prefer, can give the direction as to who shall be, and that direction will be pure, genuine, unadulterated Harrison influence which I desire to see, feel, hear and know pervades the entire land.

To support triumphantly the Log-Cabin interest I have sacrificed every personal consideration, and have expended more time and money than any individual in the U. States; and I should be deeply mortified, and desire to leave my country forever if those were appointed to the first offices in this City, who personally — previous to the Harrisburg Convention — treated me with sneers and ridicule because my favorite candidate was not of their selection. I have suffered severely on a Polar expedition; have been for three days and nights on an Iceberg without food or sleep, but I did not endure as much as I have from the insults of individuals, during the last year connected with the Election. And some of the same individuals are now laying claim to the best offices in the land. If it was only money they were to obtain it would be different; but with the honor, their base slanders will be confirmed, and I, for one, should wish to hide my head in their presence. Either give us a representative of the noble Harrison, or allow the present incumbent to remain in the Custom House. On this subject perhaps I possess too much warmth of feeling, but it is so

intimately connected with the honor and happiness of Genl. Harrison, and of his faithful soldiers, that my course is an uncompromising one; sustained by every principle of *justice, honor* and sound policy.

General Harrison and his friends are to give the direction of public opinion to his successor, and when I see you the end shall be related, of which this is only the beginning. In relation to the most prominent candidate for the Collectorship, I have information sufficient to satisfy Gen. Harrison that he should not receive the appointment. If you desire I will visit Washington, whenever you please and communicate with you personally on the subject. Believe me truly yours forever

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Washington.

SILAS E. BURROWS.

*William L. Stone to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear General,

New York, Jan'y 23, 1841.

I intended to have written you sooner, but it was not until yesterday afternoon that I succeeded in all the inquiries that I wished to make.

The Marshal's office, on an average, is worth about fifteen thousand dollars a year. It is a very genteel office, and the duties are nearly all discharged by a Deputy. The profits have been as high as Eighteen thousand Dollars. But there is some talk in Congress of cutting down the fees to five thousand. If the fees should not be reduced, this is the most desirable office in the city. The regular proceeds of the Collector's office in ordinary times, and when administered more with a view to the public good than to private Emolument, I believe is rated at an average of Twelve Thousand. But as I said to you, the income can be largely increased by the *Storage System*, as it has been practiced by Mr. Hoyt. He has also been in the practice of making many Seizures. In consequence of these additions — it is believed that Hoyt's income has been from 17,000 to 20,000 Dollars per Annum. But under the new order of things it will probably fall down to Twelve Thousand. The office of Collector is very arduous, requiring the whole time of the Collector, and is brought into continual contact with the merchants, every day, upon nice legal points, and a thousand vexatious questions. The next important Office is the Post Office — I have taken great pains to ascertain all about this office, and so has my partner — Mr. Hall — who is also your friend. Mr. Hall, you know, has, all his life, had a great deal to do with the Post Office. And as it is now conducted, both Mr. Hall and myself think it the very best office in the City. The boxes now produce *Eight Thousand Dollars* per annum. The Salary is *Two Thousand Dollars*. The City Letters produce an average of *One Thousand Dollars a year*. This makes the clear income *Eleven Thousand Dollars per Annum*. But this is not the best part of it. There are *two Post Offices*. The lower Post Office costs the Post Master fourteen hundred Dollars a year, and its clear income is more than *ten Thousand Dollars*, as I am informed. This, then, is the best office in the City. With its duties you are perfectly familiar. The labor can in a great measure be done by Deputy. It is a far better office than the Collectors, with not a hundredth part of the labor and responsibility.

I am, Dear Sir — Very truly Yours

WILLIAM L. STONE.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany.

Colonel Stone was an honorable man, and a true friend to General Van Rensselaer; his opinion so fully expressed was a pure free will offering of kindness and patriotism, as such it carried weight. There were others,

however, who were playing an underhand game, but the old general was neither intimidated or hoodwinked; he was well aware of the jealousy of a few politicians and had no desire to fan the embers into a prodigious flame. There was no necessity for deep searching of motives, in reference to all the unsolicited advice, he was constantly receiving about certain offices and the contemptible intriguers stood clearly unveiled in their duplicity.

*Philip W. Groot to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear General,

Albany, Jany. 23, 1841.

I find by the New York papers that you left that City on the previous Monday for Washington. I perceive the N. Y. Express speaks favorably of your claim of Collector of New York; the Argus in his comments upon what the Express says (in speaking of you) Genl. Van Rensselaer "who resisted and defeated the efforts of Weed and the Junto to endorse a selection of State Delegates in favor of Gen. Scott, and was no way inefficient in resisting and defeating the same influences at Harrisburgh;" the general opinion pervades here and by what some New Yorkers, just from there say, that no man living has a stronger claim, and that would give more general satisfaction to that office. It is here generally conceded, and talked of, that *you* are the man. Your family are all well. Charles E. Dudley is no more, he left this scene of action 10 o'clock this morning. J. T. B. Van Vechten is no more. For your kindness to me, I shall ever feel grateful, and believe me to be,

Your Humble Servt.,

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Washington, D. C. P. W. GROOT.

The *Express* of Tuesday says regarding Gen. Van Rensselaer of Albany: "This gentleman left the city yesterday for Washington. It is now said he is a candidate for the New York collectorship and with much appearance of truth." The *Argus* comments: "We are not surprised that Gen. Van Rensselaer should go to Washington as a candidate for the New York collectorship. Nor shall we be surprised if he obtains the appointment. He is an old friend and companion in arms of the president elect; was foremost among the "Whigs" of the city who resisted and defeated the efforts of Weed and the Junto to ensure a selection of state delegates in favor of Gen. Scott; and was by no means inefficient in resisting and defeating the influences at Harrisburg. If Gen. Van Rensselaer should intimate a willingness to receive the appointment, there is but little doubt that his wishes will be gratified."

*Extract from a letter of R. C. Wetmore.*

My Dear Sir,

New York, February 3, 1841.

\* \* \* I wrote you yesterday a few lines in which I explained my views and expressed my disapprobation of the covert and insidious attacks made by the newspaper letter writers on the character and position of General Van Rensselaer.

I wrote that letter in exceeding haste and amidst numerous interruptions, and perhaps did not say as fully as I intended to do, that my feelings would prompt me unhesitatingly and most cordially to withdraw my Claims to the Collectorship, in favour of Gen. Van Rensselaer, in the event that the President Elect should find himself at all embarrassed in regard to the selection. However much I might be disposed to occupy the post, with the view to the advantages it might enable me to confer upon the large body of honest and hard-working friends of the *true Whig party* in

this City, still I would not for any consideration, certainly for none that had reference to my own interests merely, consent for a moment to persist in an application that should present obstacles to the satisfactory arrangements of the subject. Still less could I be induced to insist upon any claim I may be supposed to possess in opposition to one whom I esteem so highly as I do the Gentleman named, and whose *ulterior* political views are so entirely in accordance with my own. Should Genl. Van Rensselaer prove the successful candidate, I must beg of you to commend to his favor and consideration the portion of the party in this city, who have borne all the burden and labor of our past conflict. \* \* \* With my best respects believe me your assured friend.

ROBT. C. WETMORE.

J. N. Reynolds, Esq., Washington City.

*Elbert Herring to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

New York, Feb. 1841.

Since your departure, I have thought and talked a good deal on the topic of our last Conversations, with a view to discover materials, if any existed, whereon to form a new, or change old opinions. I have judged it not unadvisable to communicate the result; knowing that you confide in my frankness and intelligence, and that I am actuated by the sincerest desire to promote your best interests, both by counsel and friendly acts to the extent of my ability. The contending claims for the berth of Collectorship of this Port renders it certain, that dissatisfaction will arise from its allotment on mere political grounds.

Mr. Webster has his protegee, Mr. Clay has his; and their respective adherents enter into the question with opposing zeal in a manner, that cannot fail of ripening into a feud, probably of ending in hostility in the success of either party. The designation of a person, exempt from this serious inconvenience, would relieve Gen. Harrison from embarrassment in a choice between such delicate Interests, and prevent a collision much to be deprecated. And it has always been conceded, that other things being equal, personal feelings might rightfully influence the Executive in the selection of the Individual for whatever post he is competent to fill. On these grounds, knowing the long standing friendship and strict intimacy subsisting between the President elect and yourself, I should not hesitate to advise him, if I were on terms of advice to consult his own predilection solely, and to appoint you to the place off hand, without waiting to adjust the unadjustable pretensions of rival Candidates. These considerations address themselves more particularly to Gen. Harrison as the appointing power, but they are not without a bearing on yourself, as a distinguished partizan, and a firm supporter of his Administration.

In the rival contest between Clay and Webster for the future Presidency, you are not supposed to have taken a part, and of course present no obnoxiousness to either Interest. Let the Collectorship become a prize for future struggle, rather than a cause of present heartburning and vindictive strife. With respect to your appointment to the office, my dear Sir, the objections are all commonplace, and without positive eogeney. You are a younger Man by several years, than David Gelston was while he held it. The duties are neither complex nor arduous, no ways as onerous as those of either of the Secretaryships under the Government. In their discharge, you can properly and readily avail yourself of the services of a tried deputy and experienced Subordinates the most useful and worthy of whom might be retained in their respective stations. The

business would go on regularly and without the least impediment by virtue of the existing organization, the machinery of which would not be disturbed. I would as soon rely on your Judgment, as that of any other man in disposing of whatever questions may arise; for the law is the Index of decisions in all cases, and its exposition would soon be familiar. Your not being a Resident of the City is equally futile. President Jefferson appointed a Resident of Virginia to the Collectorship of New Orleans. President Madison appointed a Resident of Virginia to be Navy Agent at this Port. President Monroe appointed a Resident of this City to be Collector at St. Augustine. Gen. Jackson appointed a Non Resident, the present Collector of Boston. The objection on this head is of the meanest description of Common-place, and therefore not worth controverting. All the ostensible Candidates for the Collectorship of this Port are, in one sense, Squatters among us. Not one from any of the old families in this City, or this State even, not one a long Resident either of the City or State. I have made up my mind conclusively, that you ought on no account to allow yourself to be diverted from a steady pursuit and successful attainment of this object. It is of paramount Interest, and, if obtained, of easy execution. It is honor to yourself — independence to your family — and patronage to your friends. Regard not, I beseech you, the insidious schemes and pretended candor of those, who would wish to supplant your Claims. *They* study their own Interests. Be *you* equally tenacious of your own and all will be well.

With high Respect, Your Friend and Servt.,  
Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Washington, D. C. ELBERT HERRING.

Feb. 10, 1841.

A friend wrote: "Dear General, I received a letter from the city of New York and from one who knows, and is placed in a sphere to know all that is going on among a certain clique to operate unfavorably against you. The fact is that class consists of certain members of Congress, with others, they are working to secure unto themselves all the 'loaves and fishes' to suit themselves and to exclude you; or in other words to choke you off they use all kind of epithets as to your claim. It is nothing strange, for the same men did so in the Convention at Harrisburgh to defeat Gen. Harrison's nomination, which if you had acceded to their wishes would have defeated Harrison's nomination not only, but we would have been a defeated people as far as president is concerned. Look out for there are 'breakers' ahead.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### INAUGURATION AND FUNERAL.

*S. De Witt Bloodgood to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear General,

Albany Feb. 15, 1841.

As you may well suppose we are all on the *qui vive* as to the movements of our Chief.

I have one report about the rumors received here. They seem to indicate that Members of Congress are to receive too many offices under the government, a bad principle, since it leads such men to sacrifice their representative character for mere selfish purposes. In some of the cases

we hear of, the objection is increased by the fact that if they had succeeded in their opposition to Gen. Harrison, the Country ere this would have been ruined. The report that you will resume the Post Office here, gives general satisfaction. Croswell himself told me this was right and proper. What is to become of the rest of us we know not. I have a confidence in Gen. Harrison which leads me to believe, that he will not suffer me to be broken down in his cause. He will not leave his wounded on the field I am sure. If he knew how uunanimously public opinion assigned me the position I seek [Consulship at Liverpool] he would not hesitate to put my mind at ease. Surely no name that has yet reached me should outweigh mine. Even Hoffman told Col. Austin of Boston that "if *any* one *deserved* any thing of the General it was Mr. Bloodgood of Albany." From the intimacy subsisting between us and the services we were enabled to render you, in placing you at Harrisburgh, I have no doubt you will carry out your former assurances to me of your hearty assistanee at Washington should my position require your aid. Your friends are well.

Very truly Yours

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Washington.

S. D. W. BLOODGOOD.

The same day *another* letter was written by Mr. Bloodgood to a true hearted gentlemen, who did not connive at but exposed the dark underhand manœuvering. "I am satisfied that demagogues have already got possession of the power, and that original Harrison men will have no chance. Yet for all, I shall come on and try my hand and I shall not be easily repulsed." He had previously written on Feb. 5th, "Weed and Co. are for Granger in the Cabinet — this I suppose is to get him out of the way of Seward for the U. S. Senate. But it would be far better for them to go Verplank. I am trying to leave by the 20th. There is a good deal of pulling and hauling here." A few days subsequently a letter written by another person was sent on to Washington: "You must know my dear Brother, that Bloodgood of this City has written to Gen. D — not to approve but of the appointment of Gen. Van Rensselaer to the Post Office at Albany, and to disapprove of Mr. Granger going into the Cabinet. It would appear that Gen. D — has shewn the letters to Gen. V. R. also to Mr. Granger, and that they both have copies of his letters." This was all very correct intelligence; and Gen. Van Rensselaer was also furnished with copies of other letters which proved, definitely to his wounded feelings, that there was very much deceit, and subtle artifice practiced even by some wearing the mask of genuine friendship. "And that every effort was being made to induce General Harrison and his friends to believe, that Gen. Van Rensselaer was not an *original* Harrison man, but opposed to him, that in 1835-'6 he would do nothing, &c. &c. The wise men are *mum*, although there is an evident fluttering among the clique — they want to rise, but they know not which way to shape their course, and will probably remain *in cover* until after the fourth of March. Seward shows some restiveness in the harness of the clique who are suspicious of John C. Spencer."

"*New York Feb. 16, 1841.* General Van Rensselaer's name forms an exception to the general rule. His name is the property of the Nation, at the sound of which every patriotic American heart beats with gratitude. We have considered he stood too high, was too well known to require endorsement, by an array of names. We believed it would be an insult to

that noble individual (who fought and bled with our Wayne and Harrison and whose body was perforated with balls on the heights of Queenston; who was removed from an insignificant office at Albany by Mr. Van Buren because he could not be bribed to betray his native land; whose influence accomplished the Harrisburg nomination, and who has done more for his Country, and been worse paid, than any other individual in the United States) to ask any persons to recommend *him to General Harrison*. If, however we have erred, if names are wanted, we will give not less than the Twenty Thousand from New York City, and will give this number without resorting to the pitiful course of drafting conscripts! No man is better qualified, in every way, to fill the station of Collector of this Port than Gen. Van Rensselaer, none can be appointed that will be so acceptable to the people in general, as they all know with him, there will be no defalcations; and if necessary he can obtain three times as many names as any other candidate. In relation to the Collector's duty in this City, no one understands it better than myself, I therefore speak intelligently and without fear of contradiction, when I say, that no man can conduct the business, as Collector of the Port of New York, with more honor both to himself and to the Administration or to greater advantage to the People than General Solomon Van Rensselaer."

*Catharina V. Van Rensselaer to her Brother.*

My Dear Brother,

Washington City February 18, 1841.

Your letter to Papa arrived this afternoon. You know I am with him in the capacity of private secretary, therefore he has delegated me to answer your inquiries immediately. He desires me to say that General Harrison has refused to hear of any applications for office until after the inauguration, consequently our dear father has not spoken of an office either for himself or any other person; but immediately *after* the General is inducted into office he will exert himself earnestly in your behalf. It was only because he could not definitely tell you any thing that would be satisfactory in regard to your wishes that he has not written. He says Major Forman must prepare that "Petition" and send it on before the 4th of March, and then if he finds it necessary will act upon it, if not will keep it back. At a proper time he will also attend to Uncle Kilian's business, but at present *nothing* can be accomplished, and the dear good man maintains a strict reticence on the subject of appointments. Now will you be pleased to tell that good Uncle of mine, I am deeply sensible of the honor he puts on me; and since he so fully appreciates "the influence of young ladies in such matters," I will also exert myself for his preferment, and shall in return hold him to his promise that when Charged with Affairs to Texas, "he will fix me a *sunny spot* in that region — all *flowers and love* — to run to, when the cold of the North is like to chill the warm feelings of the heart." On Saturday the 6th, Gen. Van Rensselaer went to Baltimore to meet the President elect; and on Monday evening at Mrs. Hill's party, the Hon. Frank Granger told me he had seen in the morning paper a very pretty account of papa's being in the "Monumental City" and that the honorable company were expected to arrive in Washington on Tuesday the 9th at eleven o'clock. A gentleman had kindly offered to escort us to see the grand *entree*, therefore early on Tuesday he arrived in his carriage and soon we were in the pleasant parlor of Mrs. Boud — wife of the Representative from Chillicothe — on Pennsylvania Avenue, where we had a fine view of the cortege. A very heavy wet snow was falling

fast, but an immense concourse of people — several thousands — together with the Tippecanoe clubs with their banners, were at the depot when the cars arrived at 11 A. M. As the train approached three guns were fired, at which signal the bells rang out a joyous peal. General Harrison was received by the Mayor, W. Seaton, and provided with a pair of thick warm overshoes. Preceded by the Marine band playing stirring airs, and followed by the vast assemblage, General Harrison — who was now in the “hands of the city authorities,” walked up with hat off, to the City Hall leaning on the arm of the Mayor and another gentleman. Gen. Van Rensselaer came next walking with a friend, Col. Chambers and Col. Todd — both Aids during the war — accompanied him. “*This was General Harrison’s birth-day*, and what a triumph for any man on such an occasion, to enter the metropolis of his country, to be greeted by the cheers of thousands. Not eleven years ago Gen. H. came quietly to Washington, as a recalled Minister from Colombia; removed by Gen. Jackson, and passed on with a heavy heart to his home in Ohio. To day he returns to the same place, as the President of the United States, chosen by a majority of more than one hundred and forty thousand people.”

The morning after the arrival, Papa, who was in excellent spirits, took us down to see the President Elect, and Mr. Granger invited us into his parlor — which is directly opposite, as the rooms of the great man were filled. Presently the door opened and General Harrison entered followed by Col. Todd, Major Chambers, Messrs. Ewing, Webster, Crittenden, Edward Curtiss, Robert Wickliffe and a host of other gentlemen. Honors, however, sat easily on the great Chief for — with a total disregard to the crowd, and manifesting as much affection as if he had been at North Bend he crossed the room coming straight to where I stood, threw both arms around me and kissed me with a father’s tender love. But oh! my New York bonnet! it was all crushed out of comely shape into innumerable angles, by the blunt old soldier’s demonstrative exhibition of joy. I had of course to take the unsightly article off my head, and Mr. Granger — with his ever chivalrous attention to ladies — led me to the mirror to readjust it. The General said, in the Spring Lucy Este was coming on to Washington with his Wife, and that I must certainly spend next Winter with them at the White House; and he had not forgotten his promise that I certainly was to be QUEEN. Some of the gentlemen remarked: “That is coming to the point,” and it really created considerable merriment. I have heard from a dozen persons about that kiss! It is surprising to see how the lightest words of the General are magnified in import by cringing flatterers!

Mr. Webster shook hands and said, “he had not the pleasure of meeting me before, as when he called I was out, but he had frequently observed me in the gallery of the senate.” That same morning, Wednesday, Gen. Harrison took a carriage and went up to the White House to pay his respects to Mr. Van Buren, while Virginia Smith and myself were escorted to the Capitol to see the *electoral votes* counted and hear the official announcement of the election. On being notified that: “The house of representatives is *now* ready to receive the senate,” the dignified senators filed into the representative chamber, and when the great congressional body was assembled, the tellers proceeded to ascertain the whole number of votes. The list was then presented to the president of the senate, Vice President Richard M. Johnson, whose voice really trembled while announcing that Harrison and Tyler were chosen. He declared: “William Henry Harri-

son, of Ohio, duly elected president of the United States, commencing with the fourth day of March next; and John Tyler, of Virginia, vice president of the United States, commencing with the fourth day of March next." On motion of Hon. Caleb Cushing, a resolution was adopted for the appointment of a committee to notify General Harrison of his election to the highest office in the republic. The other day we heard the "old man eloquent," Hon. John Quincy Adams — and Mr. Granger in the house of representatives on the burning of the steam boat *Caroline*. We were also present when the Hon. Henry A. Wise and Mr. Adams had that scene of disorder and confusion in the house, after the recess. Indeed we frequent the Capitol often, having a rich treat in hearing the first men of our nation, from our comfortable seats in the "light bronze gallery lined with crimson. There is also a crimson drapery suspended between the columns, together with gilding and drapery over the speaker's chair." When wearied with the debates we promenade in the rotunda viewing the historical pictures, which are arranged with so much taste, not overlooking *Pocahontas*.

We have also visited all the different Departments of our Government — seen the original *Declaration of Independence* — the archives — the famous shawls and Turkey carpet sent by the sultan to President Van Buren, diamond and gold snuff-box, Ottar of Roses, elegant sword, the letters sent by Queen Victoria announcing her marriage, also a letter sent two weeks since conveying intelligence of the birth of the Princess. There are quite enough of autographs (including the Czar, and Napoleon's) to satisfy any one.

What a pity the "diamond and gold *snuff box*" had not been sent to Mr. Clay, for he certainly would appreciate such a gift; I never saw any person use such quantities, he seems to be an inveterate snuffer; even in his "spirit stirring debates" the box is frequently tapped and called into requisition. The day after we arrived in Washington, Papa had left the house but a short time previous — to attend to some business when the Hon. Henry Clay's card was brought to me. As I expressed my regret at the absence of our dear father, that complaisant gentleman, with courtly grace replied: "I came down to see Papa's *daughter* — I met and greeted the old General down in Pennsylvania Avenue." I felt highly honored, and had an exceedingly enlivening call from the great American Senator.

It was my privilege to hear Mr. Clay — yesterday — make a splendid speech in the Supreme Court Room; it was one of his great and noble parliamentary efforts on the subject of Slavery, and his persuasive and impassioned eloquence was indeed thrilling. "*Papa's daughter*" comes in for many funny scenes. I was sitting next to Mrs. Daniel Webster in the U. S. Court Room, when one of the truly venerable Judges (in his black silk robes — descended from his elevated seat, and coming over to me, with his benevolent smile, in a conciliatory manner), handed me a paper well filled with choice candy, saying he liked occasionally "to roll a sweet morsel under his tongue," and now came to share some of his confectionery with the daughter of his old friend. The little incident attracted attention, causing a general smile both at the fatherly kindness of the eminent jurist, and my blushes. Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Edward Curtis — with the well bred benignity of true ladies, mirthfully helped themselves from my parcel and thus materially relieved my embarrassment at being brought so conspicuously to view, and I greatly enjoyed the kind

gift. A few mornings since papa and myself with a select company breakfasted with Mrs. Webster. Mr. and Mrs. Curtis were as usual very pleasant and cheery.

This "City of Magnificent Distances" is unusually gay, the people are crowding in from all quarters; there is a constant round of soirées and brilliant receptions; every body seems busy and move along with unflagging spirits. We have already attended Parties — the two Assemblies — and the grand "Log-Cabin Ball." The rooms were sparkling — at the Assemblies — with 1800 wax candles; and the Band surpassed any I ever heard, they introduce sleigh-bells and the Post-Boy which sounds like the snapping of a whip.

General Harrison left Mrs. Findley; Mrs. William Harrison, his widowed daughter-in-law and Miss Ramsey, a niece of Mrs. Findley's, at Hagers Town in Maryland; they are to remain there till the General returns from Virginia — whither he started from the Ball on Tuesday night. He tried to get a farewell kiss but I told him it would not be a decorous precedent for the President Elect in a ball-room, and he left us in a very cheerful mood. He urged Papa to accompany him and take me along but he declined and I was really rejoiced that he did so; for could you see the obsequiousness of the swarms ("thicker than the locusts of Egypt") of office-seekers you would be greatly amused. Sorry indeed would I be to have our noble old father even *appear* on their trail; but with pleasure I affirm there is no cringing, servile adulation on his part. He is in excellent health and spirits, and is every where greeted with warm expressions of regard. He is well aware that adroit and facile antagonistic, double faced demagogues are weaving a formidable array against him; that they will oppose and defeat his wishes in all things if possible. Some of Papa's friends say: "General, you err in not addressing yourself *at once* to the President Elect." But he only holds his head higher, and I think his reticence is in good taste for he trusts his friend.

I heard General Harrison say he intended to stay with the mayor, on his return, till the 4th. There was considerable excitement fearing a duel between Mr. Stanley and Pickens, but it is now all adjusted; there is a great deal of sharp-shooting in both Senate and House. They were discussing about cutting down the salaries of the Public Offices, which they effected. Colonel Stone called to see Papa, but was so lame could scarcely walk owing to a bar of iron falling on his feet at Baltimore, breaking three toes, and still very painful. I see all kinds of stories about Papa in the papers, one says: "It is stated that Gen. Van Rensselaer will be the new Collector in New York." Another correspondent informs the public that: "General Van Rensselaer is chagrined at the story that has been put in circulation apparently by his authority that he is a candidate for the office of Collector of New York. The old General says no man has ever had any authority for making such a statement. He has a very delicate and just appreciation of his position and relation to Gen. Harrison, and with that good sense, for which he has ever been distinguished, he expresses his determination to ask no particular favor at the hand of his old companion in arms. He submits every thing to Gen. Harrison, disclaiming any wish to press his own pretensions, or to embarrass the administration by interfering with the expectations of other men."

Some of the good people and wiseacres have been greatly excited over a certain point of etiquette in the science of Washington Society and quite

nonplussed that the Hon. Daniel Webster should have called on Papa *first*. The great United States Senator has hitherto always been rather fastidious, and his social privileges in the ceremonial code of polite society entitle him to expect the first visit. But with true gentlemanly courtesy he laid aside the etiquette of official life and paid that proper respect to the honored old general; the Hon. Henry Clay and others waived similar claims to precedence, in his favor, which did not at all derogate from their high position or self respect.

Hon. John C. Calhoun of South Carolina still takes a warm interest in his old friend, and told him he was entitled to a good berth from Government and must have it. I like Mr. Calhoun very much, he is quite agreeable, and his conversation is both animated and instructive. He is tall and slender and when he rises to speak in the Senate, all listen with breathless interest to his able parliamentary debates, and no one can help admiring him as a noble orator. His dark eyes flash as he becomes interested in his subject and then he speaks with rapidity. You remember the Miss Taylor of Cincinnati—a distant relative of Gen. Harrison—who married Lieutenant Montgomery of the U. S. Army, just after I left. (She drove in her carriage to the Broadway Hotel, with Lieut. Scott, a friend of Lieut. Montgomery, where they found the intended groom with a clergyman, who soon performed the marriage ceremony, in September, 1840.) Her parents were not yet reconciled to this clandestine marriage when she left with her husband to join his regiment at the far West. Now comes the sad tidings of the murder of Mrs. Montgomery by the Indians, she was a beautiful girl whom all loved. Papa dined with Gen. Harrison and Suite, on Monday, at Mr. Webster's. The following was the note received:

*Daniel Webster to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear General, Washington Monday Morning, Feb. 15, 1841.

The President Elect has this moment signified his pleasure to dine with me *to-day* at 4 o'clock. I beg you to do me the favor to be of the Company.

Yours truly

Genl. Van Rensselaer at Mr. T. L. Smith's.

DANL. WEBSTER.

Gen. Harrison called on Mr. Van Buren last week, some of the friends wanted papa to go also, but he said no. Mr. Van Buren returned the call and invited Gen. H. and Suite to dinner last Saturday which was accepted. Gen. Van Rensselaer was coming down stairs as President Van Buren with his son, the Major, were going up to call on Gen. H. They met where the stairs are narrow, the President said: "How do you do General." But the soldier, he had so often aggrieved, passed on without speaking; as though impressed with the idea that to recognize this high official under the peculiar circumstances so well known to both parties, would be rather derogatory to his insulted dignity; and there was scarcely a respectful bearing, as in the circumscribed space, their elbows rubbed quite roughly. Several gentlemen at the head of the stairs witnessed the whole transaction. In the evening some of them came to see Papa; Mr. Granger and all said he had acted perfectly right, and that they had never seen Mr. Van Buren so confused; usually he is perfectly composed under *mal à propos* adventures, but then for some moments seemed quite bewildered. You may be sure no invitation for dinner was sent by him to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

I heard General Harrison say (when a gentleman referred to the meeting of Mr. Van Buren and Papa on the stairs), "Yes Sir, General Van Rensselaer has been very badly treated, and before the ink of the Post Master General is dry, I will give General Van Rensselaer an appointment." He did not however say what, but I can see a short depth *into a mill-stone*, and I believe it will be the Albany Post Office. I am content if the dear old gentleman only has a competence and rest in his declining years. Yet that correspondent affirms: "I learn that General Solomon Van Rensselaer, does not intend to 'hang up his bruised arms for monuments in the post office at Albany if he can do better.'" The following piece I copied from a New York paper written when we were about starting for Washington; it is dated January 16, 1864. "We understand General Solomon Van Rensselaer, late post master at Albany, and an old and particular friend of General Harrison, will arrive in town to-day or to-morrow on his way to Washington, to meet his old comrade in arms, at his approaching inauguration in Washington. Gen. V. R. visits Washington on the special invitation of the President elect, who leaves Cincinnati about this time in order to meet together at Washington, and to talk over affairs, both public and private. In this city Gen. Van Rensselaer will be joined with a few of the old tried friends of Gen. Harrison, men who supported the patriot of North Bend when the *cliques* of Wall street were holding him up to ridicule and sarcasm. We understand that a certain distinguished personage has sent his agent 'with a slate' to Washington to watch the movements of Gen. V. R., and to report the talk between him and Gen. H., on the subject of appointments."

With much love from Papa and myself.

C. V. VAN RENSSELAER.

Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, Esq., Albany, N. Y.

*Elbert Herring to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

New York, March 1, 1841.

I perceive Congress has been legislating with paternal Care about the revennes of certain public offices, not a little to their prejudice; and on that account I beg leave to offer for your consideration the spontaneous suggestions of my Judgment, supposing that your views may be somewhat affected by that procedure. At the same time I feel that I am jumping in the dark with my proffered Counsel, through ignorance of your present position. Concluding however that what has been said of you, and of arrangements about you in the public press is wholly fictitious and unwarranted, I proceed plainly and frankly to express my sentiments in the hope, that they may be favorably received and entertained. My original prepossessions remain with undiminished force for your appointment as Collector of this Port, and I urge you to obtain that situation if practicable. The outgoing Administration seems to have sprung a Mine on the incoming one, by attempting to forestall the Office for the next four years. But the trick, I conjecture, will be thwarted by the instant removal of Morgan, the new nominee of Mr. Van Buren. Mr. Morgan is your Senior in age, and in qualification not superior. It is possible that this step of Mr. Van Buren may be turned to advantage by the equally prompt removal of his man, and your appointment in his stead; thus putting a stop to the embarrassing conflicts of Claims on the part of Gen. Harrison's friends. But my dear Sir, in case you have given up pursuit of that office, I would strongly recommend the Post Office of this City. It is here

that your Interests may be best consulted, and here it is that some of your warmest friends wish you to be located. I will not enlarge on this topic, further than to say, that your sphere of usefulness may be greatly enlarged by your residence in this City, and that the political chances under Gen. Harrison's Administration justify my opinion. Allow me to advert once more to my own concerns, in favor of which I have heretofore bespoken your friendly interposition. You can do for me all that is necessary, and I would much rather owe it to you, than any body else.

I beg to say, I not only wish to retain my present office, but to be stationed in this City. My shattered health from frequent attacks of Rheumatism disqualify me for traveling, or any station but this City.

Very Respectfully Your friend and Servt.,

Gen. S. Van Rensselaer, Washington, D. C.

ELBERT HERRING.

A friend in New York wrote to Gen. Van Rensselaer: "I am induced to write again by some disclosures made to me touching your position, which if true requires that you should be cautious in acting on the interested advice and misrepresentations of persons, who think you are in their way. It was mentioned, that a letter had been received here, in which you were stated to have relinquished your primary object, and wanted to be appointed Marshal. None of your opponents are idle I can assure you, and some who *never were in favor* of Old Tip, are *now* active and efficient workers against his early friends. They even boldly assert that ever since the first tap of the Harrison drum was heard in this State they have endeavored to promote the interests of the good cause. These however are only the eleventh hour zealots but they seem to consider it for their own interest to be very obsequious in their attentions to the President Elect. Take care they do not undermine your influence."

"*March 4, 1841.* This is a memorable day, it dawns upon the eyes of a mighty people, it is brilliant as the triumph they have achieved. Early in the morning, long before sunrise the shrill whistle of the cars and trampling of feet along Pennsylvania avenue towards the hotels gave notice of increasing numbers.

The morning broke somewhat cloudily and the horizon seemed to betoken snow or rain. At sunrise a salute of twenty-six guns was fired. Soon after ten o'clock the Procession moved towards the quarters of the President elect. Having there received General Harrison attended by his personal friends, moved down Pennsylvania avenue to the eastern yard of the Capitol. Ladies from windows on each side of the avenue waved their handkerchiefs and the General returned their smiles and greetings with repeated bows. The enthusiastic cheers of the citizens were gratifying; windows and balconies were lined, even to the tops of houses.

At the head of the Procession was the Chief Marshal, conspicuous with his rose of purple and yellow scarf, apparently conscious of the dignity of his station, mounted on a fine horse, suitably caparisoned, as also were his two Aids.

After the officers and soldiers who fought under General Harrison came the President Elect mounted on a white charger and accompanied by his Suite of personal friends.

A large Log Cabin [the emblem of a sturdy yeomanry] drawn by horses, attracted much attention; the sides of the Cabin had suitable mottoes and inscriptions, while on its roof were many white flags. On the shoulders of each of the leaders was a keg labeled "Hard Cider." In front of the

Cabin on each side of the driver were two canoes with "Old Tip's Cabin is up." The Military officers were glittering in blue and gold.

"In the Senate Chamber there was a crowd at an early hour. The Senate having been called to order by the Secretary, the oath of office was administered by Mr. Clay to Mr. King of Alabama, who had been re-elected President of the Senate, after which Mr. King [William R. King] then resumed the Chair of the Senate. The Diplomatic Corps now entered the Hall, a most brilliant appearance they made decorated as they were, not only with the insignia of their various orders, but half covered with the richest embroidery in silver and gold. On the opposite side of the Chair was the array of the Judges of the Supreme Court in their black robes with their grave intellectual reflecting countenances. The late Vice-President [Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky] and the Vice-President Elect [John Tyler of Virginia] advanced together to the steps of the President's chair, when Mr. Tyler, having been presented to the Presiding officer, took the oath of office and then ascending to the chair, which had been vacated for his reception by Mr. King, delivered an address.

"At 20 minutes past 12 o'clock, the warning note was heard from the table of the Vice President, when General Harrison entered and took the seat prepared for him in front of the Secretary's table. After retaining his seat a few minutes, the procession formed the line to the platform prepared for the ceremony of the Inauguration, erected over the front steps of the portico of the east front of the Capitol. The pressure was very great and not without great difficulty could the train of persons pass out of the east door of the Rotunda. On the platform seats had been provided for the President and the Chief Justice [Roger B. Taney] who were placed immediately in front. On their right, seats were assigned to the Diplomatic Corps. Behind, sat Members of both Houses of Congress, Officers of the Army and Navy, and many distinguished characters now assembled in the city, intermingled with a great company of ladies. The great sight was The People, there they stood, and had stood for hours in a solid, dense mass, estimated from fifty to sixty thousand.

"On the verge of the crowd were drawn up carriages filled with the gentler sex, while here and there perched up a standard. While patiently waiting for the arrival of the President, this mass of heads resembled some placid lake, not a perfect calm, but gently rippled by a passing breeze, its waters in perpetual but gentle motion; but the instant he was seen advancing from the Capitol, it suddenly resembled the same lake when a blast from the mountain has descended. A deafening shout went up. When the uproar had subsided, it was succeeded by the deep stillness of expectation and the new President proceeded to read in accents loud and clear his Address to the Nation. His voice never flagged, but to the end retained its full and commanding tone which gained the admiration of all. The pealing cannon announced to the Country that it had a new Chief Magistrate; and the *tout ensemble* was imposing and grand. The Procession was again formed and proceeded to the Mansion of the President; it was an escort of which he might well be proud. In the evening several ball rooms were filled with crowds of ladies and gentlemen. In the course of the evening the President of the United States paid a short visit to each of the Assemblies held in honor of the Inauguration and was received with the warmest demonstration of attachment and respect. The entertainments passed off most agreeably to the myriads of patriotic guests who

willingly joined in calling down rich blessings on 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too' while bright visions were floating before all."

*H. V. R. Schermerhorn to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear Uncle,

New York, March 15, 1841.

I have written to you so often, since I bade you adieu last Thursday evening, that I fear you will get out of patience with me; but I must needs trouble you again and I am impelled to this by the sincere desire I feel to have the relations between the President and yourself placed on the footing they ought to be, and this can only be done by your talking fully and freely with him. This is due to him as well as to yourself and friends, for his noble and generous nature will not, I am persuaded permit him to allow your feelings to be wounded, or your rights to be trampled upon with impunity. A wide spread, systematic and deep laid plan has been in operation for some time and will doubtless be persevered in, to rob you of all influence with the President and to poison his mind against you. I was told here to day by one of my competitors for the office of Marshal — and he is a gentleman of honor and great respectability, that he mentioned to some one, when on his way to Washington, that he thought I would stand the best chance of succeeding, because I would have the benefit of your influence, and the person replied, that *it would be found that YOUR influence would not amount to much.* Showing the confidence which already existed in the success of the efforts, made by a certain clique, to frustrate you and proscribe all your friends whose interests and welfare were dear to your heart. Every body to whom I mention the fact of my defeat, expresses astonishment that you had not influence sufficient with your old friend Gen Harrison to procure me the appointment, and the inference drawn is, that the President is already too much under the control of his cabinet. As the matter stands in regard to myself I have not only not been benefitted by your aid, but I have suffered in consequence of being your Nephew. Was any thing ever so monstrous, so outrageous, so unnatural — and this too, to occur within the first ten days of the administration of the old Hero of North Bend, with whom you had fought and poured out your blood in defence of your country, and for whom you had fought and conquered in the political field. It is strange, passing strange, and when you have talked frankly and plainly with the President, in the manner that honest hearted old soldiers should discourse with each other, and he shall fully realize the extent of the injury inflicted upon you, I have no doubt he will open his eyes to the true state of the case with equal astonishment and regret, and at once set about repairing the injury despite all consequences, even that of blowing up the whole Cabinet.

By the way, there is a belief very general abroad that Gen. Harrison is going to allow himself to be *too much* influenced by his cabinet — a belief, an impression, which if well founded and generally credited will surely strip him of all his popularity, and which will with equal certainty use up the gentlemen of the cabinet. Can it be possible that the President intends to give you the cut direct, or that he will allow his honest old heart to be swayed, and his upright mind to be influenced by the low and dirty machinations of political whipsters, toad-eaters and liars who envy you your position and wish to rob you of your just and legitimate influence? Is it to be credited for a moment, that you, and your friends are to be proscribed and thrust aside, because they in common with the whole

American people ascribed to you an influence with the President to which all fair minded persons admit you are justly entitled? \* \* \* \*

Most Truly and Respectfully Yours,

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Washington. H. V. R. SCHEMERHORN.

*Catherina V. Van Rensselaer to the Sister.*

My Dear Sister,

Washington, March 16, 1841.

I have just returned from the White-House that we may start from Major Smith's residence early in the morning. I now intend to finish up the programme of our sojourn in this Metropolis of fashion, for we probably will remain some days in New York.

Gen. Edmund P. and Mrs. Gaines came to say farewell. She is a warm-hearted, wonderful woman and has prosecuted her claim to her father's estate under various discouragements with womanly persistency for many years. In one of Mrs. Gaines's visits to me, the kindly sympathizing lady, observing that our father had unfortunately taken a severe cold, insisted upon prescribing for him. The following letter was soon after received accompanied by a parcel containing an Oil Silk night Cap, tastefully bound with corn-color satin ribbon, and beautifully made by the delicate hands of the warm-hearted, noble and enthusiastic lady.

*Mrs. General Gaines to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Washington, February 25th, 1841.

*Recipe for a Cold.*—Quarter lb. of Gum Arabic, Quarter lb. of Rock candy, The juice of two lemons. Boil these together in a quart of water for about twenty minutes. When cool add one ounce of Paregoric and one ounce of Syrup of Squills. Take a wine glass full whenever you feel a disposition to cough. To effect a perfect cure, you are advised dear General, to wear the oil silk cap at night. It will produce perspiration. In the morning rub the hair dry — and then wash it with spirits. Hoping the above may soon restore you to health, I am very respectfully your friend.

MYRA CLARK GAINES.

To General Sol. Van Rensselaer, at Major Smith's.

On Sunday February 28th, the Rev. Mr. Cookman, one of the talented chaplains to Congress, delivered his farewell sermon in the hall of the House of Representatives, as he leaves in a few day for Europe. [Rev. Mr. Cookman sailed from New York in the steam-ship *President* but the vessel was never heard from, all lost.] Papa's cold was better and he went to Annapolis to meet Gen. Harrison; the Ladies arrived from Hagerstown in the evening of Tuesday March 2nd, escorted by Mr. Irving to Gen. Jessup's hospitable mansion. Papa and self dined at General John P. Van Ness that same Tuesday evening at half-past six o'clock. It was a very brilliant entertainment combining the complimentary dinner to the President Elect, and a farewell to the one who would soon be the Ci-devant President; both of these gentlemen were present. The hospitality of Gen. Van Ness was unbounded, and the festivities in his banquet hall graced, not only by all the high functionaries, arrayed in their best holiday suits, but many brilliant and distinguished ladies, Parisian belles, and a few more common place like myself. One of our Albany friends, Miss Catharine Bay, who is a guest of Gen. V. N., received the company with the other ladies of the household. Miss White was arrayed in a very beautiful silk dress manufactured entirely by her own hands, for

which many encomiums were justly lavished on her. This estimable lady was really one of the silk growers, as she raised, and fed the worms on mulberry leaves, watching them spin in cocoons, then reeling silk from the cocoons. This raw silk underwent all the different operations till the delicate fabric was completed and sported on this auspicious occasion. There were myriads of dishes, "many of them with unpronounceable names." Late in the evening, Major and Miss Smith came to escort me to a party at Mrs. Cross' mansion.

Did I tell you about the triumph of another of our Albany belles at one of the Assemblies? At a late hour, Mr. Bodisco, the Russian Minister, entered the room holding conspicuously in his hand a very splendid bouquet, artistically arranged; the fragrance of the flowers was delicious. Sauntering leisurely through the immense crowds, in all varieties of fashionable costume, with a smile and bow to his friends during a pause in the music, he finally walked up to Miss Mary Stanton, [Wife of D. R. Floyd Jones], who was then in a quadrille, and bowing low said he had been requested to present that bouquet "to the most lovely young lady in the room," and desired her acceptance of it; the affair passed off with great *eclat*. The naivete, surprise and modesty of the sweet girl was refreshing to behold and I delighted in her unrivaled success. At the Inauguration on the 4th, one of the officers gave us seats, only a few feet from the General on the prepared platform, and I heard distinctly every word he said when delivering his address. The concourse of people standing directly below us and all around one solid mass was a magnificent sight. The General looked remarkably well in his black suit; immediately after Chief Justice Taney had administered the oath, a colored servant came forward and put on the President his hat and cloak with great care. The new President on reaching the White House after the Inauguration, received the congratulations of his numerous friends. "The Balls on Thursday at Washington and other 'Halls of glad delight' were resplendent with beauty and redolent of every enjoyment. The pillars in the lower dancing room were twined with green festoons and looked very pretty, and groups of beautiful girls were in every niche. The room was very crowded, nearly two thousand persons, all seeming happy. Gen. Scott in full uniform with his yellow plumes — Mr. Bodisco, Mr. De Bacourt, and Baron Rocune in their Court dress, indeed the entire diplomatic corps in their full dress. Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, Mr. Crittenden, Mr. Bell and the Cabinet with their families. Gen. Gaines and his lady, Gen. Van Rensselaer, Gen. Wool, army and navy men in their swords and epaulettes. The number of beautiful women alone, would baffle calculation. The Washington girls turned out numerously and resplendently on the occasion in honor of Gen. Harrison. Among the fairest beauties from the East was Mrs. L. of Boston in wreath of blue and silver. The Lady of the Spanish Minister, Madam D., Mrs. H. and daughter of Baltimore, Mrs. D. of Florida, the fair daughter of Gen. Van Rensselaer, Miss C. of York, Penn., Miss H. of Mississippi, Miss C. of Kentucky, Miss P. of South Carolina, Miss B. of Delaware, Miss B. of Louisiana and Miss Y. of Nashville, Tennessee, shone in the diadems of the Whig States.

"The *coup d'œil* of the spacious apartment was truly magnificent, decorated with so many rich and tasty dresses, gorgeous uniforms, and bright, happy faces; with such fine music, from the band, shed a joyous influence over the whole company. General Harrison arrived at the ball after ten o'clock, and after being received by the committee of reception,

promenaded the room, looking very happy and not fatigued. He was dressed in a neat suit of black with gloves, and now stepped about with the activity of a much younger man. He went into supper with the ladies, and after remaining about half an hour retired. It was a very brilliant ball, and a decided success for extensive preparations had been carefully made to render complete both dancing and supper saloons."

Mr. Edward Curtis was very polite; while dancing with me, a gentleman passed and said, "Good evening Mr. Collector." We were to have gone to the White House on the 5th to pay our respects; the gentlemen came in a carriage for us, but Virginia Smith and myself had not yet arisen. The fatigue of the morning and ball was too much, we were completely worn out. Saturday, however, we went. I was delighted; oh the contrast between the log cabin with its wings, and this republican palace. Yet the old General walked round those rooms as if he had been always accustomed to such grandeur; "he seemed radiant with good humor and happiness." "There are several large sized rooms all well furnished with rich carpets, mirrors, satin curtains, chairs all gilded, with blue satin medallion cushions. The green room has a white spotted paper with gilt stars. The large East Room, is furnished much in the same style as the others, although a little more *antique*. The carpet resembles a fine woven tapestry with richest colors, tasteful curtains of heavy silk, chandeliers and other et ceteras, all elegant and costly. The mirrors in this saloon contrive to give it an air of magnificence. There are eight immense ones, with broad carved frames, which rise nearly to the ceiling in various parts of the room. The President's house is a long building with a handsome portico in front with its white pillars, situated in the midst of a park covered with grass and adorned with trees. At each end of this enclosure, are situated the several Departments — handsome grey buildings with fine porticoes, and embowered in groves of trees." Mrs. William Harrison is very much fatigued. The General has many magnificent presents, among which are a pair of fine Horses from Ohio and Carriage from Baltimore.

It is amusing to see Papa's levees, at least fifteen gentlemen a day. Mrs. Smith says *he* daily receives and dispatches the *office-seekers*, and *Virginia* and *myself* the *beaux*. On Saturday Papa dined at the White House, at which time I there heard Mr. Copeland of Cincinnati tell him that Gen. Harrison had said, he would not make any appointments in New York State without consulting Genl. Van Rensselaer. On the 8th we had a charming drive to Georgetown and visited the Convent, "a group of large old fashioned brick buildings. The dress of each nun was a black bombazet gown, having large loose sleeves, and from her girdle hung a large silver cross; a piece of white linen was laid over the top of her head, brought down and pinned under the chin, and fell over her chest. Over this was the fatal *black veil*, of the same stuff as her dress — it was laid over her head and pinned down on each shoulder, and fell in folds behind her. They generally had pleasing faces and graceful manners. The bed-rooms were neat, floors scrubbed white, and at the head of each Catholic bed hung a cross. The scholars are taught by the nuns all languages, with music, embroidery, drawing, and every accomplishment." After our return at least ten gentlemen came to congratulate Papa, some say he is Collector, others Post-master, the Senate were to act upon the nominations the following day, but we did not then know what it was as Papa had not spoken of it. We also went the same day — Monday — to the Supreme Court — which was really packed — to hear Mr.

Webster, the Secretary of State, in one of his ablest arguments. "The case before the Court was one of boundary in relation to the States of Massachusetts and Rhode Island." The speech was listened to with wrapt attention. Each sentence was so perfect and beautiful.

Monday evening I received a note from Mrs. Harrison, informing me that the following morning the carriage would come for me at an early hour as the General wished me to be in the White House at the presentation of the Foreign Ministers to the President, after which I must remain and make them a visit. Accordingly Tuesday morning March 9th, the carriage came and I went accompanied by Virginia. The members of the Diplomatic Body now in Washington and accredited to the Government of the United States, were received by the President at two o'clock. They were splendidly dressed at this their first official visit of state ceremony to be introduced to the *new* Chief Magistrate of the United States. Mr. Webster, with courtly grace, led in the ladies of the Executive Mansion. "Mr. Van Buren never permitted the ladies of his establishment to be present on such occasions," and he was *greatly disgusted* at this strange innovation, but we *greatly enjoyed* the courtesy extended to us. "There was Mr. Fox, the Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of Queen Victoria, Barons, Counts, Chevaliers, all the Chargés, the Secretaries of Legation and numerous attaches." Indeed the entire diplomatic corps in glittering state robes and grandeur was present, it was a brilliant galaxy. "Mr. Fox, the British Minister, on being presented by the Secretary of State, made to the President an appropriate address. To this the President of the United States gracefully replied. The other Ministers with their secretaries and the persons attached to their respective Missions were then successively presented to the President. The Minister of Russia was prevented by indisposition from being present. Mr. Fox acted as the organ of the *corps diplomatique* on this occasion. The Russian Minister would not, however consent to play a second part to the British, hence a very convenient indisposition prevented his appearance on that day."

Papa dined with us that day, but in the evening he returned to Major Smith's while I remained for a few days the guest of Mrs. Harrison at the Executive mansion. The graceful hostess and courteous host were ever on the alert to make their constant influx of visitors feel perfectly at home.

The same evening of the presentation, "the city was in a state of great excitement on account of a fracas which had taken place in the Senate between Mr. Clay and Mr. King of Alabama on the subject of dismissing Blair and Rives. The expectation was that a duel would ensue. The authorities of the city interposed under the duelling law. A challenge did pass. Mr. Linn was the friend of Mr. King and Mr. Archer the friend of Mr. Clay. On Saturday March 13th at half-past two o'clock his Excellency M. A. de Bodisco, the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Emperor of Russia to the United States, accompanied by his Secretary of Legation M. de Stockles, arrived at the Patriarchal Palace and was presented and made a speech to the President." The next day being Sabbath — President Harrison, Mrs. Findley, Mrs. Harrison and myself went in the elegant carriage which, with the horses, was a gift, to the Episcopal Church. The response of the President was audible and he seemed deeply interested. The Rev. Cortlandt Van Rensselaer D.D. supplied the pulpit at the Presbyterian Church; he called so see us and seemed much pleased to meet Papa. He is always engaged in

some good work, and now exercises his ecclesiastical functions in behalf of this church freely without any salary [Dr. V. R. died at Burlington, N. J., on July 26, 1860, aged 52 years.] He was very laborious and energetic Secretary of the Board of Education.

The unfortunate difficulty between Mr. Clay and Mr. King was amicably arranged yesterday, March 15th, in the Senate, through the manly intervention of Mr. Preston. After all was explained, Mr. Preston quietly crossed over and shook hands with Mr. King, and his example was followed by the noble-minded, generous Henry Clay. At this exhibition of openness of heart and kindness of disposition on the part of that Great American Statesman, the people in the gallery applauded with great zeal, and so the matter is happily ended without any duel. Ah! if all would discourage and put down the practice of duelling it would save much self-recrimination. A fine picture of General Washington hangs in the Senate-chamber, but the room is not sufficiently large to accommodate all the multitude that desire access when any of the favorite orators are expected to speak on important occasions. Colonel Todd is hoping to have the Mission to Austria, but "popular opinion seems to have settled down on Mr. Jennifer." Every body I believe is wild after appointments of some kind. De Witt Bloodgood was making himself very agreeable at the White House, he gave Mrs. Harrison an elegant bouquet and said he would bring Johnson's band round to give them a serenade, I too have been one of the favored ones for delightful serenades. General Harrison calls me his daughter and told Papa I should not return to Albany with him, but I told him it was really impossible for me to remain, not being prepared for a longer sojourn. Then he said the only condition on which Lucy Este was to visit us this summer rested on the promise that I would return with her and spend next winter. He inquired very particularly about brother Rensselaer and his wife; he evidently regards him very highly, and I am sure will give him a situation.

One morning while in my room the waiter came to tell me the President wished to see me in the parlor. On entering I started back in surprise at the singular spectacle, for there seated in deep silence along one side of the apartment, wrapped in their blankets, apparently in profound meditation was one of the Indian delegations, then on a visit to Washington. The old General had no idea of my running away, and passing his arm around me soon turned, facing the Indians with their "reddish or copper-colored complexion and straight black hair, while his cheery voice rung out clear with the question "Which of these noble Warriors wants a Squaw?!" There was an expressive sonorous but musical grunt of ugh! which most probably signified "good, a sign of their assent." The venerable fathers maintained an imperturbable gravity, but a few of the younger buckish braves, decorated with beads and feathers (seemingly greatly amused) glanced smilingly at us. The warriors were dressed in their fanciful costumes with leggins of scarlet material trimmed with fur; moccasins richly embroidered with colored quills from the porcupine, and gay bands around their heads, in which were bunches of feathers. Some were ornamented by having eagle plumes stuck in their hair, with bracelets and bands of fur on their arms. Subsequently I stood at my window watching the fearless President as with majestic stride, he preceded the Indian tribe across the beautiful grounds to the War Department. They followed in Indian-file, with their blankets gracefully folded about their powerful figures. These Warriors were splendid

creatures, tall, with a noble look, and as they with dignified mien marched in a slow and solemn tread, it was an imposing scene. I almost expected to hear them yelling out the wild Indian war whoop.

General Harrison gave a farewell dinner this afternoon for our dear father; there was a large assemblage of the elite of Washington and every thing passed off pleasantly. As I was to return with papa to Major Smith's, about nine o'clock we prepared to take our departure before any of the guests had left. The General was very affectionate and honored me with much attention; reminded me of the promise to spend next winter with Mrs. Harrison and himself at the White House, and said his grand-daughter, Lucy Este, would pass part of the coming summer with us at Cherry Hill. He dispatched one of the gentlemen to the library for a designated parcel, which, on receiving, he handed to me as a parting gift from himself: 2 vols. of *THE FLAG SHIP* just published, which the author Rev. Fitch W. Taylor had presented only a few days previous. The arm of the good President encircled me, while many gentlemen were grouped around us talking about papa and the Albany Post Office. At some remark made, Gen. Harrison chimed in with: "Yes it was a small matter in Mr. Van Buren to take from General Van Rensselaer that *pitiful office*." To which papa replied in a stinging, derisive tone, emphasizing every word: "*And YOU have restored to me that same pitiful office!*" There was silence throughout the room that could be felt. The General seemed startled, suddenly taken aback — and with a slight tremor in his voice but with loud cheerful tones came the meaning words: "*Trust me General, Trust me General!*" The noble frankness of a noble and high minded man deeply impressed Gen. Harrison and he will reflect on what Papa said. I could see the remark produced a general feeling in his favor, but I felt deeply for both parties. I really believe the President begins to see the web, that politicians are weaving around him, to the detriment of our dear father and other early friends, and I hope so. Yes, it is true that Gen. Van Rensselaer leaves Washington with his Commission as Post Master at Albany in his pocket, but I do not believe that General Harrison intends it to be a permanent affair, something more lucrative will yet be offered.

The sole object of all these insidious attacks, that have been so industriously made on Gen. Van Rensselaer and to weaken the ties of friendship between him and his old friend, was doubtless to prevent his having either the collectorship or the Post-Office in New York City, or indeed any other valuable appointment, but simply the Albany Post-Office. Now that he has been re-instated by the Post Master General, Francis Granger (by direction of the President), for the term of four years, it will be much to the gratification of his enemies, who wished him to obtain *nothing more* than he had lost through his removal by Van Buren, as they say, "*good enough for the old man*." I am surprised at the admirable command over his feelings, that the indignant and insulted noble old soldier maintains, after seeing some of the scurrilous letters sent on to Washington that have been shown to him. I have exceedingly enjoyed every moment of time while at the White House, where I have been a few days; but I really pity the poor General, he is harassed to death by the swarms of applicants. More than once he left even the dinner-table to see persons who called. Mrs. Findley and we all tried to dissuade him from doing so, I do not see how he stands such a constant strain on his system, but he does not consider self. Major and Mrs. Smith have been profuse in

their unceasing attentions to dear Papa and kindness to us both. Mrs. S. is a lovely person and possesses some of the sweetest attributes of woman. Papa joins me in love to all.

Yours affectionately,

CATHARINA V. VAN RENSSELAER.

Miss Margaretta Van Rensselaer, Cherry Hill.

*Gen. Van Rensselaer to his Son.*

Dear Rensselaer,

Washington, 17th March, 1841.

It is now 5, A. M. we start in an hour for home, with my old Post Master Commission in my pocket and nothing more. Nothing else could be had, for the offices in New York, except to a resident, are not worth having. There is a dreadful struggle for the Post Office in Syracuse, but I think Major Forman will succeed. Nothing *at present* can be done for you; the Senate, Genl. Harrison told me, would not confirm your nomination under the present Canada excitement; and he is right. I have written to Killian to take a place in the Post Office at Albany. I wish you also to write that he is there by the first of April. Congress will be called the last Tuesday in May or first Tuesday in June, in reference to revenue, and financial affairs in the rechartering of the United States Bank. Kiss Mary for me and respects to Major and Mrs. Forman. Yours affectionately.

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Gen. Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, Syracuse N. Y.

At the instance of General Harrison the Attorney General, John J. Crittenden, went on to New York State in March 1841 in regard to the case of Alexander McLeod as connected with the Canadian troubles. McLeod had been arrested as being concerned in the burning of the steam boat Caroline and was then in prison. The British Minister Mr. Fox, had demanded the release of McLeod and there was great excitement regarding the matter, but he was eventually discharged from custody.

*Post Master General to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear Sir,

Washington City 20 March 1841.

Your Commission for the Albany Post Office, bears date the 19th March 1841, and in filling up your bond the blank should be filled with that day. In great haste.

Ever yours truly

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany.

F. GRANGER.

Albany, March 24, 1841. Among the official announcements we find: "Solomon Van Rensselaer to be Deputy Post Master at Albany, in the place of A. C. Flagg, removed."

"There were many strange movements, and very curious manœuvres in reference to the several offices in New York city. Immediately after the state elections, in the spring of 1840, had indicated the probability of General Harrison's success, Mr. Wetmore and some others came to an understanding to play into each others' hands. Mr. Wetmore was to be the Collector of New York, but Mr. Edward Curtis has now crowded out Mr. Wetmore, and *many a biter will yet be bit*. On the 17th of March, President Harrison issued a proclamation calling an extraordinary session of Congress to commence at the close of May, to legislate upon the subject of finance and revenue. His cabinet officers are: Daniel Webster, Secretary of State; Thomas Ewing, Secretary of

Treasury ; John Bell, Secretary of War ; George E. Badger, Secretary of the Navy ; Francis Granger, Post-master General ; and John J. Crittenden, Attorney General. The people now feel a conviction that with such an able cabinet a bright day is about to dawn upon the country by a change of policy."

*Mrs. James Cochran to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My dear Sir,

Washington April 2, 1841.

A letter from Mr. Cochran mentions that he intended applying to you for your interest with the President for the appointment of Post Master at Oswego, which I have no doubt you will cheerfully grant. I have been here about ten days and have found how disagreeable and how almost impossible it is for a Lady to succeed in such business. Will you therefore oblige me by writing some such letter to the President as the following : Mrs. Cochran at Washington is endeavoring to procure the appointment of her husband Mr. James Cochran as Post Master at Oswego. She is the daughter of General Philip Schuyler of the Revolution. A Man of whom I must observe his bosom glowed with a patriotic fervor, which not the unjust suspicions of the public, the machinations of his enemies, disappointment of his hopes, nor the loss of property could in any degree abate. From the changes that are ever taking place in our world, she and her husband are now so much reduced in their property, as to make the appointment not only desirable but necessary to their comfort.

She is besides a relative of my own. The experience I have had of your kindness emboldens me to ask its extension to this Lady. I assure you Sir, I rejoiced to hear that you had been re-instated in your office which the gratitude of your Country had conferred upon you.

With great regard I am Sir, Very respectfully Yours.

CATH : V. R. COCHRAN.

Solomon Van Rensselaer Esq., Post Master, Albany.

This estimable lady was the youngest child of General Schuyler, she died at Oswego, New York, on the 26th of August, 1857, aged 76 years.

*James Cochran to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear Sir,

Schenectady April 5, 1841.

Mrs. Cochran, who is in the City of Washington, informs me that her interview with Mr. Granger on the subject of my application for the Post Office at Oswego, was such as to induce her to believe, that Mr. Granger will recommend to the President a nomination of Mr. Henry Fitzhugh for that office. This I all along apprehended, knowing his partiality for him, arising from personal friendships. Yet I think, if my recommendations can meet the eye of the President, he being a stranger to the opposing candidate, he will decide from other considerations than such which may be thus stated. That my father was at the head of the Medical Department in the War of the Revolution, performing his duty in the language of General Washington with attention, skill and fidelity. That my Wife is a daughter of Gen. Schuyler, who was my Uncle, and of whom history speaks most favorably as a Patriot distinguished in both Military and Civil life. That both he and my father have made important sacrifices of property in defense of and for the benefit of the Country. That I have expended a considerable sum of money to bring about a change in the Administration of our Government. That I have used my pen in

Pamphlet form, and in the public papers to produce this change. That I have never held under the State or General Government an office of *profit*. That I have not income enough to support my family — and that I am advanced in years, too far to engage in active business, even had I the means for the purpose. As to Mr. Fitzhugh — he is a young man not exceeding the age of forty, engaged in the Milling business, acting as a forwarding merchant, having interests in Steam Boats, canal-boats and several Vessels on the Lakes — paying portage. Such the extensiveness of his business, it brings him a sum equal to about \$250 a year. To such a man the office would be exceedingly convenient — and but little more than a *Sinecure* — for it is well understood that his occupations are such as not to permit him personally to attend to the duties of a Post-Master. Need I inform you, my good friend, of the past misfortunes of my Wife, before I married her — of her sufferings, and her sacrifices of a large estate inherited from her father, to save her unfortunate husband of her first marriage from imprisonment. Need I remind you of his well known *habits* which debased him, and which caused sufferings to his worthy and amiable wife almost insupportable? If popularity in appointments were to be taken into consideration, let those who know the candidates, their past lives and conduct decide. I ask you therefore by the regard you have for Mrs. Cochran, and your knowledge of me, to use your influence in our behalf to obtain the office so much desired, so much needed to save us from poverty and want. The recommendations in the hands of Mr. Granger, are from some of the very first characters in our State, and if presented to the eye of the President (and I presume they will be) I think he will not pass them over unnoticed, he will respect, in his appointment to office a son if not unworthy, the Revolutionary services of the Father. With Sincere regard and respect.

Your Obt. St.

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany.

JAMES COCHRAN.

This letter was received after the death of Gen. Harrison, and was unavailing.

*Death of General Harrison.*

“City of Washington, April 4, 1841. An all-wise Providence having removed from this life William Henry Harrison, late President of the United States, we have thought it our duty in the recess of Congress and in the absence of the Vice President from the Seat of Government, to make this afflicting bereavement known to the Country, by this declaration under our hands. He died at the President’s House, in this city, this fourth day of April *Anno Domini*, 1841, at thirty minutes before one o’clock in the morning. The people of the United States overwhelmed like ourselves, by an event so unexpected and so melancholy, will derive consolation from knowing that his death was calm and resigned, as his life has been patriotic, useful and distinguished, and that the last utterance of his lips expressed a fervent desire for the perpetuity of the Constitution, and the preservation of its true principles. In death, as in life, the happiness of his country was uppermost in his thoughts.

DANIEL WEBSTER, *Secretary of State.*

THOMAS EWING, *Secretary of the Treasury.*

J. J. CRITTENDEN, *Attorney General.*

FRANCIS GRANGER, *Post Master General.*”

“How sad the tidings ‘President Harrison is no more.’ His disease took a change at 5 P. M. on Saturday, April 3rd, and soon terminated

fatally. The members of the Cabinet were all present. The best medical skill of the city with important aid from Baltimore had been called into requisition, but all in vain. General Harrison's wife is at the North Bend. The blow will be frightful to her, for her attachment to him is intense, and her health is very feeble. He leaves one son and three daughters. The ladies of the President's household now, are Mrs. Taylor of Va., Mrs. Harrison [daughter-in-law] and Mrs. Findley, and a Miss Clark of Baltimore, the beloved daughter of a mother who saved his life, he thinks, many years since.

"The Vice President is at his home in Virginia and has been sent for. The corpse lay in state in the entry of the President's House during the day, and thousands went with melancholy steps for the last time to view the mortal remains of the departed hero; a glass covered the face. The hall was hung with black crape, and many visitors gave vent to their grief in tears and lamentations. The lamented Harrison, the President of the United States paid the debt of nature on the 4th of April; President Tyler, who, as Vice President, succeeded to the duties of that office, arrived in the city of Washington on the 6th of that month. He found the whole metropolis wrapped in gloom, every heart filled with sorrow and sadness, every eye streaming with tears, and the surrounding hills yet flinging back the echoes of the bells which tolled on that melancholy occasion. On entering the Presidential mansion he contemplated the pale body of his predecessor stretched before him, and clothed in the black habiliments of death. At that solemn moment no doubt the heart of President Tyler was overflowing with mingled emotions of grief, of patriotism, and of gratitude—above all, of gratitude to that country by a majority of whose suffrages, bestowed at the preceding November, he then stood the most distinguished, the most elevated, the most honored of all living Whigs of the United States, apparently feeling, as did all, regret at the loss of such a great and beneficent man."

"The Funeral at Washington was on Wednesday, April 7th. For the first time the people are called to mourn the demise of the Chief Magistrate. The bells tolling, and the roar of cannon announce the sad tale. Festoons of crape and other emblems of mourning are now hung on every house. The crowd assembled in Washington is immense, and the procession was more than two miles in length comprising at least 10,000 persons. The Corpse was placed on a magnificent Funeral Car drawn by eight white horses, attended by grooms dressed in white. The car was covered entirely with black velvet. The coffin was placed on it covered also, with a pall of black velvet embroidered with gold. A wreath of beautiful flowers was laid on the top of the pall. Immediately behind the corpse came the family of the deceased, in carriages, and after them President Tyler in a carriage with Mr. Webster. The other Heads of Department and Public Officers then followed, and after them the Foreign Ministers and Suites in full diplomatic dress in their carriages of state. After the corpse was deposited in the Public Vault, the ceremonies were closed by the customary volleys from the Military. A Funeral procession was had in all the principal cities of the Union. It was observed at Albany on Friday April 9th. At day break a salute was fired and bells tolled for half an hour. Stores and all places of business were closed. The National Flag shrouded in black crape was hung out from the principal hotels, and hoisted at half mast from the Capitol. The Vessels in port were at half mast. The Torch Light Procession was a novel and most imposing part of the obse-

quies; different companies in firemen's dress accompanied by a full Band of Music and bearing the funeral Urn covered with its pall; the whole illuminated by the light of more than 600 torches."

"The administration of the much loved Hero of Tippecanoe was of short duration, for in one month from the time when the shouts of thousands went up at his inauguration, he was lying cold in death in the presidential mansion. On Thursday, the 25th of March, he caught a slight cold from undue exposure, and on the day following was overtaken in a shower, which increased the symptoms. Continuing unwell on Saturday, he was prevailed on to send for a physician, who prescribed some medicine. On Sunday, his fever increased, accompanied with general symptoms of pneumonia. The disease now assumed an alarming character, and seemed, until his death, to bid defiance to the skill of his physicians. On Saturday morning he felt somewhat better, and requested the 103d Psalm to be read; when it was concluded, in the presence of several of his family, he thanked the Lord for his goodness, and seemed overpowered with deep emotion. At six o'clock on the same day, the physicians pronounced him beyond their skill. He gradually sunk into a state of stupor, from which he partially revived about nine o'clock. Seeing his cabinet and his nearest friends around his bed — even in that last hour of his earthly existence, the welfare of his country lay near his heart, and he faintly uttered, 'I wish you to understand the true principles of government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more.' His breathings now became more difficult, and about half an hour after midnight on Sunday morning, April 4th, without a struggle, his spirit passed away from earth. He professed to be a Christian, and his friends who were acquainted with his life, and knew his respect and affection for the cause of religion, and his intention in a few days of uniting with the church, entertained no doubt of his sincerity. His remains were removed to North Bend.

"Death! Death in the White House! Ah, never before, trod his skeleton foot on the President's floor!"

*Gen. Van Rensselaer to ——— ———.*

My dear friend,

Washington, April 14, 1841.

My old brother soldier has fought his last battle, and the nation mourns our loss with all the grief of kindred affection, but although Harrison is dead, yet Tyler lives, and in him a representative who will faithfully carry out the Whig doctrines under which we fought and conquered. Alay all your fears on this subject, for be assured President Tyler does not hesitate to express himself fully on all the leading measures. Having been in Congress with him I am well acquainted with the man, and from my agency in bringing his name forward at the Harrisburg convention, no disguise is practiced between us. On reaching this city, I put up at Mrs. Kennedy's in company with Silas E. Burrows of New York, whom you have often heard me speak of as the intimate friend of Genl. Harrison. We called on President Tyler together, and both of us were delighted with the interview. We learned from the President that the peculiar cares of his new situation had thrown such a load on his mind as entirely to prevent his sleeping.

The subject of the BANK was introduced, and we were gratified to find that the President had no doubts on this subject. He desired to see a letter written from President Monroe to Mr. Burrows in relation to the bank, which Mr. B. produced. A few days after this we again called on

the President, who said that he had been pleased on perusing the letter of Mr. Monroe who had made a strong case of it, but not as strong as he might have made. He said he paid great deference to the opinion of Mr. Monroe, whose situation in public life had enabled him to form very just conclusions on this important subject. "I consider," said the President, "the Bank question as settled, that it is no longer an open question, and that the only thing to be determined is, as to the time when the measure is to be brought before Congress." "The late United States Bank of Pennsylvania," continued he "has done so much mischief that it is best to give time for this to blow over, and it is not best to bring the subject before the Extra Session, but to wait for the Regular Session of Congress." "It would," he said, "be difficult to keep his friend Clay still, but upon every principle it would be best to postpone it." You will therefore see that the President will nobly carry out the principles of President Harrison, and that although we have lost him, still there is left a faithful representative of his wishes, and in John Tyler the Whig cause is safe. The old cabinet will be retained as the nearest representative to our lamented Harrison, and with Mr. Webster in the State Department, I think we have no fear of a War with England. I will write you again in a day or two.

I remain respectfully your obdt. svt.

SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER.

Hon. Henry Clay says: "Candor and truth require me to say, that, in my judgment, while banks continue to exist in the country, the services of a Bank of the United States cannot be safely dispensed with. I think that the power to establish such a bank is a settled question, settled by Washington and by Madison, by the people, by forty years' acquiescence, by the judiciary, and by both of the great parties which so long held sway in the country. Without banks I believe we cannot have a sufficient currency; without a Bank of the United States, I fear we cannot have a sound currency. But it is the end, that of a sound and sufficient currency, that we should engage the dispassionate and candid consideration of the whole community."

*Gen. Van Rensselaer to the Post Master General.*

Dear Sir,

Albany April 21, 1841.

I reached home last evening. I called at your quarters on Saturday evening, but found that you was dining out. I wished to remind you that among the appointments, not one of the original Harrison men in this State has been noticed, this they never will submit to; the loss of the election in the City of New York, nearly the loss of the election in this city, and the loss of the election in Syracuse was owing to this cause. Last year we had all the Wards in this city; this year *the Loco's* have carried four out of the ten Wards, without any local difficulty to cause it. In Syracuse, General Leavenworth has lost his election as Supervisor by a Majority of 166 votes.

I ask the appointment of Major Forman as Post-Master. If he succeeds, it will be the only one of the recommendations made by me. From the course I have taken in the Whig cause, *as well as in your own*, I think I am at least as much entitled to be attended to, as Messrs. Lawrence, Grauger, Noxon &c, all Scott men, and opposed to me at Harrisburgh.

Truly Yours,

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Hon. Francis Granger, P. M. General, Washington, D. C.

Major Forman did not obtain the appointment of post master at Syracuse; it was conferred on a cousin of the post master general, Amos P. Granger, because "Mr. Tyler held Whigs and Locofocos equally as his opponents, and reserved his favors and offices for *Tyler-men*. The little corps of *Tyler-men*, however, do not seem to thrive well, and even they do not always conform to administration measures."

*Gen. Van Rensselaer to his Son.*

Dear Rensselaer,

Albany April 21, 1841.

I returned home from Washington last evening with the day boat. I have only time to say a few things, and some of them which transpired I cannot commit to paper, but will tell you when we meet, which I hope will be soon for I want to see you and Mary.

President Tyler treated me with the greatest kindness and affection, he was at the Harrisburgh convention and knew the course I took in regard to Harrison and himself. I talked freely to him of the appointments that had taken place, and that not a single original Harrison man in this State was among the number. I also sent a circular to each of the Secretaries (except Granger) to the same effect, and I told Webster that the Harrison men would not submit to such treatment, that the loss of the election in New York City; the *large change* in this city and Syracuse had grown out of this course. He told me it must be inquired into. President Tyler told me as much, as that, Major Forman would be appointed post master at Syracuse, he evidently will act for himself and not leave it entirely to his Secretaries, as has been done heretofore, but say nothing on this subject to any one, nor what Mayor Forman's prospects are, it may set the politicians in motion anew in Syracuse. I have written a letter to Granger; it contains similar items of intelligence to that of the circular, expressive of my aggravated feelings in regard to the withholding of appointments from all whom I have recommended.

All at home are very well and join with me in love.

Yours affectionately SOL VAN RENSSELAER.

Rens. Van Rensselaer, Esq., Syracuse, N. Y.

"In August the bill which had passed both Houses of Congress, chartering a Bank of the United States, was returned by President Tyler with objections to its becoming a law, and thus the United States Bank Bill is vetoed. If the present state of the fact could have been anticipated, if at Harrisburg or at the polls, it had been foreseen that General Harrison would die in one short month after the commencement of his administration; that Vice President Tyler would be elevated to the Presidential chair; that a bill passed by decisive majorities of the first Whig Congress, chartering a National Bank, would be presented for his sanction; and that he would veto the bill, do I hazard any thing when I express the conviction that he would not have received a solitary vote in the nominating convention, nor one solitary electoral vote in any state in the Union. The Van Buren party in Kentucky, announced that the *veto* would come weeks before it reached that quarter.

"Tyler, like Jackson, was opposed to a United States Bank. Gen. Jackson vetoed a bill passed by Congress to recharter it, he also drew out the public money from this bank, thinking it would be safer in the state banks. There was a great storm of excitement when he did this, but Jackson never swerved from what he thought was right. In like manner,

when Congress passed a bill, during the administration of President Tyler, providing for such an institution, he vetoed it, and thus made many enemies. The effect was electrical and the cabinet was soon in the process of dissolution. On September 11, 1841, Hon. John J. Crittenden sent his resignation as Attorney General of the United States to the President, together with the resignations of Ewing, Bell, Badger; these were soon followed by that of Granger so that Mr. Tyler was deprived of the whole of his most enlightened and patriotic cabinet except Mr. Webster."

*Gen. Van Rensselaer to President Tyler.*

Dear Sir,

Albany, Sept. 3, 1841.

Will you allow me to remind you of what passed between us about the appointment of Major Samuel S. Forman as Post Master at Syracuse in this State? You will find among your papers, my recommendation in favor of him, with your endorsement upon it favorable to his appointment. In addition to this, there is a powerful recommendation in his favor in the Post Office Department. It was the intention of Genl. Harrison that he should be appointed, and such would have been the case, had not the late P. M. General wished the appointment for a Cousin of his, of the same name.

I have the Honor to be your Obt. Servt.

To the President of the United States. SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

*Gen. Van Rensselaer to President Tyler.*

Dear Sir,

Albany, Oct. 20, 1840.

I had the honor to write to you, about six weeks ago, on the subject of the appointment of Major Samuel S. Forman as Post Master at Syracuse in this State. He is a brother of the gallant General Forman of the Jersey line in the Revolutionary War; he is strongly recommended as will be seen by his papers in the Genl. Post Office, and is in every respect qualified for the appointment.

My Son is married to his Daughter, and to him the appointment will also be of service. I pray that you may think, that my service to the Whig party, and to you personally at Harrisburg, will entitle me to one Solitary appointment.

I am your obedient servant

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

To John Tyler, President of the United States.

## CHAPTER IX.

### CHERRY HILL FETES.

*The Feast of Flowers.*

Mr. Editor,

Albany, 29th June, 1842.

If not trespassing too much on your columns, you would oblige me by giving place to the description of a little fête, or *Feast of Flowers*, that I recently attended in the vicinity of our city. I am more especially induced to make this offering, as in my opinion, the scene was evincive of refinement, cultivation and taste; and I am gratified to see the Imagination cherished and developed; having long regretted that the heart

and imagination are not as highly cultivated as the judgment : believing them to be sources of great pleasure, and happiness to their possessor.

As I understand the matter, at the school of Miss Parsons, a young lady from the South, Miss F. Thomas, proposed this little gala ; all the others seconding it with a lively and amiable interest ; their teachers uniting in it, and participating in its execution with much labor and untiring kindness. It was originally designed that the joyous festival should be a *May-Day* celebration, but the coldness of the spring rendered the project unadvisable. The weather, however, now being propitious General Solomon Van Rensselaer offered, through his grand-daughter Maria Elizabeth Van Rensselaer, then a pupil in L. Sprague Parsons's establishment, his spacious grounds for the proposed entertainment. It was a lovely day, a crystal day, the air was balmy ; the Hudson before us looking as a mirror ; scarce a "breath of air" to ruffle its translucent surface. In front of the ancient mansion of Cherry Hill, we were politely received by its venerable proprietor, whose courteousness and benevolent hospitality all appeared duly to appreciate, and gratefully to acknowledge ; nor should his amiable daughters be forgotten ; as their skill and taste were conspicuous throughout, and their sweet urbanity made every one feel at home. In front of the house was erected a temporary throne, covered with flowers. On one side of the lawn was a table, set forth with fruits, cake, mottoes, ice-cream, and other refreshments ; and a band of musicians from time to time gave us lively and pleasing airs. Whilst the guests were grouped at the upper end of the lawn, sitting, standing, or moving about, I saw not a clouded brow as I moved along ; but all appeared happy and joyous, determined to be pleased and to act their parts well. The young ladies were generally attired in white, and in chaste simplicity ; flowers and sashes being their only ornaments. They looked charmingly and showed so much "disinterestment" in their attentions to their little "QUEEN," MISS MARIA F. TAYLOR, that they called forth most touching expressions of admiration from many. They formed a long procession, with their respected teacher at their head ; some very little girls with garlands of flowers around them, carrying baskets full of roses and various flowers ; and some holding garlands, forming with them a bower brilliant and beautiful in its various hues. The queen walked last, supported by her eldest sister and the young lady of the South ; and on arriving near the throne the queen walked under the bower of gay flowers, and took her seat, her ladies in attendance : when a sweet little Flora appeared before her majesty, strewing her path with those natural emblems of youth and innocence, "flowers, sweet flowers," and ingenuously wishing her every happiness ! This little creature's name, most appropriately, was Lady Hope, Miss C. Hilton. Then a young lady, another elder sister — I mention this, as I was pleased to see there could be a "Cinderella," with two amiable sisters, and not as that pretty fairy tale would imply, that only the younger one in the family was capable of being dutiful and disinterested — curtsied to the queen, and afterwards to the company, and with some lines applicable to the occasion addressed her and the assemblage at large. The Lady Ianthe — Miss F. Thomas — then spoke distinctly and sweetly, and placed the coronet of flowers on the head of her privileged friend. Several others spoke some verses very efficiently ; the garland holders gracefully laid their wreaths at her majesty's feet, and the other young ladies in attendance, presented with

a gracious mien and a curtesy, the sceptre and their bouquets. After which the youthful queen arose, and smiling sweetly to her friends, and curtsying lowly to all, repeated some verses written by Miss Parsons and they were really charming. She performed her part modestly, unaffectedly, and well; but her moistened eye and trembling lip, when she prayed that, in fairer and brighter regions, her young friends might all possess a more enduring *crown*, caused a thrill in many a mother's heart; and made me ask the question: can Youth, Beauty, Innocence and Friendship all be buried in the cold, cold grave? This melancholy reflection was chased away by the belief in the promises of Him who hath said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the *kingdom of Heaven*."

Yes, Mr. Editor, the scene was picturesque, was romantic; the guests were numerous; the accommodations capacious; and the *tout ensemble* almost sublime, by means of all that nature and taste united could devise. Some of the oldest and most respected of the inhabitants of our city were present; together with many happy mothers and fathers. The mother of this little Queen of Flowers was pointed out to me, looking extremely joyous; and though not her parent in fact, I was told that they possessed her whole undivided affection. There were many of the belles of the city looking their loveliest, and many of the beaux playing the most irresistible. Nor were the younger portion of the gentlemen any way deficient; here and there they were seen bowing and doffing their caps to the belles of their junior circle; and that too not ungracefully: a few flirtations I think I saw: a little dancing, much talking, gay spirits, happy laughter, and any quantity of delicious cakes with iced lemonade, made the afternoon pass off most cheerily. Some two or three I saw curtesy as her Majesty passed in the procession; *she*, smiling and returning their salutation, and methinks I noticed a foreign gentleman raise *his* hat and bow low! Indeed, every thing went off delightfully; and all returned to their homes sensible of the beautiful moral that night, and I believe, was adduced from this charming fête: that sweetness of disposition and an abandonment in an eminent degree, of selfishness, can greatly conduce to happiness. That you, Mr. Editor, for whom I have a sincere regard, may, together with myself, ever give an evidence of this temper of mind, I truly pray; remaining

Yours, as ever,

CLIO.

The interesting young lady who was crowned with flowers as *queen* of the "*Fest of Flowers*" in June 1842 at Cherry Hill, is now the highly honored and attractive wife of Hon. Ward Hunt, associate judge of the United States, and independent of her high position is one of the most distinguished women residing in Washington.

*Thomas L. Smith to Gen. Dennison.*

Dear Sir,

Washington City, Nov. 22, 1842.

I received your letter a few days since, and feeling deeply interested in its contents, I made every search to find out if there was any truth in the report, and if it was in my power by any influence or exertion that I could use, to avoid the event. I believe that there is not a word of truth in the report; and nothing to justify such an apprehension. I believe that our friend Genl. Van Rensselaer is as safe in his position now as at any period of his incumbency. Mr. Tyler will never touch him. He

would rather spread velvet in his pathway, than to put a thorn that might injure him.

Be assured my dear Sir, that I shall be ever sensibly alive to the interest and welfare of Genl. Van Rensselaer, he has a warm place in my heart and his sincere friend *I am and always shall be.* Present him and his daughter with my kindest regards and believe me to be truly.

Your friend and Obt. Servt.,

Gen. Sam Dennison.

T. L. SMITH.

Major Smith's confidence was misplaced as Gen. Van Rensselaer was finally ejected, by President Tyler (at the solicitation of the faction which Gen. Van Rensselaer had defeated at Harrisburg) after Hon. John C. Spencer went into his cabinet. This treacherous act was only in keeping with the perfidiousness of subsequent years. "Mr. Tyler's Administration was distinguished by the return of a South Sea exploring expedition; the settlement of the north-eastern boundary question and the admission of Florida and Iowa into the Union."

*D. O. Nelson to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Stilwell, Feb. 25, 1843.

In a controversy with one of our public men, on the subject of the Washingtonian Society, which lately occurred, it was publicly asserted by my opponent, that Hon. Dewitt Clinton *died a drunkard.* Having myself been a citizen of New York at the time of his death, and never having heard such a thing intimated, I took the liberty of denying the truth of the assertion predicating my denial upon that fact. Having no personal acquaintance in the City of Albany, I have taken the liberty of addressing you this line to know whether I, or my opponent was right. There is no name in the whole catalogue of American worthies, which in my mind should rate above that of Dewitt Clinton. It was therefore with *regret*, that I heard this stain thrown upon his character.

Hoping Sir, that you will pardon the liberty I have taken in thus addressing you, and believing you will be as happy in doing justice to the character of Dewitt Clinton (which is indeed the *duty* of every American Citizen, and in this case especially of every Yorker) as your friend will be in seeing it done, I confidently hope you will, in answer to this, communicate the facts of the case, and oblige your friend — Respectfully.

Post Master, Albany; N. Y.

D. O. NELSON.

"It was the opinion of Pythagoras, that the minds of slanderers were serpents, in a pre-existent state, and would in all probability become scorpions after death, but a defamer of character is contemptible."

*Gen. Van Rensselaer to D. O. Nelson.*

Dear Sir,

Albany March 1843.

I have received your letter of the 25th Ult. In which you say that one of your public men made a charge against the *great and good* De Witt Clinton that "he was a Drunkard." This charge I declare to be base and false!

For twenty-two years I was Adjutant General of the Militia of this State under Governors George Clinton, John Jay, down to De Witt Clinton inclusive, in which time I saw much of the latter gentleman. Indeed during the last four years of his Administration, my public duty compelled me to

call upon him almost every day, and at different hours of the day. I have dined with him at his own house, and at other places a thousand times. I accompanied him in reviewing the Militia, and attended him when he visited your State [Ohio] to celebrate the breaking of ground on your Canal. And I can SOLEMNLY declare before my God, that I never saw him intoxicated with liquor in the least. I should be glad to know who your base informant is

Your Obt. Svt.

D. O. Nelson, Esq., Stilwell Ohio.

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

“In the morning of life Governor Clinton took up the noble determination to be great, and to make *usefulness* the basis of that greatness. His death has been deplored as that of one who died too early; but if the prominent deeds of men are so many mile-stones on the journey of life, *his* course cannot have been short who has set up so many monuments as he travelled onward to eternity. He fearlessly breasted the peltings of life's storm.”

*Albany City Post Office.*

Friday March 24, 1843. We had barely space and time yesterday, after learning the fact to mention, without other remark, the change of post-masters in this city. But the character of this change is too peculiar to be allowed to pass by without a few words at least of comment, however unavailing they may be.

If distinguished patriotism through life, and an ardent zeal for the honor of his country, manifested by the most unhesitating, uncalculating, heroic exposure of life in its cause, combined with high personal qualities, could found a fair and honorable claim to the confidence and patronage of the government, as they have secured the esteem and respect of the community, then SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER had a right to expect better things from the President of the United States than to have been ejected from the Albany post-office to make room for James D. Wasson or any body else. Not that we have any hostility to Mr. Wasson personally or as a citizen, for we have none. But when we consider that he has ever been one of the most thorough going and busy of the partizans of Mr. Van Buren, and has, in the course of the last twenty years, had as large share of the profits and advantages of party patronage as any man in the community, probably, of similar qualifications, and then when we look at the services of the man who has been ousted to make room for him, we must confess that we had not expected such an act even from the present acting President of the United States. The circumstances of this case, considering them in all their bearings and ramifications, strike us, on the whole, as furnishing, to say the least, *one* of the strongest evidences yet presented by President Tyler, in the exercise of his patronage, of his anxiety to propitiate the Loco Focos of this quarter of the country. So go these mercenary, heartless, vindictive times. Why, President Jackson, whose example Mr. Tyler has latterly affected to treat with so much reverence, refused to remove Gen. Van Rensselaer, even at the instance of Mr. Van Buren.”

It certainly is a settled fact not to be controverted, that President Tyler selfishly, for his own personal aggrandizement, perverted the powers and advantages of his position, with a view to his *re-election*. He vetoed the Bank bills for this purpose and no other, and basely violated in his administration, the most important principles and pledges of the party, to whom he owed his *accidental* accession of power, and thus traitorously

vanquished the victory of 1840. That all his appointments and patronage had a reference to that sole aspiration of presidential re-nomination, his interviews with our dear father, and with Silas E. Burrows *after* General Harrison's death unequivocally prove, and is an exemplification of the fact that, with the hope of propitiating the antagonistic party, and thus securing his position for another term as president of the United States, friends were remorselessly sacrificed and the country was reduced to a state of discord and distress never before known.

"To subserve the wicked and time-serving purpose of a corrupt and unsucrulpous demagogue, the aged soldier and brave defender of his country in her hour of peril is stripped of the only reward ever received for priceless services, and in the place of General Van Rensselaer is installed a pliant and supple tool of party who has been for twenty years in the States service as door keeper to the senate and is most willing to discharge such work as the Regency see fit to assign him." There was nothing to be said *against* the appointment of James D. Wasson, excepting as it operated on the old soldier, snatching away from him a simple competence which he should always have been permitted to retain.

*From the Cincinnati Times.*

"SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER, who was recently removed from the office of Post Master at Albany, N. Y., was the companion in arms (under Wayne), of the late President, Gen. W. H. Harrison, during his campaigns, in and about the city and country, when naught broke the solemn stillness of the forests save the warwhoop of the savage. He afterwards served and was severely wounded in several battles on the Northern frontier, during the last war, when he displayed the greatest gallantry and devotion to his country. On his fair fame no tarnish is found, it burns brightly and will descend with him to a patriot's grave undimmed. Yet Mr. Tyler has dared, apparently reckless of those feelings which must exist in the heart of every citizen, to remove him for factious and selfish purposes.

The following beautiful Lyric is from the pen of one of our citizens, and we doubt not, portrays the feelings of thousands on receiving the intelligence of Gen. Van Rensselaer's dismissal from office :

John Tyler, if one blush of shame  
Can stain thy brazen cheek,  
If virtue has not left thy breast  
A fitter home to seek ;  
Behold the war-worn veteran  
Thy malice doth not spare,  
Go view the scars upon his breast,  
And ask how came they there ?

He was the bosom friend of one  
Whose highly honored name  
Once coupled with thine own was borne,  
High by the trump of fame,  
Of one to whom thou owest all  
Thy pomp, thy power, thy state,  
But for whose memory now thou feel'st  
Naught, naught, but bitter hate.

Methinks the answer giv'n would call  
E'en to *thy* cheek the blood,  
From those old scars *his own* once gush'd  
A warm and purple flood,  
In battle field that old man fought  
His country's foemen well,  
How richly he has been repaid  
John Tyler, thou can'st tell.

How could'st thou dare to hurl thy scorn  
At that old veteran's head ?  
'Twas outrage on the country, man,  
'Twas *insult to the dead*.  
Go weep the deed, go hide thy head,  
In penitence and prayer,  
Kneel humbly at the mercy seat,  
And ask forgiveness there."

"The removal of the able veteran of the last war — GENERAL SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER — from the office given him by President Monroe for his invaluable services and heroic valor, and held by him from that time

until this, with the exception of one year during the reign of Van Buren, has very naturally excited the indignation of every man acquainted with the history of the 'Hero of Queenstown.' He was removed on strictly political grounds by order of *John Tyler*, that infamous traitor. No other pretext is set up, no other reason is given. If it was attempted, the character of his successor would give it the lie direct."

*H. V. R. Schermerhorn to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear Unele,

Geneva, April 1, 1843.

Your letter of the 22d ult., did not reach me till the 28th. I had heard the day previous of your removal, and I assure you the intelligence filled me with astonishment, indignation and regret. I had supposed *you* was entirely safe, and could not believe it possible that Captain Tyler, mean, degraded and contemptible as he is, *would* be guilty of such an outrage upon you — the great Whig party which elected him, and the Country — as to deprive you of an office which even Gen. Jackson treated as a sacred reward for your public services. But I suppose you are indebted to JOHN C. SPENCER for this, and in the end he and his master will be more punished by it than you. I would advise your taking it quietly and calmly — for good may even come out of it. I was over at Canandaigua, last Saturday, where my friend Judge Sibly and I were talking on this very subject, and both agreed that, if you was removed, the Whigs must take you as their candidate for Governor at the next election, and that we should carry the State by 50,000 majority. The 28th I received a letter from Sibly [Mark] in which he says "So it seems the brave old General is once more a victim to the paltry contrivances of toadying politicians! was such rank corruption ever known since the organization of civil government? I think not." The change to you will be great; but thank God you have enough to enable you to live comfortably, and I trust and hope you will still live to enjoy a green old age amidst the cheerful faces and kind attentions of your affectionate children. My poor Mother continues very feeble, is almost helpless, though she is yet able to keep about. She feels very deep regret, and sorrow on account of your removal — and quite as mad as it is proper for an Old Lady to feel. She sends her warmest love in which we all join.

Most affect. Yours,

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany.

H. V. R. SCHERMERHORN.

*Gen. Van Rensselaer to the Post Master General.*

Sir,

Albany, April 6th, 1843.

My returns of the Post Office in this city are closed. If you will furnish me an account current with the Department, I shall immediately pay the Balance in the Bank and forward to you a Certificate of Deposit.

Your Obt. Servt.,

SOL. VAN. RENSSELAER.

Hon. Charles A. Wickliffe, Post Master General.

The current account was sent on, and General Van Rensselaer deposited in the Albany Commercial Bank the required sum of \$73.88 to the credit of the Treasurer of the United States, for the service of the post office department. A duplicate certificate was forwarded to Washington. The acknowledgment was returned, on the outside of which our Member of Congress had written, "Washington, January 4, 1844. General Van Rensselaer will see by the enclosed that his Account at the Post Office is

closed and so acknowledged. The requisite authority and papers are herewith furnished for the prosecution of Beecher.

Respectfully &c., D. D. BARNARD.

*The Auditor Clarke to Hon. Daniel D. Barnard.*

Sir, Auditor's Office, P. O. D., Jany. 3, 1844.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 2d inst. enclosing on behalf of General Van Rensselaer a certificate of deposit in the Commercial Bank at Albany, for \$73.88; and to say, as desired, that this deposit closes the Account of General Van Rensselaer, on the Books of this Office, as late P. M. at that place. \* \* \* \*

“Captain Tyler and his sayings and doings are rich themes. He is supposed to be now pluming his wings for a new flight of treachery and folly. Rumors of changes and cabinets and measures fill the city, and are the subjects of our conversation in all companies. I believe that some such movement is in contemplation. Great public interests would have suffered by Mr. Webster's withdrawal from the Cabinet when the other Secretaries did, and he patriotically remained at his post. Abbott Lawrence says ‘there is a sort of a *ground swell* going on in Massachusetts in Henry Clay's favor, and as to the negotiation with Ashburton, in which he is engaged as a sort of auxiliary, he says that though there have been great difficulties in the way of the long pending dispute concerning the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick, he sees light ahead, and hopes for favorable results. After which I think Webster will retire from the Cabinet.’ [“The treaty was negotiated at Washington City in August 1842, by Daniel Webster for the United States, and Lord Ashburton for England.”] An extract of General Van Rensselaer's letter reads: “It was my intention to have treated Mr. SPENCER with the utmost severity, but the public will not be edified by such a course and it will be in bad taste, I therefore refrain. His overbearing and arbitrary conduct will soon bring him down to his own level, and they will be as happy to get rid of him in Washington, as they were rejoiced in the public-offices in this City. WEED is beneath my contempt. At a proper time I will show, without the fear of contradiction, that Mr. Tyler when he first arrived at Washington to assume the reins of Government, was *decidedly* and *unequivocally* in favor of the Charter of a United States Bank, the proof of which is in my hands. A Statement of the remarks of Mr. Tyler, on that subject, was drawn up by a Gentleman now abroad. It was left in my hands to be used to defend myself, or if assailed as I have been by the Acting President. But it was not to be used upon any other occasion, for the truth of that Statement, my oath will be affixed.”

*Henry Clay to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear General, Ashland, 1st May 1843.

Prior to the receipt of your favor of the 22 ult.—I had heard of your removal from the P. O. at Albany, and I largely shared in the indignation which that malevolent and wanton act of a Traitor and a tyrant excited. You will bear it, I have no doubt, as a Veteran and a Patriot ought to do.

With respect to the proper time of laying before the public the proofs which you possess of the declared sentiments of Tyler, in favor of a Nat. Bank, I think, whenever it suits your convenience to publish them, that is the proper time. The public has already possession of evidence that ought to Satisfy any unbiased mind; but that which you have may serve to clench the fact. I am glad to feel authorized to infer from the tone

of your recent letter, that your health is good, and your Spirits unsubdued. May you live to see our common Country delivered from the base and faithless hands that now sully and dishonor it! That is the prayer of,

Your friend & Obt. Servt.,  
H. CLAY.

Genl. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y.

After the above letter of the Hon. Henry Clay had been received, events developed themselves so rapidly in reference to President Tyler, that General Van Rensselaer did not obtrude his statement on the public. The papers were all carefully labeled, and a narration of the facts in the case annexed, is now for the first time published. Mr. Clay resigned his seat in the United States senate on March 31, 1842, and was succeeded by Hon. John J. Crittenden of Kentucky.

*President Tyler's remarks about the U. S. Bank.*

We called on President Tyler two or three days after the funeral of President Harrison. Mr. Tyler was stopping at Brown's Hotel, and he entered into conversation relative to the last election, and among other subjects the United States Bank, and said he desired to see the letter written by Mr. Monroe, former President, to Mr. Burrows. Mr. B. said he would place it in his hands immediately. Two or three days after this we called upon President Tyler again, who was still at Browns. He said "he was much pleased with the letter of Mr. Monroe, that although he had made a strong case of it but not near as strong a case as he might have made." He said that "he considered the question of the Bank as settled, and the only thing was as to the time the measure should be brought forward." He said "the late United States Bank of Pennsylvania had made so much trouble that it would be best to postpone the subject to the regular Session of Congress." President Tyler said much more in relation to a Bank which we cannot give in detail, but all tending to express his concurrence in the course pursued by Mr. Monroe and the necessity of a National Bank without any suggestion as to the constitutionality of such an Institution, or any dissent from the opinions expressed by Mr. Monroe, and we hailed this information from the President with the greatest joy, as it satisfied us of his concurrence with the views of General Harrison, and that the new President would carry out fully those views.

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER,  
SILAS E. BURROWS.

*Silas E. Burrows to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear General,

Jany. 9th, 1842, New York.

I wrote you a hurried letter last Evening at Philadelphia on my way here, which you will probably receive before this. You will recollect that you directed me to show the letter, written to your friend of April 14th, to Mr. Webster and Robert Tyler. On the 31st last month at Washington, Mr. Webster made the demand or request of me for a copy of this letter, and declined giving me my letters of introduction till I had complied. As I had shewn him the original by your direction (and which you did as a friend) I saw no objections and complied. When I presented it, Mr. Webster said, "But you have not added that you heard all this, did you not?" I replied that, "*I was present and heard all.*" To which Mr. Webster added, "The President has said every thing to me also, as narrated by General Van Rensselaer."

This you will see makes the case strong enough as our testimony is supported by Mr. Webster. I knew nothing of the publication in the *Courier and Enquirer* of Tuesday last, till informed of it by the President, who was very much excited and pressed me very hard to give him a *Certificate explaining the thing away*.

I said to him, "neither Gen. Van Rensselaer nor myself have done any thing in this business that you can censure. Gen. Van Rensselaer wrote this letter in April when he supposed he was doing what would please you, and the letter is full of your praise.

"When Gen. Van Rensselaer found out what had taken place and not knowing how far the letter had been seen by others, he was desirous Mr. Webster and the President, through his son, should know all the circumstances." The President replied that, "he would not censure you, but that you labored under a mistake as to what he did say." Robert wished to know of him if you were not "an old superannuated man" to which the President replied "no," and I added, as vigorous in mind and body as when battling for your Country you received six British balls." Your friends in the U. S. Senate are exceedingly interested in the business and say, "The old General wont be driven from his Position, and all he says will be believed."

I promised to write the President, which I did from Baltimore on the 7th; a copy of which letter I give you following:

*Silas E. Burrows to the President of the United States.*

My Dear Sir,

Baltimore Jan'y 7, 1842.

The first intimation I had of the piece in the *Courier and Enquirer* was given me by the President. From inquiry I find the writer A. Z. is a Clerk in one of the departments, but who he is, or how he obtained his information I have no knowledge. I find that my diary gives the conversation which took place in April to which Gen. Van Rensselaer alludes in his letter of April 14th, and which will not lead me into any error of what was said at that time. My opinion is, the public mind is heartily sick and tired of subjects similar to this. I am sincerely so, and desire to hear no more in relation to the perfidy and depravity of my fellow men, and am now going to embark on a long voyage and rid myself of scenes which bring to my mind aggravated reflections. As I said to the President, in reply to his request to give him a Certificate, I shall do nothing to contradict the old brother in Arms of Genl. Harrison, whose body is perforated with six British balls. He will say nothing but what will be just and true, and as I said to the President, he is his friend. I cannot take leave of the President at this time without expressing my deep regret at the course he has pursued in driving from him the old body guard of Gen. Harrison.

Had Washington after his capture of the Hessians at Princeton, dismissed his old faithful Soldiers to starve, those who had followed him through New Jersey in the dead of winter without shoes or clothing, and who could be tracked by their bleeding feet through the snow, and had he substituted Hessians in their places to enjoy the fruits of his victory it would not have been more ungrateful. I will however, render good for evil, and will never be one of those who will revile the President whilst he fills that chair I have done so much to place him in, but if an opportunity offers to render a benefit to him or his family, be assured it will be gratifying to do so.

Your Obt. Servant,

To the President of the United States.

SILAS E. BURROWS.

You will see I have been plain, honest, and candid; and shall support you in your declaration made, and much more we can add in confirmation.

I proceed to the River La Plata in South America, and expect to be back in six or eight months, probably six. Do write me and remember me to your good family and believe me.

Truly Your Obt. Servant,  
General Solomon Van Rensselaer. SILAS E. BURROWS.

If made public now, they would attribute it to my defeat of application for the Consulate at Liverpool, and for every purpose of your security in case of my death you shall have the entire Statement but wait patiently for events to develope.  
S. E. B.

*Silas E. Burrows to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear General, New York, Jany. 19th, 1842.  
Yours of the 12th is just received and I wish instead of this letter meeting you that I could take you by the hand. But my health you know has been bad for some time, and I am just on the point of sailing for the Brazil and River La Plata, for its benefit, and fear the effects of the trip to Albany at this inclement season. Nevertheless if you demand it I will go, although my ship is ready and waiting for me. I think however we can accomplish all through the mails. I would not leave without placing in your possession the contents of the enclosed statement taken from my diary, to protect you in case of my death. Now is not the time to publish it, though it has become public because Mr. Webster and Mr. Tyler saw your letter. You are my General and I shall obey your orders, but we must now hold a council of War. You will seal up my Statement for the present and save our powder for future use when the enemy is in sight. The moment will come, must arrive when the shot will take between wind and water. So long as you delay the publication, so long you will have a far greater influence at Washington with the President than you have ever had. Publish all the facts, and *all* is lost. Am I not exactly right? Please answer by return of mail as I must sail by a week from Sunday, and I must have your wishes gratified in every respect before I go. How would your Son like going to the Brazils and take a part in the Oriental Wars? I have no doubt he would greatly signalize himself and do honor to his Country. Remember me to all your family and believe me truly your sincere friend.

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany. SILAS E. BURROWS.

*Statement about the U. S. Bank.*

Washington, Friday April 9th, 1841.

In company with Genl. Van Rensselaer called on President Tyler at Brown's hotel, who received us with great friendship and courtesy. I was introduced to Mr. Tyler at President Harrison's table March 5th, but had no opportunity of conversation, as he came in whilst we were at dinner and remained only a few moments. Genl. Van Rensselaer was a Member in Congress with him for several years, and from Genl. V. R's activity in obtaining Mr. Tyler's nomination at Harrisburg, no reserve existed between them, and I have never been more pleased with the candor and frankness of any man than with the President.

He informed us he had not slept for the past seven days, as he found himself in a situation so perfectly unexpected, with cares and responsi-

bilities of such magnitude to the study of which he had not turned his attention till within a few days. Since the election (he said) he had been attending in some degree to informing himself and refreshing his recollection of the Vice-President's duties as presiding officer of the Senate, and his mind was thus in part occupied when he received the sad tidings of Genl. Harrison's situation. The position which he then held though it was unexpected to him, was one in the discharge of the duties he should do his duty to his country, and that there would be no shrinking, on his part, from the great responsibilities which were thrown upon him. He said he was called upon to take a different view of many subjects from what he had before done. He regretted the call for the Extra Session, he wished it had not been made, but as Genl. Harrison had thought differently and made the call, he would far as was in his power carry out the late President's intentions, as he was elected by the people to make many reforms.

He said one of the most important subjects which would come before Congress would be the chartering of a U. S. BANK, and on this subject he desired all the information he could obtain; but that he was decidedly opposed to the question being acted upon at the Extra Session. The Country, he said, was in such a deplorable condition that something was demanded to restore it to its former prosperity in the way of exchange, &c., but it was best to let the subject of the Bank rest till the general Session of Congress.

I asked him if he recollected the letter written to me by the late President Monroe in 1831, in relation to the United States Bank and the only written or printed document showing Mr. Monroe's opinions on this subject. The President said he had seen it but so long since that he was very desirous to have it as it would be one of those guides, which he should trust to the direction of, as Mr. Monroe was one of the purest Statesmen we ever had in the Presidential chair. I agreed to furnish the President with the letter.

The President conversed at length with Genl. Van Rensselaer in relation to the Harrisburg Convention, and paid Mr. Clay the most marked praise. He said Mr. Clay was his favorite, and when he left home supposed Mr. Clay would receive the nomination of the Convention. We made a long call and on leaving, the President requested us to come and visit him at all times without restraint, as he was pleased to meet two such friends of Gen. Harrison.

Tuesday 13th April, called again on the President at Browns in company with Genl. Van Rensselaer. The President said he had been much pleased and gratified in reading the letter of Mr. Monroe; and that he fully coincided with Mr. Monroe in his opinions. Mr. Monroe, said he, has made a very strong case of it, but not near so strong as he might have made, and, continued he, the Constitutional points in relation to a U. S. Bank I consider as settled, that it is no longer an open question; and the only point to be determined was, as to the time the bill for chartering a United States Bank should be brought before Congress, and the character of its charter. It would be difficult, he said, to keep his friend Clay still at the extra session; but he was sure upon every principle of policy, the subject should be postponed to the Winter Session. He said Mr. Clay was identified with the Bank subject, and would be impatient to bring it forward; but, continued the President, the U. S. Bank of Pennsylvania has given so much dissatisfaction and trouble, it was best to give time for

it to blow over, which would probably be the case by the regular Session of Congress. He said it would depend upon the details of the Charter of the Bank, whether or not it was a united Whig measure. That generally it would be one, on which there would be but little difference of opinion; but in the details there would be conflicting interests, and he should trust these entirely with the Representatives of the people, whose wishes they would best understand, and whatever conclusions were arrived at by Congress on these points would meet his approbation. He said, he was anxious to see the exchanges regulated between the various States, and he did not believe this could be done without a United States Bank.

Still the President was very anxious to postpone the question and not have it brought forward at the Extra Session. Both Gen. Van Rensselaer and myself agreed to use our influence to have his wishes on this point gratified. We were happy to find that refreshing sleep had at last been obtained by the President. Thus the interview ended. The foregoing Statement I leave with General Van Rensselaer to protect him from any contradiction which may arise, and to be used in the event of my not living to return to my native land. I expect to sail in three days for South America and to be absent six or eight months.

Jany. 19th, 1842. New York.

SILAS E. BURROWS.

"Gen. Harrison had called an extra session of congress, to consider matters which he believed to be of vital importance to the nation. During its session, the sub-treasury bill was repealed, and two bills chartering a bank of the United States were vetoed by the president. As this was one of the favorite measures of the whig party, the conduct of the executive caused him to be denounced by them in no measured terms. His entire cabinet were indignant at what they considered his treachery toward his party, and with one exception resigned. What a long three months! Indeed, it has seemed to me since the world began Time never went by so slowly as it has since the accession of John Tyler. Tyler and his cabinet are daily acquiring more and more contempt and odium. In this month they have committed rather more than the usual amount of *meanness*. Removals and putting in relatives and *corrupt hacks* are the *order of the day*. Tyler cannot be insensible to the impotency and degradation of his present position; he has injured the Whigs deeply, and *therefore* hates them deeply, while very many patriotic friends have been cruelly persecuted and proscribed."

*Hattie's Valentine Fête.*

In days of Eld, it was the prerogative of the "little people"—who can "flit unseen from the elfin court on the other side of the Atlantic"—to enter unbidden and while away the time as unseen guests in the mansions of mortals and to join the revels of the merry-making times, at their will and pleasure. Whether under the silver wand of the fairy, or in the star rays that shone from the brow of the maid of the mist, or by what mysterious influence the present lone remnant of a banished race gratified the ancient passion, and recovered the ancient power of his royal lineage, it does not suit him to say: but if, having entered the charmed circle, he now benevolently endeavors to spread before the many, a picture of the fairy scenes beheld by the chosen few, he hopes at least to win for his proscribed race the justice of a better judgment than has so generally associated their name with malevolence alone. On the stormy evening of St. Valentine's day, February 14, 1848, gay young creatures with beaming

eyes and rosy cheeks, jovial speech, exhilarating laughter and hearts full of the abounding happiness of childhood, were seen huddled together into carriages, party after party, and rolled along through mud and rain, yet conscious only of the golden sunshine of their own imaginations; and, party after party, huddled out again at the porch of the ancient and stately old mansion at Cherry Hill.

From this moment all clouds and storm were excluded and a flood of light in the brilliantly illuminated rooms and superb music greeted the little crowds, while with hurrying steps they reached the dressing room, whence after veils and plumes, wreaths and crowns, had been adjusted, they tripped lightly down the spacious stairs to behold — what?

No less a personage than SANTA CLAUS, the veritable good St. Nicholas, with his aristocratic long white pipe having “Oranje Boven” streamers, and square silver shoe-buckles, together with his strings of toys and loads of presents, with which the well filled stockings gave earnest of his friendly mission. (The warm buffalo robe around him, and a jingling of sleigh-bells whose merry clinking sound suggested that “prancing hoofs” might be in waiting near the top of that capacious ancient chimney of blue and white porcelain tiles, with which the fire-place was decorated, and on which sundry passages of Scripture were portrayed.) His head was covered with smooth silvery hair, while the benevolent face, looking out from the broad, tri-cornered antique cap, of the Gen. Wayne’s pattern, was the personification of the *beau ideal* of the venerated and beloved Santa Claus. Next came the school-master. Poor man, he is lame; the urchins have had the advantage of him; fatigued and really overcome he has fallen asleep in his chair. His rebellious subjects are enjoying themselves in their own way, the Fools cap has been put upon his head, and one malicious lilliputian elf is holding up a dead rat by the tail in close proximity to the open mouth, occasionally bringing it so near the master’s nose that his pleasant dreams are evidently disturbed by the mischievous tickling; What do we see now? An ancient Dutch matron with strapped cap of white lawn after the most approved Holland construction; in “striped linsey petticoat with short gown of silk and outside chintz pocket,” of capacious depth, tied round the waist with scarlet ribbon, high heeled scarlet cloth boots, she evidently had once been the “greatest belle in Amsterdam.” This notable “Goede Vrouw” was surrounded by her interesting family. The baby in her arms is a remarkably quiet baby, though some said it was a “crying baby” yet I affirm it was a staid, dignified baby, a pattern for babies, requiring no hint from the switch with which the old lady occasionally restores order among the rest of her little restless vivacious tribe.

And yonder stands a tempting looking tree, standing too, in the garden of Eden whose green peaked slats guarded from all intrusion. The tree is sparkling with stalactites which act like prisms tinting with various brilliant shades. While pendent from every bough, sprig and tiny twig are short streamers of divers colored satin ribbon, formed at the end into a small rosette with its glistening spangle attached to rainbow colored three-cornered missives. The coveted fruit, however, is not forbidden, and each little guest may receive some (and more than one) memento from *St. Valentine’s Tree*. In the meantime what magic sounds issue from the opposite parlor? Some of the little impatient have broken away from the enthrallments of these “dissolving views,” and joined the merry dancers, full of innocent glee. There, first, is the mistress of the revels, the “light of the

Harem," the Sultana, in a dress of blue and lace, conspicuous for her light and agile movements. Here is a Swiss peasant girl, and there a fair novice with a veil and her rosaries. The Queen of May is dancing with a fairy, while a Russian princess appears to be in amicable discussion with a little Turkish lady. A bright eyed gypsy girl has so far attracted the flitting "Maid of the Mist" that they circle the room together in the mazy dance; and yonder the Piedmontese flower girl waltzes with the gypsy queen. Here comes up a whole troop of Highlanders, perfect in their equipments: and there a party of military gentlemen, of no rank less than a colonel; the former looking very formidable with their pistols; the latter, with their swords. A Spanish don is excessively ferocious in his whiskers, his velvet cloak, cap and feathers. A superb miniature mandarin with his embroidered satin robes, sports his fine Chinese pointed shoes, his long braided cue and delicate moustaches. The many others are commended to the imagination of the reader, as they dwell in the memory of the beholder—a brilliant, bewildering maze of fascination, fresh and fragrant with the spring time of early youth, and musical with the gushing melody of young hearts overflowing with innocent delight and liveliest enjoyment.

And now the dancing and the excitement have given our young party good appetites, and all are summoned, by the martial strains of a march, up stairs to the supper room where an abundance of dainties awaited them in profusion and excellence worthy of the hereditary and ancient hospitality of the house, and withal most judiciously chosen and appropriate to children. The first *coup d'œil* of the table was beautiful: a pyramid of evergreens with flowers and mottoes rising in the centre, soon however to be despoiled of all save its "eternal green." The loads of delicacies quickly disappeared. The little ones kept up their dancing and pretty games until a late hour, and then, one by one, roll up the carriages and the tired guests are driven home, again in storm and darkness and were glad enough at last to be "put in their little beds," yet nevertheless in an encircling glow of sunshine, kindled in their young hearts from a dream of delightful remembrance. "It was really an enjoyable social affair, and presented a sight well worth looking upon, and it was enjoyed by a large concourse of friends, who exceedingly delighted in seeing the little ones, in their fancy dresses, going through the quiet and graceful movements and figures of the dance. It is the hope of the invisible that the pleasure of those recollections will not be alloyed by knowing that a spirit has witnessed and recorded the festal scenes which gave so much *celat* to the pleasant relaxation of St. Valentine's night. The indulgence of like social festivities even to children, serve to develop the affections and foster kind feelings.

"They never see the shadows, that are thick'ning round their way,  
To the eyes of happy childhood, it is always dawn or day."

*Hon. John A. Collier to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My dear Sir,

Albany, 18th Feby., 1849.

I learn that you intend visiting Washington to be present at the inauguration of Gen. Taylor, which I am happy to hear, for I think it will not only be a pleasant excursion for you, but I have no doubt that Gen. Taylor will rejoice to meet and welcome a veteran and distinguished brother soldier, whom he will recognize in your well known name. You will also meet there an old friend, Mr. Clay, who like yourself, always

carries his heart in his hand, and will cordially greet you, as a well remembered gentleman and Whig of the Old school. I hope too you will not be forgotten in the distribution of the offices and patronage of the new administration. I well remember the indignant sensation it created through the whole country, when you were made the victim of the proscriptive policy of our "Spoil" seeking political opponents. It seems to be the fashion of the day to forget those who have spent a whole life in the vineyard, and to hasten to give not to "every man his penny," but *all* the pennies to those who have come in tardily at the eleventh hour, but, I trust that with our new "master of the vineyard" your claims and services will not be forgotten or unrequited. Should you desire to be reinstated in the office of Post Master of this City, from which you were most unjustly removed, there would I think be a peculiar fitness and propriety in re-appointing you, and you certainly have my hearty good wishes.

From my peculiar position in the political world, and from the multitude of references and applications to me by those who are soliciting office under the new administration, I took early ground that I would, for the present, at least, unite in no petition or letter of recommendation for office. I have, as you know, taken a prominent part in the political movements of the last campaign, and it is because of this, and my supposed claims upon the administration and my friendly relations with the Vice President, that these pressing claims are made upon me, and yet it is for this very reason that I do not intend to be officious in meddling with the matter of appointments to office. If there is any person in the wide world for whom I should be induced to depart from this my fixed purpose, it would be for you, my most excellent and venerated friend. I should be the more ready to do so in relation to this particular place of Post Master, if as I understand the fact to be, you are to have as a competitor Mr. B. — of this city — a man whom I look upon as unprincipled and undeserving. The facts as they have been detailed to me, in relation to his recent failure, and the dishonorable compromise and compounding of his debts, which it is said leave him with a fortune in his hands, at the expense of his creditors, I think ought to be insuperable objections to trusting him with the public money or in any public office.

Independent of all this, he is a rough, dogmatical, overbearing man, whose manners are every way disagreeable and forbidding, and there could not, I think be a more unpopular appointment. Whoever may be the successful applicant, I hope and trust it will not be L — B —. Wishing you with all my heart, a pleasant and *prosperous* journey — I am, With great regard and respect.

Your sincere friend &c.,

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y.

JOHN A. COLLIER.

*Gen. Van Rensselaer to Richard Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Richard,

Washington, Feb. 24, 1849.

Soon after my arrival, yesterday, at this place, I called at General Taylor's quarters, and requested to be shewn to his room; this the landlord refused to do, on the ground that he saw no company. I then requested that he would take up my card to the General; this was also refused.

Determined, however, not to be foiled, I bribed one of the waiters to take up my card; he returned immediately and requested me to walk up. On my entering his room, General Taylor came forward and shook my hand, with both of his, in the most friendly manner and said he was very happy to see me once more. After mentioning my business to him, he

said it had been designed to give that office [Albany Post Office] to me, and that I should have it ; but whether to do so at once, or to wait till the present term of the incumbent had expired was the question. That mine was a peculiar case, and that I must remain in Washington until he was sworn into office, and he then gave me a general invitation to his quarters. This difficulty, I think, I will surmount without any assistance, but if I should require any, *friends* are on the ground and powerful *ones*. Say nothing about this matter, I shall remain here no longer than necessary. Send this letter to the Girls at Cherry Hill. In haste, truly your friend.

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Richard Van Rensselaer, Esq., Albany, N. Y.

General Taylor was styled "Old Rough-and-Ready;" as the 4th of March came on Sunday, he was inaugurated President on Mouday March 5, 1849. He had occupied the executive chair only one year and four months when he died July 9, 1850.

*I. G. Washington to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Auditor's Office, P. O. Dept.

February 24, 1849.

Sir,

I have the pleasure to state that by the payment by you on the 30 December 1843 of \$73.88, the balance due on your Account as P. M. at Albany, the said account became exactly balanced, and finally closed on the Books of this office. I am Very Respectfully,

Your Obt. Servant,

I. G. WASHINGTON, *Auditor.*

Sol. Van Rensselaer, Esq., Late P. M. at Albany, New York.

*John A. Collier to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear Sir,

Albany 27 Feb. 1849.

\* \* \* \* \* I now enclose a few selections from the many Whig papers, which at the time were unanimous in the impression of their just indignation at your removal. \* \* \* \* \*

With great regards,

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN A. COLLIER.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer.

"Political life is not very apt to make saints, but be silent and let your friends pursue their course; you have a true knowledge of the machinations of these schemers, yet the meritorious and great services of your life, justly claims a permanent compensation at the hands of the country. Your political opponents will bring down condemnation upon themselves for the great duplicity practiced towards an aged Veteran, whom they would willingly rob of his laurels. I am quite sure you will not be proscribed under the administration of 'Old Rough-and-Ready.' We hope the pure patriotism of the Revolution will prevail in every American heart."

*Gen. Van Rensselaer to his Children.*

Washington March 14, 1849.

\* \* \* My appointment is *certain*; but it will be delayed for some time before the appointments of the Post Office Department are taken up, how long I do not know. After my case was settled, and not known by the officers of 1812, they met and strongly urged my claim, in which they were supported by Governors Vauce and Corwin of Ohio, Governor Met-

calf of Kentucky, Judge Burnet and John C. Wright of Cincinnati, General Eaton who was Jackson's Secretary of War, and many others, though their efforts were not necessary, yet it showed their kind feelings to me. I have a general invitation to the "White House" and am treated with the greatest kindness by its Host. The election of Gen. Taylor is a triumphant rebuke to the late President and his contemptible Secretary of War for their dastardly malice to destroy him and his gallant little Army in Mexico. He knows that I was removed from the Post office in Albany because I would not give my Support to that traitor Tyler for President; that there was no pretence of neglect of duty or defalcation in my payments and that I am poor and want the office which I hope to get \* \* \* \*

"I have seen Whig and Democrat bleed together in the cause of their country, said General Taylor and if I am President I will proscribe no man for difference of opinion. I think there has been a studied effort to alienate him from his original friends and time will show that it has been eminently successful. For some reason, wholly unaccountable, to a few, the Northern members of the cabinet are universally *odious*, even to the Northern Whigs. Gen. Taylor has come into his high office with the avowed purpose of endeavoring to carry out the principles and policy of Washington."

*Gen. Van Rensselaer to Dr. Elmendorf.*

Dear Ed,

Washington March 21, 1849.

My last letter was when I spoke to you about hanging up the *Hams*. I wrote at the same time to Mr. Collier, inquire if he received the letter, if he has not, they have intercepted my letters in the Albany P. O., let me know — the last intelligence from home was Mag's letter inclosing a scrap from newspaper.

The Senate is still in Session, I wish they were off — my business will not be closed for some time after they have adjourned, but I will stick to it until the thing is finished, all appears well, but the machinations of these vile intriguers, to prevent my appointment, are so unscrupulous that I sometimes fear "coming events cast their shadows before." For the sake of you all I hope I may succeed in having back my office, it will give me a competence.

If the weather will permit, let Michael clip the hedges of prim up from both gates and in front of the house; those bushes of prim along the garden, and to the north of the house must not be touched. Let Tennis Van Vechten know when you begin to trim as I promised him cuttings. The Raspberries and Gooseberries should be trimmed well up from ground and the cuttings of the latter planted out, as they are of a very fine kind.

I am in good health, I hope you are all so too; kiss my little rompish Hattie for me, tell her to be a good girl and learn fast. My love to all at home, also to Richard and his family.

I am dear Ed., Yours Sincerely,

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Peter E. Elmendorf, M.D., Cherry Hill, Albany.

In April Gen. Van Rensselaer returned home with full belief the office would be his.

*Gen. Van Rensselaer to Hon. I. Collamer, Post Master General.*

Sir,

Washington, April 2, 1849.

The disgraceful Charges brought against me, constrain me in justice to myself, my family and friends to submit a plain and concise statement of facts.

I joined the Army under the Command of Major General Wayne as a Cornet of Dragoons before I was eighteen years of age, and was promoted at nineteen to be Captain of Dragoons. The General was pleased to say that I led my Troop into action in Gallant Style in the great Battle with the Savages on the 20th of August, 1794 and was shot through the lungs, which the Surgeons of the Army considered to be mortal, but which my youth and strong constitution enabled me to survive. How I acquitted myself the Despatches of Genl. Wayne to the War Department bear testimony and refer to my Military career at that day, and to my conduct at Queenston in October, 1812, where I received six wounds in my Body and still carry one of the Balls; because these events have through the lapse of time nearly escaped the public mind. When the conduct of France made it necessary for the General Government to augment the Army, and when the Father of his Country, the immortal Washington was again called upon to place himself at its head, he sent for me and in the presence of Genls. Hamilton and Pinckney questioned me about the State of my wounds and soon after I was appointed a Major of Dragoons, at the early age of twenty-four years. When that Army was reduced I immediately received the appointment of Adjutant General of the Militia of the State of New York from that eminent Statesman Governor Jay and served as such during his administration and that of the elder Gov. Clinton, Lewis, Tompkins and the great DeWitt Clinton for twenty-one years, without hearing the charge of incapacity or neglect of duty brought against me.

The cold climate of Albany not agreeing with the wound in my breast, Governor Clinton "advised me to go South, to take the returns with me to Washington, make them out there and inclose them to him, and he would attend to my other duties in my absence." I took his advice and became a Candidate for Congress and was elected without opposition, having been re-elected by a large Majority over a Competitor of great influence at a second term. While attending Congress, President Monroe sent to the Post-Master General Governor Meigs to inquire of me, whether I would accept of the Post Office at Albany, as a small compensation for my services. The opposition to this appointment by Vice President Tompkins and by Senators King and Van Buren induced the President to submit the subject to a Cabinet Council, and the appointment was unanimously recommended, Col. Johnson and nearly all the Members of Congress from Kentucky and Ohio having taken a warm and active part in the matter. I served during part of Mr. Monroe's Administration, Mr. Adams and General Jackson's—who, the day before his term of office expired, nominated me to the Senate for four years from the following July, and it was unanimously confirmed.

In derogation of this commission, I was removed in less than two years by the proscriptive policy of Mr. Van Buren, but was re-instated in 1841 by my old associate in arms, the lamented President Harrison. During this long period of Service, no complaint was made against my ability or attention to my duty until President Tyler, who acknowledged that he

owed his nomination as Vice President at Harrisburgh to me, induced his friends in New York to require me to bring twenty-three Post-Masters in the County of Albany to his support.

This proposition was *indignantly declined*, and then the charges against me of inability and neglect of duty were announced, the persecution commenced, I knew my doom was sealed. but I preferred poverty to dishonor! The Traveling Agent of the Department, one William Eaton whom the late Post-Master-General Johnson dismissed from service for selling Commissions &c. had the *Impudence* to propose to me, that "if I took care of him, he would take care of me!" He is the Author of the charges now made against me, and had the Department at that time called me to an account, I could without difficulty have proved by my Assistant and the other Clerks that no blame could be attached to me or others in the office. This is now impossible, my Assistant being dead and the clerks scattered in every direction. The charge of the reduction of the Surplus Postage is accounted for, by the Stagnation of business and the scarcity of money at the time, Merchants choosing to send by private conveyances rather than deposit in the Post Office, for this result no Post Master can be responsible. In relation to the employment of Clerks, I may add, that I had one Son and some connexions employed in the office, but I selected them for their honesty, and my judgment was vindicated by the fact, that not a single letter was lost, nor a cent of the vast sums which passed through the office during the period I held it.

A daughter of mine, an elegant woman but unfortunately deaf, wishing to occupy her pen as an amusement, did all the transcribing of the Mails. She wrote a beautiful hand and prepared the accounts *at my house* and not in the office as charged. Judge McLean and Major Barry former Post-Master Generals, having seen her thus employed and applauded her highly. The names and ages of the Clerks were returned quarterly to the General Post Office, without any objection ever being made. My predecessor Mr. Flagg had two daughters and a Son employed in the Same way; and the present Post-Master has one or two Sons and some connexions engaged in his office. The Post Master General has furnished in several instances a Precedent for the employment of Females by their appointment to the direction of Subordinate Post Offices.

The reason of the opposition to my present application by Mr. Senator Seward, Weed and the Albany Clique is to be traced to their defeat at Harrisburgh in 1839, when as the only friend of Harrison in that Convention from New York, I was instrumental in prevailing upon our Delegates to support my old associate in Arms, instead of adhering as Seward and Weed wished them, to the pretensions of General Scott. This is the head and front of my offending and they cannot forget it.

I have the Honor to be,

With great Respect your Obt. Scrvt.,

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

*John I. Slingerland to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Washington, April 12, 1849.

I have been here several days and find that General Taylor is disposed to appoint you in case Weed, Benedict and others do not make good their charges against you. Some of them are here now and are doing *their utmost* to defeat you. If they sustain the charges you cannot get the appointment. I am willing to stay here and do *my utmost* to prevent their desigus

in case you will do as much for me if you get the appointment. You are aware that I have considerable influence which I can bring to bear in your favor, and this with my personal efforts will in all probability ensure you the office in spite of the strong efforts against you. I have already called upon the President several times and have labored hard for you with him; and by watching the movements of the persons referred to, I think I can secure the place for you. Let no one read or see this but yourself. Answer this by return mail.

Yours truly,  
General Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y. JOHN I. SLINGERLAND.

Never until the day when all human things will be brought to light, will the secrets of the despicable conclave, that made such vigorous exhibitions of human energy, to deprive a worn out old warrior of his well-earned daily rations, be revealed. The statements they made, regarding General Van Rensselaer, were perversions or misstatements of facts so dextrously woven together as to give them a semblance of truth. "The benevolence that must exalt us as a people, and which should triumph over any selfishness and appeals to our better nature and feelings," I much fear was greatly lacking here.

*Silas E. Burrows to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear General, New York, April 18, 1849.

I have just had an interview with a gentleman of high respectability from Washington who has given me the important information that he knows positively, that Weed and Benedict are at Washington arranging charges against you of dishonest practices in the Post Office at Albany. You had best come immediately down, see this Gentleman and be prepared to act, to meet the *villains*.

You will find your old friend, ever ready to serve your interests and who will at all times remain your  
Most obedient Servant  
Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer. SILAS E. BURROWS.

My Dear General, New York, April 20th, 1849.

Yours of yesterday is just received, and I repeat it is very important you should visit this City, have an interview with the Member of Congress to whom the Conspirators at Washington disclosed their plans, and then knowing the point of attack, be prepared to meet them.

I do not think it necessary for you to visit Washington, but it is *most important* for you to visit this City, and hear the report from your friends, among which you can rank most truly  
Your obt. Servant

Genl. S. Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y. S. E. BURROWS.

## CHAPTER X.

### A DOUBLE BEREAVEMENT.

*K. II. Van Rensselaer to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear General, New York, April 22, 1849.

Mr. A. M. Schermerhorn, the Member of Congress from Rochester — called on me yesterday — not being in, he left word that in a late conversation with Genl. Taylor, he had informed Mr. S. that the matter of the Albany Post Office was fully settled, that it was for Gen. Van Rensselaer — Mr Weed and his friends must rest content.

Mr. Schermerhorn is not a friend of Mr. Weed or his Anti-Masonic Clique — and rejoices greatly in the result of the matter. One of the reasons given by Mr. Seward's friends to Gen. Taylor, why you should not have the office, was that you resided far from the City, and consequently could not give it your attention. Gen. Taylor answered — that it was not expected — you should always be present or to do the work, others were paid for that duty. The above substance comes from Mr. S., who was in Washington on Friday last. I shall remain in this City for a week, if you find time, give me a line.

I am truly yours,

K. H. VAN RENSSELAER.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y.

“ Military men are the best judges of the just recognition of the rights of a soldier, they do not impugn motives; they stand upon the point of honor; they are trained to that sentiment; they *live* and *die* for honor, and appreciate, above all other things, the honors conferred upon them by their country. General Taylor is certainly a most remarkable person. I admire his prudence, judgment and modesty as much as his coolness and bravery with patriotism of country at all times.”

My Dear General,

New York, May 9, 1849.

Hearing that Weed had gone to the City of Washington with charges and a remonstrance signed by half of the citizens of Albany to present to Gen. Taylor, I had a Masonic friend from Massachusetts, then in Washington, call on the Assistant P. M. General — for the particulars. He found some difficulty in the matter as the Department did not mean to pay much regard to it or Mr. Weed's movements. All he could gather was, that Mr. Weed had a remonstrance with some 60 or 70 names (Democrat and Seward men) giving as reasons, why you should not be re-appointed, that some letters were lost under your administration and that sufficient exertion had not been made to find them, and you was old and unable to attend to the duties of the office. The first was disposed of by saying, that they presumed all had been done in the matter that was requisite. Next, that old or young, it was not expected you would personally attend to the duties, others were paid for that purpose. So much for Weed! Mr. Schermerhorn returned again from Washington yesterday. I was with him all the evening; he confirmed the Statement of my friend from Washington relative to Weed, and also says that there cannot be any doubt about the appointment. Mr. Warren the Assistant Post Master General, told him the papers would be made out immediately for you. It can truly be said of you as of another, you need no defense, and your reputation having become part of the *country's* fame, the country will take care of it and your honor.”

*Henry V. R. Schermerhorn to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Uncle,

Geneva, May 11, 1849.

When I wrote you yesterday I was not aware that General Swift, who has been spending several weeks at Washington, had returned; but being in the village this morning and learning from Judge Whiting that he was at home, I at once called to ascertain whether he had learnt any thing respecting your application and prospects. Much to my delight I found he had conversed with Gen. Taylor about you — the General (Taylor)

himself introducing the subject — and that all was right. Among other things Gen. Taylor told him that he had been waited on by several gentlemen from Albany, who commenced urging objections against your appointment; that he put a stop to their stories by giving them to understand that he regarded your removal as improper and that he deemed it his duty to re-instate you; and that he thought “they might be in better business than underrating such a man as Gen. Van Rensselaer.” Gen. Swift is very recently from Washington and feels satisfied that nothing can move Gen. Taylor on this subject, and that the Post Master General may delay but cannot possibly prevent your appointment. Supposing you would like to be apprised of these facts I take pleasure in communicating them.

Gen. Swift is decidedly friendly to you and seems anxious for your success. \* \* \*

Yours most Respectfully and Affectionately,

H. V. R. SCHERMERHORN.

Gen. Solomon Van Reusselaer, Albany, N. Y.

\* \* \* \* Weed, Benedict and Co. finding that they cannot prevent my appointment, have started a Petition that no one shall be appointed Post Master who resides out of the City of Albany. I reside just out of the City bounds, one measured Mile from the Post office. [The Municipal boundary line now extends one mile *beyond* Cherry Hill, his former residence.] An Omnibus passes my door every half hour, it is a beautiful family place but not productive. Here I resided at the time I held the office before, when Judge McLean and Major Barry frequently declared that this office and the Boston office were the best conducted of any in the United States. If it be absolutely necessary I will move to town. I am just informed that Wasson says he will not be removed and is active in procuring Signatures to the petition. I have the Hour to be,

Your Obt. Svt.

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

James D. Wasson was removed and Lewis Benedict appointed to the situation which justly should have been returned to Gen. Van Rensselaer. He was amazed on seeing the published list of successful petitioners, to learn the fate of his own application. It placed him “under all the painful and unprecedented circumstances of a very humiliating position,” when he had no reason to expect such a result, and filled his friends with painful surprise that Gen. Taylor had not been disposed to fulfil the expectations he had raised in the noble old patriot, and had been goaded on by designing politicians “to refuse so paltry a boon.”

*Silas E. Burrows to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear General,

New York, May 15, 1849.

I was in Tenth Street this evening and there saw the Express, which stated that Benedict had been appointed P. M. at Albany, I assure you it shocked me, and I came immediately to the Herald office and am here told that it is *not* so. I will not believe such an event possible, and should lose all confidence in man was it to be so. I feel confident you will receive the appointment, and that you have in the President a friend who will never desert the friend of Washington, and defender of his Country. When I reached the Herald office, I said to the editor Mr. Hudson, “I will give you a hat, if you shew me the notice of Benedict’s appointment

is false," which he did at once, and I have lost a hat with the greatest possible satisfaction. Please remember me to your family.

My Dear General,

New York May 17, 1849.

When I feel indignant as I do now, no one ever sees or hears complaints from my lips, or the least expression of *indignation*.

I will not after this confide in any thing said to me by others. I did believe Gen. Taylor would stand by you. All to me is perfectly incomprehensible. I hope Sir, you will feel as I do, that life is worth nothing, if *honor is lost*. That you have the ability to disprove their accursed charges, and that the day of Judgment shall soon overtake the villains, who have endeavored to rob us of one of our proudest National Honors, the boast of all Americans, that the friend and companion of Washington, from whom he received three Commissions, whose body has been pierced by Seven balls, in fighting the battles of his Country was General Van Rensselaer.

It is said here that a clerk in the Albany Post office made a statement and swore to it that you charged items, when Post Master, against the office which were false, and that this document is at Washington.

Was I placed in your situation my Dear General, I would either rescue my name from those charges if they have been made, *or, or, or, or* — you must fill up the sentence. If I did exonerate myself as I have no doubt you can, then I would make an example of my accusers, in that prompt manner, that history would connect it with my name, and warn the libeler that detraction of character and honor was death.

I wrote you day before yesterday when I did not believe the report, but alas it is too well confirmed, and you know that all I could do for a father was done to prevent it. Do let me hear from you and remember me to your family.

Your sincere friend,

SILAS E. BURROWS.

My Dear friend,

New York May 20th, 1849.

Yours of yesterday is just received \* \* \* \* I expect to leave the United States for Europe in the Canada the 30th instant, and shall be most happy to see you, or be of any service to you, previous to my departure, and at all times through life. Remember me to your daughters and believe me. Truly your sincere friend and most obedient Servant,

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany.

SILAS E. BURROWS.

Dear General,

New York, May 23, 1849.

Yours of the 20th, came duly to hand and confirmed my worst fears. I am truly sorry for you! and surprised to learn that Genl. Taylor when fully able to reinstate you in an office, from which you had been unjustly Expelled before your term expired, should leave the matter for action to the management of a political Cabinet — or *Clique* — that they might give the office to those who had been the sole cause of your removal, and were ever the strong opponents of General Taylor, and of General Harrison to the Presidency, of which he and his Cabinet are well aware. Gen. Taylor must have known that *your* appointment would have given general satisfaction to *honest Whigs* and *Democrats*, and that the giving of it to Benedict, was solely to advance the political end of Mr. Seward and Weed. \* \* \* The great people of the United States elected him President, and not his Cabinet; they expected his good plain sound sense, would be brought to play in the filling of the offices, and in the government of the Country — and not to be given up to a clique of political

managers. The people will hold him responsible for all their acts. \* \* \* General Jackson was truly President, and I should think his words and acts regarding you would be followed, (for they were fully approved by the people), “*I take the responsibility, as President of the United States.*” I send you a Scrip from the *New York Eve. Post*. If you have not seen it, it may be gratifying coming from a *Democrat*.

“Mr Benedict has been made Post Master of Albany. This is a triumph of the influence of Mr. Weed. The opposing candidate, whose claims were considered almost irresistible, was General Solomon Van Rensselaer. I stated to you, some weeks ago, that Gen. Taylor voluntarily assured some person — it was Hon. J. I. Slingerland, who was bespeaking the General’s favor for another candidate, that he should appoint Mr. Van Rensselaer, and that all other competitors were but losing time and breath. I am sorry for this decision. Gen. Van Rensselaer held the office under Mr. Adams, and through Gen. Jackson’s administration. He was re-appointed by Gen. Harrison, and turned out by John Tyler. The balls yet rattle in his bones, which he received at Queenston heights. He is old, poor, and heart worn. His case has enlisted heart felt sympathy. He ought to have had the office.

“The government, with the consent of the whole cabinet, except Crawford, threw the *entire patronage* of the North into the hands of Seward and his party. This was done under some *foolish idea* of Preston’s, that they would get rid of a Northern competition for 1852, as Seward stood for 1856. The effect of this was to enable Mr. Seward to take the entire control of the New York organization, and force the whole Northern Whig party into the extreme anti-slavery position of Seward. My opinion of General Taylor is, that he is an honest, well meaning man, but that he is in very bad hands, and his inexperience in public affairs, and want of knowledge of men, is daily practiced upon, and renders him peculiarly liable to imposition, with no better prospect for the future.

“It will be his aim to soften, if he cannot extinguish the asperities of party strife, and to make the Congress of the United States the true exponent of the will of their constituents.”

“In the midst of the criminations and recriminations, the accusations and investigations, the cry of every age seems to be that ‘political corruption is becoming more rampant.’ The fact also that the names which we now hold in highest honor were most sweepingly traduced in their own day ought to teach us to make due allowance for the recklessness, the eager, unhallowed ambition and vanity of a ‘miserable clique caring for nothing but the spoils of office and to obtain some notoriety.’ The same shafts of corruption, intrigue and selfishness that were leveled at the fathers are leveled at the sons therefore this harping on political derangement avails not. We desire ‘no invectives to be pronounced, no passions to be aroused, no wrongs to be detailed and aggravated over and over again,’ for we wish our solemn duty to be performed with the calm consideration it requires. I would do full justice to even Mr. Thurlow Weed — who was perhaps the mainspring of that political party — for he has many noble qualities and I respect a self made man. I would not pluck one leaf from his laureate crown of philanthropic honors, for his truly genuine and energetic devotion, in furthering the interests of the widow and orphan, are well worthy of record. He has justly gained eclat and a palatial residence — but I would not exchange my scanty pittance for all his renown and splendor burdened with the recollection of the wrong

inflicted on that patriotic, venerable soldier! It would have been only a just solace, had the few remaining days of his life flowed with a 'golden ebb,' or at least made much more comfortable by being allowed to retain his simple office. And his heroic heart cheered with the proud feelings of triumph by the pleasing consolation that the Empire State, from her abundant sources, conferred on her brave son the single gift of *legal competence* which he craved so earnestly at her hands.

"Public scandal and private fraud are very apt to go hand in hand, and both have long meddled mischievously in the political atmosphere. Occasionally, however, we meet with 'a clique' who have sharp, argus eyes and such a greed of gold as to systematize an unscrupulous and dishonest plot to amass wealth for themselves, but possessed of an orthodox honor peculiar to themselves. They had a feeling of 'peace and good will' for those who had been engaged in gallant achievements on the field of glorious action. With them it was sacrilegious to defraud a chivalrous soldier, and their disinterestedness in regard to Gen. Scott might have been a model to more fastidious cliques who "could not compare in nobleness and honesty with the following fact regarding his property being respected by burglars and pick-pockets: General Scott's gold medal chanced to be temporarily in the City Bank of New York for safe-keeping, when two thieves in a night's work, took from that institution \$260,000. The medal was lying in a trunk of gold. All the coin was stolen; but the medal, though taken out of its case (marked with the owner's name) to gratify curiosity, was left. A few years later, when the robbers had served out their sentences in the State Prison, or been pardoned by the executive, Scott was, in a steamer on the Hudson, robbed of his purse by pick-pockets who did not know him. The principal of the bank robbery, hearing of the loss (\$140), bestirred himself among the fraternity, threatened to cause the whole body to be sent to the State Prison if the money was not returned, and added, 'When in the City Bank, I saw the medal, but was not such a villain as to *rob a gallant soldier.*' In a day or two the money was returned by Hays, the high constable, with that report, received from a third party. To show that he did not himself pocket the money, Hays was required to produce Scott's written receipt for its return, which was given."

"No matter how irreproachable the conduct of a man, or how distinguished his services, he cannot hope to escape calumny at the hands of partizans. It is a lamentable fact that the breath of calumny is ever busy in politics; and too true that no man who is prominent or active can hope to escape its slanders. Men of the purest lives, the most exalted virtues and the noblest aims are assailed with the same indiscriminating virulence. Partizans are not content to condemn the principles and policy of those upon the other side, not satisfied with opposition to their public acts, but must poison every shaft with the virus of private malignity." It is the sad privilege of General Van Rensselaer's daughter to stand up in a vigorous vindication of her noble sire. And to record that the machinations of his political foes to overleap all barriers and blast the character of one so worthy, whose undoubted integrity could not be tampered with, were universally regretted. At the same time it was fully understood and conceded by the masses to be simply owing to strong party malevolence. Happily the very extent of this defamation counteracts itself in a great degree. "The people know that much of it is the

mere offspring of political passion, without any solid foundation, and they estimate it accordingly." There are no remedies for the past. The grave imputation and specific charges against an honorable man with these aggravated repetitions were not only unjust to the proscribed, but also to his equally innocent family. He was indeed too old to enter again on the arena of public contest, but his cruel accusers well merited stern rebuke for inflicting such severe pain on hearts that had not felt the chill of age, it was both unjust and ungenerous! The vile trumpery of charges brought against Gen. Van Rensselaer in 1849, were but the revivification of the false imputations, by demoralized opponents and party demagogues—given with power and most irresistible pathos in 1843, and sanctioned by President John Tyler.

[In Memoriam of this Chief Magistrate I would state "when the Great Rebellion rose, John Tyler renounced his allegiance to the United States and joined the Confederates. He was chosen a member of their Congress; and, while seeking to destroy the government over which he had once presided, he was taken sick and died January 17, 1864, 'and Tyler too,'" went to render up his account to the great judge of all.] Each one of the blandly stated patchwork accusations had been successfully explained, and fully recognized as the malignant purpose and bold efforts of selfish, visionary politicians to mar the clean record of a resolute and brave "gentleman of the old school, who was incapable of intentional misrepresentation. Now, when the witnesses had "passed away" who would fully have corroborated his statements in the minutiae of the trivial details, "these flaw hunters, who have a preternatural faculty for detecting the appearance of evil, in every man's character," again presented their charges. They did so to frustrate the claims to office of one honest man, whose indignant countenance portrayed the silent eloquence of a crushed spirit at the ingratitude of his country. "This characteristic of politics is not limited to our day. It has distinguished all epochs of the Republic. Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton and their compeers were assailed with the same bitterness which is now directed against many of the most prominent men in public life. It is almost inconceivable now that language, which seems to us so sacrilegious, should ever have been used in regard to General Washington. Yet there are those at the present day who indulge in similar bitter invectives against the great and good, and are guided by much the same motives as those of yore, because 'littleness is their element, and they mar whatever they touch.'"

*Gen. Van Rensselaer to Col. Warren.*

Dear Sir,

Albany, 21st August, 1849.

At the time you left Washington for the East to visit your friends, I wrote to you requesting you to return to me my papers as they had not been acted upon, this was refused, and I now ask the favor of you to furnish me with Copies of the affidavits or any other papers which arrived after I left you which caused the Cabinet to reject my application. I also wish Copies of the letters of Weed, Townsend, Benedict and Schoolcraft addressed to John C. Spencer, which I left in your hands, and were Copies taken from the originals in the General Post Office.

There is another letter I wrote to the Post Master General some years ago, which has a strong bearing on this Subject. I saw the letter when Mr. Granger was Post Master General, of this too I wish a Copy. From

your friendly Expressions towards me, I have no hesitation in believing that you will comply with my request as soon as may be.

I am with great Respect, Your Obedt. Servt.,

Col. F. H. Warren,

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

2d Asst. Post Master Genl., Washington, D C.

Post Office Department.

Sir, Appointment Office, Aug. 24, 1849.

Yours of the 21st is to hand. The Post Master General is now absent on a visit to Vermont, and I have deemed it proper to submit your request to him. I expect to hear from him in reply at an early day, and will then communicate to you his decision.

I have the honor to be, Very respectfully, &c.,

F. HENRY WARREN, *Second Asst.*

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y.

*Col. Warren to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Post Office Department.

Sir, Appointment Office, Sept. 6, 1849.

In reply to yours of the 21st ult., the Post Master General has directed me to inform you that it is contrary to a long and well established rule of the Department to furnish copies of papers on file or to permit original papers to be taken therefrom, unless required in the prosecution or defence of a legal proceeding, and then only upon the Certificate of Counsel that the same are necessary. The papers you desire returned are filed with a case passed upon by the President.

It may happen that he would wish to examine the same hereafter, and it is therefore deemed proper to respectfully decline acceding to your request.

I have the honor to be Very respectfully &c.

F. HENRY WARREN.

*Second Assistant Post Master General.*

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y.

A secret system of espionage (detraction and defamation of character being its basis), inherent in some Corporate *Bodies* without souls, and replete with all the venom of vipers towards our father, was inaugurated under President Van Buren's administration. It extended through Mr. Tyler's and was again revived, upon the same basis, under General Taylor's which unfortunately nothing could counteract. "Age, imbecility, nepotism, and too *great* a distance from the city" were among the charges. His answers to his traducers were dictated in that spirit of candor, sincerity and integrity which were inseparable from his estimable and noble character. His old age found him superseded by others to an office *he* had a legitimate right to expect. Destitute of the pecuniary means which are so indispensable to that step of our pilgrimage, suffering under mortification, and justly indignant at the base attempts made to ruin and destroy him by his malignant, indefatigable and profligate enemies, he withdrew from the arena of public life. He found a panacea in the love and devotion of his own "home circle," and sought to forget the cruel wrongs inflicted by his own countrymen. After his rejection, he wrote and demanded his papers, which had been left with the honorable gentlemen in reference to his application, with what result the answers from the Department show.

The unjust treatment of our dear father by General Taylor in the falsification of his word that he "should appoint General Van Rensselaer," and that all "other competitors were but losing time and breath" was an event causing such aggravating reflections on the general's mind as made him nearly lose all confidence in man. He firmly believed that General Taylor would protect him as sacredly, as he did his little army in the Mexican war. Our father's chivalrous sense of the courtesy due one distinguished general from another—he required no other guarantee (when being told by General Taylor on his application that he could return home for he should have the office), made him disregard the admonitions of several influential friends as unworthy of adoption, to hasten down immediately to Washington or he would lose it. He would not impugn the principle on which the executive enforce and establish their measures, for he well knew that in every political contest opponents were animated and aggressive. Yet conscious of his own rectitude and integrity, the insulted spirit of the aged veteran spurned to ask further aid from his ungrateful country, and decided him to judge upon a dispassionate estimate of facts. He rose superior to all the aspersions of his political opponents, yet their cruel enactments cast a shadow over, and embittered his few remaining days. A disinterested friend was perfectly justified in writing: "It is no news to me that General Van Rensselaer's services were never half paid, and the thousand comforts which should have cheered his old age unattainable." At the death of this patriotic chieftain, his pension—the small pittance of one dollar a day for valuable services in two wars—was withdrawn from his destitute family, and although his daughters petitioned congress, in consideration of the labors of their noble father, to have it continued to them during their lives, the final passage of the equitable act authorizing such a desirable measure has never been allowed.

*Gen. Leavenworth to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir,

Syracuse Aug. 29th, 1849.

It affords me great pleasure to communicate to you a resolution of the Common Council, of this City, by which I have been instructed to invite you as the Guest of the City to attend the State Fair to be held here on the 11th, 12th & 13th days of September next.

In thus extending the hospitalities of the City to you Dear Sir, we feel that we are but feebly expressing the debt of gratitude which is due to you from our Country for your many Services in its behalf.

In the hope that we shall have the pleasure of meeting you on that interesting occasion, at this place.

I am Dear Sir, your obt. Servant,

E. W. LEAVENWORTH.

Gen. Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y. *Mayor of the City of Syracuse.*

*Rensselaer Van Rensselaer to his Father.*

Dear Father,

Syracuse, Aug. 30th, 1849.

You will see by the "Daily Star" which goes herewith, that our Common Council have resolved to include *your noble self* among their invited Guests for the Great State Fair—and in due time, I suppose you will be officially notified of the fact. You will come, of course, as by arrangement in Mag's last letter, when we will be most happy to see and ready to receive you at the time specified. Can't it be so arranged that

Mag can stay with us a couple of months or so? \* \* \* Our Peaches begin to ripen — picked the first to day, will have varieties now, coming on in succession during the whole peach season.

*Gen. Van Rensselaer to Gen. Leavenworth.*

Dear Sir,

Cherry Hill, August 30, 1849.

Your very gratifying letter was received yesterday. As I propose leaving home the 6th on a visit to my son, it will give me great pleasure to protract my stay when in your city, in order to avail myself of the cordial invitation of your Common Council, conveyed in so very flattering a manner through its Chief Magistrate to attend the State Fair, to be there held on the 11th, 12th, and 13th days of September. I am Dear Sir, with great Consideration.

Your obt. Servt.,

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Hon. E. W. Leavenworth, Mayor of the City of Syracuse.

“The grounds for the fair are admirably adapted for the occasion, beautifully located on the highest land in the vicinity, and command a view of the city and a large portion of the surrounding country. The scenery is delightful, the ride to the grounds pleasant and agreeable. Here at the annual gathering of the farmers of New York, all are on equal footing, and enjoy, perhaps, in an equal degree the pleasures of the occasion. We are all plain farmers, and vie with each other in the effort to make this meeting one of pleasure and profit. We shall not, however, be destitute of great men for Mr. Clay arrived on the 11th, a crowd collected at the depot and in the streets and his reception by the large concourse of friends was highly flattering. Many other distinguished gentlemen, military, statesmen and politicians, grace the occasion.”

*Col. Todd to Gen. Van Rensselaer.*

My dear General,

Near Shelbyville, Ky., Sept. 5, 1849.

There must have been some movement adverse to my wishes after you left the City of Washington, for I learned in May that I could not receive the Mission to Russia, but the President said some *other position* that would be agreeable. I came home to await events, as you did, though I fear your case is not better than mine, as I have not seen your appointment announced and I have nothing from Washington, while several prominent appointments have been made from Kentucky. I suppose you will see the President during his visit to Albany and the Fair at Syracuse. Could you ascertain what it is in contemplation of the Administration to offer me? Last week there was a vacancy in the Governorship of Oregon and next winter a New Territory will be formed between the States of Missouri and Iowa and the Rocky Mountains. Could you see Mr. Collier on the subject? With our regards to your family and every wish for your success and happiness,

I remain, as Ever, Yours truly,

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y.

C. S. TODD.

Colonel Todd was one of General Harrison's aids-de-camp, who remarked, “Colonel Todd was equal in bravery and superior in intelligence to any officer of his rank in the army. In the summer of 1841 he was appointed, by Gen. Harrison, United States Minister to Russia, and served his country in that capacity to the perfect satisfaction of both governments.”

*Death of Rensselaer Van Rensselaer.*

DIED. On January 1, 1850 at Syracuse, N. Y., RENSSELAER VAN RENSSELAER aged forty-eight years. He was married November 11, 1840, to Miss Mary Euphemia daughter of Major S. S. Forman of Syracuse. They lost several lovely children; these repeated severe afflictions were agonizing to the tender hearts of both parents. And now the electric wires paralyze our spirits with the afflictive news that the fatal shaft has singled out this "loved one," passing him suddenly from time into Eternity. It was a most mysterious dispensation, "a calamity whose circumstances are inexplicable," but the decree was unalterable, and "tears were frozen in their cells" as a deep wave of crushing sorrow surged over his stricken widow, venerable father and sisters. A large circle of deeply sympathizing relatives and friends mourned his tragic and untimely end. Grief is ever sacred, silence its attribute and privilege, we would not wish to unveil the anguish of that sorely afflicted and awfully smitten household on this trying occasion. "Affliction's rods are made of many keen twigs, but they are all cut from the tree of life." This sad bereavement to his aged father, and especially the peculiar manner in which the lamented deceased was snatched so hastily from life, was a very heavy stroke — the last extreme of human wretchedness, and he fully realized how vain was the help of man in this hour of greatest grief. With bowed heart and overpowering bodily suffering he followed his loved only son to his last resting place. His loss was irreparable and in speechless agony he saw his dead entombed; the impressiveness of the solemn occasion was deeply felt by all the true and sympathizing friends. "Many truly good and wise men have desired and prayed for, as the best way of escaping from earth to heaven a sudden and unanticipated departure. The good President Livingstone used to pray for a sudden and painless departure, and was at last found one morning in his bed sleeping in death. Henry Clay, it is said, always declined to repeat the clause in the Protestant Episcopal liturgy against sudden death. On the supposition that one lives habitually ready for death (as we all should), there can hardly be a question that a sudden and, therefore, comparatively painless departure is the true euthanasia. Men predisposed to apoplexy or heart disease may then consider themselves favored in this respect" Still the painless departure of our "loved ones" does not lessen the sympathetic agonies of the surviving members of the home circle.

*The Late Rensselaer Van Rensselaer — Verdict of the Coroner's Jury.*

Syracuse, Jan. 5, 1850.

"The impression that the late GEN. RENSSELAER VAN RENSSELAER had committed suicide, having gained general credit both at home and abroad, I deem it but an act of justice, especially to the friends of the deceased, to give a synopsis of the facts in the case, as this day elicited before a Coroner's Jury, together with the verdict rendered. The reason why an inquest was not sooner had, is the fact of my not being at home. The character of the gentlemen composing the Jury of inquest, must give weight to the verdict, founded as it is upon all the evidence which could be brought before them. Mr. Van Rensselaer made it his home with Major S. S. Forman, his father-in-law. The entire household consisted of Major Forman, Mr. and Mrs. Van Rensselaer, a male and female domestic — David Corkey and Mary Mulligan.

January 1, Major Forman and Mrs. Van Rensselaer went to spend the day at Mr. Graves — Mr. Van Rensselaer declined going on account of a slight indisposition. All witnesses agree that the manner of Mr. Van Rensselaer on that day, or the few previous, had not been different from his ordinary manner.

Between twelve and one o'clock the female domestic spoke to Mr. V. R. about dinner, he replied that none need be got for him, he would eat bread and milk, and did eat it. About one o'clock, Mr. V. R. went into the wood-house, filled a furnace with charcoal, and set fire to it. The hired man went out and assisted him. He told the hired man that, as Major Forman was gone, he was going to try and dry the walls of the Major's room. [The room here referred to, and in which Mr. V. R. was found, is off from the main hall, in the north-west corner of the house, connected with no other room, no entrance to it save from the hall, is about eight by fifteen feet. Between two and three months since it was enlarged, the walls filled in with brick, lathed and plastered, and subsequently papered. It was fitted up as a Library and business room — the books, &c., arranged accordingly. The walls not drying, a stove was put in about a month since; but a sufficient draft not being obtained, the smoke was intolerable. Mr. V. R. then tried charcoal in the stove, getting it thoroughly ignited before putting in, but putting in fresh coal thereafter created as much smoke as wood, and so the stove was abandoned, it was removed from the room about the 20th December. The walls of the room *are still damp.*] After the coal in the furnace was thoroughly on fire, Mr. V. R. took it into the Library, remarking that he knew the Major would be glad to have his room warm when he come home. He came out soon after he took in the furnace, and said it smoked, and that he had raised up the windows, that the coal was wet from the snow. He then brought in the pan of coals left in the wood-house, and put it in the oven of the kitchen stove to dry, then went into the sitting room, took no more coal with him. About a quarter of an hour after this he came into the kitchen, said it was very warm; and took the pan of coals that had been drying, and returned. Soon after this he came out again into the kitchen with a newspaper and gave Corkey to read; said it was of that date, January 1st. He then left the kitchen, and was not seen again till about a quarter past five P. M., when the girl went to call him to tea.

She went into the hall; to the door of the Library; the Library door was about one-third way open; she could see the face of Mr. V. R. without pushing the door wider open; he was lying on his back on the settee. She said: "Mr. Van Rensselaer will you come to tea; it is ready." He made no reply. She thought Mr. V. R. was sick; she had called him, but he did not answer. They lighted a candle, and both went to the Library; they both thought he had fainted. He had vomited freely. Corkey attempted to raise his head to take off his cravat; on touching, they found him cold — dead. Frightened, they fled and gave the alarm. Both witnesses agreed in these particulars. It appears Mr. V. R. was back and forth several times. May it not be a fair supposition that the last time he entered that fatal room, gas had generated in such quantity as to affect him before he could possibly return; causing him to fall in the position in which he was found. Such was the opinion of witnesses, and of the jury of inquest. I was not able to find any evidence going to show suicide. I have heard so many, and so different versions of this affair, both before and since the examination; none of them according

with the facts; that this brief synopsis is considered alike due to the public and the friends.

Respectfully,

F. A. MARSH, *Coroner.*

*Verdict of the Coroner's Jury.*

"Verdict of the Jury of Inquest in the case of Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, held January 5, 1850 :

"That on the first day of January, instant, the said Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, at the house of Samuel S. Forman, in Syracuse aforesaid came to his death by the *accidental inhalation of the fumes of burning charcoal.*"

FRANCIS A. MARSH, *Coroner.*

JAMES R. LAWRENCE, Foreman.—John B. Burnet, Paul C. Russell, Proctor C. Samson, John R. Robertson, Nathan F. Graves.

*Death of R. Van Rensselaer.*

"The verdict of a Coroner's Inquest held upon the body of Mr. V. R. on Saturday, was that, he came to his death accidentally. The evidence given before the Jury went strongly to show that the deceased could not have meditated self destruction. The verdict is in accordance with the prevailing opinion of our citizens, although the first impression was as has been already stated."

"Thou art gone to the grave! but we still must deplore thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass thy tomb!"

At Chambly, Canada East, on November 12, 1850, another "loved one" passed away: CAPTAIN EDWARD S. GLEN, the early friend and valued companion of my brother when in South America in 1828. John Glen, the older brother, who there lived in princely style has also laid his armor down; their two loved sisters Lady Wilson and Jane Anna Glen have all passed from the stage of life. John Glen had married a Spanish Lady: after her death he brought his daughter and two sons to Canada and subsequently married the widow of Lieut. Col. De Salabury. The two young Spaniards soon wearied in the extreme cold of the Canadian climate, longing for their own sunny climes and eventually returned to their childhood's home and Spanish inheritance. Sofia, however, remained with her father's relatives. She was a pretty young girl; masses of clustering ringlets shadowed a countenance where the olive of Spanish America mingled with the lineaments of a colder zone. The expression of her full dark orbs, flashing and revealing in their clear depths an unutterable devotion of soul" was always interesting, as she sat with her Spanish harp in hand, and brought forth strains of music so wildly sweet and soft. She had been carefully educated in that country under the climatic influences of the church of Rome and continued a bigoted and uncompromising catholic, and withal possessing a nervous temperament and a girl of intensely sensitive feelings. In her own dormitory was a small alcove fitted up as an oratory; lifting the drapery, you saw, a small altar on which was a cross with an image nailed to it; a painting of the blessed virgin in a little niche with a taper burning before it.

It was to me no matter of surprise that the infatuated girl resisted all the tender solicitude of protestant friends, for their influence was curtailed by the "potent appliance of auricular confession" and as a matter of course she became the canonized and holy Sister St. Césaria. "The black veil is now fastened on her head and floats down the back and shoulders over the plaited and trained skirt of the black habit. From the neck is

suspended a silver crucifix, while from the girdle hangs the rosary." When Sofia and myself were spending a few days with the estimable family of General Evans in Montreal during the year 1847, we frequently visited the Congregational Convent of Nôtre Dame. A niece of Rev. Mr. Mignault was one of the cloistered nuns, and had been at our school in Chambly. We were promptly admitted into a large room in which the novices or postulantes were assembled, "each group had the supervision of one of the veiled nuns of the convent." Their embroidery, painting and exquisite wax-work were chief monopolizers of our attention; they also manifested great proficiency in the musical department performing many intricate pieces on both the piano and harp.

One morning we went to see a young lady take the "black veil." She was not an impoverished daughter but brought with her a fine dowry and her own wardrobe; she was the younger of two protestant girls whose parents being dead, they had remained in the institution as boarders to complete their education. Though the elder was opposed not only to her sister's inclination to Romanism, but decidedly objected to her being a cloistered nun, yet strengthened by imperceptible influences and persuasions which were the subtle agencies or "bands of flowers thrown around the youthful victim to draw her to the altar," the sacrifice was consummated with the "devout pomps and complex superstitions" which have such an inexplicable hold upon the minds of the French Canadians.

She was baptized, made confession in the Romish church, and recommended to this life on account of her fitness as manifested by her "piety, intelligence and exalted character," had passed the required time of postulance and entered upon her novitiate for a silent and strictly cloistered existence. And at this time we were to witness the finale: a relinquishment of the white veil for black, and separation from the insnaring world while she "retires into a state of holy seclusion, where by prayer, self-mortification, and good deeds, she prepares herself for heaven." The ceremonies were indeed truly affecting and interesting. As the lovely and youthful novice, clothed in her rich white dress and all the display of tinsel, the necessary equipments to make a grand, elaborate *toilette*, "with knit brow and compressed lips" proceeded round the circle, followed by a "procession of nuns in a double row with hands folded across their breasts and concealed in the broad cuffs of the sleeves," every eye followed her constrained movements. She embraced in a formal manner her young companions for the last time; then approaching her heretic sister, and hastily crossing herself, the same cold, heartless embrace was given. The distressed protestant, who was evidently a lady of culture, threw her arms frantically around her misguided sister as with a cry of acute anguish she clasped her to an aching heart. The excitement was intense, the scene of the bitterness of a separation was touching, it made a stunning impression; not an eye was dry, and more than one suppressed sob was heard among the sympathetic spectators. A couple of nuns hastily advanced, spoke a few words, to us inaudible, when with perfect composure the novice with their aid, separated herself from her clinging sister and quietly passed on her round. The bishop, robed in his magnificently embroidered vestments and miter, threw the veil over her head as she was kneeling most devoutly at the chancel-rail holding a lighted candle in her hand; she then received the sacrament and took her solemn vows. After laying aside her coronal of flowers or "blazing crown of martyrdom," her long glossy hair cut off,

changing her bridal robes for the nun's entire costume, and responding to the questions from the bishop of renunciation of all worldly pleasures, "she stepped into a coffin which was placed in front of the altar. A large thick black cloth or pall was then spread over her and all knelt in prayer while the low chanting of Latin hymns continued, after which she received the kiss and benediction of her superior." The atmosphere of the church seemed oppressive, full of the "strong smell of incense," and the whole scene depressing in the extreme. After a moment the bishop addressed the lady superior, for the covering had been removed and the consecrated nun arose from the darkness of the grave to a new, a joyless life in the peaceful asylum, and we doubt not, to a realization of melancholy dreams and remembrances of the "noisy outside world" in the solitary and cheerless refuge of the cloister.

Amidst the splendor of the surroundings — the many allurements to charm, with no regret for needless longings after ephemeral popularity, the fair nun is now buoyant with the one thought of *duty* quite fulfilled. She imagines that the tears shed at the last earthly "embrace of her truest friends were like the dew drops in the chalices of the morning flowers, which the first sunbeam kisses away." Now, too, the sympathetic nuns with their gentle loving consideration and smiling countenances applaud the new made nun, yet "there lies a shadow of melancholy on her pure white forehead" — for on sober reflection she will find "her destiny to be a scentless flower, blooming, but only to wither unbeloved and unlamented." At the conclusion of the interesting ceremonies, a sweet, trembling prelude from the organ was heard and midst the exquisite chanting of sacred choruses by seraphic voices, the melodious vibrations of the solemn accompaniment to the concluding anthem were electrifying. "The undulating strains rolled and reverberated till the whole temple was filled with the waves of rich harmony." "The burden of the anthem 'for ever and ever' was an awful reality to the newly consecrated sister as she left the chapel" followed by the grave, sombre clad nuns, who walked two by two in their customary manner, with their hands folded on their breasts, and their eyes cast down upon the floor. The memory of that day, would it be "a joy for ever," to that young enthusiast! The mere contemplation of such a scene almost overcame me, but to the fascinated Sofia it was all "*couleur de rose*." About one year after that eventful day, Sofia Glen entered the same convent and is now clothed in the garb of the sisterhood; seeing friends through a small window or grating, with a sliding shutter. Her subsequent history we know but little about, though her usual salutation would indicate unalloyed happiness beyond all cavil, as she is now safe under the special care and protection of the Virgin Mary, happy in her unbounded benevolence and many good works. I have now a letter before me, which was received some years after Sofia Glen assumed the habiliments of that order of the sisterhood — dated :

"Congregation Notre Dame.

Villa Maria, May 30th, 1866.

\* \* \* I received your kind welcome letter which gave me great pleasure and to hear from you. \* \* \*

It is impossible to express the grief I felt on perusing your letter; the sad news of dear Mrs. Richard Van Rensselaer's and Maria Elizabeth's death, pained me very much. I am really surprised that Aunt Dupuy never told me any thing about it; most probably she thought I had heard

it from some other member of the family. I also have met with very sad losses — my dear Aunts Lady Wilson and Miss Glen, have been taken from me; but we must only hope to meet all those we so fondly cherished here below, in a better world. \* \* \* \* Our old home at Chambly is changed, everything changed so much that it would no longer look like the same dear spot to me, even though I were still living in the world; but thank God, *I am not*. I entered the Convent nearly nineteen years ago, and only since then have I tasted happiness pure and unalloyed. I would not change my humble cell for a palace, nor my humble garb for *Royal Robes*. Aunt Dupuy resides in Kingston, she writes me now and again, and I sometimes have the pleasure of seeing her. Once more accept my thanks — give my love to all the family. Believe me to be.

Yours Most Sincerely,

SISTER ST. CESARIA.

The death of a valued friend had called me to Chambly, Canada, where I had been staying some time, when my dear father with other members of his family as tourists and pleasure-seekers joined me in July, 1851.

In Montreal, a few weeks previous, while sojourning at the hospitable residence of Major General Evans, the honored host said to me, "your name takes me back to the stirring scenes of early life, tell me, are you related to General Solomon Van Rensselaer?" When informed the youngest daughter of that gentleman was a guest beneath his roof, his surprise and joy was unbounded. It was a welcome cordial to witness his satisfaction when informed of Gen. Van Rensselaer's contemplated visit to Canada that season; and to comply with his urgent request to be apprised of the event. Gen. Van Rensselaer visited General Evans (once Major Evans, aid-de camp to General Sheaffe in 1812). The meeting between the venerable and gallant soldiers was an impressive one; when last they conversed they were belligerents engaged in the final settlement and cessation of the Armistice, a few hours previous to the great battle. They were delighted to meet again as friends, and the chivalric spirit of early times returned as they lived over the details of those eventful days. Speaking of the past General Evans remarked, "It was well for the British that Col. Van Rensselaer's body had been *slashed to pieces*, but for that," said he frankly to my father, "*you* would have cut us up and carried all before you, your coolness, and bravery and judgment I can never forget."

"Your brave father, Miss Van Rensselaer, was a favorite with all of the young officers, he gained our respect on the several occasions of official visits to the Canadian side, he was very plucky." General Evans, with the liveliest solicitude that this quondam foe should have a brilliant reception at the "old city of the Dominion," notified the authorities of the intended visit. It was August, 1851 — the last year of his life — that General Van Rensselaer, accompanied by his grand-daughter Maria Elizabeth and myself, proceeded by steamer up the River St. Lawrence, to the quaint old city of Quebec, with its magnificent scenery nearly the entire distance. Having never previously visited here, the ground abounding in so many points of historical interest was viewed with pleasure and the achievement of this long intended excursion "smoothes the wrinkled front of weary care." The city is surrounded by a high wall with several strong gates. Our pleasant ride "to Spencerwood, the residence of the governor general, with its magnificent view was not soon

forgotten. We lingered long on the "Plains of Abraham celebrated in history as being the death scene of Wolfe and Montcalm. We could picture the series of actions; Wolfe with his 5000 men is now found to have scrambled up by that woody neck in the heights, which was not quite precipitous; has trailed one cannon with him, the seamen busy bringing up another, and by ten of the clock stand, ranked, ready at all points for Montcalm, but refusing to be over ready. Montcalm, on first hearing of him, had made haste; and marches up, beautifully skillful, neglecting none of his advantages. He has numerous Canadian sharpshooters, preliminary Indians in the bushes, with a provoking fire. 'Steady!' orders Wolfe; 'from you, not one shot till they are within thirty yards.' Quebec was captured, but *he* died!"

Not only Quebec with its antique architecture but the environs came in for a full inspection; therefore another bright day we went seven miles below the city to the "Falls of Montmorency, about fifty feet wide and having a height of two hundred and fifty feet. The sheet of water rushes through a wild romantic gorge and then in silver threads comes over the high precipice in an unbroken mass, discharging its translucent treasure into a pool below, which boils and foams; the scenery all around was very beautiful and impresses one with its grandeur." Our visit to the Convents — with letters of introduction from Rev. Mr. Mignault of Chambly — gained us a speedy entrance to all; and at the grand old Cathedral we were favored with an inspection of the magnificent robes of the hierarchal chief, and exquisite altar-coverings. The vesture of gold brocade was gorgeously embellished with a garland formed in silver bullion, the flowers studded with choice gems as rubies, diamonds and rare emeralds. There were also velvet robes of crimson, and others of black, embroidered in the richest style. The military authorities took Gen. Van Rensselaer and his party to see the immense, almost impregnable citadel upon the heights with perhaps the strongest fortifications in the world: the famous battlements and subterraneous passages; and relics of great antiquities with every interesting object of historic fame, and paid him the highest military honors. At the grand inspection and review of the troops in compliment to their distinguished guest — I remarked to a lady (one of a party of American tourists) standing near, the regret I felt that they would all lose their dinner, as the steamer in which they were to leave would soon depart. With a bright, happy smile and great enthusiasm she replied: "The dinner is of no consequence, we would not on any account have missed the pleasing spectacle of our countryman General Van Rensselaer thus honored by *British troops!* While at the officer's quarters we saw many curious pets; one of the tame serpents wound itself round an officer's arm, then coiling up nestled quietly on his neck. Two bands were ordered out at different points for the special benefit of the ladies and discoursed sweet music for our listening ears, while their guest was escorted to other interesting sites all replete with intense interest as identified with the war fever.

The military authorities gave Gen. Van Rensselaer a princely dinner in their illuminated hall. The most attractive feature of this festivity, where all was full of life and animation, was, when he expressed his thanks for this elegant entertainment and for the kindness of British officers to him a stranger. Then the gallant knights replied: "No, no! not a stranger!" and in a perfectly cordial, friendly manner continued, they all knew General Van Rensselaer well, that he had given the British marks

enough by which to *remember* him!" In thus putting aside all sectional differences and party feelings, and with marvelous tact giving such a cordial welcome to an ancient foe was truly honorable. This high testimonial and generous treatment in Canada to *him*, who had occupied so prominent a position in the last war as also the connection of his deceased son with the Canadian Patriots, made a favorable impression on that noble, warm-hearted hero's admiring mind; and he subsequently frequently made it the topic of pleasant conversation. His trip proved recuperative, and had a happy effect in neutralizing the sensitiveness and morbid influence caused by his political martyrdom. The serious consequences entailed, through the perfidiousness of successful demagogues, which his proud spirit would not ignore, we fondly trusted were at length alleviated, and the unparalleled success attending this summer's tour would prove a valuable remedy to his disturbed mind. Leaving the courteous Canadian friends, Gen. Van Rensselaer continued his delightful excursion to Saratoga Springs meeting friends and invigorated by its medicinal waters. The return to his "loved ones" at Cherry Hill was a season of hilarity and heartfelt rejoicings to all parties.

Died. At Albany, N. Y. on Friday April 23, 1852.

The relatives, friends and acquaintances of GENERAL SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER, deceased, and those of the family are respectfully invited to attend his funeral This (Monday) Afternoon at four o'clock from his late residence, CHERRY HILL. Carriages will be in waiting, on the corner of South Pearl and Beaver streets, at 3½ o'clock.

*Death of Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer.*

"It will pain the hearts of all our citizens to hear that that pure patriot, that brave and distinguished soldier, that eminent civilian and good citizen GEN. SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER IS DEAD. He closed his long, brilliant and eventful career about 1 o'clock P. M., yesterday at his residence on CHERRY HILL, near this city at the ripe old age of 78 years. The manner of his death was sudden and unheralded. Through the past severe winter he had felt, much more than usual, the infirmities of a life that had far passed the point of threescore years and ten, and had remained more in the house than he was wont to. He arose yesterday morning in his usual health, and about 11 o'clock in the morning left the house temporarily. His absence was so long protracted as to occasion some apprehension on the part of his family and his son-in-law, DR. ELMENDORF, going out to seek him, found him in an out house, alive, but insensible. He was borne in, and in a short time breathed his last, without recovering speech or consciousness. He was stricken with apoplexy.

"This heavy blow has fallen with startling suddenness upon his family and friends, and the whole community.

"To the former he was endeared by all the holiest and strongest affections of the human heart for those who knew him best loved him most for those noble qualities of head and heart which so eminently distinguished him in all his domestic relations; and the latter remember him for all his brilliant civil and military services, and sincerely mourn his loss as a public calamity.

"Here, his worth as a man has long been known and appreciated; but his military deeds are a part of the imperishable history of the country he loved so well, served so long and defended so heroically."

*Funeral of Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer.*

The obsequies paid to the remains of this distinguished soldier, yesterday, were of an impressive and fitting character. The funeral took place at his late beautiful residence CHERRY HILL, and was attended by a great concourse of citizens, the Burgesses Corps, and the several uniformed companies attached to the 25th Regiment, COL. FRISBY.

The services at the house were conducted by the REV. DR. KENNEDY, assisted by the REV. DRs. SPRAGUE and WYCKOFF. DR. KENNEDY'S remarks were exceedingly impressive, appropriate and eloquent. At their close the remains were carried out to the hearse and there received by the bearers, GENS. JOHN F. TOWNSEND, JOHN GROESBECK and SAMUEL STEVENS, COL. R. E. TEMPLE and CAPT. WALKER, U. S. A.

The hearse moved off and was received in the road in front of the mansion by the military, there drawn up in line. When all was ready, the signal was given and the procession moved to the solemn strains of funeral music by the bands in the following order :

The Colonel and Staff of 25th Regiment.

Albany Emmett Guards.

Albany Burgesses Corps.

Washington Rifle Corps.

Albany Republican Artillery.

Albany City Cavalry.

Two Brass Bands.

THE HEARSE.

The General's horse caparisoned and led by two grooms.

The Mourners and Clergy in carriages.

The Governor, members of the State and Municipal Governments, and Citizens in carriages.

The procession left Cherry Hill about 5 o'clock P. M., and marched from thence to South Pearl street, up Pearl to State street, up State to Washington street, and from thence to the Cemetery of the North Dutch Church, where the remains were deposited in the vault with the customary military honors.

Minute guns were fired during the passage of the cortege from Cherry Hill to the Cemetery. Among the multitude who gathered to pay this last tribute of respect to the memory of one of the bravest soldiers our country ever produced, and a most venerable and estimable citizen, we noticed not only nearly all the older and more prominent of our citizens, but many of the neighbors and friends of the deceased from the neighboring country.

The military escort numbered upwards of two hundred men, and appeared remarkably well.

*James W. Beckman to Miss Adeline Van Rensselaer.*

My Dear Adeline,

New York, April 25, 1852.

This morning the landlord, of the public house where we are now staying until Monday, sent up to my room a *Sunday Herald*, which gave me very sad intelligence indeed, from Cherry Hill. On Friday at the very hour we were traveling in the Hudson River R. R. cars towards New York (2 P. M.), your noble old father must have departed to his rest. Nothing but my own health prevents me from coming up in the six o'clock train to-morrow to pay him the last respect. I have, however, taken a

cold, and many other things conspiring to make my absence to morrow extremely difficult, it is perhaps my duty to remain with my family.

There is not now above ground in the State of New York your father's peer. The most inveterate of his *old* political foes could only say, that "*Saulomen*" was "*rash*." His more modern opponents of the Weed and Benedict school only did him a favor by their spite, because they never attack any but honest and worthy men. Your father's military reputation in my judgment stands among the very highest. He wanted but the opportunity of still higher distinction. Wherever his duty led him, he acquitted himself perfectly. Who could have done more.

I have ever loved, honored and admired your departed father as an honor to his native State and to his friends. As to his family, there is no doubt in my mind that he was the *foremost* Van Rensselaer of whom I have any knowledge. No Patroon or other of the race has come near him for nobleness of soul, courage and chivalric deeds. Your Grandfather (General *Henry V. R.*) was a brave soldier too, but "*Solomon*" stands as pre-eminent among Van Rensselaer, as his namesake of old did among the Kings of Israel.

And now my dear Kinswoman, what comfort can I offer to you in your affliction? Your father descends into the Grave not untimely; but in the fulness of his age, and in the maturity of his reputation. He has been long awaiting the change, and we are privileged to believe that he has joined the redeemed Spirit of your Mother and his children, in a world where sorrow and pain are not known. Surely if one who gives a cup of cold water to a disciple shall not lose his reward, your father's generosity has made him a partaker of that promise of happiness in Heaven. Give my heartfelt condolence to the bereaved ones who like you are now sitting in tears. You mourn not without hope—the children of SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER have inherited a fame not unable to give consolation.

My wife, who has gone to Brooklyn to see her parents this afternoon, sends her affectionate sympathy to you all. With sincere condolence I am very truly  
Your friend and Kinsman

Miss Adeline Van Rensselaer,  
Cherry Hill, Albany, N. Y.

JAMES W. BEEKMAN.

College Hill, Ohio, April 23, 1853. The Anniversary Day.

*We Would Not Wish Them Back Again.*

A year has passed since cruel Death,  
Upon our hearth-stone trod;  
Our circle felt his chilling breath  
And yielded one to God;  
Oh gently soothe with kindly care,  
The sorrows we were call'd to share.

We mourn our lov'd and noble Sire!  
Sad mem'ry brings us pain:  
That day of grief in visions dire  
Recalls our loss again.  
Let mercy wreath the chast'ning rod,  
And gently draw our souls to God.

Father and Mother now repose,  
In realms of bliss and light  
Secure from ev'ry storm that blows,  
'Mid joys supremely bright  
Such thoughts as these may soothe and dry  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

We would not wish them back again,  
 To stem the flood of strife;  
 Their pilgrim days of joy and pain,  
 Have merg'd in glorious life.  
 But we will tread the narrow way,  
 To rest with both in endless day.

“What a sweet thought, that those who have served so well on earth are to *serve* forever in heaven, where their bliss will be proportionate to their service.”

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## CHAPTER XI.

### THE MISSIONARY.

*Samuel W. Bonney to his Mother.*

Dear Mother,

New York, Sept. 25, 1844.

Last Saturday I was riding down Broadway in an omnibus when a gentleman got in with whom I was formerly acquainted. After mutual inquiries as to each other's welfare and employments he said to me: “I have just received a letter from Rev. S. R. Brown of China, urgently requesting an associate teacher to come out to his help, and you are just the man to go. Can you and will you go?” I replied, that I had offered myself to the American Board: a station in Southern India will probably be assigned to me but if they would change my destination from India to China, I would go — I desired to be guided by God's direction. \* \* \*

*October 4th.* The American Board have accepted my offer and appointed me a missionary to India, but the China business is not yet definitively decided and will not be till the 10th or 12th of the present month. I should prefer going to China because I should be in that situation and with that people which would be most agreeable to my feelings. I am acquainted with Mr. Brown and have great respect for him. Do you not rejoice that I have been prospered thus far in preparing myself to go to the degraded Hindoos or superstitious Chinese? Does it not give you more real pleasure than if I was worth \$100,000 living at my ease and yourself in a wing of my house? I presume it does and that you would be the last person to shed a tear of anguish or feel sorry that I leave this country. Mr. Brown has been in China three years and has a boarding school of 31 Chinese boys. Of course I shall visit you before I leave; be not over anxious concerning me.

Your dutiful Son,

*Samuel W. Bonney.*

Mrs. Sarah W. Bonney.



Engr. by H. P. Felt & Co. N. Y.

Samuel W. Bonney



*The Missionary for China.*

Farewell to thee, brother! We have met but to part,  
 And sorrow is struggling with joy in each heart;—  
 There is grief; but there's hope, all its anguish to quell;  
 The Master goes with thee, Farewell! oh farewell!

Farewell! Thou art leaving the home of thy youth,  
 The friends of thy God, and the temples of truth,  
 For the land where is heard no sweet Sabbath bell;  
 Yet the Master goes with thee, Farewell! oh farewell!

Farewell! For thou treadest the path that he trod,  
 His God is thy father: his father thy God:  
 And if ever with doubtings thy bosom shall swell,  
 Remember, he's with thee, Farewell! oh farewell!

Farewell! And God speed thee glad tidings to bear,  
 To the desolate isles in their night of despair:  
 On the sea, on the shore, the promises tell,  
 His wings shall enfold thee, Farewell! oh farewell!

Farewell! But in spirit we often shall meet,  
 (Though the ocean divide us,) at one mercy seat;  
 And above, ne'er to part, but forever to dwell  
 With the Master in glory, Farewell! oh farewell.

Under the auspices of the American Board of Commissioners for foreign Missions, SAMUEL WILLIAM BONNEY was appointed a missionary for India. But at this time there was a call for a teacher in connection with the "Morrison Education Society" at Hong Kong, China, and an urgent, solicitous appeal was made by a friend (Rev. J. A. Cary) that Mr. Bonney would fill the vacancy for one year. With the approbation of the Prudential Committee and a *letter of instructions* from them, that after the stipulated time he should enter their service to labor among the Chinese instead of the India field, he willingly consented to the desired arrangements. In consequence of the urgency of immediate departure, there seemed special reasons that his ordination should be deferred, and the requisite minutiae for sailing executed. The dedicatory prayer to the Master Missionary had been the seal of consecration; and now the parting blessing of the aged widowed mother was given, and with loving obedience the Christian workman turned to face duty, with intensified desires to aid the ignorant. Tuesday October 29, 1844, Samuel W. Bonney left America in the Ship "Huntress," Captain Lovett.

After a passage of 132 days around the Cape of Good Hope, he safely arrived in Hong Kong, March 10, 1845. The following extract from his first letter is the initiatory to his much loved mission work: "March 8, N. Lat. 21°, 24', E. Long. 119°, 45'. This is the 130th day of our passage and we expect to arrive at Hong Kong in two or three days. In reviewing the time that I have been on the ocean, there is abundant evidence that God's providential care has been over us for good. No life has been lost, although several of us have been ill, and no serious disease has prevailed on board. Our property has received no damage except the usual wear of such a lengthy voyage. This too is my 30th birthday, yet I do not look, nor do I feel as if thirty years had passed over me. My work seems as if only just commencing. If God spares my life for thirty years to come, and opens the way for me to labor for the religious instruc-

tion of the Chinese, I hope that I shall be willing to do it with unwavering steadfastness. Pray for me dear Mother, that no trivial cause may turn me from the labor which I have commenced, and that I may be well qualified for it by knowledge and heavenly wisdom to its practical development in life's true duties.

*Morrison Hill, Hongkong March 24, 1845.*

The "Huntress" anchored in Hong Kong Harbor on the 10th, at noon, Rev. Dr. Bridgman came aboard within an hour, and soon after Rev. S. R. Brown; we were truly glad to see them not only as countrymen, but as Christians because we are kindred spirits engaged in the same service and glorious warfare for Jesus. Dr. Bridgman invited me to go ashore with him, which I did and remained at his house over night. The next day I removed my luggage from the ship to the school building on Morrison hill, two miles from the town of Victoria. The "Morrison School" has a very pleasant and healthy location overlooking the town and the spacious harbor of Hongkong. I have commenced teaching seventeen Chinese boys and learning the language in earnest. Last evening I heard Rev. Dr. Bridgman preach; he illustrates in his daily life the beauty and power of what he teaches. We have religious exercises at the school on Sabbath p. m., because it is too far to town for the boys to attend public worship. These boys are from nine to sixteen years of age, some of them are very intelligent, desirous of learning, and have as quick understandings as American pupils of about similar ages, and do well. Rev. Dr. Andrew Happer, who arrived at Hongkong a week before I sailed from New York, has been assisting Mr. Brown, and is now about to open a school at Macao, he has been promised eighteen boys. Rev. W. A. Macy of New Haven, is coming to China next fall and then I shall at once enter the service of the American Board. Dr. Bridgman is an earnest, instructive and excellent man.

"MARRIED — in the Colonial Chapel, on the 28th of June, 1845, by the Rev. Vincent John Stanton, chaplain of Hongkong, the REV. ELIJAH COLEMAN BRIDGMAN, D. D., to MISS ELIZA JANE GILLETT. The marriage took place in the presence of a large assembly of native and foreign friends." On July 2nd. Dr and Mrs. Bridgman went to Canton, as the welcome guests of Dr. and Mrs. Peter Parker with whom they remained till their own house was completed. "Mrs. Parker was the first American lady who took up her residence at Canton in November 1842. Dr. Parker had been on a visit to America and returned married; he was ever distinguished by a warm and tender spirit of benevolence to the cause where-with he had bound up his earnest life." Hongkong means in English "the island of fragrant streams" but what a misnomer! It is a superb pile of granite hills and mountains, with only here and there a small brook. There is granite enough here for building purposes as long as the world stands. But if Hongkong will send forth "fragrant streams" of knowledge and truth, it has been correctly named. The Morrison School is a little spring from which I earnestly hope streams will flow for many years to come into the farthest province of the empire.

May 31st, 1846, Rev. James G. Bridgman, a cousin of the Dr.'s, was ordained by "Rev. Walter H. Medhurst, D.D. Rev. E. C. Bridgman, D.D., and the evangelist Leang-Afah. It was the first ordination of a Protestant minister of Christ in China. The missionaries of Canton were generally present, and the services were peculiarly solemn and impressive."

*S. W. Bonney to his Mother.*

My Dear Mother,

Canton, July 29, 1846.

Last Saturday Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Bridgman, Rev. W. J. Pohlman, myself and my Chinese teacher, wishing "to secure a little relaxation to ourselves, while we might at the same time distribute books and converse with the people," hired a strongly built covered Chinese Hong-boat, to take a ride. We had six men to row and one to steer: We went down the river from Canton about three miles and then turned into a creek on the South side. On one side of this creek, rice was growing in the water which was a foot deep. On the other side, the farmers were reaping and thrashing the rice. There were also plantain trees and fish ponds. Up this creek we rowed about half a mile and then landed near a stone bridge, to have some exercise by walking. We went up a hill and into the fields about half a mile, till we came to a splendid large semi-circle stone tomb, "shaped like a huge horse-shoe or Greek Omega." The stone was granite, and must have cost several hundred dollars; it was the handsomest Chinese tomb that I ever saw. The floor was so large that it was used for thrashing out the rice. When returning to the boat, we stopt at a small hamlet to rest, the native woman was very kind giving us tea and cake; she was much pleased with Mrs. Bridgman, who conversed with her in Chinese. We gave to the people presents of tracts and portions of the Scriptures. After rowing up the creek about half a mile further we came to a large village. Some boys on perceiving us, began to bawl out in a loud voice "*fan qwi*" "foreign devils," other boys hearing them, ran out to see us, then some men, then some women, until finally both sides of the creek were crowded with human beings. After awhile, some wicked, rude boys threw several small stones at our boat. This encouraged others to do the same thing, and very soon twelve or twenty with menacing language, were throwing stones at our vessel. The oarsmen told them to stop, but this only incensed them to fury and they cast larger ones. We were then obliged to go into our small cabin of six feet square, shut the Venetian blinds and the doors, to keep away from the stones and dirt. Some men now took up stones weighing several pounds, which came with hard thumps against the Venetian blinds and sides of the boat.

The crowd were all the time with savage yells hallooing "*fan qwi*," "*tá fan qwi*," "*shat fan qwi*," (foreign devils, beat or kill the foreign devils.) We all fully realized our perilous situation and began to fear for our personal safety, for the creek was not wider than a canal. There were at least 200 or 300 in the turbulent crowd; dashing stones and large lumps of clay seemed the forte of their leaders, and these missiles were constantly striking the boat and oarsmen. Two of the Venetians were broken and we held up boards to keep off the dangerous implements. Then two of the oarsmen, with heavy groans, came running into the cabin badly hurt, one in the forehead, the other on his hip. Two men swam away from the boat, leaving only three men to push the vessel along. We feared they also would leave the boat and then we would be left to the tender mercies of a furious heathen mob, and certainly it was far from being a pleasant thought. Rev. Dr. Bridgman with noble courage went outside to try and pacify them but it was a useless exposure of a valuable life, for they were very violent in their gestures, rolling up their sleeves and shouting they would kill us. There was a high stone bridge just

before us, under which we must pass. It was indeed a trying moment, and our hearts were raised in earnest prayer to the great Helper as we saw the men running up to this bridge with stones in their hands, and knew that we should be in great danger under the bridge. Just as the bow of our boat reached the structure, down came a torrent of stones, large and small, with bricks and clay. Would God forsake us!

The largest stone fell on the bow, broke the deck and a beam, but did not go through to the bottom of the boat. The two Chinese oarsmen were very brave and kept pushing the vessel till we had passed the bridge. The "Hearer of Prayer" was there, and we were mercifully preserved from being hurt by any of the stones, or bricks and when once past the bridge felt very safe, for there was no bank on which the people could walk. Before we reached the bridge, some men swam to the vessel and stole three of our oars, wishing to stop us in the canal, rob and most probably murder us. The largest stone we brought home as an evidence of the cruelty of the people. It was a granite stone 2 feet long, 10 inches wide and 5 inches thick, weighing 98 pounds. Mrs. Bridgman's white dress was covered with blood which ran from the forehead of the oarsman who was hurt, while she was trying to stop it bleeding. A stone hit him in the forehead just above the nose and cut the flesh so badly that the bone was seen. We arrived home without the loss of our lives, but with a very narrow escape. The bravery of the boatmen and the unseen hand of God gave us deliverance. We all felt very thankful that we came home alive. [The *Missionary Herald* says: "The motive that actuated our missionary friends in going, was to secure a little relaxation for themselves, while they might at the same time distribute books and converse with the people. They engaged a hong boat, rowed by six men and steered by a seventh. Boats of this description are commonly used by foreigners. They are strongly built, and in them is a cabin, which is covered on the top, with Venetian blinds, on each side. After our friends had proceeded down the river in an easterly direction, they went on board a large junk. This had been struck by lightning some time previously, and its owners were now making sacrificial offerings on account of its preservation. A few words were addressed to the principal persons, and books were put into their hands for themselves and their friends. Such visits are found in most cases, to be very acceptable to the Chinese. After leaving the junk, the party went down the river three or four miles till they came to a salt depot. At that point, turning south, they entered a small stream, by which they proposed to return home, following its course through Honan, as it runs nearly parallel to the river, and enters its south eastern-branch above the factories. This stream is probably less than three miles long; and being sufficiently broad and deep for common sized boats, it is a great thoroughfare." Rev. Dr. Bridgman wrote an account of the trip to the *Herald* and says: "That we escaped with our lives, unharmed, was owing, not to any foresight or effort on our part; not to any lack of evil disposition or power on the part of our assailants, but wholly to the merciful providence of Him, who can say to the angry multitudes, as to the raging waters of the sea, 'Thus far shalt thou come, and here shall thy fury be stayed.'"]

The Chinese in and near Canton *hate* foreigners with a bitter hatred. We had said or done nothing to provoke the assault. The people, as they declared, were seeking revenge, and were entirely ignorant of our character, beyond the one fact, that we were foreigners. The furious mob had called out "the foreign devils have killed our people, and we will

kill you, and avenge our wrongs. No matter who you are; the blood of our Chinese shall be avenged." This probably had reference to "a riot which had transpired a short time previous in Canton, when nothing was to be heard from the incensed mob but 'Shat fan qwi;' 'ta fan qwi.' 'Kill the foreign devils; 'beat the foreign devils.' The rioters at that time made every possible effort to set the foreign factories on fire, but the Chinese authorities came at length and dispersed the mob. This disturbance was caused by an English gentleman pushing one of the idlers aside who blocked the way."

*Canton Dec. 29, 1846.* The "Huntress" has arrived at Whampoa with Rev. S. R. Brown and family on board expecting to sail in a few days for America. Mrs. Brown is very unwell and I hope the journey will do her good. In looking at a list of the missionaries to China since Rev. Dr. Robert Morrison came in 1807, I find that they number 83 persons: of whom 35 have retired or died, leaving 48 now in the field. This does not include the ladies. Twice this number should be on mission ground and would find ample room to exert their benevolence, and fill up the places of those who are so frequently called to lay their armor down. I asked my teacher at family worship to lead in prayer and he did so, reading a prayer which he had written this evening in Chinese. His heart seems to be affected with the power of the truth and inclined to obey it. Yet I am afraid he lingers on his own self-righteousness with the "hope deferred" to another time.

*Jan'y. 1, 1847.* Another happy new year to you my dear Mother. May it be your happiness to enjoy health, a sound mind, friendly neighbors, communion with your Saviour, joy in God and see his kingdom extending rapidly. May all your necessities be supplied and your children not remiss in filial duties, for you are always looking forward hopefully to the achievement of some coveted pleasure, for their best good in Christian holiness. To day I have dined at Dr. Bridgman's where thirteen persons sat down to the table, all members of the mission families but one. We had a very pleasant and merry evening. It was innocent mirth, where "the feast of reason and flow of soul" were certainly present. I left at nine o'clock and walked home, my coolie carrying a light. On the 6th the Presbyterian mission was reinforced by the arrival of Revs. Messrs. French and Speer with Revs. Messrs. Mattoon and House for Siam.

In the ferry boat this morning I met a well dressed school teacher, whose left hand had three remarkably long finger nails, which were evidence of his gentility as not being obliged to engage in manual labor. I took the measure of this eagle claw — he said it was six or seven years growing to that length — of fully five inches, it was protected with a silver shield. I have been teaching some little boys and a retired Boodhist priest to day to sing "Old Hundred, Balerma, Wilmot and Laban." The boys having pliable voices, did pretty well as they could regulate the tone, but that of the old priest was more unmanageable; we trust however the great lesson is inaugurated by these rudimental efforts, of Praises to Jesus. At dinner I asked the priest to read a blessing in Chinese which I have generally read myself, and he did so. I am obliged to *read* as yet, whatever prayers I make in Chinese, because I cannot speak correctly extempore. I presume it was the first time that the priest asked a blessing for Christ's sake at his meals in that Boodhist Temple or "Joss-house" which is my present residence. To day I dined at my room in this grand temple with three Chinamen, and happier tenants for the time being you

would not desire to see. We had a small square table, one of us on each side. One of these Chinese guests has been a priest and abbot of the temple; the other two were Dr. Bridgman's and my own teacher. We used chop-sticks and ate rice, greens, pork and beef, finishing with a drink of tea. As a minor achievement whereby to conciliate my Chinese neighbors I intend to dress and eat in Chinese style. I have some fear that the "baser sort" may consider it grand sport if they can only trouble me; but if I follow the guidance of God's Word the ever-present unseen hand will restrain evil men and turn their hearts.

I have just finished my simple breakfast, using chopsticks, [chopsticks are small pieces of bamboo, six or eight inches long, and as large as a penholder, usually square, painted or unpainted, used in eating instead of knives and forks. Sometimes they are made of ivory or bone. They are held in the right hand between thumb and forefinger,] and am now standing at my desk, dressed in Chinese costume of blue cloth. I do these things to *gain* the Chinamen and get opportunity to communicate truth to their minds, and knowledge of their best friend and only Saviour Jesus Christ. There is nothing indecent in the Chinese dress, although a little inconvenient to a person unaccustomed to it. The long cue [braided tress of long hair, fastened to the crown of the head, and dangling down the back,] and shorn head of course *I do not* adopt, though my hair is cut short and I wear the small skull cap. These are comparatively unimportant items, for all "the fashions of this world pass away" but these souls and the word of Christ abide forever. Jehovah-Tsidkenu, Jehovah, my righteousness. Revds. Messrs. Peet and H. A. Brown will dine with me this afternoon. I have only one fork and one knife for them but plenty of the nimble fingers, which no doubt they will handle dextrously if they relish my viands. Among which will *not* be found the costly and exquisite *bird nest*, the best of which are procured from the high and almost inaccessible rocks near Java; these furnish the dissolving jelly which is so voluptuous a rarity to epicures. They are costly because of the peril to life, and are secured as soon as the sea bird has completed her work, before she has occupied her gelatin home. They are a very rare delicacy? On the top of the house in which I live there is a board walk over the ridgepole, and the walk is covered with a roof of cocoanut leaves. I went up before breakfast this morning to walk; a Chinese boy came out on the roof of the adjoining house and called me, in a loud voice *fan qui lo* (foreign devil). I told him he should not call me a *devil*, for I was a *man* having head, hands, and feet which devils have not. "Hi-yah, he speaks Chinese," said the boy, much surprised, and showed a wish to talk with me. I did so, asking his name, where he lived and where he went to school. He asked if I could write Chinese letters. I told him I could, and taking paper and pencil, I wrote the verse of Luke 3, 16, and gave it to him. He was much pleased with it. I gave him also copies of Matthew for his friends. About five minutes afterwards the lad came back on the roof with a bowl of boiled rice and a small cake for me, this he offered me with much apparent pleasure.

I relate this little circumstance simply that you may see how a slight kindness and condescension will change the bad feelings of a person. He began by calling me a *foreign devil*, and ended by making me a little present of such as he was able to give, it was creditable. I had the pleasure of pulling out of the water yesterday an old Chinaman eighty-two years of age. We had crossed in the open ferry-boat together and I sept

ashore first. He came after me and missed his step as he came ashore and went up to his waist in the water, holding on to the wharf with both hands kept him from sinking. I turned round and taking him by the arms, with the help of a Chinaman drew him up. Poor man! he was dripping wet, but not hurt or bruised. I was truly glad of the opportunity to show a kindness as an evidence to him that all foreigners are not demons. They returned thanks by calling me then "a good demon." The missionaries are reputed to be such. To day I was passing a place where there were collected a large number of idle, ill-disposed fellows and heard a man give me a new name, which means *foreign dog*! I passed along without turning my head or noticing it, as I could not handle weapons of that sort. Necessity is laid upon me to *help* my fellows who have fallen into Satan's snare, and God being *my* helper, I will do it. I am enjoying sound health and now weigh just 135 pounds. The crown of my head has a thinner covering of hair than it had ten years since for the reason that study and a warm climate have operated upon it. I am pretty strong in the arm, so that I can take hold of a horizontal timber raised 15 inches above my head, then by mere strength of arm raise my chin to it five times without touching my feet to the ground. Mr. Loomis our giant of a Seaman's Chaplain cannot do it. He is 6ft. 3 inches but strength of arm is not proportioned to his height and size of body; this very tall man weighs 196 pounds. I have also a good share of strength of legs as to walking and running, for as to jumping I am but a very poor hand. My *running* qualifications were pretty fairly tested when I ran from a murderous-looking *thief* who attacked and closely chased me north of Canton City one day while out for an early morning walk. It was not cowardice but *discretion* that induced me to quicken my speed at that time till it acquired an almost incredible velocity. I am not deficient in courage but — "discretion is the better part of valor," so I preferred the very highest degree of bravery by taking to my heels. I disdained to contend with such a *villain*, and the grass did not grow under my feet on that notable occasion. The arm was not paralyzed, but it is wise to aim at a higher scale of purpose than to encounter even *one* of the black crew no matter what degree of nerve and stout-heartedness you may possess. The value of forbearance and kindness would never be appreciated by the vile one, no tampering, "your life or money" is his demand!

"The Rev. Walter M. Lowrie on the 19th of August, 1847, was murdered by pirates off Chapú. He was one of the missionaries appointed to meet at Shanghai for the revision of the Chinese version of the New Testament, together with Rev. Dr. Medhurst, Bishop Boone, Rev. J. Stronach, of Amoy and Rev. Dr. Bridgman, of Canton, as Delegates. Having occasion to return to his station at Ningpo, for a season, he sailed in one of the native passage boats. When the boat had proceeded some eight miles, they perceived a piratical craft bearing down on them. As it approached, Mr. Lowrie took a small American flag in his hand and went on the bow of the boat. The pirates — twenty or more with gingals, matchlocks, spears and swords — soon clearly manifested their intentions by firing upon the boat, and when alongside boarding it. Some words of comfort addressed by Mr. Lowrie to a passenger who had been robbed and beaten, excited the pirates' suspicions, and fearing if they spared the foreigner, he might hereafter appear against them, these men with the hearts of ferocious beasts of prey dragged him to the bow of the boat, two of the ruffians attempted to throw him overboard, but not being able

to accomplish it, a third joined in the murderous work. His presence of mind still remained, and from the high waves he threw back his Bible, a precious relic sent to his parents. With long pikes in their hands the pirates prevented his returning to the boat, but his Chinese servant secured the cherished Bible, it was as a message from the sea to his afflicted relatives. Mr. Lowrie had freed his feet from the incumbrance of shoes, but after struggling with the fierce billows he soon sank to rise no more."

I received an invitation yesterday to visit my august landlord this p. m. The note reads thus: "On Hing's compliment to Bonney the teacher. On the tenth day of spring the teacups will await your brightness." This is the usual style — very flattering indeed. I shall try to reflect the "brightness" of Jesus."

In several of your letters lately you refer to the time when I may possibly return to the United States "five years" seven years, I say now dear Mother, that such a step is very far from my thoughts at present. I have but just arrived, and it does not become me to talk of going home so soon. I *adopted* China as my home. And whilst I enjoy health and strength to labor as missionary with all my best energies, and abilities being I trust developed to that end — may God give me a heart to *feel at home here*, without a single longing wish to visit my native land. I love my relatives and friends and am not destitute of natural affection; but I am needed as a teacher of the blessed Gospel in China and must stay to work in our Master's cause.

*Canton Oct. 7, 1847.* Yesterday morning in company with five gentlemen, I walked around the city of Canton, about six miles, outside of the walls. We started from the Factories at 6 o'clock and returned at 9 o'clock including several stoppages on the way. In the suburbs many a shopkeeper was placing three lighted incense sticks, made from the fragrant sandalwood, in the urn of the family god at one side of the threshold of the door. We were not molested — not even pelted as usual with mud and pebbles but gratified both the people and ourselves by the sight of, and converse with each other. The five storied square red pagoda crowns the north wall and from the table land of the hills on the northern side there is a fine view of the city and river dotted with numberless junks and boats. The wells are located here, from which is brought the fresh water to supply the citizens. Men are constantly drawing and conveying it away in pails; each coolie carrying two pails filled with cool pure water, with a large leaf floating on the surface. On the south side of the city is the Execution ground. Criminals are not hung, but beheaded. They kneel with their heads bowed to the north, and the executioner with a single stroke of a heavy sword or knife severs the head from the body. Frequently so many wretched victims are to be mowed down that the assistance of two or more persons is necessary to sharpen still more the keen edge. Sometimes the condemned are "hacked to pieces" to the great amusement of the spectators. [Death in China is awarded as the punishment for the most trivial offenses, while at the same time the Chinese are almost indifferent to the great change. It is a remarkable fact that they will sell their lives in order that they may purchase the superior advantage of obsequies. A wealthy man condemned to death will arrange with the jailor to buy him a substitute for a certain sum of money, to be spent upon the poor wretch's interment and support of parents, that is, a part is given them in compensation for their son's life.] There were a dozen or more robbers executed here a few days since; we saw the blood and skulls in this horrible spot, [where

hundreds have been butchered per diem during weeks together.] One noticeable feature of the ground is, its being literally a Potter's field. When there are no executions, the yard is used daily for drying pottery in the sun.

It is now safer to walk around the city than six months ago when the popular feeling was bitter against all foreigners. When nearly home we passed a procession of one hundred or more Chinese boys, all but four dressed in long blue gowns, this interested me more than any other of the many sights; and as I wish to seize all "the salient features of Oriental life for your benefit, I relate what passes under my own observation of the customs or manners of the Celestials, as also their prominent foibles. Every thing that tends to illustrate the character of the people among whom I dwell will interest you. The three great evils of Paganism, (under three different forms, viz. the Confucian, Boodhist, and Taou sects) Popery and the vile opium smoking, seem to be insurmountable obstacles to the evangelization of China; but there are encouragements to hope and labor for their gradual abolition. The Boodhist and Taou sects are very degraded and superstitious; they are firm upholders in the transmigration of souls, which often makes me wonder at their extreme cruelty to dumb animals. They cannot at all comprehend why foreigners have such a sacred regard for *human life*, and why a sum of money will not compensate even for the massacre of Europeans, when there surely "must be plenty more at home."

"On the 5th of December 1847, a party of six young Englishmen left Canton for a pleasure excursion on the Sabbath Day. They crossed the river in a boat and landed on the opposite side for an enjoyable walk. They had not proceeded but a short distance on their way along the narrow path of a paddy-field, when one of the gentlemen pushed against a Chinaman carrying a load which was upset. The alarm was sounded, and they were soon surrounded by a crowd of Chinese armed with divers deadly weapons, who attacked the unfortunate young men with great violence, instantly killing two of their number. The other four fled, and were quickly pursued through the village, near by, of Wong-choh-kee six miles beyond the city of Canton. The anxious boatmen, after waiting till night fall were warned to pull off. Night came on, and these gentlemen not returning, great solicitude was felt on their account. The minds of the entire foreign community were filled with great alarm and anxiety.

"The boatmen did not reach Canton till the next day, the tide was against them and they had pulled up the river; one of them having preceded the others in a small boat, which he paddled himself to Canton, and reported, they were obliged to leave upon being pelted with stones which broke the venetian blinds of the hong boat. The morning had come, but the six gentlemen were still absent from their several places of business and their friends went in pursuit. The unsuccessful search was continued three days, when one body, which had been thrown into the river, was found and brought to the British Consulate. This led to the discovery of the others which were all recognized and the sad truth was at length ascertained that all had been murdered and harrowing accounts were given as to the appearance the bodies presented. The four who had tried to escape, were pursued, secured and imprisoned until the 7th inst, and then barbarously murdered. It was evident from the marks upon their bodies that they were dreadfully tortured. One young man offered \$10,000 for his life.

Their lifeless, mangled corpses were taken from the river, and one exhibited forty-two wounds. One of them had a brother in Canton, who unable to bear his dreadful anxiety proceeded to the place accompanied by a friend who remained in a boat, whilst Mr. Rutter went unprotected in pursuit of the absent one, passing unmolested over the same ground, where the unhappy victims met their fate. He passed within fifty yards of the place where his brother was imprisoned. As he walked along, with a large placard fastened on his back, written in Chinese stating who he was and what brought him there, begging for some information regarding his brother, the Chinese who respect such devotion, pretended sympathy in his distress, but no one was willing or had the moral courage to rescue the truly unhappy Englishman from his confinement. Mr. Rutter encountered no molestation, but returned without having obtained any intelligence. Subsequently the imprisoned brother was brought out and murdered. The six bodies were afterwards properly interred at Whampoa. This cruel and blood-thirsty instance of atrocity in the massacre of the six gentlemen filled the minds of all foreigners with surprise, horror and alarm. The mangled bodies of the victims brought back successively from the scene of slaughter has made us fully sensible of the awful wickedness and depravity that here exists."

*December 8th, 1847.* Governor Davis, the English Chief Magistrate, has come up from Hongkong to confer with the Canton Governor concerning the late murder of the six young Englishmen. The affair may lead to some more fighting; a party of soldiers went up the river to day measuring the depth of the river as far as the village of Wong-choh-kee where the Englishmen were killed. This was done to be ready to go up and attack the village and destroy it. On the 21st four young Chinese of respectable families in that village were beheaded by order of the Governor in the presence of the English authorities; the decapitation took place on the level common before the Ancestral Hall. These young men volunteered, to save the destruction of the village and perhaps a war between the Chinese and English. The parents of the victims were promised promotion to civil offices on account of the sacrifice. Other young men were willing to give themselves to the executioner, but these four were taken by lot; this instance shows how little the Chinese value human life. The English Government has made a timely demonstration of its strength which has awed lawless spirits ever ready for savage barbarity."

My second door neighbor has been — on this Sabbath day of rest — celebrating the birth of a son, by firing off powder crackers, music and entertainment of his friends, with a band of music, beating drums, pans, flutes, &c.

*Dec. 22nd.* 227 years ago the band of exiles landed on Plymouth rock, they were feeble and dejected but God saved them from extinction. With this premise I will now describe for your profit and pleasure the eleven missionaries here in Canton, beginning with the veteran in regard to time and proceed in that order. 1st. I introduce to you REV. ELIJAH COLEMAN BRIDGMAN, D.D., whose pious ancestors were among the "Pilgrim Fathers;" he came as fellow-passenger to China with Rev. David Abeel, in 1829. You see he is a short man, erect as an Indian, a Roman nose, dark hair, and a cast of features that indicate firmness and decision. You notice that he is courteous in his manners, slow and deliberate in conversation, "not a fluent speaker in Chinese, but a warm hearted friend;"

kind and attentive to others' wants, with "sober and just views of mission work." Here comes REV. PETER PARKER, M.D. Why! what a large man he is, and stoops a little, carries a cane as if unwell or weak from age. He kindly offers his hand, but you can only touch the two sides of it as it is the largest hand in Canton. He is dressed neatly and with good taste, speaks with moderation and as if he had a burden of business on his hands. He is very tender-hearted of others' feelings, but fond of and very skillful in the use of the surgeon's knife. In conversation and manners he observes perfect propriety and is almost faultless: "*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.*" ["All must recognize the peculiar fitness to him of the Roman motto: 'gentle in manner, resolute in deed.'"] This tall gentleman wearing a black hat, and surtout thrown open, is REV. DYER BALL, M.D., who sailed from Boston in 1838; was for a time at Singapore working for the Master in all good openings. He has very marked features, all large, you would always remember them after one sight. "His medical services are of great assistance in conciliating the good will of the people." He begins to converse with you, speaks rapidly and is sure to say something relating to China or the Chinese. Very likely he will tell you the meaning or pronunciation of some Chinese word. He is fond of his children and quite domestic in his feelings. As a father — you observe he is an excellent pattern to his children, educating them in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." He is very "laborious in out-door work — mingling with the people and doing all the good he can both with medicine and tracts. But who is that healthy, cheerful, round-faced civil gentleman? It is REV. ISSACHAR J. ROBERTS the Baptist missionary. What a little sharp nose, small mouth and eyes he has, also a little bald on the top of his head. As soon as he speaks a few words you conclude that he is a Western man and so he is, from Kentucky. Very careful in what he says, and was never known to be guilty of a "slip of the tongue." A short acquaintance shows that he is a warm-hearted Christian and spiritual in his feelings. Having lived among the natives three years, he knows Chinese character pretty well. He is persevering, patient and prudent in his missionary labors. Now I will make you acquainted with REV. JAMES G. BRIDGMAN. Don't be repulsed by his dark face, frowning eye brows and black bristling hair. Under it is concealed a noble generous heart that would convert the whole Empire of China at once. He speaks to you carefully and his words are weighty, sometimes too heavy and clumsy. He is a diligent student, knows a great many Chinese characters and looks as if his health was delicate. You set him down for a New England man and such he is, from South Amherst, possessed of vigorous intellectual abilities and ardent devotional habits. ["Rev. James G. Bridgman arrived in China in 1844 and died in 1850. In walking around the City of Canton, a stone was thrown at his head, and no doubt produced serious injury, perhaps contusion and in a fit of derangement he destroyed himself by cutting his throat. He was a man of deep, sterling piety."]

The next one under inspection, a little farther on is SAMUEL W. BONNEY an intimate friend of mine. I need not describe him, as you know him well. I think he has not changed much since you saw him last in 1844. There are five others: three Presbyterians and two Baptists, besides five married ladies and Miss Mary Ball whom we will visit another evening as it is late now. My heart was cheered to day dear Mother, by the receipt of your welcome letters. I have been reflecting seriously

on the duty of children to parents. However beautiful filial affection may appear, it loses all its beauty when it is placed above love to Christ. I am sure you do not wish your children to love you more than, or *as much* as they ought to love Christ. For this affection towards Christ I have been praying. If I had loved you more or as much as I sometimes hope I love Jesus, I would have remained in the United States and spent my labors and time to provide you with every earthly comfort and most cheerfully contribute whatever could gratify you. I, however, trust my sisters will be enabled to furnish you with an ample competence as long as your valuable and consecrated life shall be prolonged on earth; we all are stewards and servants of Jesus Christ who is a personal Saviour to each of us — happy thought!

*March 8th.* I went with a party who wished for a nearer inspection of the famed towering *nine storied Pagoda* a short distance above Whampoa. It is an octagonal structure which the Chinese regard with great reverence, as the mysterious abode of the god that dispenses *good luck* to the surroundings. This is my birthday anniversary, which makes it a very suitable time to review the past years and recall to mind how they were spent, and by retrospective experience endeavor to do better in future. I will write down a synoptical survey of dissolving views as seen on the vista of memory's avenue and if there are any mistakes please let me know.

1. To my 16th year I was under the care and discipline of parents and tutors. This period is marked with much waywardness, disobedience, indolence and sin, though memory fails to recall with vividness but a very few facts and incidents of it.

2. From 16th to 21st year I began to learn what it was to be without a fond mother's and revered father's attention. I was obliged to think and act in part for myself, then I found the benefit of having formed good habits and being favored with a Christian education. Among my equals I ranked as a moral youth, and indeed was very selfrighteous also, without a clear view of personal responsibility.

3RD. From 21st to 25th year I was thrown on my own resources for support and began to consider in earnest what to do in life, whether to live for myself, to amass wealth and obtain worldly distinction; or to live for God and the good of my fellow men. I was finally led to choose the better portion, and say, "what wilt thou have me to do, Lord Jesus?"

4. From my 25th to 29th year, the time was spent in studying literature and sciences and receiving instruction preparatory to the work in which I designed to spend the remainder of my life on earth. I was generally diligent and docile, but might have done better. I was favored with able and pious teachers, men who have fought valiantly for the truth and love it. Long may their lives be spared and may many more rise up and follow their godly example.

5TH From my 30th year to the present day, the time has been spent in labors for the intellectual and moral benefit of the Chinese. I have taught boys in a school, distributed Christian tracts, conversed with individuals, preached to small assemblies as I was able to stammer a new language and teach my Master's words. Looking over these five periods I see that up to my 30th year I was in a good course of preparation for laboring as an introducer of true Christian principles and institutions to these Chinese. Attending school, learning the art of printing, book-making, bookselling, teaching school and then sitting at the feet of my revered teachers Nitchie, White, Prelinghuysen, Beecher and Stowe, to

receive the words of wisdom and grace which fell from their lips. Now what remains for me to do, except to bestow freely upon these heathen people where I reside, all those good things which have cost me very little. If I try to use them alone for myself, they are worse than useless; if however I dispense them freely, they will most certainly render many a soul happy on earth, and joyful in heaven to all eternity. I wish I had more of a holy missionary zeal, but I know that my chief purpose is to honor Jesus Christ on earth and obtain eternal happiness in Him. The "Mysteries of Providence" in my life seem clear; and it is my duty even now to perform the work in these localities with an earnest desire to redeem any past mis-spent time and advance God's cause.

April 13, 1848. Dr. and Mrs. James and Mr. Ash left Canton in a schooner, and when in sight of Hongkong, a sudden gust of wind struck the vessel and she went over immediately on her side. In a few seconds she commenced sinking. Dr. James had just left the deck and was in the cabin with Mrs. James. Nothing was seen of them afterwards. Mrs. James was the daughter of J. Safford, Esq., of Salem, Mass.—they were to be located in Shanghai—their career was thus unexpectedly ended before they had been three weeks in China, sad tidings for Salem. I have just returned from a walk for distribution of tracts. By the side of the road sat an obstreperous quack surrounded by a small party, who were listening attentively to his learned lectures on the wonderful cures which *monkey bones* would effect. He held up a monkey's skeleton and before him were spread out several other skeletons. He could speak the word "monkey," in Chinese it is *má-lau*. I called at James Bridgman's, read the China Mail, and then cut his hair for him; it is black as coal and quite thick. Dr. Hobson (Benjamin) who is married to a daughter of Rev. Dr. Robert Morrison, received from England a Magic Lantern with a variety of paintings on glass. They are astronomical, anatomical, birds, beasts, and landscapes. It is an excellent thing for the Chinese, as it combines pleasure and instruction. Dr. Hobson's first exhibition was attended by nearly all our friends and twenty Chinese, who were much entertained by it. Natural philosophy and history are in their infancy here in China. Those sciences are not studied as much as in America and England. You know when Dr. Morrison was sent out in 1807 by the London Missionary Society, the East India Company would not permit him to go as passenger in one of their ships; he was therefore obliged to cross over to New York and sail for Canton in an American vessel. The daughter follows in his footsteps.

September 1, 1848. There has been a violent storm here this morning and much damage amongst the boats. Some large junks broke from their anchorage and were blown against the small boats. The awning of heavy matting on my house was blown away: but worst of all the new house of Rev. Dr. Happer, next door, was blown down. Mr. and Mrs. Happer had just stepped out and were providentially saved from a sudden and dreadful death. I assisted them to get out furniture, books and valuables from the mass of rubbish. The entire party breakfasted in my room, which meal was prepared after the most commendatory style of the "Yankee Bachelor's" culinary menage. I have offered part of my rooms to Brothers French and Speer who are now turned out of house and home. The wind has now abated, but the river is still quite high; there has been much property destroyed.

Sabbath, September 17th. I have just returned from the prayer-meet-

ing at Rev. Dr. Parkers and was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Williams. Dr. S. Wells Williams came to China in 1833, but has now just returned from a visit to his native land accompanied by his estimable wife, a niece of Chancellor Walworth of New York State. After a pleasant conversation I returned home, my boy coolie ["common house laborer, porter, or sedan-bearer. One who does coarse and heavy work"] carrying a lantern before me. I am about to take up my abode with the Buddhist priests in Honan temple for a second time, but only as a temporary thing, on account of Brothers Speer and French being turned out of house by the typhoon, I gave up mine to them and have been searching in vain for another the last few weeks. Four houses for which I had partly bargained, have slipped out of my hands by the faithlessness of the owners or opposition of the neighbors. I go to the temple as a last resort and pay \$8.00 monthly rent for the rooms I hire; but it is my intention to obtain a house in a neighborhood of families as soon as possible, for I am not allowed to preach here.

*Peter Parker.*—When Rev. Fitch W. Taylor was visiting Canton in 1835 he expressed himself greatly interested in his visits to the temples. In company with Dr. Parker he visited the Temple of Longevity. "It was inquired of the Abbot if there were nunneries embraced in their system. He answered, No; and I know not the idea which seemed pleasantly to strike him, which however led to the remark, as he placed his hand upon the head of a fine looking boy beside him some twelve or thirteen years of age, 'Budha sent me down this shaver in an egg about a month since, which produced him.'" "Dr. Parker in his benevolent practice, in connection with the Ophthalmic Hospital has secured unbounded confidence among the Chinese who look upon him as something superior to humanity, in connection with the many cures he has effected, and operations he has performed so frequently. The Chinese think him, said one of the linguists, with a most solemn air, 'all same as one Josh,' and he is very popular. They crossed the river to the Honam temple and Dr. Parker being pleased with the urbanity of the principal priest, desired his servant boy Ahoy to say to him, that when he crossed the river to Canton, he would be pleased to see him. 'Oh no, *Meester* Parker,' replied Ahoy, as he hesitated to interpret the courteous invitation of the abbot; 'you would *never* cease to have him present, *Meester* Parker, if you once invite him. Best first know him, then invite.' The shrewd young Chinese was laughed at, and the invitation was turned into thanks for the priest's politeness, with assurances that we had been greatly gratified. The dark robed Buddhist seemed much pleased when Dr. Parker promised to supply him with medicines, if needed. We returned to the boat and found that the hong merchant, whose politeness had furnished us with his fine boat, had provided a variety of fruits also, to await us on our return to re-occupy it. We ate of the fruits; and A-hoy asked, 'Will you have water now, gentlemen?' Some of the party accepted the finger-bowls and laved their hands. 'My master knows enough of foreign manners,' said A-hoy, 'to get the bowls of water, but I shall have to remind him the next time of the napkins.' The not witless remark, in the absence of the napkins, secured another approbative smile to A-hoy, for the penetration he showed on the occasion for which, in this one particular, by an oversight, he had not provided. As Dr. Parker passed along the streets he was often recognized, and an undertone of respect would now and then be heard among the crowd, saying, 'The good

heart,' 'The doctor who cures blind eyes,' 'The *no cash* doctor.' And the doctor's large hands, too, seem here to attract very general and surprised attention. 'What hands!' the less instructed in decorum, as the crowd gathers around, sometimes exclaim, in astonishment, as if he were indeed of the race of the gods they worship, which are in all their temples represented in their huge proportions. And the amiable physician hesitates not to let them compare their own tiny fingers and palms with his, when their curiosity has surprised from them the ejaculation. His skill is highly appreciated by all. Family gatherings are constantly going on and there is nothing that a Chinaman or woman loves so well as a gossip over a pipe and a cup of tea. A favorite pastime is for literary men to meet at a fashionable restaurant and indulge a friendly antagonism in the composition of rhymes, one against the other, draughts of wine, Samshu, being the forfeit incurred by the least successful. The Chinese seldom seem to take drink as a habit, flushed faces and cheerful clamor is generally the extent."

Another beloved brother has been suddenly called to his long home on January 5, 1849, "the Rev. William J. Pohlman of Amoy was drowned by the capsizing of the boat. He left Amoy in December to accompany his sister to Hongkong for a change of air and the improvement of her health, intending to remain there only a few days, and return to assist in dedicating the church lately built by the mission. He was on his way back to his station from Hongkong, when the ship struck a rock and went down. The night was very dark, nothing could be seen but the land in the distance, when suddenly came the fatal shock. The Captain, Mr. Pohlman, and one of the crew were lost. He was eminently fitted for his Station and the toils of missionary life, also extended usefulness in his field of labor. His earnestness in making known the messages of the gospel, his pleasant vivacity of manner and disposition, together with his love to the people, were all happily blended; while his attainments in the language enabled him to speak readily and intelligibly." The will of the Lord be done. Warning upon warning comes to us who are left. The Boodhist Fathers fear the Bible might disturb the repose of Budha, and the priests were suspicious I might try to inoculate the virus of the new doctrines into some of their number; therefore, after a quiet residence of six weeks, wished me to remove from the Temple which I did, and am now comfortably settled in a "hong" or storehouse, which is used for storing tea, cotton bales and cinnamon or "cassia" as it is called here; there are at least one hundred cart loads of it in this place.

*January, 1849.* I have been very ill with fever, but my health is so far restored that I can take my customary meals. I am now comfortably warm without a fire while I wear a wadded cloak. The Chinese masons will not come and put up my much needed stove, because the new year's holidays are not past, during which they will not perform work for love or money. The Morrison School is about to pass into the hands of some English missionary society. Rev. Mr. Brown is in America, and Mr. Maey will either join us here at Canton, or return home this spring I presume. He has had to bear the burden of its decline. Mr. Brown left just in time to escape the anxiety of his situation. I had a friendly letter from him: "Encourage yourself dear Bonney in the Lord our God and fear naught. He can over-rule and overturn and we shall either in the church militant, or church triumphant join in the hallelujah of joy at the complete vindication of his sovereignty in the world. Let us not be

moved though the terrors of men encompass us around. The cause advocated by politicians, soldiers and worldly men may fail; *our cause* though hindered and driven back, will go forward. We are His, and know of Him, and His power never shall fail us. Love from mother and myself to you and the brethren.

WILLIAM A. MACY."

The large brick warehouse in which I now reside is situated on the bank of the Pearl or Canton river; from my window there is a fine view of the stream covered with boats of every description passing up and down, from the tanka to the ornamental carved-work flower-boat; it is a busy scene of changing life. I counted within half an hour's time, one hundred and twenty-eight boats which passed on our side of the river within a stone's throw of my window: *Passenger row boats* propelled by hand, and carrying one hundred and fifty passengers, forty-one men, eighty-six women, fourteen boys, nine girls who here stood or sat crowded together on the deck as there are no cabins below: *Entertainment* boats with forty-nine men, seventeen women, one boy and three girls, resplendent at night with quaint Chinese lanterns; *Passage*; *Vegetables*; *Fish*; *Oil*; *Tea-boats*; *Country Province*; *Revenue Cutter*; *Government Gun-boat*; *Police-boat*; *Duck-boat* filled with yellow fledgelings; *Cargo-boat*; a *Family moving*; *Sam-pan*; *Tanka or Eggshaped-boat*; *Wood-boat*; *Another Cockle Shell-boat*; *Timber raft*; *Orange boat* loaded to water's edge with the yellow fruit; *Canoes*; *Manure-boat*; *Fruit-boats*. These are only a few, you can well imagine that the number of native craft on the river must be very great. There are several thousands pass my window every day; "a fleet of about eighty-four thousand boats float upon this stream, the floating population cannot number less than one million of people." The Chinese use oars and long slender bamboo poles which they stick into the mud and push the boat along at a pretty good rate. The river in front of Canton is not very deep, except in the middle, and the bottom can easily be reached with a long pole. The *Fish-boats* were fifty feet long and fifteen broad, half filled with fresh water in which quantities of live fish were kept to sell. At the side of the vessel is a man walking on a wheel which turns a chain of buckets, dipping out the water from the boat on one side, while a constant supply of fresh water runs into a hole on the other side. The *Chop-boats* frequently chosen by our wealthy foreigners as residences are furnished with every luxury similar to their abodes on the land; the rooms are large and airy and fitted up with all the necessary home comforts. Many of the women who rowed and others sculling the countless myriads of boats had a little baby — pappoose like — strapped securely on their backs, and when they skillfully pulled the oar or propelled the boat by the sculling process, bending backwards, the baby's little head would also fall back with a sudden jerk, as if it would break its neck; but the mother with perfect indifference, kept rowing and the baby tossing its head, as if it was completely easy; but it looked barbarous; poor little thing!

I went down to Whampoa with some friends to the American Ship "Plymouth," to be present at a ceremonious visit of the Chinese Governor to the vessel. We left Canton at 8 o'clock in a small steamer in company with Hon. J. E. Davis; Mr. Paul Forbes, the American Consul, Rev. Dr. Parker and a few residents, arriving at the "Plymouth" about 11 o'clock, we were politely received by Commodore Geisenger. The ship was tastefully decorated with gay bunting and dressed with flags; the

American motto "*E Pluribus Unum*" was very conspicuous. At 12 o'clock the Chinese Governor arrived with his suite of about twenty persons. One of these officials wore a long peacock's tail feather hanging from his cap which was surmounted with a red knob as a badge of office. The Naval and other officers' gay dresses of blue, scarlet and gilt, appeared well by the side of embroidered robes and bright crapes of the Chinese. One of the attendants carried His Excellency's fancy carved pipe and a small brass basin for him to wash his face and hands in warm water after dinner, as is customary. As he came on deck, he was introduced by Dr. Parker to the American officers and Citizens, in all about forty. As the Chinese cannot easily say "Mister" they address all foreign gentlemen "*Missy*;" so to day, Dr. Parker introduced the gentlemen thus: "*Missy Speer*," "*Missy Davis*," "*Missy Loomis*," "*Missy Bonney*." After introduction, the Governor was conducted below deck to the Saloon and entertained with a sumptuous dinner. After the repast, he was shown the different parts of the Man-of-war and the mode of working the guns. At the request of his Excellency, several were fired and the marines exercised in the manner of repelling unwise enemies who should make the bold attempt to come on board; it was a very fine sight. After three hours spent in social pleasantness on board the "*Plymouth*," he left with his retinue and returned to his own barge; the American Commodore saluting him with firing seventeen canon. All who participated in the festivities were pleased.

*Honam Temple, July 5, 1849.* Day before yesterday I was told, that Mr. James C. Beecher, the youngest son of Rev. Dr. Beecher, was on board the Clipper ship "*Sam. Russell*" at the Whampoa anchorage, acting in the capacity of a sailor. This was very unexpected news to me and of course I determined to go at once and see him; this was accomplished in Mr. Loomis's boat, arriving at the ship yesterday afternoon about five o'clock. Mr. Beecher had gone on shore with some of the men for a trip to view the surrounding country; so to improve the time and fulfill one part of my religious duty, I took a "*sampan*" or small boat and visited a village near by for the distribution of tracts, was very kindly received by the villagers to whom I gave one hundred tracts. Mr. Beecher was aboard when I returned, and after a warm greeting I spent a very pleasant evening with him, delighted to see one who had been a resident of Walnut Hills. When he can have liberty, he intends coming up to Canton, spend a day with me and be guided about to see the wonderful and strange sights. \* \* \* Mr. Beecher came up on the 17th, and we visited two pagodas. He has a vein of his father's versatile wit and good humor; his cheery conversation, the fine morning air and walk in the fields was truly refreshing. How much good for God he might accomplish with his silver tongue if consecrated to such labor. I took a walk with my boatman to the top of a high hill near by; the view was extensive and beautiful. A dozen villages were in sight; several pagodas; Whampoa anchorage; the Pearl or Canton river branching out on all sides and a hill near by was terraced completely to the top, fourteen terraces in all, presenting a thrifty appearance. A venerable and worthy gentleman asked me why the foreign gentlemen and ladies walk arm in arm, it did not look quite decorous. I replied, the gentleman is the strongest and wishes to help the lady; he answered, "*We Chinamen think it is surely because the gentleman is afraid his wife will run away!*" Rev. Mr.

Lobscheid of the Rhenish Missionary Society was at Canton and invited me to return with him to his station fifty miles below this city in Sun On County. The village has a population of 20,000 inhabitants; there are twenty-one temples and a Buddhist nunnery in which are twenty-one nuns. "It is not easy to distinguish the monks from the nuns as they walk the streets, for both have natural feet, wear clumsy shoes, long stockings drawn over full trowsers, short jackets and have bald pates." We were kindly treated, though occasionally would hear the vile epithet "*fin qui-low*," foreign devil.

*November 15th.* This morning at six o'clock, I took a stroll around the city walls with the French Consul and others; we passed through a large parade ground and saw several thousand soldiers exercising at horsemanship and archery. These archers rode horses and shot their arrows at a target, while the horses were at full gallop. It was the greatest military display that I have seen in China. These soldiers have assembled from every part of Canton Province to contest for prizes and promotion in military rank. The best horsemen and archers are promoted. ["The bow is a favorite weapon, used more for show in the military examinations, than for real service in battle. The uniform of the different regiments consists of a jacket of brown, yellow, or blue, bordered with a wide edging of another color; the trowsers are usually blue. At these military competitive examinations, they are first exercised in the practice of archery, standing: they are examined in regard to their proficiency in shooting at a mark, each one shooting three arrows. At the *second* examination before the district magistrate they are exercised in the practice of archery on horseback. In like manner they are required to shoot three arrows at a mark, but while the horse is running."] I inclose this strip of yellow paper, it is an efficacious charm used by the Chinese to keep *white ants* out of their houses. It is pasted on door-posts, walls, &c. A Chinaman told me that if a white ant was going up a door-post and should come to that charm, he could not pass by it to his destructive career, but at once would turn to ashes! This is only one of the very many superstitions in vogue here. I have just returned from a trip across the river and a walk to the Factories. Distributed about forty tracts, only one man refused. The first question I was asked in the boat was, "Are you *red-haired* or *flower flagged*?" that is, an Englishman or American? I replied that "there was no red-haired country, but there was an England. All you Chinamen have *black* hair, but no one calls you the black-haired nation. I am a flower flagged countryman." Dr. and Mrs. Hobson (the eldest daughter of Rev. Dr. Morrison) and myself walked around the city before breakfast in 2½ hours. We had a pleasant walk and were well treated by the people we met, distributing 200 books on our trip. On the north side of the city some men on the wall asked for books, but the difficulty was how shall I get them up so high as 30 feet! The men brought a long cord and letting it down I tied thirty tracts to it, and they were safely pulled up over the wall into the secluded city. Thus we can distribute tracts within the city, although we are not permitted to enter the gates. These are sealed precincts, but I am persuaded that the reading of so many Christian books with the daily mode of life and conversation of the few friends of the Redeemer here, cannot be in vain. These are a part of God's appointed means to "turn many to righteousness," and true to His word, He will give success. There is leaven in the city of Canton that cannot be smothered, and, though I may never see it, this mass of mind that is

now so corrupted with error, idolatry and superstition, shall be purified and enlightened by the Spirit and word of our God and *their* God, although they now know Him not. I went down to Whampoa with our Chinese Assistant *Chan Lysoon* to see about the building I am to occupy at Sun Chow village, being more accessible to the people. [This Chinese gentleman *Mr. Chan Laisun*, with his family, is now in this country at Springfield, Mass., having in charge a party of young Chinese to be educated.] The Chinese workmen are very slow and need much instruction in foreign building; they are very dilatory and irregular. It recalled a pleasant evening I spent with Rev. William Gillespie at Rev. Mr. Loomis's rooms in social and merry chat. Mr. Loomis is the Seaman's Chaplain. Gillespie has been somewhat low spirited and it is good for his health to indulge in innocent mirth. He told us many entertaining anecdotes of Scotch and English clergymen. The Bethel is nearly finished which Mr. Loomis is superintending. One of us quoted a remark of the venerable Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher: "I do not want to go to heaven to sit by purling streams, on beds of roses, fanned by breezes and lulled to repose by soft music." Mr. Loomis replied, "I hope I shau't have to build any Bethels in heaven if I must superintend Chinese workmen." One answered him, "no fear of that, it will be one great Bethel there." Rev. Mr. Loomis and wife are expecting to sail for America in a few days on account of illness. Rev. Mr. Gillespie said to me: "Bonney, I want to procure one theological work very much, and perhaps you can help me to get it." "With pleasure, if the New York or Boston bookstores can furnish it. What is it?" "It is not a very voluminous work, but it contains an excellent compendium of divinity. If I recollect right, the title is *The New England Primer*." I must therefore beg of you to send me two or three copies of that "Theological work" when you can procure them.

"The murder of GOVERNOR AMARAL on the evening of August 22, 1849, near the Barrier in Macao has greatly startled the foreign community. His Excellency was accompanied by his aid Lieutenant Leite, in his usual ride in the afternoon, and the two horsemen were at the moment by themselves though others on horseback and carriages with ladies were driving on the Course, several gentlemen were riding, quite near the place at the time. Some boys came in front of them holding bamboo poles in their hands, with leaves tied to the ends, and struck the governor's horse on the head, while another slapped His Excellency in the face with a leafy branch tied to a bamboo. He immediately turned his bridle to punish them for their impertinence, when eight men, also carrying bamboos rushed up before him, and surrounded his horse, two of them directing their attack on his aid. These six miscreants, throwing away the sticks, drew swords from their sleeves, and began to strike their unhappy victim, who unarmed and having no right hand (for it had been lost in battle,) could offer no resistance; he was soon dragged from his horse, his head and hand cut off, and his body shockingly hacked by the assassins, who then escaped through the Barrier-gate, and got into a boat lying near, before any effectual pursuit could possibly be made. The Aid was thrown down, receiving two cuts on his head; his horse fell upon him painfully bruising him, but no further attack was made upon him; he saw the Governor fall from his horse but heard no cry. The dastardly act was soon known in town, though too late for pursuit and the mutilated corpse carried to the palace. The tragical event cast a gloom of astonishment and sorrow

over the whole settlement. The Chinese Authorities promised, after strenuous exertions by the Portuguese, that the severed head and hand should be recovered and returned which was eventually done. Governor Amaral was not less respected and esteemed by foreigners than by those over whom he ruled. He was a man of great energy, and ambitious of improving the town of Macao; but unfortunately he had the bitter indignation of the Chinese to cope with, and 'had received several obscure hints to the effect that his life was in danger, but paid little or no attention to them.' This Portuguese governor whom they considered arbitrary, was rather impolitic; he had constructed splendid roads, without the Campo Gate, destroying and ravaging graves — on which account those from around conceived hatred towards him. The outrage upon their feelings caused by cutting these roads through and over the graves of their revered ancestors buried in the lovely suburbs of Macao was galling in the extreme. Among the Chinese, to violate or dig up graves is regarded as a deadly insult; the hatred among the Chinese on this account might be smothered for a time, but when it came to the culminating point, and broke out, not all the power of their authorities could effectually oppose it. The murder of Governor Amaral caused great indignation on the part of the Portuguese who then laid claim to the entire island of Macao."

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## CHAPTER XII.

### LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

"On April 2, 1851, the king of Siam died, aged sixty-three years. The royal remains were deposited in a golden receptacle in the palace, after which his Royal Highness — the present reigning sovereign — was respectfully requested to relinquish his sacerdotal station, assume the kingly office and maintain the royal succession. The appointed season for the coronation took place on the 15th of May, and was celebrated with great magnificence. The usual processions took place and the king distributed gold and silver coins which had been struck for the occasion. The Europeans were invited to witness the ceremony and met with a gracious reception. The dinner provided for them was in European style, and presents were also bestowed on them, consisting of gold and silver flowers and gold and silver coins of the new issue. The prince that has now been raised to the throne as monarch, is a man of liberal sentiments, and far in advance of the generality of his countrymen; he is liberal also to foreigners and their trade."

A Siamese vessel having anchored in Hongkong harbor, Rev. S. W. Bonney embraced the opportunity to send a letter and parcel to his majesty the king "under whose enlightened administration of government, and through his wise and bold policy, the kingdom was thrown open to foreign intercourse, the science and even the religion of the western world

accepted if not invited." An epistolary correspondence was the result. The letters are "written in the peculiar style, pedantic and conceited, by which the king's literary efforts are distinguished. It is easy to laugh at the queer English which he wrote with such reckless fluency as to philology and bad spelling, but we respect him deeply, for "his reign was for the kingdom which he governed the beginning of a new era. He sent more than one long autograph letter written in pretty good English to our government during the negotiation of our treaty. His character and his history are full of the strangest contrasts."

*His Majesty the 1st King of Siam to Rev. S. W. Bonney.*

Siamese Most lawful reigning Sovereignty of Siam and its all adjacent tributary countries Cambodia, Laos, Annam, & some parts of Malay peninsula. To His American friend,

Samuel W. Bonney Esquire of Whampoa China.

Dated Royal audience hall grand palace, Bangkok, Siam, 25th July, 1852.

Very Gracious Sir,

I have the honour of acknowledgement of the receipt of your letter addressed me under the date of Whampoa China 10th January inst, together the curious gift of a Chart of various models of national flags of forty-two Countries with the Siamese Royal Standard of Myself which was just erected upon middle post top of our ships conveyed our embassy to Canton on last year & was as seen to you as you could adopt from it & put in Colum next of Siamese National flag and being 40st of those forty-two foresaid. it is beautiful manufacture of the young Chinese man under your instruction. I beg to return you my many sincere thanks for your pleasant gift. I have put the same in the gilded frame covered with the glass shade or sheet as large as the sheet of paper & erected it at the wall of this Royal audience hall now, for being looked by our officers who assembled there in every day my audience.

You are seemed to be Christian religious Missionary being pleased to address me for an introduction of Rev. Mr. Wm. Dean of Hongkong perhaps, the Same Reverend is my friend ever such me personally & now my continually correspondent.

I shall glad to hear from you whatever is your needable from Siam. I shall gratify to you according my Siamese local and Royal legal ability. Believe me I have the honour to be your friend,

SOMDETC PIRA PARAMENDR MAHA MONGKUT.

Reigning King of Siam whose Manuscript & Manual Sign is this letter written in these two small papers & whose Card form is printed at bellow, with his Chinese name.

To Samuel Bonney Esqr.

An American person of Whampoa, China, Care of Wm. Dean, Esquire.

The Siamese national flag is a white elephant on a red ground work. The *chart* (which is mentioned by his majesty as having been received and placed in the hall of audience—eighty feet long and thirty feet broad with a raised platform for the king) was composed of "NATIONAL FLAGS OF FORTY-TWO COUNTRIES." The flag of SIAM was the 40th one in order; it was a fine piece of work "by Foong Kong—Painter, Wampoa, 1851," painted under the direction of Rev. S. W. Bonney when residing at that place. "The platform and its railing, and the pillars and walls of this apartment were hung with crimson cloth, at the time of

Sir John Bowring's mission to China, the whole surface of the floor was covered with Siamese nobles prostrate on the floor with their hands directed to the king."

*His Majesty the 1st King of Siam to Rev. S. W. Bonney.*

This from



The Most lawful Sovereign of Siam with its adjacent tributary countrees  
Laos &c.

To Reverend Mr. Samuel Wm. Bonney of Whampoa, China.

Dated Rajmondin house Royal residence grand palace Bangkok Siam  
14th January, 1853, which is the 2nd of My reign here.

Venerated Sir,

I have acknowledged the receipt of Your letter under the date of "Whampoa China, November 13th, 1852, and the pareil contains two rolled chinese papers, one of which is the Chart national flags of Various countrees and the other is the view of Whampoa anchorage, accompanied therewith — for which kind address and presents from you I beg to return my Many many Sincere thanks & am glad to hear that you were surprised as much for my letter written you in English language as you stated that you had sent it to your aged Mother in America, but O ; Sir I most ashamed or affraid of blame for my knowledge of the Same language is very as less as I did studied it occasionally about two years and my knowledge of this afterward was slowly increased by perusal of Some books & news papers by searching the translations & explanations of every one of hard words from English dictionary.

The pictures made by Chinese very worse for many times than those of English & American. I observed the national flags of those countrees which are the Shapes or pictures of animals, &c., like the White Eliphant of Siam & pie cock of Burmah &c., are but in Manner of Chinese manufactures not very resembline of those national flags, also the ranges of Mountains & Shapes or pictures of trees in the View of Whampoa are yet telling expressing that is the manufacture of the boy.

I beg to present you many thanks for your mental kindness & grace upon me by your prayer to your God for me with some texts or sentences from your Holy Scripture Sacred book Bible. & mercy to wholly people

of Siam by saying that this country may become Christians with the texts of the prediction of your Lord.

Though (I beg to say the truth or truly pardon me) I do not believe the Bible which appeared to me as common as but Superstion of ancient people of Jews like the Koran of Arabia. Your kindness, grace toward myself & your mercy upon the land of Siam (which you might say "be-nighted land") according to your faith exactly known by your prayer for me & whole people of this Country. The kindness, grace, mercy, sincerity, honesty &c., are genuent or real mental merits for being praised & pleased by all learned persons of every one of civil religious Systems of the World though their Statement or prediction for eternal life very different & contrary to one another. I doubt not for their merits. Regarding your desire for some pictures books of Siam I will endeavour to Send you which my Ships go again to China. but such pictures books in Siam are very less. I beg to send you here with two papers of Peguen Mon's letters in which the Buddhist Sacred patries or hymns were published, these papers for being erected at the altar or place of Worship like "Hock" & Sain" letters of Chinese and the other two papers of the figuer of my golden royal pal-ankin or moveble regal seat or carrying Chair which was drawn through the Camera obscure here in. and the full account of my dearest lawful queen consort. for whose loss I am now very Mournful widower Sunk in deepest sorrow & beg to remain your faithful friend.



Siamese Signature



Chen Ming  
Siam Country.

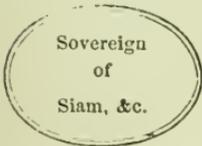
P. S. All accompanied papers were printed in Lithographic press which was just introduced to Siam by purchasing from England by myself \* \*

S. P. P. M. MONGKUT.

To Reverend Samuel Wm. Bonney.  
of Whampoa, China.



Chen Ming  
Siam Country.



The broad black edge letter paper, with His Majesty's name in Siamese characters, was inclosed in a yellow envelope sprinkled with gilt, and lined with black. The envelope bore this stamp. It was also sealed on the outside with black sealing wax ; in English letters was stamped with an engraven seal the words :

"The Queen of Siam died in 1852, and although the king had numerous wives, yet after the death of her late majesty no other was raised to the rank of queen. There are between sixty and seventy children, who are provided with an English governess, they all speak English."

*His Majesty 1st King of Siam to Rev. S. W. Bonney.*



Rajasuty house  
grand palace  
Bangkok-Siam.  
10th July 1853.

To Reverend Doc-  
tor W. Samuel Bon-  
ney of Whampoa.

Dear Sir, Where  
as you had sug-  
gested me by your  
request put in your  
letter addressed me  
on return of my  
Ships conveyed my

noble embassy to China on last year. that I should send or lend you some Siamese picture books, when my Ship would be sent again to China. I am sorry to say that there are but a few picture books in this Country which are but painted or drawn not painted or engraved as well as those of Chinese European, and which are but ones & ones in possessors & stingy of their owners or possession so I could not yet have one or two to be presented you on this occasion.

I beg to Send you but a likeness of the curious colour of Eliphant which, is just in My possession two months ago, and the likeness of a White Eliphants which were belonged to my late Royal father "Phra lord lah" the king of Siam & which were all now dead. I trust you will please to have your interesting with them. I beg to remain your very kind friend.

S. P. M. MONGKUT.

*the king of Siam.*



This letter with the king's signature and seal in red Siamese characters, was inclosed in an envelope of yellow paper spotted with gilt, lined with cherry color and sealed on the outside with red sealing wax. The envelope as also the blue edged note paper was stamped with the Chinese red characters that are generally found on all of the envelopes of his majesty's correspondence, namely the well known, Siamese Signature and Cheng Ming — Siam Country. The letter enclosed in its sealed envelope was then incased in an oblong bag, with the sacred color of bright yellow satin; having paper glued on, with the direction To Revend William Samuel Bonney — the American Missionary of Canton or Whampoa, China Care of H. E. Mr. John Bowring. H. D. K. C. B. the governor of Hong Kong. With M. C. Morrison's Compts.

The representatives of European nations when intrusted with a public message to the king of Siam have universally spoken of their reception, "as arranged on a scale of oriental magnificence, and it lingers in mem-

ory like some dreamy recollection of the splendors of the Arabian Nights. When ushered into the august presence of 'Rex Supremus Siamensium' it might almost have been 'the good Haroun Alraschid' and 'the great pavilion of the caliph at inmost Bagdad,' that we had come to, it was so imposing a scene, and so characteristically oriental. What I had read of in that book of entertainment, and hardly thought was possible except in such romantic stories, seemed to be realized. Here was a king worth seeing, a real king, with a real crown on, and with real pomp of royalty about him. His cap or crown fairly blazed with brilliant gems, some of them of great and costly value. There was not wanting in his manner a good deal of natural dignity; although it was constrained and embarrassed. He seemed burdened with the care of government and saddened with anxiety, and as if he knew his share of the uneasiness of 'the head that wears a crown.'"

"His majesty, Phrabat Somdeteh Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut, closed his remarkable career on the 1st of October, 1868, under circumstances of peculiar interest. Amid all the cares and anxieties of government, he had never ceased to occupy himself with matters of literary and scientific importance. The approach of the great solar eclipse in August, 1868, was an event, the coming of which he had himself determined by his own reckoning, and for which he waited with an impatience half philosophic and half childish. A special observatory was built for the occasion, and an expedition of extraordinary magnitude and on a scale of great expenditure and pomp was equipped by the king's command to accompany him to the post of observation. A great retinue both of natives and of foreigners, including a French scientific commission, attended his majesty, and were entertained at royal expense. And the eclipse was satisfactorily witnessed to the great delight of the king, whose scientific enthusiasm found abundant expression when his calculation was proved accurate. It was, however, almost his last expedition of any kind. Even before setting out, there had been evident signs that his health was breaking. And upon his return it was soon apparent that excitement and fatigue and the malaria of the jungle had wrought upon him with fatal results. He died calmly, preserving to the end that philosophic composure to which his training in the Buddhist priesthood had accustomed him. During the years of his monastic life he grew to be a thoughtful, studious man, and he brought to his kingly office a singular gravity, and dignity and a wide familiarity with literature. But in consequence of exposure he lost his life and closed a career of usefulness which entitles him to a high place among the benefactors of his age."

"On November 16, 1873, the young king of Siam was recrowned, and the illumination of the city, the land and water processions which took place within the week drew many visitors, native and foreign. His Majesty was *first* crowned Nov. 17, 1868, being then in his sixteenth year. After he was twenty years, he donned the sacred yellow robes, had his head and eyebrows shaven, and entered as a priest, for *fifteen days*, into a temple connected with the royal palace. He was obliged to beg his daily food, but he sought it only from the numerous ladies of his own household. The coronation ceremonies were very splendid. He wore the decoration of an Order newly instituted. The color of the order, with the star studded with diamonds, cost twelve thousand dollars. All the Siamese present were prostrate on the carpeted floor, with bowed heads and palm-

joined hands, and did honor to their youthful king by raising themselves upon their knees and bowing their faces three times to the floor. This has for centuries been their mode of saluting superiors. His Majesty then read the Royal Edict that hereafter, standing or walking shall be substituted for crouching or crawling, and a graceful bowing of the head for prostration on all-fours. When he had finished reading, the assembled Siamese princes and ministers of State and noblemen, simultaneously bowed their faces to the floor, *as at first*, and *then* the prostrate throng of courtiers rose to their feet, and *stood in the presence of the king* for the first time in their lives. Every friend of Siam looked upon this scene with great delight. His Majesty had perceived that the old custom of Siam was manifestly an oppressive exaction, and it was his royal purpose to remove from the people whatever was oppressive and burdensome."

I have been turning over the thought in my mind dear Mother, whether filial duty did not require me to visit America merely to see you once more, or principally for that purpose. My obligations to the American Board as their delegate, and to Christ as His ambassador to the heathen Chinese are the only apparent hindrances. I know that I love you, and that you have been a good, loving and faithful mother to me. What a rich blessing it would be if all children could be favored with as good a mother. I praise God for this great favor and that you so diligently trained me to be useful among my fellow travelers to Eternity. Yoong Awing wrote me that his mother has repeatedly urged him to come home, "but when I compare," he says, "the advantages of such an education as old Yale gives her sons with the gratification of seeing my friends a short time, the latter dwindles into nothing." I cannot fully adopt his language, for my mother and friends are Christians while his are heathen. *He* is lavish in his expressions of delight at his scholastic attainments and decides to remain at his post, while I am still in great doubt regarding the path of duty which God designs me to pursue in respect to the visit to America. When Jonas King was in Paris and received a letter from Mr. Parsons requesting Mr. K. to join him as missionary in Palestine, he was in doubt regarding it. He was then preparing for a professorship in Amherst College. A little tract states that he retired and *spent an hour in prayer* for divine guidance in his case. After consultation with Mr. Wilder he decided to go to Palestine. He is now a missionary in Greece. His example was good and the true course to get light for one's path. I have endeavored to bring my mind and heart to a full reliance on God as to whether I shall see you and find an earthly blessing in the person of a partner for life.

*S. W. Bouncey to his Mother.*

My Dear Mother,

Whampoa Jany. 30, 1853.

The sad duty of aiding in consigning to the grave the remains of a brother missionary has devolved upon me this day. Four weeks ago yesterday Brother Brewster arrived here with his wife. Two weeks ago yesterday he was taken ill with the small-pox and yesterday he departed this life to enter upon his eternal reward. Revs. Dr. Ball, Dr. Happer, Mr. S. W. Williams, Revs. Mr. Vrooman and Whilden came down with the corpse to day. Brother Brewster mentioned to me that he saw you at South Hadley and perhaps you will recollect him. On account of his illness and my duties keeping me pretty close at Whampoa, I have not become much acquainted with him. Tomorrow it

is my intention to go up to Canton and learn the circumstances of his illness and decease. Part of the time he was delirious and his throat was so sore that he could not converse readily. How mysterious are God's providences. This one especially so. Why should our brother be snatched away after only one month's residence at his station? When laborers in this vineyard are so few, one cannot easily be spared. I mean according to human view which of course is limited, and liable to err. Yes it is not only liable but "sure to err" as Cowper expresses it: "Blind unbelief is sure to err and scan his work in vain. God is his own interpreter and he will make it plain." I am apt, perhaps too apt to rely on brethren for strength and success, so that now I feel weak. One of my companions had just put his hand to the work and behold he is gone. Why is this? Was he not qualified? For all that I know as well as any of us. Was it to make room for another? There is room for a hundred more. The reason is not evident. But there is no better way than to be satisfied that it was God's holy and all wise purpose. Perhaps he wishes to show that it is not by great numbers of missionaries that Satan's power is to be broken here. Gideon collected 32,000 soldiers to battle with the Midianites, but God would have only 300. China is a vast empire, but God by His Spirit can turn the hearts of multitudes without sending a foreign missionary to every 10,000. Bro. Brewster died while engaged in a good work, a heavenly employment. he was a soldier of Christ. Hundreds of English soldiers have died at Hongkong, but how will their service and motives compare with Bro. Brewsters? They are as wide apart as earth and heaven. Let me ever be in Christ's service, I cannot love Him too much or serve Him too faithfully. Mrs. Brewster is left a young and lonely widow. She was from Windham, Connecticut. Her maiden name was Byrne. Whether she desires to return or not I have not heard.

Some copies of "Uncle Tom's Log Cabin" by Mrs. Stowe have come out here. I have read a few pages, but find exceptionable paragraphs already. There is needless *profanity* in it. This is a great objection in my mind to the book as far as I have read. "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth," *nor from your pen*, which is the mouth of book-makers. I have a large elephant's tooth brought from Penang and given me by Capt. Folger of the American ship Flavius. By and by I intend to send it to Danbury as a present to sister Lucy. It can be put in her cabinet for the inspection of the young ladies and all other friends. It is larger than my *two feet*.

*Feb. 8th.* Yesterday I went up to Canton to attend the Monthly Concert, which was conducted by Dr. Hobson. Returning from the meeting, Mr. and Mrs. Vrooman, Mrs. Brewster and Lysoon, a Chinese Christian young man, took seats in my boat to return home two miles by water. The two ladies were dressed in mourning for Mr. Brewster. The Lord and Giver of life grant you every blessing. With love to you and all from,

SAMUEL WM. BONNEY.

Mrs. S. W. Bonney.

*Whampoa, April 13, 1853.* Mr. S. Wells Williams has been requested by Commodore Perry to accompany the Japan Expedition as interpreter; he expects to be absent sometime, and I have consented to reside at Canton and superintend the Anglo-Chinese press which is in his care. It is a great pleasure for me to oblige him. Dr. and Mrs. Bridgman are deliberating whether to go to Shanghai at once, or remain here a few months,

while Mr. Williams goes to Japan. I had the pleasure of bringing Dr. and Mrs. Bridgman in my boat to Whampoa. We visited the graves of Rev. James G. Bridgman and Rev. Mr. Bewster, then after honoring me by taking "tiffin" in my house I escorted them safely to Canton. Dr. Bridgman's opinion is, that I need to visit America soon, to invigorate my constitution by breathing my native air again. \* \* \* \* \*

It is now nine and a half years since I left my early home for China, during that time I have not seen over five of my acquaintances whom I knew in America. In May, Revds. Lord and Knowlton visited Canton, they spent the Sabbath here and we were benefitted by their visit. Mrs. Lord and Mrs. Knowlton did not come up from Hongkong, I therefore wrote the latter, who was one of my old friends, a letter of welcome to missionary labors in China. Mrs. Vrooman of our Mission is now at Macao very ill and even dangerously so. Mr. Williams is in Japan. Mrs. Williams, her three children and myself are the only members of our Mission now in Canton. Dr. Ball is on his way to America with his family. Mrs. Brewster is at Macao with Mrs. Vrooman. Dr. and Mrs. Bridgman have gone to Shanghai; and the present prospect is I shall go to America the end of this year, if the Prudential Committee give their consent. It will be truly pleasant to see the members of my own family, renew the acquaintance of many friends, and after a reasonable time return to resume my work in China.

*Canton, April 3, 1854.* To day there has been a great idol procession with all its attending excitements, it being considered the reputed birthday of an idol named the "*Northern Ruler.*" He has many temples in Canton and they make joint contributions of men, banners and music for the pompous show made in his honor at a great expense of time and money. It passed directly in front of my hong door, and having never seen such an exhibition, I took time to go and look at it and noted down the several parts of the display; from the second story veranda I had a good view of the procession, which occupied one and a quarter hours from 1.15 to 2.30 o'clock P. M., in passing my stand point. It was called a grand Oriental pageant. There were two hundred and thirty-nine Musicians. Ninety-eight Horses with rich saddle cloths well covered with gay embroidery. Twenty-nine richly embroidered Canopies. High officers of Government here always have one of these canopies carried in their retinue. Nineteen Sedan-Chairs. All persons in connection with the gorgeous train were dressed in very showy, flowery bright silk garments, especially the women and children, whose varied costume was exceedingly elegant with sparkling jewelry and brilliant flowers. There were innumerable large gongs and drums; girls on horseback; large gay colored Chinese lanterns of elegant designs; musicians in red coats and red conical caps with instruments; ornamental carved signs of the idol; handsome silk banners carried by boys in fancy costumes; tables with fine incense urns; boys on horseback gaily dressed; men in uniform carrying brazen spears, swords, shields and various military implements; tables with kettle drums; singular oriental circular canopies, mace bearers in blue dress; large pieces of tapestry carried by four men; boy on horseback wearing spectacles; painted images; gilded sedan chair richly ornamented; brilliant red tablets plentifully gilded with Chinese characters; men with fire-crackers; men and boys on horseback with hideous masks or painted faces; boys with gaily embroidered caps and feathers, on horseback carrying swords; Chinese gentry and boys on foot elaborately dressed in rich robes; tables covered with cakes, con-

fectionery, fruits and other sacrificial food; glass-cases of jewelry and choice Jade stones; miniature carved boats and houses; red state umbrellas; tables with carved ornaments; infant nicely dressed on a horse; splendid silken banners; flowers; flags; carved stones; Temple apparatus; executioners with swords; men and boys with fans of various kinds and dimensions; sedan chair with an uncouth idol; women occupying high settees on platforms carried by four coolies. [When in Macao, in 1858 during the ravages made by the Cholera, I witnessed a similar imposing religious procession "parading their principal gods about upon their shoulders with hundreds of men, women, and children following in the train." Also "gods made of wood and mud richly dressed, in most magnificent sedans," with many honorary tablets, lanterns and banners, plenty of music from wind instruments, and the crashing of gongs, to propitiate the Gods that the pestilence might be removed. Throughout the whole showy pageant, with the many gods so ostentatiously elevated on platforms, or in elegant sedan chairs, it was to me a curious and novel sight; and though forcibly struck by all the pomp and elegance of the lengthy procession, it left a sad impression. "It seemed as ludicrous as it was offensive," viewing such heathenish and idolatrous delusions for they "carry the idols to a certain place and offer wine and food." The boys and girls, however, seemed to have a hearty appreciation of its unmatched merits.]

*Japan Treaty Signed.*

*April, 4, 1854.* News from Japan came yesterday that a Treaty between the Emperor of Japan and the United States Government was to be signed on the 27th of March. Two ports are to be opened for trade, a third port is a coal depot and a fourth at Loochoo. The Commodore landed with 400 men and held his first interview with the Japanese princes on March 8th. That was the decision day for both countries, because the High Commissioners of both countries interchanged friendly conversation, wishes and presents on that day. JAPAN IS OPEN, and will soon be a rich field for Mission labor. This morning (June seventeenth) I had the pleasure of shaking hands with R. C. Morse, Esq., one of the proprietors of the *New York Observer*. He has come here *via* San Francisco in the clipper "Flying Cloud." His little son Willie eight years of age is with him. I think his example of taking a trip to China, will ere long be followed by other good men who can afford the time and money. He said, it seemed only a little thing to step over to China now. He is a man of more than ordinary shrewdness combined with a well organized physical temperament, and it is pleasant to see such a tranquil spirit with the law of kindness for his great rule.

*June 20th.* Our good sister Mrs. Vrooman has closed her days in peace, she has left us and joined the company of the ransomed ones. She died last Saturday, June 17th — and her funeral was to be attended yesterday, at Macao. She is the third one of our Canton Mission who has left us since 1850, to return no more. May we meet them among the blood washed throng on high around the throne of God, to join in endless praises. The first intelligence of this departure will fall heavily on the hearts of her relatives at home, it will be a sore bereavement and they have the sympathies of all the mission circle, for Mrs. Vrooman was greatly beloved by all who knew her.

*July 24, 1854.* The United States Vice Consul D. N. Spooner, Esq., invited me to go in the capacity of interpreter for a reconnoitering party

on an excursion up the river to the city of Fatshan about twelve miles distant, which has been in the possession of the Insurgents for two or three weeks and is now closely besieged by the Imperialist troops. Two boats of the U. S. Steamer "John Hancock" with 28 men in all and two Chinese pilots from Canton started at an early hour in the morning last Monday, having the American Flag waving over us. In the gig were Captain John Rodgers, Mr. Spooner, the Consul, myself, five oarsmen, two marines and the Chinese pilots in the bow of the vessel. The sky was cloudy, and a welcome shower, about five o'clock had cooled the close, oppressive air. We had a fair tide, and quickly glided past the Western Suburbs, through the Fatee creek making a favorable start for our day's undertaking. After leaving the large village, named Eem-Po, the land on both sides of the river was found to be level, and principally planted with rice, though occasionally a grove of fruit trees was seen. These fields of rice presented a very pleasant aspect so thickly coated with this pure lively green color, it was really refreshing to the eye after the sight of dusty city streets for so long. Presently we overtook two shopkeepers from Canton, in their long grass-cloth gowns, who were going to inquire "how the battle went." They endeavored to dissuade us from advancing any further, but the dauntless Capt. Rodgers and Consul Spooner repudiated the unsolicited advice and thought best to proceed. We heard the constant firing of cannon at Fatshan and could see clouds of smoke rising from burning buildings; now and then a blaze would break out, showing us that the work of destruction was still going on. The surface of the water had large quantities of oil floating down upon it; for more than a mile we passed through it and subsequently learned that the Insurgents had burnt an oil factory and thrown down quantities of oil in the streets to prevent the Imperialist soldiers from marching into the city. At ten o'clock we arrived within half a mile of Fatshan and observed a band of Insurgents coming out with a banner flying, the men armed with spears, swords and Matchlocks. Some half dozen or more ran on forward of the rest and came near our boats; we beckoned to them to come down to the water's edge. One man came down so near, that he could look into the boat, he inquired "who are you?" "where are you from?" "what do you want?" We told him we came on a peaceful errand and not to fight, to ascertain the real state of affairs at Fatshan and have an interview with the Commander of the Insurgent forces; we also expressed a wish to land. The man replied very angrily and said he would fight and kill us if we came ashore. For ten minutes we endeavored to persuade him to accept our friendly offers. Capt. Rodgers and the Consul seeing it was of no avail, resolved to return to Canton. The boats were turned and we began to pull back, but had not gone more than three rods, when Capt. Rodgers looked to the bank of the river and said, "there's a fellow aiming at us." I instinctively lowered my head, but Mr. Spooner turned sideways to look just as a shot grazed his cheek. Capt. Rodgers ordered the men to drop their oars and take their guns. They did so, and fired with effect, for the Chinaman who sent the first shot at our boat, fell at once. We then pulled quickly down the river, for the drums and gongs were beating to call out the Insurgent soldiers to fight: After a couple of miles fast pulling we reached the Imperialist fleet at anchor and went on board the Admiral's Junk, where he received us courteously and friendly, giving our Consul all the desired information concerning Fatshan and the Insurgents. At 12 o'clock we went ashore at a three story pagoda to eat our breakfast,

which Mr. Spooner had brought with him. Our table was the stone floor or pedestal of the pagoda; the small grove of trees encircling it, shielded us from the sun. At 2 o'clock we came up with a Government Junk returning from the morning's fight; laden with spoils of clothing, furniture, flags and other things. I am thankful that we all returned safe to the City, without any harm either from Rebels or Imperialists. The state of confusion and excitement which existed at Canton was very unfavorable to missionary operations.

*August 22.* The city is now threatened by two bands of insurgents, one on the north west corner of the city, the other on the north east corner. The Government troops marched out, and commenced the attack on the rebels stationed at these places. The latter have two or three times commenced the battle themselves, but have been repulsed. They are said to be more numerous than the government troops, but not so well provided with arms and ammunition. Yesterday an order was issued by the governor that all shops, houses, and buildings that adjoined the wall on the out-side should be pulled down. This will produce great distress and inconvenience, because hundreds of small shopkeepers will be thrown out of employment and places of business. The imperialists are guarding the city as well as they can; but their resources are failing, because the country people on every side are rebelling, and foreign trade being checked, the usual receipts at the custom house are very much diminished. The imperial government is making extraordinary exertions to defend the city. The walls and gates are being repaired, double guarded; and every person who enters the city must have a passport as a precautionary measure.

*September 9.* The Insurgents have possession of a large fort at Whampoa, and seem to maintain their authority for several miles around. They are gaining adherents in the country faster than in the city. The government still holds the city with a strong hand. Sabbath services, however, were continued at Rev. Mr. Vrooman's chapel. The last Sabbath in August, about forty persons were present, and very attentive. Six of them would be called Chinese gentlemen, and last Sabbath about seventy attended; several of them were imperialist soldiers. All foreign ladies have left Canton, and gone to Macao and Hongkong for safety. "Canton remains quiet, and the province is apparently more tranquil than before, if we may judge from the safe transit of goods and produce to and from Canton, and the regular movements of the large passage boats, which had long been disused on the river. Food is plentiful, and the growing crops look well, the weather being favorable. The crops of the new season's Congous have arrived." A ship has just come down from Shanghai, reporting that the Japan Treaty had been signed and that the Squadron under Commodore Perry might be expected down at Hongkong about the middle of July. I shall then be released from the duties of the Printing Office, and can prepare to sail for America.

*Sept. 26.* "Canton is still held by the Imperialists, but constant fighting has again been going on, with varying success; it is thought, however, that the Imperialists may be able to retain the city. The little steamer Queen, that has been lying off the foreign factories at Canton for the last nine months, for the protection of the lives and property of our countrymen resident there still is at the anchorage, and a marine force under the command of 1st Lieut. J. H. Jones is stationed on shore at the consulate. The English residents are protected by the presence of

H. B. M. ship *Comus*, sixteen guns, Capt. Fellows. This arrangement has been made at the urgent solicitation of our countrymen in consequence of the disturbed state of the river and country adjoining. The rebels still hold Fatshan, the twin city, as it is called of Canton, some twelve miles distant. The province was infested by banditti, acting in separate bodies, and interrupting all internal trade and intercourse. Attempts were made by teamen to open communication with shipping places on the river, but without any success, and very little tea comes in from the country, a heavy black mail being demanded by the rebels, who occupy stations between the tea districts and the Canton market. It is said, however, an arrangement has been entered into between the producers and rebels, by which it will be permitted to come down very shortly. One or two chops have come down and been towed from Canton to Whampoa by the steamers that ply between Canton and Hongkong. The Tartar or Imperial camp is plainly to be seen on the hills and occupying the castles in the rear of Canton, and skirmishes, in which a great deal of powder is expended, and few are killed or wounded, are of daily occurrence. The rebels have possessed themselves of several forts below Canton, between it and Whampoa, and the river is full of pirates, so that it is dangerous for an unarmed boat to pass between the two places. This unhappy war, is fast wrecking this ancient empire by its internal dissensions." Bayard Taylor, Esq., who was connected with Commodore Perry's Expedition and had just returned from Japan in the *Flag Ship*, was on a visit in this city to Mr. Gideon Nye, I had the pleasure of being his escort while making the circuit of Canton walls. In company with Dr. Williams we also visited the Honan Temple, when I introduced him to my former landlord, the old abbott, who evidently was pleased and treated our party with courteousness. Mr. Taylor left us on September 9th, intending to return to the United States in the fine clipper ship "*Sea Serpent*."

*October 1st.* This is the Sabbath. I was a *little* disturbed to-day during the public services at my Chinese meeting as I have never been before; it was caused by the firing from the forts, north of the city. From ten to three o'clock, being five hours, there was constant firing. The Insurgents had probably made another attack, which was then being successfully repulsed. About 300 cannon were discharged every hour. As the Chinese seemed to be quiet and unconcerned about the scene of war so near at hand, I thought it best to be also perfectly composed, and proceeded with preaching and prayer as usual. And although the sound of cannon was crashing most unpleasantly on my ear, the people manifested an interest as we earnestly endeavored to tell them of God, of Christ and salvation.

"About a week since a large force was sent against Fatshan, but the expedition failed to retake the place; and that important depot is still held by the insurgents. Nothing was accomplished mainly because the soldiers are too cowardly to engage in hand to hand combats with an enemy of even equal strength. The large mandarin boats approached the town at high water, fired a few guns and returned to their own lines with the falling tide. The imperial authority still rules in the city of Canton and the defence appears to satisfy the authorities, though the chief magistrate has been executed owing to some treachery having been discovered. The presence at Canton of a strong naval force, British and American, has apparently checked any active demonstration that might have been

contemplated by the insurgents against the city, and the two parties remain relatively in the same position. However, some desultory fighting has been going on in the river and in the neighborhood of the city. The military operations of the Imperialists are limited to the defence of the place, and the Ladrones (or rebels) are throwing up fortifications a little distance off, with the view to a prolonged siege. Many of the wealthy Chinese, who left in a panic in July, when Fatshan was taken by the Ladrones, have returned to town from the feeling that they are safer here than in the country. This gives a local feeling of confidence, but the safety of inland transit must be established before business can be resumed. The piratical force in the river and in these Chinese waters is so alarming that Sir James Stirling represented the matter to the Viceroy of Canton, and requested his coöperation in the destruction of these fleets. A ready assent was given, and means will be — at the disposal of the Imperial Government — placed in readiness to proceed with any expedition that Admiral Stirling may undertake.”

October 10, 1854. I have completed “A Vocabulary and Phrase Book of the Canton Dialect.” There has never been a book exactly like it published here, and several persons are wishing to procure a copy. It is designed to assist missionaries and others, in acquiring the Canton dialect. No miraculous gift of tongues in these days is bestowed on missionaries, but toil and study must make the acquisition. Dictionaries, Phrase-books and Grammars diminish the labor and facilitate the acquisition. By putting in print what I have acquired of the colloquial, I hope to aid newly arrived missionaries and those who labor hereafter among this people.

Having now brought my book to publication, I resolved to visit Macao and Hongkong before sailing for America at an early day. Commodore Perry was passenger to Southampton in the mail steamer some time since, but I hope to go *via* Cape of Good Hope. The steamer stopt an hour at Cumsingmoon and took in twenty or more boxes of the subtle drug which is poisoning millions of the Chinese — Opium, which finds a too ready market in this Empire. I arrived at Macao about four o'clock and was kindly received by Mrs. Williams and her three active and bright little children. Three days since there was a severe storm in this region which damaged property considerably both on land and water. About fifteen miles beyond Macao we passed two large Chinese junks that were wrecked during the gale. One exposed its mast three-fourths out of water, and persons were clinging to it. Another junk, however, was along side to rescue them so our Captain did not go to them, as there was no necessity; but we were not sorry to be moored in the harbor, amid the many floating domiciles stretching far away in the anchorage on both sides, and to meet the cheery greetings of numerous Canton friends. I found Richard C. Morse, Esq., at his desk surrounded with books and dipping largely into Portuguese poetry; probably his frequent visits to the Cave of Camoens, in the midst of most romantic and picturesque surroundings, had operated on his poetic ideas. We both found much enjoyment in the beautiful cultivated garden in which the celebrated cave is situated; and when our skeleton plan was definitely arranged, and the pleasure was when the decision was made, that we return together to America Europe. It will indeed be a rich treat for me. In our daily pedestrian excursions, on one occasion I walked with Mr. Morse for two hours

over the hills and valleys of Macao environs and was much refreshed in body and soul by it, for such a friendly Christian man is an excellent companion in such a tramp. We inhaled the delicious odor from many cultivated shrubs and flowers, as we loiterers advanced on our way; till finally we passed through the front yard of the large gray granite temple, where Hon. Caleb Cushing drew up and arranged the treaty between China and the United States in 1844. It is a retired, romantic spot by the sea-side, called the Mong ha temple; the hideous gods are covered with red paint and heavy gilding, but it was not considered irreverent or indecorous, on the occasion of the signing of the treaty — to have all these idols removed to another part of the building to give more space for the assembly. The banian trees — of more than 200 years in age — had acquired a vast size, and the branches or roots were closely interlaced giving a broad somber shade, most acceptable in the burning heat of a summer day. Ten or twelve priests reside in this cloistered abode. I met two of them and presented copies of the Lord's Prayer in Chinese, which they readily received with bows and "many thanks;" they were affable and treated us very courteously. Not far from the temple we saw at the road-side, the corpse of a young child which had probably been thrown out by some inhuman parent as not worth the expense of burial. Doubtless you have heard that cruel infanticide is common in China. There are many cases of it, but yet not to so great an extent as some suppose, we however see sad sights like this more frequently than we could desire. As we came down to the sea shore it was quite dark and ourselves very weary. Another charming walk with Mr. Morse was to the "Ringing Rocks" in a deep rocky cleft between two high hills; when the huge mass is struck with metal, it gives forth a clear, sonorous ring that falls pleasantly on the ear in this quiet romantic little valley. Brother Vrooman returned to Canton on Tuesday, I assisted him to pack and to get his things on the steamer. Mr. Vrooman has been in deep grief and affliction on account of the death of his wife. I find that another lady — Mrs. Brewster — of our mission has been spoken for by Rev. Charles F. Preston, a minister of the Presbyterian Mission. She is the third lady that has left our A. B. C. F. Mission to marry those who belong to another tribe. But they are *in* and *of* Israel, so that there is no cause of complaint. I suppose Brother Pratt has received the paper I sent him giving an account of the success attending Commodore Perry's expedition. We are so thankful that Japan can no longer be an unknown country. The Chinese secretary or teacher who accompanied Dr. Williams, has written an interesting account of the United States Japan expedition, which was translated into English and published in the Hong Kong Register. Here is an innocent *cause* for joy and gladness, for we trust the word of God will find a place in that land.

December 9, 1854, I left Hongkong in the ship "Comet" with my good friend Mr. Morse and Willie; Dr. and Mrs. Happer with four children. When you have been rolled about, and tossed about for many days out of sight of land, there is a lesson to be learned in such a situation that can never be learned on land. God's power and majesty are impressed on one's mind; while man's littleness and weakness is proved beyond a doubt. It is good to my heart to be assured that my plans, movements, ways and even "*steps*" are regulated by an All wise Creator. It is good to know that His powerful hand supports me in danger and difficulty. I am but a child before him. My safety and pleasure is to hold fast,

keep close to the side of my heavenly guide with heart filled in ascriptions of praise, which I desire to act upon the prosaic thoughts and duties of every-day life. The passengers have agreed to have social worship in the cabin morning and evening; Mr. Morse, Dr. Happer, and myself conducting it in turn and laboring for souls. The "Comet" anchored in Batavia Roads six or eight miles from the town; this is one of the finest harbors in the world. The island of Java belongs to the Dutch and is so productive as to be styled the "Granary of the East." Batavia the capital is the Queen of cities; like the towns of old Holland is beautiful, strong and has fine canals, bridges and avenues; it is well protected by its Dutch garrison. Nothing strikes me so forcibly in the brilliancy of the surroundings at Batavia, of being in a civilized country as the rumbling of carriage wheels and the *crack of the driver's whip*. Small pretty carriages are constantly passing drawn by one or two small nimble ponies. The ship commences loading here and then proceeds to Samarang to take in the balance of her cargo after which we go to Bremen in Germany. By this arrangement my route homewards will be more circuitous than I at first anticipated but I do not regret the change. We had a most interesting trip of ten days to the volcano which Mr. Morse and myself much enjoyed. The ascent was made on horseback up the steep sides of the mountain to the immense crater. We were filled with astonishment at the spectacle. The fumes of sulphur were oppressive, but we watched with much interest for a long time the flamy stream of the combustible brimstone as with thick clouds of smoke it shot up from its fiery bed. It was strange to view such a chaos around us on the mountain summit from the convulsions of Nature, while far below were the thriving forests with dark green glossy foliage, with many plantations of sugar-cane and lovely villages in the distance. There are thirty-eight volcanoes on the island though only a few are in an active state. Sourabaya and Buitenzorg are beautiful places. When we returned to our temporary home we felt fully recompensed for all our fatigues by the marvelous works of God as seen in the volcanic changes. We had never before witnessed such a phenomenon as the stream of burning sulphur nor been exposed to an atmosphere so suffocating with the pernicious odor. Our abiding place for some time to come is a large clipper of 1836 tons; her quarter deck is one hundred and five feet long which affords a fine promenade for the passengers. Captain Gardiner is from Connecticut, he first came to China twenty-three years ago, in 1831. From Bremen I shall go to Hamburg, Amsterdam and after a stay of a few weeks in Holland I will proceed to old England. It will be interesting to see the country of dykes, where even the "very soil is disputed by the Ocean" though claimed by the patient Dutchmen. My health is already much improved. We expect on the whole to have a pleasant, prosperous passage with good cheer and good company.

*March 1855.* "You will see by the papers the account of the taking of Shanghai by the Imperialists. The city fell into their hands almost as quietly as it did into the hands of the rebels sixteen months before. We were not aware of the fact until breakfast time the following morning. On going towards the city hundreds of the soldiers might be seen getting over the walls as best they could, laden with plunder. Several of the rebels were caught, taken into the camp, immediately decapitated, disemboweled, their livers sold for a dollar a piece, and the heads sent down to the city, where they were suspended by the hair and tail from a bamboo

and served to decorate the walls. Can you imagine a more brutal act? The city itself presents a scene of desolation more easily imagined than described. Toward the east and north sides, the houses are completely riddled by the shot from the French frigate, and about half of the city is burned to the ground by the rebels, who had laid trains of gunpowder and set fire to it in several places before they decamped. Where the French had effected a breach in the walls they had made most formidable preparations to receive the enemy, having fortified a large building formerly used as a pawnbroker's shop, by piercing holes through the walls and pasting white paper over them, so that, to the eye, they presented nothing but a blank wall. Between this and the walls is an open space, which was thickly studded with man traps, consisting of round wooden cylinders buried in the ground, having spikes of bamboo placed all around, pointing downward; so that when a man got his leg in, there was no getting it out again — the bamboo bent to the leg but prevented its retreat. These traps were carefully covered with turf. Around various defences were built, so that they could have kept the enemy at bay for a considerable time. The Imperialists owe the capture of the city to the French having so effectually cut off all supplies, for of themselves they never could have accomplished it. The troops are now nearly all disbanded or sent off to Nankin and the walls are dismantled, every gun having been taken away.

“It is said that 70,000 rebels have been publicly executed at Canton within a year. Torture and decapitation still proceed with fearful celerity at this place. The Potters' sheds, for many years standing at the inland entrance of the execution ground, have been pulled down, so that it is now possible to place five hundred malefactors in rows, with sufficient room for the headsmen to pass between each file and perform their work without incommoding each other. The crosses too, which used to be put up as occasion required, are now fixed permanently, in the rear of the little joss-house at the entrance of the golgotha. There was a grand butchery last Sunday, when Kana-sien, said to have been chief of the besieging force at the north of the city last year, was cut into two hundred pieces. They commenced with the finger joints, the victim living till his members were divided into numerous pieces. Five hundred poor wretches were also decapitated at the same time. Kana-sien was not taken in arms: he was arrested when he was ploughing in a field, having taken to labor of this kind in the hope of eluding his pursuers, bent on his capture by the offer of large rewards. He was carried to the execution ground — after refreshments had been received — seated in an elegant sedan-chair; he was dressed in his richly embroidered robes of mandarin splendor. The insurrection at Canton has been virtually suppressed, and trade at length is reviving. There was a great slaughter among Chinese fleets in the Gulf of Petchelee by the British government sloop of war. The vessels destroyed were pirates of the worst kind. Captain Vansittart, who commanded the expedition, delivered over to the Mandarins, to certain torture and death, forty-six Chinese who surrendered to the British flag.”

Laue Seminary, Ohio, April 18, 1856.

\* \* \* \* \* Twelve days have passed since my ordination and the mild Spring is advancing rapidly here. It is time for me to turn my steps Eastward, and prepare for resuming my duties and pleasant labors in China. Rev. Dr. Beecher's youngest son James is now appointed Seaman's Chaplain for Whampoa, China. He sails with his family on the 25th of this month

from New York in the ship "Wild Pigeon" owned by Messrs. Olyphant & Sons. This is the seventh son of Dr. Beecher who has become a preacher of the Gospel. Dr. Beecher said he designed and dedicated them all to that work when they were infants. Rev. Dr. Scudder did the same with his sons. Would that many more fathers would do likewise. \* \* \*

*Prayer for God's Guidance in Prospect of a new Relationship in Life.*

I thank Thee O Heavenly Father for Thy kind care and guidance in every scene of my past life. Thou hast treated me better than I deserved. I thank Thee for the acquaintance of the lady whom I have chosen to be my wife, and who as far as I am able to judge is a suitable companion for me. Be pleased O Lord to bless her with growth in piety. Grant her every qualification which she needs as the wife of a messenger for Christ to the heathen people of a foreign land. May her heart be filled with love to Jesus, with pity for the idolatrous heathen and her unconverted acquaintance. Grant her health and strength of body, and direct her what means to use for preserving health and prolonging life. Free her from the power of temptations to ungodliness, whether they arise from former habits, education or social influence. Enable her to be prudent in the management of her affairs, to maintain a filial fear of the Lord, and practice all those virtues described by Thy Holy Spirit in Proverbs 31st and other portions of Thy word so applicable to her situation. May she consecrate to Christ the talents of knowledge, skill, acquaintance and opportunities to do good which Thou hast entrusted to her. If it please Thee grant her a long life to be spent as a servant of Christ for the Chinese. May Thy Holy Spirit be ever granted her to sanctify her heart and guide in duty. May she constantly cherish a prayerful mind, and unshaken trust in the Word of God. May she have joy and delight of heart in doing her share of the labor to bring forward the Millennium. As to myself grant O Heavenly Father that I may love her as Christ loves his church. Eph. 5, 25. May I guard, defend, cherish and comfort her as occasion requires. May I be kind and tender to her, forbearing all harshness and prizing her as a valuable jewel entrusted to my care. May I have a kind regard and Christian affection for her sisters and kindred. May her example be such as to encourage them in supreme love to Christ. May our intimate relationship be only for mutual help and not a hindrance in the love and service of God. May it be for the increase of Christ's friends and decrease of the number of his enemies. From all foolish, silly, unprofitable and unholy conversation, O Lord preserve us. From unwise and indiscreet plans, O Lord preserve us. From the desire for a great name or the honor of our fellow-men, O keep us. From compliances with any manners, fashions or customs which spring from unsanctified minds and hearts, O keep us. From all sluggishness in Thy service and prayerlessness, good Lord deliver us. From all inordinate carnal affections and fleshly lusts, good Lord deliver us. Lord Jesus, we present ourselves before Thee as penitent transgressors. Take us we beseech Thee, and ever lead us in paths of wisdom, peace and usefulness. Let our affections be supremely and firmly turned to Thee, Thy kingdom and eternal life in mansions where Jesus dwells. We know that our bodies must die and turn to dust. We know that we must give an account to Thee each for himself of the deeds we do while in the body. May this thought keep us humbleminded and watchful. Whether the days Thou dost grant us here on earth be few or many, give us the victory over sin and fear of death

“through our Lord Jesus Christ.” Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as in Heaven. Grant that while we plead for others, *we* may be sealed with the King’s own signet as true servants of God, Grant us the teachings of thy grace to make us wise unto Salvation that we may honor Thee with our body and spirit which are thine. Let us daily carry with us enough of the bread of life, in our own souls, that we may give to those who are in need of divine food. And now dear Father, we bring the tithes of grateful loving hearts into thy storehouse and look for Thy blessing. In Jesus name I humbly present my petitions. With thanks for many past mercies and trusting Thee for the future. O hear and answer as seemeth good in Thy sight O Lord my God — Amen and Amen.

Cincinnati June, 15th, 1856.

Married. On July 22, 1856, at Cherry Hill, Albany, N. Y., by the Rev. Duncan Kennedy, D.D., the Rev. Samuel W. Bonney, of Canton, China, to Miss Catharina Visscher, youngest daughter of the late General Solomon Van Rensselaer, deceased.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### VOYAGE TO CHINA.

*Mrs. Bonney's (75 years old) Parting Advice to her Children, Samuel and Catharina.*

Your Mother here, in much affection sends,  
 Some plain advice to her young married friends,  
 Should you the friendly hint receive, it may  
 Subserve your interest, in a future day.  
 Your various duties learn, and always move  
 By rule — and let your actions spring from love.  
 Yourselves, your tempers, to each other suit,  
 And rather yield, than carry on dispute.  
 Be emulous for that exalted sense,  
 Which fears to give, and scorns to take offense,  
 Should small disputes arise, in patience wait,  
 A little time may set the matter straight.  
 If one speak rashly, in an angry fit,  
 The other must be deaf, and silent sit.  
 Never lose sight of what the Scriptures say,  
 The man should rule in love, the wife obey.  
 Let all dissensions in the closet end,  
 Nor ever bring them up, before a friend.  
 Your mutual duties study, when alone,  
 And when with others, prove your hearts are one,  
 Your neighbors visiting will then perceive,  
 How different from the world believers live.  
 Careful attend God’s word *every* day,  
 Nor suffer trifles, to create delay:  
 Duties performed, in proper time and place,  
 Add to religion, a superior grace.

Consult each other often, always pray,  
 What's best to do, and what to give away.  
 At meals some subject started, might be well,  
 Of God, or Christ, the Soul, of Heaven, or Hell.  
 Early to sleep retire, and early rise,  
 Lest you neglect your morning sacrifice.  
 Be firm, and regular, what e'er it cost.  
 Good works ill done, will prove but labor lost.  
 Be frugal, prudent, yet not mean appear,  
 The Christian shew, in all you eat and wear.  
 At home, abroad, keep this in constant view,  
 Not what you may ; but what you *ought* to do.  
 Within thy compass live, this rule attend,  
 At first set out, as you would wish to end.  
 If children be your portion, thankful be,  
 They may be blessings, for eternity.  
 Be tender, not indulgent, use the *rod*,  
 Yet curb with reason, shew you're taught of God.  
 If sickness seem to call them, don't refuse,  
 What most we give to God, we best do use.  
 As friends of Jesus, show the steady Friend,  
 To souls and bodies, your assistance lend.  
 Be such through-out your course, as shall constrain  
 The world to say, your faith is not in vain.  
 May God who first, the band connubial tied,  
 With providential blessings, crown and guide  
 Your future steps, and with supplies of Grace  
 Your souls, your bodies, and your offspring bless.

“ Be ye followers of God as dear children, and walk in love.” “ Let the word of God dwell in you richly in all wisdom.”

The kindest happiest pair,  
 May find occasion to forbear,  
 And something every day they live,  
 To pity, and perhaps forgive.

Grant now thy presence, gracious Lord,  
 And hearken to our fervent prayer ;  
 The nuptial vow in Heaven record,  
 And bless the newly married pair  
 O, guide them safe, this desert thro ;  
 Mid all the cares of life and love ;  
 At length with joy thy face to view,  
 In fairer, better worlds above.

I therefore your AGED MOTHER, beseech you that ye walk worthy the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering forbearing one another in love ; endeavoring to keep the unity of the spirit, in the bond of peace. There is one body and one spirit even as ye are called in one hope of your calling. Be ye an example to believers, in word and conversation, in charity and spirit, in faith and purity. Keep yourselves in the love of God. Let love be without dissimulation, abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good. Blessed and happy are all they, who keep the commandments of God, they have a right to the tree of life, and will enter in, *through* the gates, into the city.

“ The woman sure was taken, from under Adam's arm,  
 So she must be protected, from injury and harm.”

*Outward Bound.*

There are moments in life when the heart is like a smitten rock ; and from its deep springs, emotions gush up with irresistible power breaking away the flood-gates of memory, till the present is obliterated in the retrospective vista of by-gone scenes. Such seasons of cumulative excitement are not unfrequent, when long cherished ties of nature and affection are to be severed ; it is always difficult to analyze the spell which binds our feelings at such times. The parting of friends wakens the deepest flowing sympathies, and sharp tugging at the heartstrings peeding no special comment. Though well is it that God in mercy dispels these shadows or mists, and relieves the tension of mind by the various details, which contribute to dissipate the sacred seclusion of anxious thoughts — in the busy preparation of speedy departure. “The time had come. The stern clock struck the hour. Each long-loved haunt had shared a mute farewell.” The mystical vows had been spoken that united my interest with that of a devoted Missionary who already had labored on heathen ground for over ten years, and now we enlisted for life in our vocation. The last farewells were given August 4, 1856, to our sympathizing “loved ones” who, after singing a hymn, knelt with us while the Rev. Dr. Wood commended the voyagers to the care of the Almighty Missionary. After the first pang of parting had subsided, things were settled in ship shape order, and before sunset we were out of sight of land, in the Clipper Ship, “N. B. Palmer,” Capt. Charles P. Low, 1500 tons. The gallant vessel was gracefully gliding on her course, passing many white sails both outward and inward bound ; nor was it long before we were tossed on the surges of the great Atlantic drifting away to our Asiatic home. A Swedish sailor had the delirium tremens and died a few days after we left port, a victim to the unlawful gratification of appetite. His body had been sewed up in strong canvas with weights enclosed to make it sink ; and now the crew were all assembled on deck near the remains. After the solemn rite of the burial service was concluded, the winding-sheet bundle was placed on a plank projecting through the port hole, and launched over its strange pathway into the fathomless abyss. “To witness the burial of the dead is on all occasions affecting, but how different a funeral scene at sea. As the waters open to receive into their bosom the lifeless one, and the deep blue waves rapidly close, concealing him from our longing gaze, in imagination we still watch him sinking far down into his deep and boundless sepulchre of waters.” Another soul had gone to render up its account, while its frail earthly tenement was buried deep in the “dark mysterious main.” Its requiem was chanted by the wailing surge, with the dull and ceaseless moaning of the white crested billows as they rolled on, undisturbed by the accession which had been made to its countless treasures. He was sleeping with thousands of lost mariners who have been so frequently engulfed by raging storms. Every day at noon, the Captain takes “an observation” of the sun and reckons his latitude and longitude.

We often watch them “throwing the log,” which is simply a line, runs off a reel, which is held at the stern, and from the length it runs in twenty-eight seconds, it is easy to calculate the number of knots or miles in an hour. And now we are watching “a river in the ocean,” or the current of the Gulf Stream one hundred and twenty miles wide ; it is much warmer than the surrounding water being eighty degrees. It is of a bright indigo blue, so distinctly marked that the line of junction with the common sea

water was traced by the eye. So sharp is the line and the want of affinity between these waters that one-half of the vessel may be perceived floating in the Gulf-stream water, while the other half is in common water of the sea; it also modifies the climate over the Atlantic. The curious and delicate sea-weed presented a pretty appearance gliding by in large masses, some of which in its tangled and interwoven clumps was drawn up on deck for our inspection. Among the tendrils we found several strange looking barnacles, these little shells were very interesting. We saw a number of Portuguese-man-of-war, which is a species of *Nautilus*, "with their blood red sail" floating close to the ship. Mother Carey's family, pretty little birds about the size of a swallow, skim over the deep bluish green waters and follow in our wake. The captain pointed out the food of the whale floating by; it is of a yellowish appearance being all animalcule. The whale has a strainer in the mouth, which takes in a great quantity of this food; we often observe them "blowing" or throwing up the water in spouts like a column at a distance from the vessel. Our pleasant and happy little coterie comprises Mrs. Low, wife of the captain, Miss Rebecca Rawle, Mr. Sidney E. Morse, Rev. S. W. Bonney and wife. We have many mercies and blessings in religious privileges, social or literary intercourse, good cabin accommodations, plenty of excellent books, cheerful music, which with the flute or piano accompaniment was a constant source of amusement. Then, too, the luxury of an excellent table left us perfectly contented. One morning we were enlivened by seeing three large Sharks with Pilot-fish guiding them; the wake of the creatures was a smooth shooting streak in the water as they shot ahead. They hovered close by the ship fore and aft; they passed and repassed thus giving us a fine opportunity to see this wished for sight. The mate threw out a fish hook baited with a piece of pork at the end of a running bow line; a shark opened his terrific jaws and snapped up the bait, but when about to draw him on deck the sagacious monster bit the rope and escaped with the bent iron as a trophy.

A most interesting daily sight was the watching of flying-fish skimming, just above the surface of the water, in their graceful flight for several hundred yards, trying to escape from their merciless pursuers, the dolphins. Five dolphins were following astern of us, and many others around the vessel glistening beautifully in the sun, their brilliant coat appearing upon the side. A large dolphin was caught by the mate with a "hook baited with a small piece of tin the glitter of which resembled the wings of the little flying-fish." The meat is very white and dry with scarcely any bones, which we ate with a relish for supper. It was surprising to see them spring after their prey, at least nine or ten yards and then glide swiftly through the water. A Chinese boy kicked a sailor in the face, and in return by way of compensation had his foot very badly cut with the ever ready knife. Last night at midnight, we were awakened by the heavy thump of something on deck; one of the boys had missed his hold and fallen quite a distance, but was not very seriously injured and soon able to resume his work to the great delight of all parties. On every side we turn the eye, nothing is to be seen but the canopy of heaven meeting the broad expanse of dark bluish green water, the waves seem to sink into the horizon. Occasionally we see the top mast of a vessel, then the hull becomes visible and after a little while all recedes from view leaving only a vast level.

Then in fine weather we turn our attention to the singular configurations of the clouds; such a variety of grotesque figures constantly changing their position, you might fancy them what ever pleased you best — forest — grottoes or castles. There was the “curling cloud” high up in the atmosphere; the “flock of sheep,” “mackerel-back sky; “stormy cloud” and innumerable others moulded into every diversity of form by the aqueous vapors. The weather now is mild and the ocean has a smooth, unruffled surface; occasionally with adverse winds, the ship’s track exhibited a tortuous line of zig-zag courses. Then again a fine breeze would carry us swiftly on our way over the emerald color water, varying in shade from lightest and brightest to the darkest hue. We had a rich feast in the exquisitely brilliant sunsets and sun-risings, they are truly magnificent. Then too the moon looking calmly down, shedding its flood of golden, and often rosy light athwart the crested billows, or throwing its varied coloring and fantastic lines on the fleeting clouds. All seemed to elevate our thoughts to Him who made this world so beautiful, for the ocean was to us a storehouse of fresh sights. Sometimes the ship rolled and pitched, while occasionally a brisk gale springing up or a fierce squall of wind and rain sends us below. Then we listen anxiously to the flapping of a wet sail, the cracks and bending of the yard or groaning of the old ship; but all this and even the dispiriting, forlorn effects of sea sickness comes to an end; while the excellent fare and cheerful company, with Shuffle-board, hop-scotch and sand bags causes our time to pass profitably. This morning we desiered a sail near the horizon; we hoisted our flag of “stars and stripes,” which was quickly answered by their running up the American flag to the top gallant-mast head. Ours was then taken down and another signal run up in its place giving name of ship; and one more asking them to report us to friends at home. It is a fine sight to look at our large ship with all her canvass spread, ploughing through the briny waters and the spray dashing up at each side as she shoots rapidly along. When the motion of the ship is lengthwise, the bow pitches down and then rises up over a wave; if the motion is from side to side, it is like the rocking of a cradle, and occasioned by the ship sailing *between* the waves, rather than across them which I do not like. I devote a part of each day to the study of Chinese and am progressing much to my gratification, varying it by dipping into the study of navigation. Mr. Bonney’s interest for the spiritual welfare of the laborious sailor has led him to arrange the “SEAMAN’S COMPASS AND CHART” for daily use, afloat or ashore; hoping with God’s blessing to benefit those who “toil upon the deep.” He is very assiduous in personal efforts to benefit these hardy tars. We are at least 500 miles from land, but three swallows visited us to day, they would fly off for a little time, then return and light on the ship while we fed them with crumbs of bread which they soon picked up; it is surprising they venture so far from land.

We take great delight in watching during the dark nights the wonderful brilliance of the surface of the sea as caused by electricity; then again its sparkling beautiful phosphorescence. Sparks of fire dash off from the sides of the vessel; while at times the rudder seems in a blaze of phosphoric light, which is caused by putrid animal matter. There are also myraids of small sea animals diffused in the water emitting a shining gleam, which, blending with the dark tinted green waves caused by marine vegetables, makes the ocean beautiful. We drew up a bucket with two specimens of the species of blubber fish, three or four inches long, half

an inch in diameter and circular. While in a tumbler of water they emitted a most brilliant light: this "*Medusa pellucens*" is peculiar to tropical climates. How wonderful are the works of nature, and how impressive the thought that among the large army of sailors, an infidel is seldom if ever found! They cannot witness so frequently the powerful exhibitions of Jehovah as seen on the mighty deep, contrasted with puerile feebleness of man, and yet doubt there is an unseen arm that directs and controls. Our vessel dashes swiftly through the water like "a thing of life." The ocean seems one vast cover of foam; far as the eye can reach on either side snowy peaks of miniature mountains appear; while the spray, frothy and glistening in its silvery beauty, presents a cheerful aspect which you cannot tire admiring. We stand in mute wonder watching the majestic waves with their white caps rolling on in solemn grandeur, when ever and anon up comes a tremendous billow at the side of the ship, frequently dashing on to the main deck making you quickly retreat to escape a shower-bath. We all have learned to be very dexterous and agile in our movements, and ready to fall back with most expeditious dispatch at any threatening indications. It is with great difficulty we can preserve the centre of gravity while attempting to walk from one place to another, but we have plenty of sea-room for our gallant bark and all are happy. We discovered a shark with six pilot-fish swimming around the ship; the mate was more successful this time, but not till the creature had bitten off and swallowed one strong hook with a large piece of pork. He must have liked the taste of swine's flesh as he soon returned for another reconnoiter, and after circling the bait several times turned over on his back and snapped it up between his large jaws, when at the same instant with a sudden jerk of the hook he was pulled out of water. It was like hauling a big log on board, and when at last deposited there the shark was then furiously flouncing about the deck — which he had pretty much to himself as all stood at a respectful distance and gave him a wide berth. After much flinging around and making formidable battle with tail and maw, the sailors ran an iron capstan bar partly down his throat, after which he was soon quieted; they had the choice pieces as a fine feast for their dinner. The length of the shark was about eight and a half feet; several suckers were sticking fast to him, and he was indeed a dreadful monster with his double row of broad, sharp, long serrated teeth.

"Eight bells" have just struck which is our time for evening worship. We spent a great part of many mornings watching a school of large porpoises, playing about full of frolic, close by the ship. They came under the bow, about fifty in number (at the low whistle of an officer, it is said) one was speared, upon which the others swam after him to suck his blood. They jumped out of the water quite a distance and performed awkward gambols in tumbling about and in sports about the surface, the heads bobbing up and down in the water looking like heads of black pigs.

On Monday Sept. 1st, we were in 7° 24' North Latitude, the weather was very squally; and now in approaching the Equator, the sun was almost directly overhead, it was quite amusing watching persons promenading on the deck, there was no shadow, only a little shade under them. The North Star is now below the horizon; the weather is not as warm as I expected, the thermometer stands at 80° this evening; and always something to interest us. A sailor at work on the bow was nearly lost; he was completely covered by the dark waves as the bow dashed under with

one of those terrible plunges, but he held with a tight grasp and was soon rescued from the greedy ocean.

We find at times there is scarcely a breath of air, our staterooms are close and very oppressive; the sun beats down with his fiercest rays, and a new awning has been put up, for our comfort, over the three boats that are securely fastened on frames, over the main deck, ready for any emergency. One of the sailors fell from the main-top to the main hatchway, a distance of fifty feet, striking head and shoulder; he turned quite black and was insensible for a long time, he remained in his berth for the remainder of the voyage in a very critical condition.

September 8th, the Equator was crossed at three o'clock P. M., in West Longitude  $32^{\circ}$ ; but Neptune being in good humor permitted us to pass over the "Line" without extorting the dreaded tribute. Two South American eagles, called boobies, sometimes lighted on the ship, then went sealing in the clear air slanting their graceful pinions in courteous welcome to the Northern strangers. A fragment of the wreck of some vessel floating near us, recalled the sad loss of the steamer "Arctic" freighted with so many valuable lives; Mrs. Childs and daughter, young Taylor from Albany, and others immersed in the chill water. They all "reached home sooner than they expected," and we realize how frail is any craft in the midst of the ocean with fog and night closing around us.

While sitting on deck sewing came the cry of "Land ho;" each passenger was quickly by the captain's side to obtain a view of such a rare sight; it was the island of Fernando de-Noronha about one hundred and twenty miles east of South America where ships touched for provisions.

We have taken great delight at night in watching Orion and the Dipper of the Northern Bear; but after as good a run as we could wish through the South Atlantic, without much baffling, we are now in the Southern Hemisphere; and the Southern Cross, composed of four bright stars, forming the four sparkling points (one of the first magnitude), is, at present, the great attraction. The "Magellan Clouds" are our nightly delight, as also Jupiter, rising in the east, and Venus directly opposite in the west.

It thrills me with terror and a nervous shudder creeps over, to see thirty men laying out upon the yards double reefing or furling the sails, while the vessel rolls and pitches, with gigantic waves blustering over the bow. It seems to us, landsmen could not possibly hold on in the impetuosity of the gale, but much less move so quickly from one rope to another without any timidity. The captain said one day, "Mr. Bonney, how long do you think it would take you to learn the names of all these *bed-cords*?" He replied: "About seven years, I think, Sir." Every rope and sail on the ship has a different name and must be *au fait*.

We do not now see the sea-weed, though there are two fields known in the Atlantic, so thick as to impede the progress of vessels; some sea-weed grows to the height of 1000 feet. Of the species called rock weed, kelp is made, another species is eaten as a salad. The weather on the whole has been lovely, but now, September 20th, the captain informs us we cannot expect any more pleasant weather till after we have doubled Cape of Good Hope or the "Cape of Storms." The wind is very damp and every thing on ship-board is as moist as it would be in a damp house at home. By mistake, our port window was left open during dinner time, and a large "sea" took the opportunity to pour itself into our room quite unceremoniously. It landed on the bed, ran into the great drawers and along the floor;

no essential damage was done except the inconvenience of changing the bedding and drying clothing.

We have passed the Torrid Zone with the thermometer at  $88^{\circ}$  in shade, and are now refreshed by the cooling and strengthening breezes of the South Temperate Zone. Sea gulls and a few birds about the size of a common duck called the "Cape Hen" have followed us for several days, sometimes sailing around the ship like a hawk, at others alighting on the water and diving for food, also a shoal of young porpoises came bouncing gaily through the water. Another sailor had a terrible fall but was not very seriously injured though extremely pale for a long time. A large flock of sea gulls alighted near the ship, and did not appear the least frightened as they sat on the water; the waves tossed them up and down, but they rode with ease and grace on the surface in their pleasure seeking.

The thermometer stands to day, September 30th, at  $48^{\circ}$  with every indication of very stormy weather; last night there was a severe gale, two men were at the helm all the time, but you cannot have much trust in all their nautical skill, we only remember that there is an eye that never sleeps, and trusting ourselves to the Great Keeper we go to our rest. The waves seemed like mountains in every quarter, the staunch vessel rolling and tossing dreadfully from side to side. We were indeed rocked in the cradle of the deep and man's weakness was impressively shown. Two or three times during the night, the railing of the quarter deck was under water. After one fearful roll of the ship, I thought she could scarcely rise again; every thing was upset and thrown into confusion. State-room drawers landed full length on floor effectually closing doors; chairs thrown over and such a crash of crockery in pantry was quite startling. The wind blowing strong and the night dark; that gust came very suddenly which dipped the starboard rail in the water; there was hard duty for officers and men the whole of that tempestuous night. The large stove in the kitchen was thrown down and floated; the noise of all this and the creaking of boards and timbers made a confused sound that was at the time frightful, but we had no severe casualties. Two new visitors appeared at our stern, a flock of Cape pigeons, with beautiful black and white wings, and the stately Albatross, some having dark bodies with white wings, others all white, on "trembling pinions soar;" when stretched out fully measuring between tips of wings twelve or more feet. It is the size of a swan, with neck shorter than a goose and a large, broad bill. The movement of the Albatross is very graceful, often floating on the air without moving wing, they are sometimes caught by passengers, a ribbon tied round the neck and then set free. Mr. Morse succeeded in capturing a splendid white albatross of large size with pinkish bill and web feet; it had a very haughty, independent air. Thirty or more were hovering about and accompanied the vessel for several days.

Among the flocks of pigeons, we saw one with a thick long cord tied to its legs, probably it had been released from some other vessel, they are all feathers and down, no eating to them. The constant changes of the sea are very wonderful; now it is in the wildest commotion, the air is very cold and there are frequent heavy showers. The angry huge billows which seemed ready to engulf us were truly grand and magnificent. At the bow of the vessel, occasionally, is a steep avalanche of dark rolling waters to all appearance ready to tumble down upon us. We ride up to such a fearful height and then sink as suddenly down into the dark abyss, while the black waters look like hills of craggy rocks covered with glisten-

ing snow high above us on every side. The rolling and fantastic tumbling of these ocean waves, with the flying spray, and foaming crests glistening with bright green colors, have been most attractive, for they were forwarding us to our destination. Our noble vessel, true to the guiding hands at the helm, proudly climbs those threatening heights, and rides in safety on the surging waves. Then came a terrible thunder storm with severe sharp lightning, a hard gale and hail storm; both watches were obliged to be called up for active duty and often were the poor fellows drenched with rain, but it mattered not.

One day while wrapped up in furs and cloaks, sitting on the floor of the quarter deck watching the portentous clouds which were hovering round, the officer on deck called; "jump quick on the sky-light!" By so doing and clinging to the spanker-boom, we just escaped a large wave which dashed over with great force, rolling from side to side, carrying along the india-rubber bag which had been our seat. Our comical situation was the occasion of much diversion to our fellow passengers safe in the cabin. Notwithstanding the severe gales and the violent commotion of the tumultuous waters, the birds still continued to fly. We are now again having a season of rest and quietly passing over the "trackless road" at the rate of sixteen knots an hour, sailing rapidly up the Indian ocean, watching the forms and colors it takes when moved by fierce winds or the steady current of air. An enormous whale passed quite close to the ship; his proximity was *too* near an approach not to cause a sudden panic; but as the sun was shining on him, it gave us an excellent view of the monster — "the Leviathan" of the deep, deep sea.

Our progress to day of 356 miles in twenty four hours is the largest day's work we have accomplished.  $86^{\circ}$  the highest and  $46^{\circ}$  the lowest temperature of air. The stars were unusually bright this morning at two o'clock: a clear silver glitter was upon them which I never saw in the Northern Hemisphere, while in the evening Jupiter and Venus were glowing with peculiar brilliancy. "The shooting stars and luminous meteors were numerous, moving with great rapidity and leaving a luminous band, and in it many of the colors of the rainbow were distinctly visible, presenting a beautiful sight." We are now in the tropics, the birds have left us, but their place — as a source of pleasant observation — is supplied by the finny tribe, the interesting flying-fish and dolphins which are sporting around the ship. We are nearing Java Head. Angier is a point of the Island of Java where ships in the favorable monsoons generally take in water and provisions. It is situated on a large plain at the foot of the Island, about sixty miles from Batavia at the Straits of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra. We have almost counted the moments when we should be here, and now find it is surrounded by extensive groves of cocoonut trees, with the truly enjoyable Eastern sights. Having passed St. Pauls it was pleasant watching Java Island on one side, and Sumatra on the other as we pass through Princes into Sunda Straits. The foliage of the "great tall trees whose tops seemed to pierce the clouds," on the islands, is very luxuriant, with shrubs down to the water's edge. The approach to Java Head (or Thunder Head because of its constant squalls) is very beautiful, with clusters of small islands on every side. We were greatly refreshed by the balmy breeze and pleasant sights of terra-firma with its cheerful green fields after our long sojourn on the "dashing billows." The event of the day has been getting the anchors on the bow and the chain cable ready to drop anchor at Angier; this work for the

sailors, and passengers preparing letters to post for the United States has occupied the entire day and all are very cheery.

Our vessel was constantly surrounded by the native boats manned by Malays. These rude canoes, shaped from a hollow tree, brought out poultry, yams, bananas, cocoanuts, pine-apples, birds and exquisite shells. Their "proas are the most curious of all water craft; short, bulky, with high sterns, two masts, with a matting sail to each, of singular shape and a jib at the bow. The natives were of bronze color and savage looking; entirely naked except a cloth around the waist; their front teeth filed down in the centre crescent shape, and stained black owing to the universal practice of chewing betel-nut leaf. The sirih or leaf of the Betel Pepper is "smeared with a small portion of the chunam or a lime formed from calcined shells to draw forth the taste; a piece of the Arca nut is then neatly folded in the leaf, then rolled up in the shape of a cone" and placed in the mouth with sometimes a little tobacco to complete the "chew." They indulge in chewing this fascinating narcotic to a great extent; it distorts and stains the lips red and gives a repulsive appearance as if covered with blood, the flow of the saliva is greatly increased, and is red. As the Malays squatted on the decks they looked like baboons. We admire the truly wonderful banyans filled with mischievous monkeys; the forests are very beautiful with the luxuriant verdure, giving shelter to the fierce tigers which abound. "These banyan trees attain to a gigantic size; when an horizontal branch has put forth to such a length as to render it difficult to maintain itself without breaking, it lowers down from its end one or more roots, which, entering the ground, sends forth rootlets, and themselves become new stems. In due time the horizontal branches, which once were in danger of being destroyed by their own weight, are as easily supported by the pillars as a bridge is by its piers. So the process goes on. There is a banyan in Ceylon which measures fifteen hundred feet round the extremities of the branches, and is more than one hundred feet high. The principal branch is twenty-eight feet in circumference." The bungalos or huts are all one story surrounded by verandas, they are nearly concealed in clusters of cocoanut trees, two or three were near the Light-House. The Dutch possess this charming island which has all its low ground covered with rice-fields looking rich and green. On November 3rd, while moving slowly, (the ship sailing only two knots an hour, though a very strong current was in our favor, there was almost a perfect calm, scarcely a ripple on this broad expanse of waters,) the small boat was lowered to take soundings and ascertain the course and rate of the current. When the boat returned, the captain took his passengers for a sail, the ladies were separately "whipped out of the ship" and it was rare fun: seated in a comfortable arm-chair wrapped up (all but head) in the flag of stars and stripes, by means of the tackle we were carefully lowered over the side of ship into the boat. We had a charming sail, picked up cuttle-fish, gathered a mug full of whale-feed, with which these waters are covered; we constantly saw water serpents passing, one of which was caught by the sailors and taken on board.

Tuesday November 4th being the day of election for president in the United States, a vote was also polled on board the "N. B. Palmer." "Woman's Suffrage" was in the ascendancy and our votes were humbly solicited, the result of which was the election of Millard Fillmore. In the evening several rockets were sent up in honor of the successful candidate, and our entertainment of the most enjoyable kind was pleasant and accepta-

ble to all the politicians of that domain! We are now sailing in the Macassar Straits with Borneo on one side and Celebes on the other, passing many of the Malay proas apparently well armed, and on the alert to detect the approach of cannibals! On November 7th we again crossed the equator and having intensely hot weather we found the sweet milk of the young cocoanut a most cooling beverage, and the soft meat which we scoop out of the fresh fruit very refreshing. Another enormous whale passed near by, giving us a complete view of his broad back, we saw it spout.

"The whale when full grown is from fifty to seventy feet in length, and from thirty to forty feet in its greatest circumference, it is of a rounded shape." At an early hour this morning a small boat was reported in sight, which was closely inspected with all the spy glasses at command. It proved to be one of the native proas with one man in it who was on his knees to brandish his paddle, on the end of which he had fastened his red Malayan turban. Captain Low at once ordered a boat lowered, and while the necessary preparations were being made, we watched the lone stranger with intense interest. He would frantically wave his signal, paddle a little, then his hands would be extended most imploringly towards the vessel, after a while with an appearance of deep despair he sank down and buried his head in his hands. Knowing the treachery of the Malays and fearing a surprise of others concealed, the officer in charge was provided with pistols and swords.

As the boat approached the proa, the exhausted native inverted a plate and bowl holding them up to view, then stretched out his hands and motioned to his mouth; the poor fellow was indeed literally starving! The two boats were lashed together, by the dexterous hands of willing sailors, and quickly guided to the side of the ship. The Malay — dressed with turban, jacket and loose robe — was of a deep brown color, with black teeth and reddened lips; his copious, clotted black hair hanging loose gave a singular wildness to his haggard mien. The gratitude extravagantly manifested when he reached the deck was touching: prostrating himself to the ground, he kissed the captain's feet, embraced his leg with many expressions of joy and salamed a good deal. Having drifted from Macassar seven hundred miles in his open boat he was very weak and weary with hunger, thirst and rowing. He had been without fresh water for ten days; the horrible sensation of thirst under a vertical sun had only been relieved, by wringing the few drops of night dew moisture from a handkerchief into his parched mouth. The grateful native implored for water as soon as he was on shipboard; but it was dealt out with a sparing hand and food was cautiously given, for probably he could not have lived much longer. All rejoiced that the Malay was rescued from a watery grave before the severe squall, which came up soon after, should have struck his frail bark. There was a melodious softness in his graceful language that was quite agreeable; and as he seated himself on his mat, he seemed perfectly happy. In the entrance of Celebes sea to the Pacific ocean, surrounded by beautiful islands we were becalmed; two volcanic mountains 1500 feet high, on small islands, smoking from the tops and one from the side, were close by on either side. These numerous islands have wild plantations of nutmeg trees, and being situated close to the equator the weather was very hot. As we were drifting with the current slowly through the passage we have an awning over the quarter deck, under which we sit and watch the curious phenomena of smoke rising suddenly from a crevice, in the mountain as from a chimney. We could plainly see the sides worn

into gullies and gorges by the molten lava, as it once had flowed down the side from the crater which was distinctly visible. At one time we were within half a mile of the shore, all closely observing the singular looking declivity of these volcanic mountains with intense interest.

*Tuesday, November 25.* The great event of the day was Mr. Morse attaining his majority, twenty-one years of age; it was celebrated by extra exertions on the part of the cook, and expressed wishes that he might prove to be a *leader* among men of eminent ability.

Out on the broad Pacific with two more ravenous sharks caught! The sunsets are beautiful beyond description; the western sky was covered with the most exquisite colors both light and dark. We noticed Venus set at eight o'clock in a way we never saw before, it was visible until it sunk below the horizon and was watched with joy. The meteors or shooting-stars seem very numerous, they are more like meteoric showers. The other night there was a splendid rocket-like one of singular brilliancy passing rapidly through the atmosphere, "just before it disappeared, it burst, throwing out beautiful scintillations of various colored lights" flooding the sea and sky with its splendor. Another was seen near the zenith whose "nucleus was red as fire while its tail spread out dimmer and whiter," they both were very startling sights. Not long after a large ball of fire-like matter appeared on the mainmast head and remained there for fifteen minutes, it then disappeared; such balls frequently light on ships at sea when there is much electricity in the air. We all stood transfixed in confused excitement looking at it.

Our waiter (who is from Bombay and pays his passage by serving at the table, is a Parsee, a worshipper of fire), came out to day in the Parsee costume which consisted of white pantaloons, a thin white muslin dress came below the knee, surmounted by white jacket; a pretty scarlet, spotted with white, scull cap; white stockings and black pumps. Sometimes wearing the high chintz mitre which is peculiar to his sect.

We have come in sight of the hills of China and a thrill of joy, mingled with pity for the inhabitants, has filled my heart. I most deeply realized the importance of our mission to this people, "so wedded to their ancient customs," while we knelt in prayer and Mr. Bonney earnestly supplicated the help of the Holy Spirit, and his blessed influence to direct our hearts, making both of us faithful messengers from the Master to those among whom we live. The first indication of the coast of China, was the sight of numerous junks in pairs with fishing net floating between them, they are pirates, and whenever they have opportunity, attack and plunder the smaller junks and lorchas of the coasting trade. Another land object that met our sight, was a remarkable conical shaped white rock. As the sun shone on the side towards us it looked more like a ship under sail, or an iceberg than a stationary rock. We could not discover any vegetation on it. If near the coast of a Christian country, it would have been the sure foundation of a light house as a beacon to direct seamen. The Chinese pilot from HONGKONG came on board on Sunday, November 30th, he reports that a vigorous war is being carried on between the Chinese and foreigners — without any distinction as to nation — with the particularly distressing intelligence that all the missionaries, merchants and many of the Chinese have been obliged to leave Canton and flee for safety to Hong-kong and Macao. All this trouble results from the Chinese committing gross outrages, and not being willing to apologize: an English vessel was

attacked and flag pulled down on the lorch "Arrow;" also an American vessel had been fired on and three men were killed. The English and American governments have undertaken to punish these aggressive movements and the conflict will be fearful not only, but long continued. "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps," we look to Jesus as our director.

We were on deck at three o'clock at night December 1st, to see the approach to Hongkong. The "familiar cluster in Orion" was in full view and "Sirius, conspicuously bright underneath;" also the Great Bear or Dipper, with "Cynosure of all eyes," the North star for the first time in the Eastern Hemisphere and it seemed fully as brilliant as we had thought "Venus the belle of the starry host in the firmament." Passing Green Island we anchored at seven A.M., opposite the town of Victoria, being 119 days since we left New York with the distance of 18,747 miles sailed.

I look back upon my ocean trip with great delight and almost regret its termination. Oh! how good God has been to us the last four months, and how pertinent are the lessons taught on the "deep blue sea" of our own impotence. Yet 'midst the turbulence of swelling billows, we feel ever composed for "my Father made them all" is the sweet quietus, and with perfect trust we can realize that winds and waves are but messengers to do his will, while we can then have a solace — the rest of the soul in God. The approach to Hongkong, "the island of fragrant streams," is very striking and pretty, only the sterile hills of sand on either side mar the scene for there seems to be but little of fertility in this English colony. "The island of Hongkong is thirty miles in circumference. The town is built of white granite laid out in regular streets which rise in terraces one above another standing in bold relief against a back ground of rugged rocks of the lofty hills which environ this bay, and sloping down to the waters edge. On the side of this declivity the houses are built; the strand being faced by a fine stone wall or quay for its whole length. The spacious harbor is generally full of shipping; merchant vessels of all nations, with French, English, American and Russian men of war. Between these glide all the day long, boats of all patterns, junks and sampans. Chinese women with their fat, ruddy babies slung to their backs ever sculling. Parents, when not able to support their children, will cast the female infant into the river; but they fasten a gourd to the child, that it may float on the water; and there are often compassionate people of fortune, who are moved by the cries of the children to save them from death. The Chinese, in their persons, are middle sized, their faces broad, their eyes black and small, their noses rather short. The Tartar princes compel them to cut off the hair of their heads, and to wear only a lock on the crown. They pluck up the hairs of the lower part of their faces by the roots with tweezers, leaving a few straggling ones by way of beard. The complexion is swarthy, and the fatter a man is, they think him the handsomer. Men of quality and those who are bred to letters let the nails of their fingers grow to an enormous length, to show that they are not employed in manual labor."

A few moments sail in a sampan, brought us to the stone quay, and soon I was seated in the comfortable sedan with green venetian slats on either side and in front. ["Sedan. A portable chair or seat, usually covered, and borne on the shoulders of two or more men by means of poles fastened to the sides."] "To enter these, you pass through the front shafts, which are uplifted for the purpose, the sedan remaining on the ground. When

fairly seated, the bearers (a man at each end) squat down under the cross-bar near the ends of the shafts, and rising up, chair and all, stride along at a rapid pace up hill and down dale, their sandaled feet making a loud slapping noise on the road, they go with a sturdy step and a stiff knee. Two men are enough for a sedan; but if there is a long journey to make two additional men are added to temporary yokes lashed across the shafts. Thus reinforced they will run all day. These chairs are sometimes covered with blue cloth, or prettily painted and glazed with awning roofs.

"The main street 'Queens Road,' running parallel to the strand is handsome and regular, with excellent shops, English and Chinese. The banks, counting-houses, and a handsome club-house are on this street which has at all times a very busy air. The streets are connected at right angles by smaller ones, steeply ascending the hill side, and thickly crowded with shops, chiefly Chinese. Still higher up are the pretty villas and semi-detached houses of the English residents. The Governor's house, a handsome building, with the fine public garden, the residence of the General, the barracks and the cathedral. These all communicate by excellent roads, bounded by neatly finished stone walls, and interspersed with gardens, flowering shrubs and shady trees. From the level of this quarter extends a magnificent view of the harbor and the opposite mainland of Kowloon with its hills as a background. We ascended the rugged, barren heights of this granite cliff above us to the flag staff peak, nearly two thousand feet above the sea, enjoying the grand scene on every side. At the west end of the town, the level land of the beach penetrates the hill, forming an oval-shaped flat space of meadow land, which has been turned into a very excellent race-course: the races take place here once a year, and are exceedingly good (for the great millionaires spare no expense in importing first rate horses) and the place is gay with the fashionable crowds. At the foot of this hill is the Christian Cemetery. The sides of the hills are here covered with fruit trees, and a pretty little stream runs along the bottom of this 'Happy Valley.' You seldom can find any spot lovelier, especially if you go there on a bright evening, not too hot, in the sweetest hour of all the twenty-four, when the West is all golden, and the East all rosy with the changeful colors of the unseen setting sun, long arches of deep violet trembling across the whole sky as the tints come out pale blue in the zenith, and marvelous green in the horizon. Then the orange of the Kowloon hills has changed to deep purple, and the last crimson flash is lingering against its background of amber light on the steep summits of the Southern mountains. You will delight to sit there and smell the fresh breath of the pines, and homelike odor of the ferns—many of them growing parasitically on trees—in close proximity to the quiet resting places of 'them that sleep,' and the race-course fitted for the principal amusement of foreigners.

"The rains are short in duration, but very violent, drenching the streets with mountain torrents, which the numerous and deep drains cannot always contain. The summer is unpleasantly hot only in June and July, and the cold weather during which fires are absolutely necessary, lingers on till near the middle of April, with gloomy, misty skies and chill driving rain, coming down in uncomfortable gusts from the high hills above."

The pleasant greetings to Mr. Bonney as the cordial grasp of true friendship is given, and the many letters of welcome, show how highly he is appreciated; these little incidents are very pleasing to me. The

Missionaries have all suffered more or less, some of them have lost almost every thing, their houses taking fire when the forts were demolished and the Chinese could not assist or carry anything under penalty of death. These are unenviable experiences but we are prepared with a considerable stock of presence of mind for any emergency.

I am beginning to feel at home as the novelty of scenery and new faces has worn off. The Chinamen with their closely shaven heads, long tails of braided hair, and women with little stumps for waddling and oblique eyes, do not now seem particularly strange to me. In our walks we pass Chinese huts and see the men squatting on the ground eating with chop-sticks; they shovel in a vast quantity of rice. These men were building a wall of slate colored brick; all the bricks here are slate colored as they are never burnt in a kiln. We stood looking down on the spacious harbor covered with the singular "sampan"—little row-boats—and clumsy looking junks with huge eyes painted on either side of the bow. Of a sudden the clangor of a gong and drum on board of a large junk broke the stillness, the beating increased in rapidity till it seemed as if they were infuriated. It sounded like the noise of tin pans when bees are hived, interspersed with firing of powder crackers making a very great clatter. It was their evening worship and they seemed in earnest about it. These Chinese sailors are celebrated for their courage and skill in handling their awkward looking craft. A foreigner the other day said to one of these tars who speaks broken English, pointing to the immense colored balls: "Johnny, what for you make alle same fashion boats, you tinky handsome, first chop eh?" To this singular talk the Chinaman answered with imperturbable gravity as follows: "Yes-ee, 'spose he no hab eyes catchee too muchee rocks, no can see walkee proper!" So of course we must not object to the queer eyes!

"The foreign residents at Foochow were deeply agitated by the unprovoked murder of our countryman, Mr. Howard Cunningham, by an infuriated mob of Chinese on July 3, 1856. A street fight was commenced between some of the Canton men belonging to an American firm, Messrs. Augustine Heard & Co., and the people of the place. Mr. Cunningham was endeavoring to quell the riot, and to disperse the parties when he was stabbed, and died that night. The wound was inflicted by a broad knife or spear. All his friends regret the untimely death of one possessed of a most exalted and chivalrous character. Mr. Comstock, the principal of the house, was also knocked down and injured because he tried to prevent the excited Tokien men from beating his servants, but it was all in vain, for between the Canton and Tokien clans an inveterate feud has for a long time existed. The people around were emboldened by their success into further insults and menaces, which suggested grave apprehensions to most of the foreign residents as to the future. The unexpected coming in of a ship-of-war, 'Levant,' with the United States Minister, Dr. Peter Parker on board, at a moment so peculiarly opportune, was not only met with the heartiest welcome of our countrymen, but seemed to the Chinese somewhat supernatural; so that had our Minister, like some of their sages, descended the green hills of Foochow in a yellow chariot drawn by dragons of orthodox size and shape, it would have excited scarcely less sensation than the Levant. The change in the demeanor of the people was very marked and satisfactory. Some retribution was evidently expected, for shops were closed and many people left the village where the murder occurred; and those whom the Minister's party met, carried their solicitude so far as to check the exclamations of their children and still the barking of their dogs

as the stranger passed. When Dr. Parker arrived, the Americans were prepared, of one accord, to represent and did represent, that their lives and property were not secure; accordingly our Minister hastened to commence his official proceedings, the evidence having been duly collected by the Consul, Col. Caleb Jones, the day before, who had taken up the case with great feeling and energy. Dr. Parker was formally received by the Viceroy with all honors. The Viceroy gave repeated and apparently sincere promises that he would take the matter into his own hands and punish the guilty." "Another instance of these unhappy feuds was witnessed a few months previous in *Lynch Law* in the Foochow suburbs: A Canton man quarrelled with a Fuh Chau man in the street and killed him on the spot. He was instantly seized by the mob, and with his hands tied behind him, taken to the top of the hill back of the foreign hong, and bound to a pine tree. The wife of the deceased coolie took a nail and drove it into the body, shoulders, breast, temples, and eyes of the writhing culprit, aided and abetted by a furious multitude in her bloody revenge. The man was just alive at sundown, several hours after, when seen by a missionary; his head was a perfect mass of gore and his mangled body presented a sickening sight. The conduct of the woman is highly applauded by the natives, who will doubtless erect a monument of granite to the memory of her virtuous indignation. The Mandarins offered to take the offender into custody, but she resented their interference, and insisted upon her right, from immemorial custom, to avenge her husband's death, and boldly accused the officials, in the presence of the crowd, of taking bribes and letting the guilty go free. There are two thousand of the Cantonites here greatly excited by this barbarous deed and they threatened revenge. A party of marines was sent for, from H. B. M. ship of war *Race Horse*."

January 15, 1857 an attempt of a most dastardly comprehensive scheme was made to poison a large portion of the Hongkong foreign community, arsenic having been mixed with the bread at one of the principal bakeries of this English Settlement. Several hundred people suffered more or less from eating the bread; many had most narrow escapes from death while the sufferings of all were dreadful. The quantity of arsenic, fortunately was too large, so that immediately after eating the bread, sickness and nausea followed, and the vile poison was thus ejected from the stomach. The head man of the bakery, known as Allum, hoping to escape the vengeance he well knew would be inflicted on the miscreant participators in the nefarious project, left per steamer for Macao early in the morning of the day the occurrence took place. To the astonishment of all there was some delay on the part of the English Government in sending after him, but a foreign gentleman, a sufferer from the atrocious attempt, chartered a steamer, and succeeded in capturing Allum before he got on shore at Macao. He was brought back to Hongkong for his trial and is now in "durance vile." It is a significant fact that the Chinese steward, who was on board the river steamer "Thistle," when she was captured and the foreigners murdered, and whose evidence was most conflicting at the inquest, was the person employed to see to the delivering of the bread that morning to the hong. To the surprise of all, the trial of Allum and his fellow prisoners, which extended over five days, resulted in a verdict of "*not guilty*." His bakery was subsequently burned by incendiaries.

Since then, as a sequence to this leniency, another attempt has been made, but on a much more moderate scale through the poisoned oranges, a quan-

tity of which, about 5000 in number, was introduced into the colony. It failed however, in this instance, as too little of the poison had been absorbed by the fruit, although two deaths took place, and they, Chinese. The Chinese have a method of poisoning oranges — by piercing them in the first instance, with minute holes, and then placing them over the vapor of the poisonous substance, which they then cause them to inhale.

Attempts have also been made to fire the settlement. That the Chinese are subtle enough to create some great catastrophe, is well known, but how or when, no one can divine. The consequence is, that the whole community is living in a state of complete and most painful anxiety and alarm. There is a large force here afloat and ashore. Still, the mode of circumventing their enemy, by the Chinese, is always hidden in secret; and while every street and every pass is guarded, either poison, sudden kidnapping, or assassination, strikes terror throughout. In the latter sin the Chinese are great adepts not only here, but all the ports fare alike. The Community is on the alert, however, and with the precautionary measures that are in force, it is to be hoped any meditated attack from the Chinese fleet will be prevented as our force in the harbor is no doubt sufficient. In consequence of a report brought in by the American ship *Lily*, that a number of junks and snake boats were off Lintin, and had attempted to intercept her, the United States steamer *San Jacinto* had gone out to look after them. The want of a steamer to cruise constantly in the neighborhood is now much felt, there being none available for the service at present. The steamer *Sampson* was on her way up the river when she fell in with a large fleet of junks, which she engaged for some time, but could not follow them up the creek.

“At Canton Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, owing to the incessant demands made upon him for the security of Hongkong, was really obliged to withdraw the forces from the foreigners Garden, the Dutch Folly and Bird's Nest Fort, and opposite the settlement. He took his position about three miles southward from the city in a small fort taken from the Chinese, built on a rock in the middle of the river called the Macao Passage Fort — it is circular with a tall Pagoda in its centre — hoping to maintain this post, and keep open the river, which the Chinese were making great efforts to block up. They have a very large fleet of war junks and boats congregated on the river, which are daily increasing. Before the Dutch Folly was evacuated, the city was very heavily bombarded from it, causing great destruction of life. On our forces leaving the Garden, the Church and boat-house were at once set fire to by the Chinese resulting in the total destruction of the foreign factories, gradually compelling all foreigners to withdraw from the city and river. The Cantonese have a great idea of their own power by their populousness alone, and it was not reassuring when one remarked to a foreigner: ‘You are few and we are many. If we Chinamen were all to get together, and spit once, we could drown out every Englishman in Canton.’ Commissioner Yeh has addressed Dr. Parker, the United States Minister, asking why he has not ordered American subjects and all American ships of war away from Hong Kong to be clear of the present troubles. There was a report from Shanghai that an Imperial Commissioner from Peking was expected to come down here shortly to arrange matters at Canton. A Tartar general with about forty attendants came down from Shanghai in the steamer, and went on at once to Canton *via* Macao passing through Hongkong unawares

to the authorities, this secrecy is characteristic of the people. The four consular ports Northward are not to be interfered with.

“ All foreign business is not only suspended, but entirely at an end, both at Macao, Hongkong and Canton. The greater part of the western suburbs of Canton in which were situated nearly all the warehouses, shops, &c., concerned in foreign trade have been consumed. The Chinese compute their losses in houses, go-downs, and shops at over 4000 buildings, up to the present time (Jany. 29, 1857), and in merchandise, and the value of the above property, they state their losses at \$10,000,000 — which is probably not far from the truth ; and they do not over estimate the loss of life, when they state it at 70,000 — of all ages and sexes. Everything favors this calculation, as it is well known that the streets are exceedingly narrow, the population of great density, the means or the power to move, within the reach of comparatively few ; while the custom of closing the gates of every street, during a period of public danger, creates immense loss of life — by a sudden movement of the populace. The interruption also to all the daily avocations of the people combined with other distresses are very oppressive in their effects. Still the Chinese do not make the slightest concession. Armed bodies left the ships, at Canton on Jany. 17th, at daylight, for the purpose of setting fire to these western suburbs. The whole thing was so unexpected that the Chinese found the place in a blaze before they could realize it. Unfortunately, some of the Fifty-ninth's party went too far back, and unexpectedly found themselves assailed by stones and fire arms from the city wall. Three of our men being knocked down, the braves rushed on them, and in an instant cut off the heads of two. Fortunately, though wounded in two places and faint, the third made a run for it, and succeeded in escaping to the rest of the party, five of whom, including an officer, were also wounded, one or two badly. The fire rose rapidly, and extended back fully a quarter of a mile, thence scattered occasionally by shot and shell from the ships and Dutch Folly.

“ The Viceroy, Yeh, in all his official documents, is as firm at this moment, as he was when the “ Arrow ” lorcha was seized by his officers on October 8, 1856. The people, too are even more bitter and exasperated against the English, and indeed against all foreigners, and notwithstanding their distress and their sufferings, their opposition to every thing which bears the appearance to reconciliation or terms of any kind, is greater than ever. The Emperor has expressed the highest confidence in Yeh's ability to deal with foreigners, and although recommending clemency, yet that failing, the barbarians are to be driven into the sea. Under Yeh's direction the ploughshare has traversed the site of the late factories, which the commissioner has sown with salt. The Chinese take great courage from this act of retiring on the part of Sir Michael Seymour from Canton to the Tectotum Fort ; it is a circumstance to be regretted, but when the reinforcements arrive he will teach them a salutary lesson. Macao Fort has been rendered impregnable to any assault from the Chinese, having eight guns of heavy calibre mounted, beside field pieces, and a strong small-arm party with rifle muskets. A few days ago a shot was thrown from one of the guns in the Macao Fort at extreme range into the Shameen Forts, a distance of 3,400 yards. An attempt was made by the Chinese to burn her Majesty's Ship-of-War “ Comus ” by means of fire-rafts ; the two large junks with all kinds of inflammable materials, well saturated with oil and besprinkled with gun powder were hailed just in

time. The *Comus's* fore rigging has been damaged and her foreyard and bows slightly burnt. Canton is now in the hands of the "Braves" 7000 strong, whose claim to that honorable title consists in the practice of brutal murder and treacherous assassination. They are greatly elated at their success."

*Sir John Bowring to William Kelly.*

My Dear Sir,

Hong Kong, Feb. 24, 1857.

I doubt not that it will be a gratification to my Maux friends to hear from the best authority, that we are all recovered from the effects of the poison, of which several hundred persons partook on the 15th of January. About 10 lbs of arsenic had been mixed with a batch of bread issued from the largest Chinese bakery in the colony, and the excess of the quantity led to immediate alarm — application of emetics and speedy ejection of the "perilous stuff." It left its effects for some days — in racking headaches, pains in the limbs and bowels, &c. In my family my wife, daughters, three guests, my private secretary, and myself, besides several servants, ate of the poisoned bread. Lady Bowring's has been a bad case, as it is thought some of the arsenic had got into the lungs but danger is over now. This mode of warfare is hard to deal with, and will, I am sure, excite a general sympathy and indignation. Large premiums have been offered by the mandarins to any who shall set fire to our houses, kidnap or murder us; and many unfortunate wretches of all nations (as the hatred of the Chinese is indiscriminating) have been seized, decapitated, and their heads have been exposed on the walls of Canton, their assassins having been largely rewarded; they have even torn up the bodies of Christian men from their graves in order to decapitate them and expose their mutilated skulls to the public gaze. All this is sufficiently horrible, but I doubt not the results will be most beneficial, for certainly we shall exact indemnities for the past and obtain securities for the future. We shall not crouch before assassination and incendiarism, you may be assured. I performed all that depended upon me to promote conciliation and establish peace. This was obviously my duty, but every effort I made was treated with scorn and repulsion. The forbearance with which the Chinese have been treated has been wholly misunderstood by them, and attributed to our apprehensions of their great power and awe of the majesty of the "Son of Heaven." So they have disregarded the most solemn engagements of treaties, and looked upon us as "barbarians" who in a moment of success imposed conditions from which they were to escape when occasion offered; and when they could (in their judgment) safely do so. I doubt not that Government, Parliament, and public opinion, will go with us in this great struggle, and pray that my life may have been preserved for the real and enduring benefit of my country and mankind.

Ever faithfully yours,

To William Kelly, Esq., Douglas, Isle of Man. JOHN BOWRING.

"These events were carefully discussed in the British Parliament, and the Ministry appealed to the country in the spring of 1857, on an adverse vote of the Commons to carry on a war with China in consequence; they were sustained by the new House, and decided to resort to arms. The French government also had causes of grievance, one of which was the murder of Roman Catholic missionaries, under circumstances of peculiar barbarity. Conferences were held between the courts of London and Paris

in reference to these matters, and they agreed on an armed remonstrance with the Imperial government. The United States and Russia were invited to join, but declined furnishing any troops, or coöperating in the plan so as to use their forces, but the special ministers from these four powerful nations were to be on hand in China during the early part of the year 1857 when the first steps of the belligerents would be taken."

On *March 13, 1857* we had another catastrophe on board the passenger steamer "Queen," she left Hongkong about 10 A. M. for Macao. "There was no restriction put on the ten first class Chinese. No precautions appear to have been taken, such as might be supposed would have been prompted by recent sad experience in the similar massacre on board the steamer 'Thistle.'" When near Macao these men got possession of the chest with arms while the captain and others were at dinner, and the first intimation that any thing was wrong was a volley being fired into the Cabin. One of the passengers, Mr. O. Cleverly — the English Consul for Macao — made a good but ineffectual resistance, and with a revolver wounded several of the Chinese. The captain was badly wounded and jumped overboard, as also did the engineer and another European passenger, all of whom were lost. Mr. Cleverly had his thigh bone fractured by a ball, but threw a stool into the water and then got overboard. After being sometime in the sea, he was observed by Portuguese on a lorch, the men succeeded in reaching him in time and the sufferer was taken to Macao; but most of the wounded were drowned in attempting to escape. The steamer was carried off and ultimately burnt, she had a very valuable cargo, which was plundered on board at the time of the capture. The attack was conducted by Mandarin soldiers and ferocious pirates who were on board for the purpose. The "Queen" was trading under Portuguese colors; the Governor of Macao sent a representation to Commissioner Yeh regarding the affair and demanded satisfaction but it was all in vain. After this occurrence, it was discovered that the guns on board some of the other steamers had been rendered useless by spiking or otherwise, showing how extended the scheme was for perpetrating such atrocities.

"A proof of the contagiousness of the Chinese excitement has been furnished by accounts of a terrible struggle at Sarawak in Borneo, the seat of Sir James Brooke's Government over the district conceded to him by the Sultan of that island. The Chinese in the neighborhood numbered about 4000 or 5000, and at the end of February they organized a night attack, which nearly proved fatal to Sir James and his adherents. He contrived, however, to escape by swimming a creek, and having in the course of a few days collected a large Malay force, the Chinese were routed and driven to the woods, with a loss estimated at 2000. The origin of the disturbance is said to have been some regulations issued by Sir James which were calculated to affect the smuggling trade in opium. The defeated native party consisted of their picked men, and their two great leaders were killed in the stockade.

The following interesting letter from SIR JAMES BROOKE, gives an account of the Insurrection at Sarawak, Borneo.

Bolidah, March 15, 1857.

\* \* \* "between twelve and one o'clock I was awakened by yells and shots, and seizing my sword and revolver, I opened a window and saw that the house was surrounded. The noise told me it was by Chinese. I opened door by door in the hope of finding means for escape, but in vain.

I told my native servant Penty, that our deaths were at hand, and, as the last hope, went down to the bathing-room, which was under repair. The door was not fastened. I opened it gently and, seeing the way clear, ran across the lawn to the creek on the right hand of the house, and took the water close under the bows of the boat which had brought the murderers to their bloody work. I carried my sword and pistol across with me. Glad was I to touch ground on the far side, though not above thirty yards. I struggled through the deep mud, and lay down exhausted and panting in the road. Recovering breath, I got to the nearest house, and launching a canoe, pulled up to the Dattoo Bandars kampong. All was in confusion, I was too exhausted to do much, and even Hercules himself could not have restored courage or order to such a panic-stricken crowd. Here Crookshank joined me, bleeding from a severe sword cut in the arm. He believed his wife to be dead, and we both apprehended that the massacre would be general. Finding all hope of restoring affairs at the Bandars gone, I pulled to the kampongs above, and persuaded the people to secure their women and valuables in prahus, and to cross to the opposite or left bank of the river, so as to prevent the assailants from attacking them by land. My house, Arthurs, and Middleton's were long before this in flames. We got the women and children across the river, then Arthur, Crookshank and myself retired to the same side, to the house of Nakodah Bryak. Here Crymble joined us with the intelligence that after an hour's defense our fort or palisade had been taken, and with it all our guns, small arms, ammunition, &c. The defenders were killed or wounded. Crymble himself had been grazed by a spear in his side. The bright fires went out, and the dull morning broke at length, but only disclosing to us the hopeless state of our affairs. \* \* \* \* Poor Harry Nicholetts was murdered on the grass, trying to reach my house. Crookshank and his wife escaped by their bath-room door. She ran first, and he protected her retreat with a spear in his hand, but, in passing the stable, one of these villains rushed from the opposite side and cut her down. Her husband jabbed his spear into the miscreant's back, but with a twist of his body, he wrenched it out, and seizing the shaft he struggled to get the spear. Suddenly, however, letting go with his right hand, in which he held a short sword, he cut Crookshank across the fleshy part of the arm. Both staggered, both let go the spear, and Crookshank, weak with the loss of blood, and believing his wife dead, staggered away and reached me. She, young and beautiful, lay for twelve hours weltering in her blood, conscious and calm in this extremity. One fiend hacked at her head till he cut off her long tresses which protected it; another tore the rings from her fingers; a third — for the sake of our common nature let it be told — gave her water to drink. By this time the remainder of the Europeans had been assured of protection; but when the Bishop asked the leader's permission to carry her to his house he was told that she should be left to perish. At length the boon was granted and she was relieved and tended, and is now, God be praised, recovering. Middleton's house was attacked at the same time and in the same manner as the others. He escaped with great difficulty. His poor wife hid in a bakery till the burning rafters fell about her, and, from her concealment, saw the assailants kicking about the head of her eldest child. The mother was paralyzed; she wished, she said, to rush out, but could not move. The youngest child was murdered and thrown into the flames, where poor Wellington's remains were likewise consumed, his head borne off in triumph alone attesting

his previous murder. \* \* \* \* I never knew the small value of worldly goods till I lost them. I do not pretend to any sentimental cant over my noble library, my fine costly plate, or all the decorations and tokens of honor which were once showered upon me and have been lost even more suddenly than they were acquired. Man's happiness consists not in such things. \* \* The Chinese will play no further treachery here for their punishment has been severe, but they are reduced to a strict surveillance.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### LOSS OF STEAMSHIP CENTRAL AMERICA.

I much enjoy the fine bracing sea air in this lovely Macao, a peninsula four miles long "with its crescent shaped bay nearly a mile in length."



KEYING, IMPERIAL COMMISSIONER.

The town, thirty miles west of Hongkong, is beautifully situated close to the shining ocean; surrounded by high hills some near, others remote with their sheltered valleys; and scattered islands on whose sharp, rocky front

the white surf breaks presenting a most picturesque appearance. There are charming walks all around, though foreigners who desire to retain their heads do not dare venture at present, beyond the protection afforded by coming within range of the Fort's guns. In one of our rambles we visited the noted Buddhist Temple at Mongha, situated under stately old banyan trees near the ocean, in which my quondam friend at Washington City in the "Harrison era," the Hon. Caleb Cushing, exhibited his diplomatic tact with the COMMISSIONER KEYING, in connection with the United States Treaty, which was finally ratified at this romantic Idol Joss-house. "The prudence and vigor of Keying had great effect in calming the irritation of the people of Canton, he bore a high character, as a Chinese statesman, for prudence, dignity and intelligence, and his imperial master reposed great confidence in him."

The Missionaries have now four chapels in Macao among the 15000 Chinese, where they long and pray for the "Blessed pentecostal times." The winters are delightfully mild, though you feel the sudden and frequent changes very sensibly; but to me it is an agreeable novelty to see trees green, and flowers in bloom out of doors during the whole winter. The Night Blooming Cereus, "*Cereus grandiflorus*" is the scientific name, growing in festoons and in enormous masses over our garden stone wall fifteen feet high, and hanging down into the Cemetery, has just finished blooming. I never saw a flower look so lovely, but its rare beauty is evanescent; its floral emblem — "Transient Beauty" — is rightly named as significant of its brief career. These wonderful blossoms are snowy white, of a foot or more in diameter. At early twilight the flower began slowly to open, there were hundreds hanging along the two stone walls, the splendor of which cannot be forgotten. The next day all the flowers which were out the previous evening in their transient beauty had wilted and withered, "drooping from the leafy stem." When in Cincinnati in 1840, Mr. Nicholas Longworth kindly sent me from his unrivaled garden, one of these superb flowers, "we devoted a whole evening to an observation of its brief life from the earliest opening of the bud to the midnight grandeur of full inflorescence with the creamy white petals and golden stamens." The flowers here are in great variety, but very few grow from seeds: either tuberosus, shrubs or trees; the myrtle tree filled with its white flowers of odoriferous fragrance; white and pink oleanders and orange trees are very beautiful. Also the *lagistroemia* with its soft crape-like racemes of white or crimson; but most of the lovely flowers are quite scentless.

The Protestant Cemetery of half an acre with its terraced platforms filled with graves, from which we are separated by the stone wall covered with the Queen of flowers, is the resting place of Rev. Dr. Robert Morrison, an English Missionary who was the first translator of the Bible into the Chinese language. He died in 1834. One monument bears this inscription: "The remains of Edmond Roberts, Esq., Special Diplomatic Agent of the U. S. to several Asiatic Courts, who died at Macao, June 12, 1836, Æ. 50. He devised and executed to their end, under instructions from his Government, Treaties of Amity and Commerce between the U. S. and the Courts of Muscat and Siam." Another monument, similar in style, bears the following:

"The remains of Archibald S. Campbell, Esq., who died at Macao, in command of the U. S. schooner Enterprise, June 3, 1836, Æ. 46.

"Erected to the memory of Lieutenant Commander A. S. C., by the officers of the U. S. ship Peacock and schooner Enterprise, 1836."

Many other "Americans are here reposing in their last and long sleep. Here the English residents and Protestant foreigners are interred when they die in Macao. It is a spot possessing a rural beauty of still, calm, and green richness and softness, which makes you feel that if you were to die abroad you would choose to be placed in such a spot. This rectangular plot has trees studding the end and one side of it and a carpet of green grass overlaying the whole area." The little Episcopal Chapel stands here, with its "*Punka* or fan the length of the room, suspended from the ceiling, a Chinaman keeps it working all through the service, making the room comfortably cool"—shaded by venerable trees.

Our residence on the San Antonio green, was pleasantly located in a beautiful part of the town and close to the romantic Casa Garden with its pic-nic party, rustic arbors and seats interspersed with devious winding paths. One of the "proprietors of these noted grounds containing the *Cave of Camoens*" died during our sojourn: the younger Marquis, a Portuguese gentleman "resides in a spacious mansion near the gate, embowered by the evergreen foliage and surrounded by flowers and balmy air and sunshine." This solitude was to us a favorite place of resort, for it was most pleasant to wander at cool of day through the wide walks coated with chunam, and overshadowed by the tangled tropical foliage of the luxuriant and venerable banyans, with their roots interlaced over rocks, looking like bones of a skeleton and other of the roots reaching to the earth. These serpentine foot paths led to four singular Temples on eminences giving picturesque views of the surrounding landscape. An immense vine filled with the "passion flower" grows over one of the walls and near by is an aviary, with a large dead tree but at present it is destitute of birds. There are innumerable grottoes, artificial rocks, orange and many other fruit trees. Among which is the curious looking Jack-fruit or Jaca tree, a species of the bread-fruit; "it is a bulky thing as it is sometimes seen pendent from the very twigs when young, but these old trees have it growing like a great excrescence from the thick trunk. This fruit has a green, rough and huge exterior weighing from thirty to fifty pounds and contains two or three hundred seeds, each of them four times as large as an almond. Those kernels are also eaten after being roasted and have the taste of chestnuts; when the fruit ripens, a cloth is thrown over it to protect from birds." Every thing seemed collected in these cassa-groves to make a little paradise; the grounds are surrounded by high stone walls with embowered turrets, enclosing deep ravines, dense woods and pleasant vales. We frequently rested by Camoën's old grotto of granite, formed by singular shaped rocks, it is seven feet wide and open on each side; here he composed his celebrated Poem, after he was banished from Portugal to Macao where he lived five years. There is a "bronze bust of the poet, standing on a pedestal on which are traced in bronze letters, some stanzas from the '*Lusiad*.'" "Through the gate of San Antonio, most of the Chinese funeral processions pass for the interment of the bodies among the hills, that rise so majestically without the walls of the city." At every funeral we saw one man with a great parcel of little pieces of red and yellow paper, which he scattered all along the road where the procession passed; these papers are used at funerals by worshippers of Buddha to keep off evil spirits from their deceased friend, or calm and disperse them along the road; they burn them at the grave

and in the house, also "Peter's-pence in the form of silver paper money." It is the custom here to inclose the corpse in a thick board air tight coffin, and preserve it in the house or a shed built expressly for it, for months and even years. I have seen the remains of the wife of a wealthy Chinaman, which had been preserved ten years unburied, "incense is burned before them morning and evening." When a lucky spot and time are found, the burial takes place with great parade and expense, the management of which devolves on the eldest son. When the priests come, the corpse is laid out upon the floor in the principal room, and a tablet set up by its side; a table is near, on which are placed meats, lamps and incense. When the priests are reciting prayers to deliver the soul from purgatory and hell, they occasionally call on all present to weep and lament; then the wailing females of the household are particularly clamorous in their shrieks of grief, alternately uttering the most doleful accents and then tittering with some of the new comers. The funeral procession is generally headed by two men carrying immense paper lanterns, elevated on poles and trimmed with *white*, the national symbol of mourning. Then bearers of bamboo, long, flexile, and waving, from which depended graceful festoons of rich watered red silk; then two musicians, wailing forth at intervals most disual strains from the brass instruments. The coffin followed, slung by ropes from a large spar running lengthwise of it, and supported by four bearers at each end. Then came, as chief mourner, the eldest son in sackcloth overalls, sackcloth cap, and grass shoes, carrying a white wand in his hand, and supported, on either side, along the street to the grave, in all the eloquence and attitude of drooping grief. The male relatives, dressed in sackcloth, also wore a square piece of white cotton cloth on their heads. The women, robed in white, and white fillets around the head came next, howling in shrieks."

At Macao we enjoy perfect security, but the continued hostilities are likely to lead to important results. The walls of this secluded country must soon fall; and when they do, we shall have opened to us a field of labor sufficient to absorb all the resources of the Church were they ten fold greater than they are. This is the season for the *Ants* to make their appearance, and if not guarded against are exceedingly troublesome; the only remedy — and it is an effectual one — is to put a small bowl of water under each of the four legs of closet and wardrobe. If the vessels are kept full of water with no scum on the surface, and the closet detached from wall or wood work you will not suffer from their depredations. We are still more seriously annoyed by the destructive operations of the little *white ants*, "but they are not so large as in Java, and their ruinous proclivities less extensive. They never work but in the dark and then in a way peculiarly their own, forming passages under ground, and penetrating upwards into the wood work of houses whenever it comes to the earth, and the whole building may become infested with them almost before their existence is suspected." The very door-posts, window-sills, veranda-pillars soon become mere shells, they will attack even the timbers which support the roof. Their destructive power is astonishing; our valuable libraries become a total wreck by these pests; bookcases with glass doors are no protection, and it is distressing to see our new and rarest books gradually falling to pieces; the heap of dust daily found by the volume proves how futile are your exertions to save. If we wish to preserve our clothing it must be kept in tin boxes. In the north of China this annoyance does not come into their catalogue of troubles; but while, with the greatest vigilance, they will clandestinely

put to naught all your circumspection in the southern sections, these little creatures are far more destructive in India. "The queen ant is always to be found in the neighborhood of a house infested by white ants, though not *under* it, and her destruction causes that of her subjects. Many years ago, Dr. Carey invariably dug up the ground and killed the queen, and the plan proved in every instance successful. It has now become so well known, that a general governmental order was issued requiring obedience to instructions given for digging up the white ant nests in the neighborhood of all public buildings. The queen ant is like a white worm, somewhat translucent, and grows to the enormous size of a man's little finger. If we dig into the ant hill, within one hundred yards of the building — we shall find many rooms, sometimes hundreds of them, where the ants make their home. Near the centre we shall find a room, shaped like two saucers put together. Within this secluded spot of the nest lies the singular queen and to her large body is attached the natural and small head of the small ant. All around her room are very small entrances about the size of a pin's head, and at each of these doors is stationed a sentinel to guard her from any insect intruders. These sentinels are very watchful, and if disturbed, they show their little nippers, and if in their power they will cut their enemy into two parts, as with a pair of scissors. The queen lies quiet, not being able to move her great body; and if she were, she could not get out of her palace. The ants bring her food and supply all her wants, while she, month after month, continues to fill up her little world with her mischievous little brood. During the rainy season we have another very curious large winged ant which comes out of the ground in swarms, and at evening flies in multitudes into the house. Happily the annoyance is soon ended; for a dish of water near the lamp will attract them all in a few minutes to a watery death. Those that escape such an end, shed their wings within a day, and disappear from the scene. There is a superstitious feeling in China that flying insects cause leprosy and charms are placed to ward them off."

[The following letter from Rev. Mr. Bonney, addressed to a section of pupils in the Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary was dated:]

My Dear Miss C—— :

Macao, China, April 13, 1857.

Your letter of December 13, 1856, was received by the last overland mail, and for it I thank you, although it requires me to take time from duties here to communicate information needed by friends of missions in your Seminary. I will endeavor to give correct, though brief replies, to the questions your section has sent, and add observations of my own, if time allows before the mail leaves. I will number your questions as they come.

1st. In what year was the mission established?

Ans. Rev. Robert Morrison was the first Protestant missionary in Canton, at which place he arrived in 1807. He was sent out by the London Missionary Society, and labored with remarkable perseverance twenty-eight years at Canton and Macao. He died in 1834 having made a large English and Chinese Dictionary of 4600 pages and the first complete translation of the Scriptures into the Chinese language. He also instructed a few pupils but was not allowed publicly to preach the Gospel. Like Paul, in "his own hired house," he taught all who came to see him. One of these was *Leang Afah* who was hopefully converted, and has for the last 30 years been a faithful evangelist. To liberate the Chinese from their

heathenish thralldom and qualify them to take their place among civilized nations, nothing has done more or may be expected to do so much, as the labors of Protestant Missionaries, with the blessing of God on them. There have been thirty-four ordained, and four medical missionaries at Canton from the commencement of the mission to this time. On account of the opposition of the Chinese Government and the war with foreigners, missionary labors at Canton have been several times interrupted, and the missionaries been obliged to retire to Macao, Hongkong or Singapore. Still, Canton, the largest city of Southern China, has been the place in which the missionaries have spent most of their time and labor.

2nd. Do the missionaries employ native teachers?

Ans. They are obliged to do so; teachers of two descriptions.

First, those who are well versed in the Chinese language, oral and written, to teach them to speak, read and write. These are employed at least six hours daily. The other class of teachers are hopeful converts, who, having a good knowledge of the Scriptures, as translated, can assist in explaining them, and in preparing Christian tracts. This last class are generally named "native assistants."

3rd. Are the Chinese willing to receive missionaries?

Ans. They are now, in Macao, where there is no war with foreigners, and also at Hong Kong, which is an English island. But on account of the war which has recently broken out, their hostility towards foreigners makes no distinction between missionaries and merchants. While they allowed missionaries to live at Canton, they demanded very high rent for their houses, two or three times as much as a Chinese would pay. There are individual cases of dislike and opposition to missions from Boodhist, and Toust priests, but the citizens, merchants and day laborers do not object to the Western teachers, if their trade is not interrupted.

4th. Is their attention easily aroused to religious subjects?

Ans. I think not, for the Chinese are an apathetic, moderate, sedate people, and do not generally exhibit much animation. They are emiunently a trading, money loving people; they have a large share of the Athenian thirst for news.

5th. How do they receive the idea of one Supreme Being, and what means are used to convey to their minds an idea of God?

Ans. The Chinese have, in their ancient classic books, the mention of one Supreme Sovereign or Ruler of heaven and earth, which they must have obtained from their own observation of the works of creation, and by tradition. But being destitute of an authoritative, written revelation of the manifestation of God, in the person of Jesus Christ, they became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. They changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four footed beasts, and creeping things. The best means that we have found to convey to their perverted minds correct ideas of God, are the careful and repeated reading of the Holy Scriptures; especially the gospels which record the life of the only Saviour of men, while he dwelt on earth. He is the way, the truth, and the life. We find it true here, that no man can come to the Father but by Christ. They can not have a saving knowledge of God but by Christ, and the Bible is the only source from which such knowledge can be obtained, and with that the blessing of God will come.

6th. What is their religion, and what are their customs of worship?

Ans. There are *three* religious sects in China; the Boodhist, Confucian

and Touists. The *Boodhist* is an offshoot of Brahminism, and was introduced into China from India, about A. D. 63. Boodhism is the religion of the common people and Boodhist temples are found in every part of China, in which are priests and nuns, with shaven heads and clothing peculiar to their order. Its rites and ceremonies are observed by all classes and it allows many gods; in one temple in Canton there are 500 gods, each one as large as a full grown man. About one-third of the population belong to this sect, it receives no support from government, but freedom of worship is permitted in this hopeless bondage. The *Confucians* are followers of Confucius, who lived about 550 years before the Christian era. The Confucian doctrines are held by most of the literati and Government officers. They do not practice as many ceremonies as the Boodhists, but trust in what *they* call good acts and deeds of justice, to be accepted by heaven. The great principle of Confucius in his moral and political system was filial obedience and reverence for superiors in age and rank, an entirely external, and outward form is much relied on. His writings make no mention of the existence of God. Of the soul of man and a future state of existence, they know, say, and care very little, as the founder of the sect taught them.

The *Touists* though not so numerous are the rationalists of China. Some of their notions of God and a future state are derived from their divine Revelation; they believe in a certain Power, very undefined, which formed all things. Many of their ceremonies and worship resemble the Boodhist, but their images are not so numerous. They worship they know not what. The priests of this sect pretend to great wisdom, they hold certain false notions of the origin of the earth, and heavens. All these idolatrous sects appear to live in harmony, no one of them being supported as a State Religion or sanctioned by legal enactments. They have no idea of the resurrection of the body but are firm believers in the transmigration of souls. Our pity is greatly excited at the sight of their idolatry and false religions. The Chinese ceremonies of worship are morning and evening, burning three incense sticks at the side of the front door, or in a little shrine in some prominent place in the front room. On the 1st and 15th of each month, red gilt paper and red candles are burned, dishes of meat and vegetables are offered to their idols, with many prostrations and bowings. On marriage and funeral occasions the same ceremonies are performed, but on a costlier scale and accompanied with instrumental music. On other occasions, as going a journey, commencing business, building a house, etc., they also have their many idolatrous ceremonies.

7th. Do they worship many gods, and has each one a particular deity?

Ans. All the unconverted Chinese worship the departed spirits of their ancestors; but I am not aware that each one has a particular deity. They sometimes worship one idol, and sometimes another, as fancy leads them. They worship demons, devils and genii, in great numbers.

8th. How many missionaries and how many missions are now in China?

Ans. There are now one hundred and one Protestant missionaries in China. One hundred and ninety have been sent to China since Dr. Morrison came in 1807. These one hundred and one missionaries are the agents of seventeen societies: English, European and American.

9th. How long is required to learn the Chinese language?

Ans. Two years are quite sufficient to learn to speak readily on all common subjects: but a person of superior talents for language and un-

divided application, would acquire it in a year. There have been missionaries who began to preach in China within a year after their arrival, Revds. Blodget and Burns are examples. The facilities for learning the language are constantly increasing by the publication of new lexicons, dictionaries and vocabularies, so that the time of learning it is shortening. It requires a much longer time to read Chinese because of the great number and variety of characters. The New Testament may be mastered in four years.

10th. What are the greatest obstacles in the way of establishing a mission there?

Ans. Heretofore, the greatest obstacle has been the exclusiveness and debarring policy of the Chinese Government towards all foreigners, especially at Canton. The terror and power of British arms first struck a heavy but justly merited blow to this policy in the year 1842, and opened five seaports to foreign intercourse, and of course freedom for missionaries was gained. But no admittance was granted for them to proceed to the interior and inland parts of the empire. Now, there is a civil war in the Central part of China, and the English and French Governments are assembling their forces on the seacoast. We are expecting a heavy shock will soon be given to this old Chinese Empire, and new treaties framed, which will open the countries to missionary labor far and wide. The attachment of the Chinese to their ancient customs is another obstacle. The antiquity and vast population of China, has cherished in the heart of the Chinese, a proud self conceit, which is hard to remove. The obstacles to the establishment of missions in those parts of China that are open to foreign intercourse, are not so great as the obstacles to their progress and success. Our missions have met with more success at Amoy, than at any other place. Our brethren there are faithful and zealous, and God has given the increase. To him be the thanks and the praise.

11th. What is the present prospect of this field?

If by *this field* is meant Canton only, I would say that on account of the war, all missionary work is entirely stopped. We have been obliged to flee to Macao for safety. We are glad to find here at least 13,000 or 20,000 Chinese, for whose soul's salvation we can labor. Four preaching rooms are now opened by the English and American missionaries, in which there is preaching every day. About seventy-five attend each meeting. Macao belongs to the Portuguese, with whom the Chinese are at peace. The missionaries will probably be detained here until the war ceases. We pray that this calamity may be shortened, for it brings trouble and woes on thousands of the Chinese. A heavy scourge is apparently preparing for the Chinese Government and people, to oblige them to grant to Western nations those privileges and rights which every nation on earth should concede to others. If God in his providence, orders that the horrors of war be brought upon this people to humble them, his will must be done, and none can gainsay it. Our weapons, as heralds of the gospel, are only truth, love, good will and prayer, and the Bible. We are assured that the gospel shall prevail here, for our God has said it.

It is late at night, and I must postpone answering the remainder of your questions to another time, perhaps the next overland mail. I see there are eight more. We request an interest in your prayers to the God of missions, that he would guard, guide and prosper us in our labors for him. With kind regards and best respects to the members of your section, I remain yours, to serve for Christ and China,

SAMUEL W. BONNEY.

“The inhabitants of Christian lands were anxious to know more about the paradox involved in the Chinese character, for the Chinese undoubtedly have civil and literary institutions which evince a high degree of civilization. There are educated classes who exhibit a high order of polish and genuine refinement, though but a small proportion.”

*Second Letter from Rev. S. W. Bonney.*

My Dear Miss C— :

Macao, China, May 8th, 1857.

I proceed to answer the questions you have sent. In my last letter I think the first eleven were answered.

The 12th question reads: How many mission schools are established?

Ans. In July 1854, there were fifty-seven Protestant mission schools at all the stations in China. I presume the number is now about the same, for whatever increase there may have been in the Northern ports since July, 1854, is balanced by the closing of the schools at Canton by the present war. These schools are principally for boys—a few are for girls. Mrs. Bridgman's, at Shanghai, and Miss Aldersey's at Ningpo, are the largest.

13th. How are they conducted, and what interest do the natives show?

Ans. Most of them are conducted wholly in the Chinese language. Half a dozen or so include the English language in the course of study. The Chinese books used are the ancient classics of Confucius, Mencius, and other Chinese sages, the Scriptures, as now translated by Morrison, Medhurst and others, with treatises on geography, and chemistry, prepared by different missionaries, in the Chinese language. Devotional exercises are conducted morning and evening by the principals, with the aid of Christian Chinese assistants. Singing of English and American tunes to psalms and hymns, translated into Chinese, is also taught. The interest manifested by the Chinese in the charity schools is gradually increasing, so that offers of pupils are many more than can be accepted. The missionaries were obliged at first, to furnish food, clothing, lodging and tuition to the children of parents who were too poor to support them. Now, children of parents who are in comfortable circumstances are offered, and in some cases, payment is made for their food and clothing, though not for tuition and lodging. I never heard a Chinese speak in disapprobation of our charity mission schools. The benevolence and good will, the friendship and kindness of the very act, they can not help seeing and approving. The objection with them is that Western teachers will accompany it with their Western Christian doctrines, books and worship. To this they submit, for the sake of their temporal benefits. Mission schools are only in their infancy in China, although some young ladies and gentlemen have already completed their course of school studies, and are useful members of the Christian communities. The method of studying Chinese is to read aloud, all the scholars at the same time. They commit to memory their lessons, and find that *viva voce* is the easiest method.

The only mission school now in Macao, is Mrs. Bonney's of six little girls, all under ten years of age. They are children of poor parents, and are given up for six or eight years' instruction. They are taught to read and write Chinese; some knit, and make their own clothing, and behave according to Christian principles.

14th. What is the usual method of instruction?

Ans. In the native schools throughout the Empire, a school has only one teacher, and each scholar recites his lesson separately to the teacher.

There is no system of assistant teaching, or classifying of scholars. In the fore part of the day, the scholars commit to memory their lessons in ancient Chinese books; in the after part they write or hear the explanation of the books by the teacher. The great deficiency in Chinese schools is the absence of Bible truths and modern sciences.

15th. Are the natives generally teachable?

Ans. I would say they are more teachable than willing to adopt what is taught in their creed and conduct. The children in the schools are teachable and obedient. I think there is less of disobedience and idleness than I have known in some schools in the United States. The Chinese are inquisitive and patient. In all my observation of Chinese children and adult persons, I have seen a docility and aptness to learn in nine-tenths of them, when there is an aptness to teach seen in the teacher. When the teacher has felt, or shown a contempt or superciliousness toward the poor Chinese, forgetting that pity, sympathy and condescension are due to them, there has been obstinacy, hatred and a deplorable degree of self conceit, on the part of the Chinese. Yesterday I lent a deaf and dumb young man a copy of Genesis. He returned it this morning, with two copies of the first chapter written out in a fair hand. He sat up till after midnight reading it. He has borrowed many Chinese books, and is passionately fond of reading, as the eye is his principal source of receiving knowledge. Ere long, I hope, the Spirit of God will stir up some benevolent individuals to devote their strength to the instruction of deaf and dumb Chinese. Please suggest this mode of Christian benevolence to some in your section who would engage in the glorious work.

16th. Do the Chinese have many schools independent of the missionaries? Ans. They do. Schools for boys are opened in every village, town and city. Wherever there are a few dozen boys, a school may be found. Like all other heathen nations, the girls are neglected. Only a very, very few, are taught to read and write. The poorer classes are, by custom, kept at manual labor in the house, field or boat. The wealthy class occupy their time in painting, embroidery and dress. I refer you to Mrs. Bridgman's book, "Daughters of China," for more full information. The Chinese women are, by their national and ancient customs, cruelly cramped in their feet, hearts and minds. Nothing but the liberal and heavenly principles of the Bible, diffused abroad here, will effect a sure release. This must be done by Christian men and women from the United States, and other Christian lands. The fleets and armies of foreign powers may remove the hindrances to intercourse with this people, but can go no further. The Messenger of peace, publishing peace on earth and good will to men, must have a hearing and fishers for the souls of men can here cast their nets.

*Third Letter from Rev. S. W. Bonney.*

My dear Miss C—— :

Macao, China, June 1st, 1857.

17th. Are the intellects of the Chinese capable of as much improvement as the minds of Europeans? Ans. I dare not say "no." There is now in Hong Kong, a Chinese gentleman, Dr. Wong Fun, who was educated and received the degree of M.D., in Edinburg University, and stood on an equality in his attainments, with the Scotch medical students. We now hope that with God's blessing he may be enabled to consecrate his life to the great and magnificent work of Christian Medical Missions. He has brought back to his countrymen a full knowledge of modern Euro-

pean medical science to invest in his future career as a physician. I need not speak of Yoong Awing who prosecuted his studies at Monson Academy and graduated with credit at Yale College in 1854, as some of the young ladies in your Seminary have seen him. [In 1873 Yoong Awing was appointed *agent* of the Imperial power for the important purpose of educating in this country, one hundred and twenty youth; thirty of them arrived at San Francisco in his charge. The Chinese Government has appropriated one million of dollars that this movement may be perfected.] The Chinese people, for the last two or three thousand years, have been under the benumbing influences of idolatry, heathenism, and all the wicked devices of Satan. Release them, and let them grow up under the healthful influences of the gospel, and they will become a vastly different people. Even now, they are ingenious, industrious, economical people. Their present grade of civilization has all been of native growth, without the aid of foreign nations. I think they are quite as good subjects for Christian civilization as our barbarian forefathers, the Britons, Saxons and Normans of Old England. The infusion of Bible truth among that race has, by the blessing of God, remoulded them, and made them more like such a people as God designed they should be. Had the gospel, at first, been carried Eastward from Judea to Tartary and China, while Europe was left in heathenism, we might probably, at this time, have the question reversed. "Are the intellects of the Anglo Saxon race, the Goths, Huns and Vandals, as capable of improvement as the Chinese?" The earth was built to be inhabited by a race of holy beings, they "fell from the estate in which they were first created." A remedy has been provided in mercy. There are three hundred millions waiting, longing and crying for it. Who among you will be moved to feel for them, and administer the heavenly remedy?

18th. What is the general character of the people?

Ans. The character of the Chinese is very peculiar, I mean their artificial character, formed by long established customs for many generations. Naturally, they are like all heathen people, averse to goodness and to God. A system of morality devised by their sages 2,000 years ago, has been taught in all their schools, and produced a formal politeness, a self-righteousness most shallow and useless. Yet, they are remarkably respectful to aged persons, and have great regard for their parents. They are industrious, economical, and fond of trade. Sociable, talkative, good natured and elannish. Their ingenuity exhibits itself perversely in low cunning, deceit, and a wily way of action, most annoying to honest persons. The stereotype peculiarities of their character for the few last centuries are now being broken, and a transition to a better condition, I trust, is begun, which God will complete in his own good time.

19th. Is property equally or unequally divided among them?

Ans. Unequally, of course, and probably always will be, as it has been in every country, from the days of Noah to this time.

At Canton there are at the present Chinese millionaires, others with their hundreds of thousands, then many of those who are neither poor nor rich, and lastly the poor, the miserable and vagabond beggars. When the father of a family dies, his property is nearly equally divided among his sons, the daughters not receiving anything if they are married. At their marriage they receive a dowry of household furniture, clothing and provision. Owing to the dense population, the land is divided into much smaller fields, (without any fences), than we generally see in the United

States, and cultivated with more care. The Chinese are gifted with different talents for business and trade, which some neglect, others diligently improve. This, of course results in an inequality of gain. There is no caste in China which prevents persons born in poverty from acquiring large property, and holding high offices under Government. The road to wealth and honor is as free to all men here as in Europe or America.

20th. Is intemperance common?

Ans. Not in the use of spirituous liquors. The liquor used by Chinese is distilled from rice, called *Sam-shoo*, and resembles gin. They drink it only at their meals. They have no custom like many of the European and Anglo-Saxon race, of swallowing large tumblerfuls of liquor at and between their meals. But they have a vile, a fashionable, intemperate use of opium quite as injurious, quite as deadening to the body and soul. Opium is smoked by all classes of the people, and shops for retailing the article are in every city and town. The Chinese place themselves in a reclining position when they smoke it, swallow the smoke and puff it out at the mouth and nose. Its effect is to vitiate the appetite, diminish the flesh, wither the muscles, and waste the nervous system. Opium is brought from India and is one of the bad things from foreign countries which the toleration of intercourse does not forbid. The Chinese resort to all kinds of expedients to evade the duty! in every steamer coming up to Canton you will occasionally observe little parcels thrown from the steamer's deck; these are picked up by the small boats near at hand, and are known to contain the highly prized opium. Though free trade and intercourse is given to the servants of Satan, with it freedom and protection is also given to the heralds of the gospel of Christ. We know who will finally be victorious. From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's name is to be praised, and holiness to the Lord shall yet be inscribed on all the employments of the Chinese. I have a small chapel which will seat eighty persons, and have preaching six days in a week. Mrs. Bonney has a little nursery of Chinese girls, all under ten years of age.

Very respectfully yours,

S. W. BONNEY.

"In the ceremonial forms in China of *salutation*, the lowest order among the Chinese is the joining of hands and raising them before the breast. The *next* more deferential mark of consideration, is a low bow, with the hands joined as before. The *third*, still more deferential, is bending the knee, as if about to kneel. The *fourth*, kneeling. The *fifth*, to kneel and strike the head against the ground. The *sixth*, to strike the head three times against the ground previous to the rising from a kneeling position. The *seventh*, kneeling and striking the forehead three times, rising and again kneeling and striking the head yet further three times. The climax, or the *eighth* ceremonial, the Chinese call the *kow-tow*, and invariably practiced by the courtiers around the person of his celestial majesty. It is kneeling three successive times, and at each time knocking the head against the ground. Some of the gods of China are entitled only to the sixth and seventh degree of veneration. There is a measured politeness, and an ease too, with all the grave etiquette of this people, that gives an agreeableness to their manners and a grace to their formality."

*Macao, May 22, 1857.* A great deal of misery in Canton as well as other places, and the cases of distress are likely to be far more numerous in the forthcoming months. Many of the Chinese have not funds to provide the

first necessaries, food and clothing; while famine on the mainland lasts there will be very many destitute sufferers. In Canton boys from three to four years old are selling for twenty-five cents; and girls from ten to fifteen years at the rate of \$4 to \$8; the younger ones can be procured for five or six cents!

The first walk I took in Macao was rendered memorable by a horrible sight; just outside the Campo gate, we all saw the body of a Chinese child lying on a heap of rubbish; savage dogs were quarreling over and devouring it, also pulling in pieces its red garment. Infanticide of girls is a very common crime; and as the dead bodies of children are not often buried, the above sad sight would be frequently observed if the bodies were not taken off by the carter and fed to the greedy dogs. It is amusing to watch the Chinese barbers "who go about ringing bells to get customers. They carry with them all the necessary implements as a stool, a basin and a pot containing fire. When any person calls them, they run to him, planting their stool in a convenient place in the street, shave the head, clean the ears, dress the eye-brows, and brush the shoulders. They then ring the bell again and start in pursuit of another customer.

The tonsorial business of the Orientals is quite an important system, "These barbers shave as if they meant something by the operation, and have hosts of believers in the extraordinary power and great benefit to be derived from his energetic manipulations. A victim gives a thrilling sketch of the process, which was performed without even lathering the face. 'After the beard was taken off,' he says, 'the barber took a long sharp, needle-shaped spoon and began to pierce my ears. He explored every avenue and brought up, from numerous little crevices, bits of wax and dirt that had been accumulating there since my childhood. Having become satisfied with picking about my ears, the barber suddenly twisted my neck to one side in such a manner that it cracked as if the vertebrae had been dislocated. 'Hold on!' I shouted, alarmed for the safety of my neck. 'All right,' replied the tonsor, 'me no hurt you;' and he continued to jerk and twist my neck until it was limber as an old woman's dish-rag. He then fell to beating my back, breast, arms, and sides with his fist, and pommelled the muscles until they fairly glowed with the beating they had received. He then dashed a bucket of cold water over me, and having dried my skin with towels, declared that his work was done.' The head is shaved to the crown, and the hair carefully braided in a single plait behind. Laborers often wind it about the head, or roll it into a ball behind out of the way, when barebacked or at work. The people are vain of a thick long cue. The headdress in winter consists of a silken skull cap; in summer they go bareheaded, and screen their eyes by a fan. Three of the English Wesleyan Missionaries are expecting the young ladies to whom they were betrothed previous to their leaving England, in the ship "Florence Nightingale;" we have promised to receive them into our house till after the marriage ceremony and it gives us pleasure to do so.

The Chinese have been erecting again a very large bamboo theatre or "Sing-Song" just outside San Antonia Gate, not a nail is in the curious building; the poles are tied with ratan withes and the whole structure covered with matting. They keep up the fashionable performances with an hour or two of intermission both day and night. The unearthly noise with their barbarous music of most agonizing quality—from gongs, drums, and tom-toms, one would suppose sufficient enjoyment for the most

enthusiastic amateur, but when to this is added the shrill falsetto it is overpowering and a terrible ordeal. "It is simply odious and revolting to every feeling of harmony, melody, sympathetic cadence, or dulcet sound of any description suggested by musical nature. It is nasal, screeching, yowling, mee-mawing, wailing — every sound excruciating to ears refined. Two tom-eats encountering on a midnight prow, are faint though truthful illustrations of that fearful rending of the air." Then, too, the constantly firing of crackers, probably mine is "the unappreciative foreign ear." We certainly have a rare opportunity to decide if this is, or is not a nuisance and (if the discordant shrill sounds do not "make one's flesh creep" as all is performed close to our dwelling), in our walks of witnessing the heathenish sport. The robes of the actors are very gorgeous with their brilliant and fantastic masks and costumes. "Theatricals are intimately interwoven with festive observances among the Chinese, and with the performance of religious worship in the presence and honor of the gods. The people of all classes are inordinately fond of the amusements and the excitements connected with play acting. Every temple, with a few exceptions, has a stage erected in a convenient part devoted to the performance of theatrical representations. The reputed birthdays of the gods are almost invariably celebrated by the performance of plays before their images, rendering thanks to the gods for favors believed to have been received from them."

During our evening walks at Macao, we often observed the Parsecs, in their peculiar miter shaped hat, crowding to an elevated part of the hill bowing to the ground to salute the sun at its departure. "They worship the sun, as the representative of God, fire in all its forms, and the sea. In China they have their own pretty cemeteries, but in their own country the dead are neither buried nor burned, but exposed to the air within an enclosure and are soon devoured by birds of prey. They were exceedingly munificent in their charities, during all the troubles, relieving the poor and distressed of all nations. As we are living at the antipodes, of course we find almost every thing the reverse of home: The Chinese books begin from the right hand; their letters are placed in perpendicular columns, of which there are generally ten in one page. They read downwards, beginning from the right hand. Sometimes a title is placed horizontally, and this is likewise read from the right hand. Another curious thing is to observe both foreigners and Chinese with their fan, which when not using, the Chinese stick upright in back part of neck. You can scarcely buy an article but on it you will find the terrible looking Dragon, it is the Imperial coat of arms and is also used as an insignia of honor or distinguishing badge of office, but as hideous an object as you could wish to see. It has the head of a camel, the horns of a deer, eyes of a rabbit, ears of a cow, neck of a snake, belly of a frog, scales of a carp, claws of a hawk and palm of a tiger. On each side of the mouth are whiskers, and its beard contains a bright pearl. The five-clawed dragon is embroidered on every thing that appertains to the emperor even to the yellow Imperial flag. This is certainly the 'flowery land' in divers ways; the native language is exceedingly flowery and great latitude of expression is allowed. In a note from a Chinese you will be addressed in the most eulogistic manner, while they speak of themselves in a very depreciatory way."

July 8, 1857. Our venerated United States Minister, Dr. Peter Parker, is to be superseded by the Hon. Wm. B. Reed of Philadelphia. Our national anniversary, July 4th, was celebrated at his house in a sumptuous

entertainment to which the Americans from Hongkong and Macao were the willing guests. The "Stars and Stripes" were conspicuously displayed, with a due observance and commemoration of the spirit of '76. The foreigners are very patriotic in China and the national banner is not only elevated on the flag-staff, but waves in graceful folds from many a veranda; large packs of fire-crackers are exploding all around while ever and anon torpedoes, then rockets went whizzing up into the air, and there was great excitement as we followed with eager glances the fiery streak and saw the shower of stars descend. The bonfires were in order; the Chinese are well versed in pyrotechnical displays, and soon the ingeniously devised wheel sputtered and fizzled and whirled and banged; then again we would hear the *phiz! pop! bang!* and our National Holiday was a pleasant time. M. Bourbillon, the French Minister, arrived some time since with the stately Madam Bourbillon, the intimate youthful friend of the Empress of France when she was Mademoiselle Eugenie de Montijo, Countess de Teba. They are now residing in Macao. Lord Elgin has also arrived, but sent troops from Singapore to India to quell the disturbance there. The great topic of the hour is the frightful accounts we have from Calcutta regarding the mutiny among the Sepoys, who are considered as generally in a very unsettled state. The native regiments were in a state of insurrection from fanatical excitement, consequent upon an impression that some animal fat had been used in the preparation of their cartridges. Several native regiments have revolted and murdered all their officers. The City of Delhi has been captured and nearly every European killed, under most atrocious and revolting circumstances sparing neither age nor sex. Merut also had fallen, even Calcutta itself was in great peril. Government had dispatched letters on May 10th to Lord Elgin and General Ashburnham with the object of obtaining the aid of the troops destined for China. These letters were forwarded to Ceylon with the view of meeting them there, which fortunately was the case. This will delay the settling of the China troubles, but we have reason to be thankful that we are all safe; fears, however, are entertained that these revolts will incite the Chinese to further aggressive movements. The Portuguese have a re-enforcement of troops on the way, from Lisbon for the better protection of Macao.

On June 4th a party of Europeans, among whom were four of our American Missionary families, escaped in a boat from Futtchgurh, sailing down the River Ganges, but unfortunately on June 8th, the boat "struck on an island five miles distant from Cawnpore. They were soon captured and three carriages sent, by that "incarnation of brutality and treachery," *Naná Sahib*, for the ladies who were unable to walk farther. At the station they were all shut up for an hour in a house by themselves. "On June 13th, at seven o'clock in the morning, they were released, marched to the Cawnpore parade ground, and ruthlessly shot. Their death was agonizing, but not long delayed. Thus died those martyred missionaries the Freemans, Campbells, Johnsons, McMullins, dear little Fannie and Willie Campbell." This was shortly followed by "the dishonor and massacre of the sixty European ladies, and the seven hundred and fifty prisoners, who constituted the garrison of Cawnpore. The record of their sufferings was found traced on the wall in a lady's hand, and in pieces of journals written on scraps of paper." These victims also had endeavored to escape down the river Ganges to Allahabad, "they were in the very

act of embarking when by the order of Nana Sahib, a battery opened upon them and numbers were slain. A few boat-loads hastily rowed across the river, but they were seized by the Sepoys, the men all sabred, and the women and children carried back to the camp of the monster. For weeks they were incarcerated in a building at Cawnpore, where they were subjected to the brutality of the Sepoy troops. A rumor having reached the rebels that a military force was on the march from Allahabad to rescue the captives, an order was given that they should be slain — not an unwelcome order to those who were suffering a thousand deaths. At sunset on the 15th of July, volleys of musketry were fired into the doors and windows of the building, after which the bayonet and the sword did their work, until all were supposed to be dead, and the building was closed for the night. The next morning it was found that a number were still alive, who, upon being brought out, were thrown into a large well in the compound, with the dead of the night before. Thus perished all who had survived the slaughter of the ghaut, nearly two hundred in all. The whole number of victims at Cawnpore was about one thousand. The army under Gen. Havelock entered Cawnpore the day after the massacre, driving out the rebels before them; and when they reached the building which was the scene of the massacre, found it strewed with the relics of the departed ones — remnants of clothing, ladies, and children's shoes, locks of hair, and other mementoes — and the floor covered deep with their blood. The brave soldiers were almost maddened by the sight." Some of the miscreant leaders were compelled at the point of the bayonet, on bended knees and hands, to clean the floor of that ill-fated chamber, by licking up with their tongue, the blood of those innocent victims; thus losing caste, and dishonored by this humiliating atonement, previous to being lashed to the cannon's mouth and sent into Eternity. "In Calcutta a committee of ladies was appointed to receive and look after distressed ladies and women who came down from the disaffected districts. The torpor of death seems to have crept over those who have escaped. Young brides of a few weeks are grown into aged, grey haired widows.

[“ This bloody plain at Cawnpore, has since that time, been converted into one of the most beautiful parks in the East, laid out in exquisite taste, and planted with trees, and shrubbery, and ever-blooming flowers. In the midst of this park rise the marble walls of a sacred inclosure, in the centre of which, over the fatal well, stands a marble statue, an angel having in his arms the palm-leaves, emblematical of martyrdom and victory. This park was laid out and planted after the mutiny, and called the Memorial Garden. The pedestal, on which stands the angel, bears the following inscription: ‘ Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who, near this spot, were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel Nana Dhoondopunt of Bithoor, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, on the 15th Day of July, 1857.’ ”]

“ For more than twelve months before the outbreak of this Sepoy rebellion in India, lotus leaves and lotus cakes were being daily distributed among the 100,000,000 natives of that vast country. The former meant *silence*, the latter *war*. To civilians the leaf was given, to soldiers the cake. And though this distribution through hundreds of thousands of hands was going on day by day, though it was recognized both by officials and privates, though every man, woman and child of native blood, as well as house-servants in English families, as confidential clerks in English

ware-houses, alike in populous centres and rural districts, rich and poor, patrician and plebeian castes, understood that the fulness of time for India had come, and by tasting of cake or loaf had sworn secrecy or revenge; yet never an Englishman among the hundreds of thousands of residents was told or suspected the fact. Even woman's wit for once failed, for it was not till the day before the revolt that the wife of a missionary wrote, 'A Chowabar ran up to another at Futtighur and gave him two chapaties. These are little unleavened cakes, the size and shape of biscuits, that are the common food of the lower classes. He directed him to make ten more, and give two to each of the five nearest chowabars, with the same directions.' The native Christians of Allahabad did, indeed, afterwards confess that they had long been aware that chapaties were passing through the city, and that their meaning must be important, but cast out as they (the Christian natives) were by friends and neighbors, they had no means of obtaining the key to the mystery."

"At Macao July 25, John P. Williams, formerly of Utica, New York, aged 31 years; brother of S. Wells Williams, Esq., and of Rev. Frederick Williams, Missionary at Mosul. He died at the residence of his brother, S. Wells Williams, after an illness of six weeks (superinduced by eating the poisoned bread at Hongkong in December last,) which he bore with patient composure. His funeral was attended by all the Americans and many English and foreign residents in Macao, among whom were Dr. Peter Parker, the American Minister, the American and English Consuls, &c. The United States ship *Levant* displayed her flag at half mast, in Hong-Kong, as did all the American shipping there, on hearing the next day of his demise."

"Nothing whatever can be done at Canton; the population will never be civil, and the lives of the foreign residents never be safe till the invincible 'Braves' have been made to respect us. The city is in the hands of these Braves, whose claim to that honorable title consists in the practice of brutal murder and treacherous assassination. They are said to be 6,000 or 7,000 strong, and to be extremely elated by their recent successes, in which they claim to have achieved a great slaughter of the foreigners. The lesson to respect us can only be impressed by the severest measures. The more thoroughly the work is done the better, not only for ourselves, but for the Chinese themselves, who are in fact, kept in a state of misery and degradation by corrupt officials and a brutal soldiery. We all need redress. The Chinese have many stereotyped salutations but they never make use of the expressions when they meet of 'Howd'ye do?' or 'Good morning,' but simply a bow, with the mute folding of the hands together. This is the usual mark of recognition when friends encounter each other, if any thing is said it is 'Tsing, Tsing,' meaning, 'I pray you, I pray you,' which has been barbarized into 'Chin-chin.' The intention is on either part to entreat the other to take the precedence."

Our last letters were freighted with sad tidings of the loss of a highly valued son of John S. Van Rensselaer, Esq., of Albany. "The gallant and lamented CHARLES W. VAN RENSSELAER, first officer of the ill-fated steamship 'Central America, William N. Herndon, commander; the vessel foundered at sea September 12, 1857 between Havana and Norfolk, with a loss of four hundred and twenty-three lives, and bullion to the value of nearly a million and a quarter dollars. Charles W. Van Rensselaer was born in Albany, N. Y., January 29, 1823, at the time of his death he was 34 years of age. With a natural taste for the sea, he

early adopted it as a profession, and had chosen the treacherous element as his home. For a while he was a Lieutenant in the United States Revenue Service, but lost his commission by the reduction of the number of officers in the service. When on a trip next preceding that sad, sad catastrophe he gathered, while at Havana, a number of fine specimens of a gigantic grasshopper or locust, which he had frequently noticed as being quite common at the isthmus; these he inclosed in a jar and presented to the State Agricultural Society; he often contributed in this way to scientific pursuits. He was a very efficient officer, and made himself many sincere friends. He had often crossed and recrossed these Atlantic waves in perfect safety, but when at last the hour of danger did come, that young and heroic man was equal to the emergency, and was constantly found at his post of duty, bravely, faithfully and gallantly exerting his best energies during that fearful gale, in conjunction with the noble Commander, for the preservation of the vessel."

CHARLES W. VAN RENSSELAER,

FIRST OFFICER OF THE CENTRAL AMERICA.

"He stood upon the wreck,  
By gallant Herndon's side;  
Fear brooded darkly o'er the deck,  
Death stalked upon the tide:  
Around him, strong men wept, or cursed  
or prayed;  
But he was one of few  
Among that fated crew,  
Who, to their duty true,  
Felt not afraid.

Whatever man could do,  
He had done, his ship to save;  
His toilsome labors now were through,  
Beneath him yawned his grave:  
There was nothing left for him — but  
to die —  
Yet, though all hope had fled,  
Unfaltering was his tread  
Nor paled his face with dread,  
Nor dimmed his eye.

What thoughts rose in his breast,  
As he stood and gazed below;  
What holy memories unrepressed,  
We now can never know.  
But that a fervent prayer he there  
breathed out,  
That heaven the hearts would cheer,  
And wipe away each tear,  
Of all at home most dear,  
Oh, who can doubt?

There are many here who mourn  
That they cannot see him more;  
They sadly weep that he is gone,  
That hope for him is o'er;  
But midst their bitter tears they yet  
can boast,  
That no blush of recreant shame  
Can sully his fair fame;  
For he, to guard his name,  
Died at his post.



CHARLES W. VAN RENSSELAER.

Though the billows o'er him wave,  
And his face is no more seen;  
Yet those whom he has died to save,  
Will keep his memory green.  
Those rescued ones will ever hold most  
dear  
He who midst storm and strife,  
To succor child and wife,  
Gladly laid down his life,  
Van Rensselaer!"

“When the hope of saving the steamer, had to be abandoned, the sight of a vessel approaching through the angry waves, once more cheered their despairing hearts; a signal of distress was quickly raised, and oh! the intense agony of expectation as with strained gaze, they watched the vessel as she rises on those mountain waves and then disappears: will she see them! yes; they are perceived, she comes to their rescue. Oh! the thrilling ecstasy that pervaded those anguished souls in this trying exigency.

“Then the chief officer superintended the embarkation of all the defenceless women and children; to them he gave his last labors and cares. He cheered them with his brave words; he supported them with his manly arm, he saw them all safely borne away from the sinking ship, and then he turned with calm resolution to meet his fate. Fifty-seven were saved; the weak and helpless owed their escape to the noble heroism, and generous humanity of those self-sacrificing, self-denying men, who in this hour of peril relinquished with a chivalrous spirit their precedence, and yielded not only uncomplainingly, but with cheerful and hearty concurrence this first and only opportunity of salvation. Many of these men had been eagerly pursuing wealth, away from almost all humanizing and restraining associations — too often reckless of every thing, of life itself, in their eager clutching of gold; many of them painfully deficient in morality, social amenities and human sympathies, even before they went into the rugged associations of the gold mines — and all of them now almost within sight of the homes and friends from whom they had been for years absent. These men had brooked no restraint, and had known no argument but the revolver; yet now these same men manifested the purest chivalry and the rarest delicacy and generosity, it will always be a matter for wonder, and for grateful pride on the part of their countrymen.

“When there was no means of escape (as the small boat which conveyed the ladies and children to the waiting vessel, had not yet returned to take off the men) and about to be whelmed in the yawning abyss of waters, Captain Herndon and Mr. Van Rensselaer went to their state-rooms, dressed themselves in full uniform and took their places side by side on the paddle box, the officers’ post. Mr. Van Rensselaer then lighted a cigar and was calmly smoking it, when the steamer reeled down beneath them with a fearful plunge into the depths below. Mr. Easton who rose to the surface with them, and was picked up, says, ‘Mr. Van Rensselaer told me in the water that he would not leave Captain Herndon;’ and thus they died together, yet it was for both a gallant death; they were spoken of as calm and self possessed, and as having borne themselves with great courage. A lady who was rescued, speaks in the highest terms of the lamented Mr. Van Rensselaer; he aided her, with all the others in letting them down from the steamer, holding the rope which dropped them safely into the life-boat. The passengers seemed reconciled to their fate, and uttered no outcry when the steamer sank.

“Before this, however, most of the passengers were praying to God to have mercy upon their souls; while some few cursed and swore horribly!

“One lady secreted her Canary bird in her bosom, though no person was allowed to take the slightest luggage. Yet while the widow and the fatherless mourn, and individuals and families are overwhelmed with grief, a throb of grateful pride is felt through the entire community, that their Country’s honor has not only been untarnished in the calamity, but has

shone with increased lustre through the ebon darkness of the trying events. If the disaster to the Central America has cofined her commander and first officer in uncertain and shifting graves, it has placed over them monuments which will endure forever. Their manhood in first saving the women and children from the wreck will not be forgotten. It is impossible to pursue the narrative of this ship wreck without admiring — nay reverencing — the features of nobleness it presents in the conduct of men whose way of life had not been such as to lead one to expect the generous disinterestedness they had displayed. Such genuine heroism, such conduct throws a light over that floating mass of drowning human beings, which brightens even the blackness of the waves and storm, and rises above them from the grave of the ocean up to the light of heaven.”

#### A DEED FOR ALL TIME.

“A few moments before the ill-fated Central America went down, and when all hope of rescue was abandoned, the commander, Captain Herndon and his first Lieutenant Mr. Van Rensselaer went below, arrayed themselves in full uniform, and having taken their accustomed place on the quarter-deck, thus calmly and fittingly met their last enemy. There is a deep meaning in the act, which stamps it as true Christian heroism.

“It was a fearful hour! The dark waves rolled  
 In awful majesty — that ‘Central’ vessel lay,  
 Like a weak child upon the billowy main.  
 But there was one amid that fated band,  
 Who with an angel spirit hovered there!  
 His home was in the skies! and what to him  
 Were the deep waters, *when his soul was free!*  
 His Spirit’s Home was in the skies! and now  
 To lay his body in the drowning waves  
 Was naught to him; and in the danger’s midst  
 He sang ‘He that in Jesus trusts is safe,  
 E’en in the perils of the raging sea!’  
 And with that song, his spirit passed to Heaven!”

“Last Sabbath was a day of autumnal beauty. The churches were crowded with interested and sympathizing hearers. The California steamer calamity was referred to in almost every church, and the financial troubles made a fitting occasion for the application of practical religious truth. It is in seasons of calamity that the heart becomes tender, and the vanity of earthly possessions, to the neglect of the heavenly, is made most apparent. At the Fourteenth street Presbyterian church Sunday evening, after the pastor, Dr. Asa D. Smith, had alluded to the late disaster, he called upon Mr. H. H. Childs, one of the survivors of the Central America, to make some remarks. Mr. Childs, who is a member of this church, briefly told his story. One incident is new and impressive; while he was floating on his plank that awful night, and when he thought he was out of sight of any, he heard distinctly recited by another person, who evidently like him thought himself alone, the LORD’S PRAYER. The incident was touchingly told, and its recital thrilled the entire audience.”

At eight o’clock on the evening of the 8th of September, five hundred of the passengers and crew of the steamship “Central America” were swept from life and hope to the dread abyss of ocean and eternity! “Save the women and children” was the first order of the noble Lieut. Wm. L. Hern-

don ; and shall American women forget the gallant, noble captain who 'mid storm, gloom, and desolation, forgetful of himself, could think of poor frail women and helpless children? Never! no, never.

The *piercing shriek* of woman's agony —  
 The *plaintive wail* — of helpless childhood had  
 Fallen upon his ear : calmly and coldly,  
 As tho' his ship was sailing on a sea  
 Of glass — were orders given — to man the boats,  
 And quickly and heavily freighted, with  
 Trembling hearts — they tempt the dangerous deed.  
 Through the wild surf, and blinding spray, they wildly  
 Plunge — and soon relief obtain — for God was there  
*His* unseen arm upheld those boats so frail.  
 Language fails to paint the horrors of that night  
*Pitch darkness* — *raging billows* — *roaring winds*  
 Combine their might, against the luckless ship  
 Yet for a few brief moments — the tempest  
 In brave *Herndon's* breast was far greater still,  
 He felt all hope was o'er — thoughts of Country,  
 Home, wife and child, o'erflowed — and stung his soul,  
 With fluttering hands his watch he sought —  
 And to another gave — *a last sad token*  
 Of his *love* for *her* he valued much.  
 A message he essayed to send — "tell her" —  
 His voice was hushed — and died upon his lips.  
 The strong man faltered — bowed his head  
 And wept. — The last frail boat had left the scene  
 The boiling surge had well nigh filled the *ship* ;  
 Upon the wheel house stood two gallant men,  
 Bravely resigned to meet their coming fate ;  
 Their Country's badge they wore — *a few brief moments*  
 And the last *quiver* of the sinking *ship*  
*Was felt.* They raised their caps — and the gurgling  
 Waves — received them in their bosom."

*Incidents of the steamer Central America.* The captain of the Norwegian barque "Ellen" states that when he was twenty miles distant from the Central America, a bird appeared on his vessel, and three times flew in his face which caused him to change his course two points, and thus he came to the ill-fated steamer.

"A bird came out on the stormy sea:  
 I stood at the helm — it came to me ;  
 Thrice it flew in my face, and then  
 Flew away in the storm again.  
     What did the bird of the stormy sea,  
     What did the bird portend to me ?  
 Oh God ! that moment, before my barque  
 Tossed on the billows deep and dark,  
 Hundreds, *hundreds* of dying men !  
 Let me not see such a sight again !  
     This, O bird of the stormy sea,  
     This didst thou portend to me !"

## CHAPTER XV.

## BOMBARDMENT OF CANTON.

“His Excellency Hon. William B. Reed having arrived at Hongkong and landed Nov. 7, 1857, the special ministers of the four powerful nations; English, French, Russian and American decided to commence, with their re-enforcements, belligerent operations on an advanced scale. The bombardment of Canton commenced at daylight, on December 28th, 1857, and was continued during the whole of the day and night.

“Gough’s fort was taken at two o’clock and blown up. Captain Bate was killed while superintending the placing of the scaling ladders against the city walls. This brave man was ever found where duty called, and while volunteering to place the scaling ladder that the troops might mount in assault, he was shot from the wall through the stomach. He died as he had lived a Christian hero, with the sounds of victory ringing in his ears. The expedition could not have sustained a greater loss than the death of this excellent officer on December 29th.

“In the end Peh-kwei, the Tartar General, and Yeh were taken prisoners on January 5, 1858. Yeh was taken in the dress of a coolie and has been sent on board the *Inflexible* and remains a captive off Tiger Island, he went on board the war steamer on the 8th.

“In front of the yamun of Peh-kwei, (as of all Chinese yamuns), is a dismal square, with a wall on one side, whereon a gigantic beast is painted; and the vast doors of the yamun, (whereon two great figures like Gog and Magog are daubed), front this monstrous effigy. Further in there are curtained portières (a piece of tapestry hung before a door to keep out the wind) right and left, leading evidently to private apartments. As the guard, sent by the British, under Col. Holloway advanced, one of the portières was raised, and an old man, dressed in the ordinary blue Chinese dress, but wearing a mandarin’s cap with a red button, appeared in the doorway. He had a black moustache, a quick eye, and more intelligence in his face than you usually see in China, and he seemed to say as plainly as gestures could speak:

“‘What can all this disquietude be about?’ Every one felt that this could be no other than Peh-kwei—the Governor. Colonel Holloway put his hand upon his shoulder, led him gently back into his apartment, seated him in his chair, and put a guard around him. The old gentleman was quietly at breakfast when the English Marines burst into his *sanctum sanctorum* without giving him notice of ‘the good time coming.’ He seemed much aggrieved. Meanwhile Captain Harry S. Parkes and his detachment were equally fortunate. They observed a fat man dressed as a Chinese coolie, contemplating the achievement of getting over the wall at the extreme rear of the yamun. Capt. Kelly took the fat gentleman round the waist, and another twisted the august tail of the Imperial Commissioner round his fist, turning his prisoner to give all a view of his features. There was now no mistake—several persons had been previously seized—for this apparent laborer was the veritable Yeh

and the happy tars tossed up their hats and gave three rattling cheers. The distinguished Imperial Commissioner did not willingly succumb but he proved himself destitute of the courage ascribed to him. He trembled violently when he was taken, but Captain Parkes several times had the satisfaction and triumph of assuring his old enemy of his personal safety and then he grew composed. Saturday, Jan. 9th, was a great day in the city of Canton, because Yeh was safely caged in the "Invincible" and the authorities of the city were prisoners. The plenipotentiaries were afraid that the city would be sacked by the populace. It was resolved, therefore, to reinstate formally Pek-kwei in his palace and to assist him with a council of three, composed of Col. Holloway, Capt. Martineau and Mr. Parkes."

*Macao, Feb. 27, 1858.* The clangor of arms and aggressive action has at last effected the opening of CANTON which is now under stern military law, and garrisoned by foreign troops, but the people are quiet, as the Allies have installed a Chinese governor. The blockade of the river still continues although there is daily communication by steamer, but trade will probably not be resumed till the summer. This is a new state of things, but so persistently have the Chinese trammelled foreigners that Mr. Bonney — after residing here since 1845 — is now for the first time *within* the city walls. Yesterday he visited the "FIVE-STORIED PAGODA" situated near the north gate and built upon the Canton Wall; he had a very fine view of the city from the upper room; it is occupied by the French troops. The influences of this tower, as to Fung-shui, according to the Chinese superstition, "contributed from its eminence to the prosperity and literary excellence of the inhabitants of the city." From thence he visited the East gate, the Tartar General's office and the examination Hall. He was delighted with his trip, but fears it will not be safe as a residence in Canton till after "the treaties of amity and commerce are made by the Emperor with the respective foreign governments, which will initiate a new and most auspicious era, in their intercourse." The suffering at Canton during the bombardment was terrible. At the Foundling Hospital, situated outside of the city, which accommodates two or three hundred children, the nurses ran away when the attack commenced, leaving all those infants behind. Rev. Mr. Hewlit, Chaplain of the English army, with others, counted over 500 *dead Chinese infants* in that one building, who had died from starvation. There are so many persons literally starving that the English have daily rice distributions in two places in the city. On May 20th an attack was made by the Allied forces at the North. Five or six Forts were captured and 110 killed or wounded at the mouth of Peiho river.

*April 9th.* The "Florence Nightingale" has had a very long passage but at last, much to the relief of many anxious hearts, the vessel is safely anchored in the Hongkong harbor. The English Wesleyans, Rev. Messrs. Smith, Hutton and John Preston, had been there for some days watching for its arrival. The Macao steamer was detained by boisterous weather not reaching the anchorage till eleven o'clock at night, but we gave the three interesting brides elect a cordial welcome. The polite society of Macao was much excited over the marriage of the triplet couples under the one ceremony, for it was no ordinary festal occasion but a matter of general interest to the foreigners in this far off land. The marriage took place on Thursday at half-past eleven o'clock in the Epis-

copal church at San Antonia Green, by Rev. W. R. Beach. The procession was quite pompous; the equipages for the occasion to grace the bridal triumph, consisted of five sedan chairs which started from our door — I leading the van followed by the three young ladies while Mr. Bonney brought up the rear. At the church portal stood the happy grooms with a ministerial air which was intensified by their white neckcloths and black clerical looking dress. They seemed fitting mates for those fair, graceful brides; each claimed his own and soon the couples were ranged around the altar. The simplicity of the attire was perfect; they were similarly robed in spotless white and seemed to realize their situation as they stood — strangers in a far land, away from parents and home friends — with simple dignity and self respect — before the surpliced clergyman to pledge their faith to those devoted missionaries. “The weather was fine and the ceremony passed off with considerable *eclat*,” while the interested spectators hailed with joy the auspicious nuptials, and tendered warmest congratulations.

*Macao, April 28, 1858.* The day of your deep grief at Cherry Hill on January 16, was then unknown here, and the first intelligence of it has come to us to day by the *newspaper*. Catharine opened an *Albany Evening Journal* this morning and at the first glance under the notice of “Deaths” that of her sister Adeline :

“At Cherry Hill, Saturday, Jan. 16, Adeline Van Rensselaer, eldest daughter of the late Solomon Van Rensselaer.” You can imagine what a shock it was, and how sorrow stricken she is. Three letters were subsequently received giving a full narrative of her sickness and peaceful, happy death. God has done it. The Lord gave a good and loving, noble hearted, true and valued sister; the Lord has called her away in his own best time. “Each trial has its errand — and God, in sending, will give the needed strength to bear.” But though it is grievous and very painful to human affection, ought we not to say, “blessed be the name of the Lord, he doeth all things right.” Let it awaken in our hearts more holy and dutiful affection to our Heavenly Father and to Jesus our Redeemer. We sung at family worship this morning the soothing hymn, “Jesus lover of my soul.” These words seemed very timely. “How affecting are the changes that occur within a single year, so many removed by death, others gradually sinking into that oblivion which the grave, the land of forgetfulness, will soon complete. The dark and silent tomb soon will hide us all, while we will have gone to our everlasting home on high.” How good it is to be able to pray with sincerity “*Thy* will be done on earth as in Heaven.” Those, who can so yield their own desires and thus pray, will be happier here and better prepared to enjoy Heaven, and when in Heaven will never regret that they bowed in humble submission. Catharine goes to her daily duties with a bleeding heart, but feels her responsible position and tries to be cheerful. To day she has received a new Chinese scholar and has now nine girls.”

*June 1858.* I arrived at Canton Thursday evening and slept on the steamer as it was too late to land. The sail up the river from the Bogue was a stirring one; all my time was absorbed in observing the havoc by the disturbing elements of retributive justice. Fort after fort we passed, the defences all gone, the buildings demolished and broken to the ground: yet the views of dilapidated fortresses, together with pagodas and fine hills, and the trees in their full, rich clothing on either side were very picturesque. It was an eventful visit at an eventful time in public matters here.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday I made my home with my friend Rev. J. Cox. Sunday night we both went on board an English ship of war for our safety, having been warned that robbers were prowling around the house. We slept comfortably on the floor of the cabin and felt uncommonly easy under the protection of the guns. Monday and Tuesday I made the American Consulate my home by invitation of the Consul O. H. Perry, Esq., a son of Commodore Perry. Canton is now under martial law, soldiers in every part and the Chinese unwilling subjects of a foreign power. It was unsafe to walk the streets alone and unarmed. Citizens who were obliged to walk from place to place were accompanied by armed policemen. On Monday forenoon a German missionary, Rev. Mr. Louis, was walking at a slow pace along one of the streets, when he observed a woman standing in a door way start back with an exclamatory note of terror, her eyes manifesting horror were looking past him. He turned just in time to save his head from being cut off, but the knife severed an artery, he received three severe wounds in his head. He only saved his life by running three-fourths of a mile to the fort. I went to see him Monday evening and found him on the bed. Mr. Cox accompanied me, protected by two armed policemen one at each side of us. Mr. Cox also carried a pistol ready for use. I had only a heavy cane. The Chinese mandarins have offered \$50, for any foreigner's head, which has, of course, induced many reckless fellows to lie in wait for them. Thursday, Rev. Mr. Louis came with me to Hongkong, the surgeon thinks he will recover of his wounds; there have been several assassinations.

On Wednesday I went to Whampoa and visited Newton or *Sunchow*, where I formerly resided. Many old Chinese friends rejoiced to see me. I freely distributed tracts and spake peacefully to them; those poor Chinese I am sure loved me and trusted me. The three years that I resided among them in doing them good, have not been forgotten by the fathers. I visited the foreigners' cemetery and found that the Chinese had in wanton recklessness broken down a dozen of the tomb stones, but none of the Americans, except the grave of a little child, which they had desecrated to get the lead coffin. The U. S. ship "Germantown" was anchored there, and by invitation I went aboard. On our arrival at Hongkong, I went to the house of Messrs. W. & E. Speiden, U. S. Naval store keepers and was hospitably entertained. The ship "N. B. Palmer" had just arrived from New York with several missionaries on board for Ningpo, among whom were Rev. and Mrs. Rankin together with Mrs. Nevins, it was very pleasant to meet such good fellow laborers in the cause of Christ. From the "Palmer" I took two large boxes that were sent us by our kind friends at Cherry Hill. Nothing seems to have been forgotten, they were truly thoughtful of our daily comfort, and sent untold luxuries to remind us of our early and distant home. A sermon written by Rev. Dr. Rodgers, of Albany, whose church Catharine's friends attend, was in the box and very interesting. It was an historical discourse and with it was a lithograph of the church building, erected sixty years ago. Each of the family down to little Minnie, a colored servant girl, sent us mementoes of their love. We are almost overloaded with good things and having been the happy recipients of much, we feel it our duty to give much. A hand-bill which was the order of Exercises at the Anniversary of the North Dutch Church Sunday School was sent. One of the hymns sung was "written for the occasion" by niece Hattie Elmendorf, and was both good poetry and pious sentiment, and gave us

pleasure. Niece Maria Elizabeth has also sent many valuable articles to make our hearts joyous. Last Saturday I returned to my wife at Macao in the "Sir Charles Forbes" steamer. The Captain was on deck attending to his duties: on Sabbath morning he was taken ill and died at two o'clock P. M. Three of the little missionary children are now ill owing to the heat of summer. I have rented our house till next January, for there is no present prospect of peace being restored at Canton on a firm basis till that time. Every foreigner at Canton carries his weapons day and night, they go to Church with revolvers or pistols hanging at their side. By this you can imagine what an uncomfortable state of feeling there is between Chinese and foreigners at Canton.

You ask me, dear Mother, about my chapel and parochial duties. The place where my congregation is organized is different from the home sanctuaries; it is only a simple room open to the street. On the right hand of the platform for the speaker is a card two feet long and four inches wide with the day of the week on it. On the left hand of the speaker is a map of Palestine three feet by two, with the places in Chinese. Our seats are bamboo settees about eight feet long. We do not yet sing in our meetings as the Chinese cannot sing our tunes. Catharine teaches her scholars to sing night and morning.

In our personal experience we have, of course, a few trials in our daily labors. Passers-by come in and go out as they please; some put their baskets of Merchandise on the floor, listen for a while to the new doctrine and then leave. Others come up to the desk and with a beseeching manner ask for a book, when I give either one of the Gospels in colloquial or a choice text. I do not allow either smoking, or chewing of sugar cane, as they leave the floor so filthy with the refuse, but I cannot always prevent the pressing, and even climbing over the seats. All the confusion is only caused by their intense curiosity to hear foreigners speak.

As nearly all the Chinese merchants, who deal with foreigners, are now living in Macao, we frequently inspect their matchless work. The exquisite carved ivory work and silver filigree ornaments are certainly wonderful specimens of ingenuity, but I was greatly taken with the *lacquered ware* in the shop of "Old Siqua." The varnish tree grows to the height of fifteen feet, and when seven years old, in the summer nights, incisions are made in the trunk from which the sap is collected. There is a clarified juice obtained from a species of sumach, which when mixed with lamp-black, forms a composition with which the beautiful lacquered-ware receives its lustrous coloring. The frame of a required article is wood partially smoothed, or pasteboard, upon which two or three coats of a composition of lime, paper, and gum are first laid, thoroughly dried and rubbed. The surface of the wood is also hardened by rubbing coarse clay upon it, and afterwards scraping it off when dry. Two coatings of the lamp black and varnish, are laid upon the prepared wood, and after drying, the clear varnish is brushed on, one coating after another, with the utmost care, in close and darkened rooms, allowing it to dry well between the several coats. After the articles have been painted and gilded a last coating is given them.

*Macao, July 22, 1858.* The Cholera is much abated; the mortality since the commencement of the epidemic is estimated at about 1300 between foreigners and Chinese, a large number for Macao of 55000 inhabitants. Canton still continues in an unquiet state; fearful vengeance has been taken by the French for the murder of one of their sailors. On July 3rd

four Frenchmen went marketing in the city, they were attacked by armed Chinese who succeeded in cutting off the head and hands of one Frenchman; the rest cut their way through to their boat. Immediately the French captain sent ashore a body of marines, who portioned off part of the street in which the affair occurred, stationed a guard at each end; then the men went into each house, drove out every man, killed him and then cut his throat. Forty-six Chinese were thus killed. Sometime after, the entire street was burnt down. A frightful case of piracy took place last week. A Spanish barque left here for Manilla, there were twenty-one Chinese passengers; when just out the harbor they suddenly rose, killed nine of the crew, wounding fearfully the rest, but they climbed up the rigging. A Chinese boat came along side, took off the passengers and plunder, and after setting fire to the ship sailed away. The wounded officers and men were brought to Macao.

The signs of disturbance still continue but the Portuguese soldiers patrol in parties of two for greater protection. His Excellency the Governor has issued a proclamation to forbid any Chinese being in the streets after eight o'clock without a lantern. We do not apprehend any trouble in Macao, as soon as the Emperor's Edict declaring peace comes from Peking, all will go right. The Treaties with the English, French, Russians and Americans are all signed, and the four Bearers of the Despatches are now at Hongkong waiting to leave by the next mail. The mandarins have issued a placard to the effect of a command that *all* Chinese servants immediately leave the service of foreigners; accordingly our table-boy went, much against his own inclination, together with the cook and finally the teacher. All the washermen and bakers were also obliged to succumb to the stern decree, thus nearly all Chinese trading *with* foreigners or employed *by* them have yielded to the strong measures of the officials and returned to their native villages. This has put us for two or three weeks in rather an unquiet state, some of our friends have been stoned but none were seriously injured; we were challenged last night and the Portuguese use every precaution at present as many bad men from Canton are prowling about, and it is a relief to meet, every little distance in each street, two of the armed police. It is the Sunkum (composed of three Imperial officers sent down from Peking to carry on hostilities) that have forced the authorities of the various districts, to call on all Chinese in Hongkong and Macao to return to their homes under penalty of losing their property or that of their relatives; *death* to be inflicted on the parties themselves, or if not found on the relative. Consequently the Chinese population have been leaving Hongkong and Macao in thousands. Canton still continues closed to trade, and the little which was developing itself at Hongkong and Macao has been scared away by the sharp measures of the mandarins and is to be regretted. Threats are held out of something indefinite being done to the foreigners of Hongkong. Macao was considered in more danger, it being said to be threatened by a body of about 3000 pirates. In fact, Macao is now crowded with pirates; the people fear something like the Ningpo massacre of last year. Several robbers and pirates have been captured, and now one baker has been arrested for having five flour barrels filled with powder in his shop. Chinamen have on several occasions attempted to set the town on fire. [“The scheme for the annihilation of foreigners, was a concerted plan in India and China, for the lotus fruit is sacred alike to Musselmen and Budhists and when sent from hand to hand throughout the vast realms of the East, became a bond that

united opposing religions in the same cause. It was the lotus leaf and the lotus cake that communicated the plan of an universal revolt." ] There is no mistake that mischief is evidently brewing — we feel fully convinced they are preparing for something, what may happen we cannot tell, but we are safe under the protection of the "King of Kings;" it would not do for *us* to be panic stricken even in this time of terror if we should be hemmed in. Governor Guimaraes has assumed the most determined attitude, armed several lorchas to protect the inner harbor, doubled the patrols and called out the militia; 500 strong are ordered patrolling every night. The inhabitants also use every precaution to defend themselves. The Governor has appointed places of refuge in different parts of the town in case of an outbreak. The English, French, Americans and other foreigners through their respective Consuls have offered their services to the Governor. We hope further trouble will be arrested by the presence of H. M. Ship *Acteon* and two gunboats which Governor Bowring has sent over in search of seventy war junks which threatened the town and intercepted the Market-boats with provisions. Seven braves are arrested for trying to seize some rich Chinese merchants in town, whom they would secrete till an exorbitant ransom was paid. Yesterday about two o'clock, in the narrow street directly before our residence, we all saw three ferocious-looking pirates attack a respectable Chinese merchant dressed in a figured blue crape long robe; the wretches quickly overpowered, and grabbed for the bag with seventy Mexican dollars which they obtained when they started to run, but were soon captured and put in irons. This is the second affray I have seen under our own windows; in the other case the man was fortunately rescued by assistance from the Spanish Consulate opposite to us, the thieves were sent reeling to the ground but not till after he had lost his hand and others badly cut. I do not delight in sensational descriptions of calamities, crimes and abominations but we meet many such scenes just now in this unsettled country.

A Dutch man-of-war is also here for the protection of Macao. If the mandarins only saw fit to inform the Chinese of the Treaties all would be quiet, but just now a foreigner without his head was found lying on the Praya Grand, also three Malays with their throats cut. There are so many scenes of wholesale slaughter now a days as to be quite appalling. "The Chinese undoubtedly have civil and literary institutions which evince a high degree of civilization. They possess a code of morals certainly of a very elevated tone, which is professedly taught in their schools, And yet these advantages and acquirements, seem only to intensify barbarity, savageness and inhumanity as seen in their cruelties during these wars."

"We print the following extract from a letter dated at Macao, China, in October, inclosing a sovereign, as payment for a subscription to the *Christian Intelligencer* :

Mrs. Bonney has been a member of the North Dutch Church in Albany, New York, for twenty-four years, and cannot well dispense with the *Intelligencer*. I value it myself, not only for the judicious selection of prose articles, but the valuable original poetry I often see in it. Pieces from M. E. M., Hadassah, Susan C. Rowe, Jessie Glenn, and Rev. E. Hopper, I have preserved for their worth. Too good to be lost.

We are now residing at Macao, for safety on account of the war but hope to return to Canton during the next six months if a new Treaty

should be made with the Chinese Government. If I am not at Canton the paper will be forwarded to me from Canton to Macao.

Yours respectfully.

SAMUEL W. BONNEY *of the A. B. C. F. M.*

Editor of the Christian Intelligencer.

Mr. Bonney wished me to accompany him back to Canton and see the house he had selected for our residence before commencing the necessary repairs. You would surely have laughed could you have seen the medley of articles when packing, it was housemoving on a miniature scale for nothing could be obtained at Canton. We left Macao at 7 o'clock November 17, 1858 in the little steamer Spark with Freddy, Amah and the coolie, under the Stars and Stripes. The war-like appearance of the American vessel was rather startling; how strange it seemed that the crowd of Chinese passengers were kept under such careful surveillance, restricted to one part of the lower deck a chain drawn across, and armed sentinels close by, the officers with pistols in their belts and other weapons ready for use. Swords suspended above the dining table and guns stacked at both sides of the saloon. These were the precautionary measures, necessarily adopted by all the steamers, which gave a feeling of security and allowed me to enjoy the charming sail. We passed through the "Bogue" or embouchure of the river about half a mile wide, which with its interesting localities naturally elicited much attention. Two islands are quite near each other with fortifications on both, now entirely demolished and by the decree of the victorious Allied powers are not to be rebuilt. We sail through the Tiger's Mouth between these islands, having an excellent view of the singular shaped rock resembling a Tiger crouching on the heights, ready to spring on his prey. There were many pagodas; the one beyond the Whampoa anchorage, twelve miles below Canton, is a towering octagonal, nine stories in height beautifully situated on the top of a knoll covered with the verdure of a perpetual summer, built of red sand stone. "Pagodas bring and secure good luck to that region in accordance with the rules of 'foong shoo-e' or wind and water doctrine; they are always an odd number of stories, seldom less than five or more than eleven."

The pagodas are residences of some of the gods and sometimes they are illuminated which makes them very conspicuous objects. The Chinese make for toys miniature pagodas from one to seven feet high and decorated in an attractive manner which are very pretty. There was a constant diversion of scene and incident which made the excursion most enjoyable. Very many foreign ships were at anchor for more than a mile, and not a few of the clumsy looking Chinese junks, ostentatiously fine with flashy paints, and those great starers from the prows in all directions gazing at you. These are an indispensable part of the vessel; "No got eye, no can see; how fashion can makee walkee?" There too were the floating residences or chops for foreigners anchored firmly in the river, being more secure than on terra firma. The chief point of interest to me was the pleasant-looking chop from which old Mr. Cowper was unlawfully seized by order of Chinese mandarins, carried up to Canton and incarcerated in some vile dungeon. He was residing with his family in one of these large, comfortable homes; one evening while sitting at the tea table, a boat came along side with a letter to be delivered into Mr. Cowper's own hand. Fearless of consequences, in opposition to the wishes of his family, he went outside the cabin door to receive the missive. The

first intimation he received of danger was being immediately seized by strong men; resistance was vain and he was forced into the boat which instantly pushed off. His daughter witnessed the heart rending proceeding which half crazed the brain; but her struggles — as regardless of her own safety — she clung to him availed not, her defenceless father was taken prisoner! Then with brave and heroic ardor — in the midst of agonized wailings, she gave the alarm to the surrounding shipping, by sending up with her own hands the preconcerted signal of “rockets.” Boats were at once sent from a man-of-war and other ships to learn the cause of trouble; they gave chase and pursued but it was useless, the wily natives frustrated every effort and fruitless was the search. There was no means of reaching any definite information, but there were many sad rumors of torture and death, nothing certain, however, could ever be ascertained of the imprisoned victim. This same courageous and devoted daughter, when subsequently my guest, related to me the particulars of the catastrophe of that sad, eventful dark night. “Mr. Cowper’s fine new house on land had been set on fire, and only a portion of the walls left standing. The piles of the various docks have been burnt, and every vestige of the immense stock of planks and spars removed. The stone work of the upper portion of the granite dock had been dug up by the Chinese.” Bamboo town remains untouched, but New Town, with all the foreigners’ houses, workshops, &c., on shore, have been leveled; indeed the destruction of property seems to have been a pleasing diversion, and shows how implacable the Chinese are against foreigners when vengeance obtains a hold in their bosoms. After leaving Whampoa we soon saw the shadowy tops of the far famed “White Cloud Hills” in the distance; while the low banks of the Pearl river were covered with long rows of green lychee trees close to the water’s edge, and the “beaches fringed with feathery palms;” banana trees in luxuriant groves filled with the “ripening fruit in long heavy clusters;” while the paddy-fields were always in sight — of a beautiful, bright green color — for “rice, not corn is the staff of life of the Chinese. This feathery bamboo is of a superior value to the Chinese as the reed, in its entire state, is formed into stools, chairs, tables, bedsteads, and many other articles of furniture; masts and yards for shipping. When split into laths and beaten into fibres, it forms fine screens for ornaments, ropes and twine for all purposes — from the standing and running rigging of a ship to the wick of a candle. “Woven it becomes a sail cloth; and when young it affords a very nutritious article of diet, therefore these bamboo sprouts are much used. The bamboo becomes also the weapon of stern justice.”

Soon Canton, or the “City of Rams,” appeared in sight, after our pleasant sail of over seventy miles north from Macao. It is about ninety miles from Hongkong in a north-westerly direction; “the northern part of the city rests upon the side of a hill and has a five storied pagoda built on the northern wall.” The stream, which is a quarter of a mile wide opposite the city, was crowded with sampans, junks and other boats moored near the shore, side by side, having an immense floating population. As you approach, you are struck with the numbers of unstable looking huts — for more than three miles — built on piles driven down deep in the mud. My first impressions of my future home were certainly not particularly favorable as the low native houses burst on my view, each one of which seemed surrounded by squalid-looking children, almost in a state of nudity, with

babies strapped on their backs, engaged in childish games, perfectly reckless as to the safety of, and seemingly unburdened by, their living freight.

The site on which the foreign "Factories" or residences of the merchants ("substantial blocks of buildings, four stories high — the botanical garden with the four lofty flag staffs, planted at regular intervals, displaying the colors of America, France, England and Denmark with the neat Gothic Chapel"), once stood is now a desolate spot of smouldering ruins, one blackened mass. Our steamer anchored in the middle of the stream at five o'clock in the afternoon, and in one of the native boats we soon reached the residence of Rev. Issachar J. Roberts a Baptist missionary (he arrived in 1837), who kindly received us with a warm welcome. He gave us the "prophet's chamber," a pleasant room with one chair and a bamboo settee for bedstead, which we soon made very comfortable with the articles we had brought up from Macao.

The next morning we were threading our way through the tortuous streets, in quest of our little domicile, followed by gaping crowds of men with blue cotton loose coats with large open sleeves, pantaloons fastened around the ancle, a cap covering only top of head without any brim to it, braided cue reaching nearly to the ground, cloth shoes with thick felt soles, fans in their hands and lots of children. I well knew William had procured the best house he possibly could, therefore made up my mind to like it even before seeing; and there was no exception to the general rule, all the houses were equally insignificant and seemed in a toppling condition. It much resembles McCafferty's bake shop next to Dr. William Bay's residence in Pearl street and not as good as Cherry Hill barn! You would say, how can human beings live in such filthy hovels, the walls not plastered, the beams all in view and the whole structure is badly battered and broken by the cannon balls. It was formerly part of the Custom House and a sure mark during the time of the bombardment, for it is perforated with shot holes; its broken walls and holes in the roof prove that the Allied Forces fully intended to riddle it; but, repairs will work a wonderful change. I like our situation of southern frontage on the river, with west side of the house on a nice wide street. One of the public stone landing wharfs is next to our house on this thoroughfare, and we daily see large baskets filled with luscious fruits, for the market, carried by from this stone jetty. Yes I am perfectly satisfied with my future residence, and to-morrow we return to Macao to await the alterations to be made in the house previous to moving up our entire family.

*Mission Life at Canton.*

*Canton January 11, 1859.* We left Macao, that place of beautiful creation on December 31st and were safely domiciled in our cheerful little home on the last evening of the old year of 1858. I am very glad I saw the house in its rough state, shattered by balls, filthy and dark, as I can better appreciate Mr. Bonney's patience and toil, in converting it into such a pleasant abode. Our residence in the suburbs called *Sun Sha*, is situated only a short distance below the "Sea Pearl island or the Dutch Folly fort with beautiful old trees and ruins of its fanciful buildings around which boats, of various kinds, are moored, several tiers thick. "The part of the city inclosed by walls is about six miles in circumference; and its whole circuit, including the suburbs, is ten miles. The wall is of brick on sand stone foundations, (there is a partition wall run-

ning east and west, which divides Canton into two unequal parts) and varies from twenty-five to forty feet in height, having an esplanade on the inside, and pathways leading to the rampart on three sides. There are twelve outer gates, four in the partition wall, and two water gates, through which boats pass from east to west across the new city. A ditch once encompassed the walls, but is now dry on the northern side.

“The gates of the city are all shut at night, and a guard is constantly stationed at them to preserve order. These narrow streets are flagged with large, flat granite blocks and present a singular appearance in having the floors of the shops on a level with the street and entirely open.” Each shop has its perpendicular tablets in columns of letters written downwards, or sign-boards with letters from right to left; all are richly varnished and the Chinese inscriptions are of bright red or gilt characters. “Often a scroll of cloth also inscribed on both sides is hung across the street with a notice of the commodities sold. “It is the long line of these gaudy signs, stretching overhead and on both sides, and visible at times for a full mile or more, that forms the very attractive vista as seen in the narrowing perspective until your sight is entirely obstructed by these gorgeous signs. “Each shop assumes as its title two words of the most felicitous meaning as : the shop of ‘*Celestial affluence,*’ ‘*Perpetual success,*’ ‘*Overflowing abundance* etc; and the concern is thenceforward known by that designation, all bills, notes and business documents being authenticated by its employment. At New Year time the sign-boards are likewise ornamented with scarlet streamers of silk flaunting loosely, *scarlet* being the festive color in China. Not infrequently coarse *white* cotton or hempecloth may be observed similarly mounted, a sign that death has invaded the establishment white being the color of mourning.”

“In every street you see idols—the gods of the Chinese are numberless, they have a deity for every thing with printed prayers which are burned at stated times. In passing along, this seems to the eye of a stranger almost a city of men because you meet comparatively so few females. Chinese ladies are never seen on the streets, they live perfectly secluded from the world in ignorance and want of education; they are greatly tyrannized over and strictly guarded in their clannish and patriarchal mode of living. Women’s names are mostly selected from amongst names of gems, flowers, virtues, and such like, and are consequently quite in keeping with the characteristics of the sex. In Canton and its vicinity, the names are abbreviated in conversation to one character and an *A* prefixed to it.” Among my pupils there is one young girl named *Akee-ue*, or *Beautiful*; *Ayow*, Miss Have; *Aoot*, Miss Life; *Achünc*, Miss Revolution; *Apo*, Miss Precious; *Fok-kwei*, Miss Happy Return; *Ahà*, Miss Summer &c. On marrying, a woman takes the surname of her husband, as with us, but the affix which marks the name of the married woman is placed after the surname. The wife of *Mr. Palace* would be designated *Kung She*, or *Palace Mulam*.” A girl never marries a man whose *surname* is the *same* as her own even if he is not at all related to her. A few days since a party of officers went into the country on a pic-nic excursion, they were fired upon by some braves from one of the villages. Accordingly last Saturday morning, a large body of French and English marched out, also sending gun-boats around, they have burned down the village; it is reported one Sepoy and two English soldiers were killed, also a mandarin. We trust this salutary discipline will prove an efficacious reminder to these obtuse Celestials and that it may not disturb the

peace of the city any further. This afternoon Mr. Bonney and I walked down to Rev. Dr. Ball's about a mile below this; threading our way through the very narrow, tortuous streets we came to the Execution Ground where during the political disturbances 300 and over were decapitated weekly on this little spot of ground 300 feet long by forty feet wide. Rev. Mr. Vrooman saw on one occasion one hundred and fifty heads cut off and one man cut in pieces. While we were walking down the centre of the enclosure on the paved path of large blocks of stone, a crowd soon collected; one man, who lived there, was very communicative regarding this place, which is now used for drying furnaces &c., and is indeed a "Potter's-field;" when needed for retributive justice it is cleared. There were many curious things to be met as we continued our walk among which I classed the strings of coolies carrying heavy burdens.

There is a fine large old banyan tree in the west side street, which projects over and shades our dwelling, but it needed trimming; no person however could be found now to undertake the task as it might interfere with the "Foong-Shooe," and Mr. Bonney himself mounted the ladder to perform the necessary work; but a crowd soon collected and most strenuously objected to his proceeding. With firmness, but in a kind, conciliatory manner, Mr. Bonney explained to the excited throng, how the roots were breaking away the tiles from the roof of his dwelling-house, and inviting two or three of the leading men to ascend the ladder and inspect for themselves, informed them he should remove just so much of the tree, as was proving a serious detriment. The elders were convinced of the justice of the act, and they accordingly allowed him to do as he wished, but to a man of less tact, this might have proved an occasion of riotous tumult and rather a dangerous undertaking. Very sad news came from Shanghai that Rev. William A. Macy died there on April 9th of the small-pox. He was in Rev. H. Blodget's family; every care and attention was given him, but the shaft of the destroyer had sped on its way. Mr. Macy arrived in China March, 1846, and during the thirteen years he has labored as a missionary he aimed at a high standard of piety; he was a patient and faithful teacher, a good man who endeavored to be very accurate in all his statements and conversation. Last evening the Overlands and Mails brought us many very pleasant letters from home; but with these came also the sorrowful intelligence of the decease of Rev. John B. French, one of our Canton missionaries. He was on his way to the United States and died, at sea, November 30, 1858, leaving a wife and two children to pursue their lonely way over the deep waters to the widowed mother of Mr. French. You most probably have heard that the Viceroy Yeh died at Calcutta where he was sent as a prisoner after his capture by the British on January 4, 1858. The remains of Commissioner Yeh were brought to Canton last week and now lie in state at one of the temples. The ponderous and pompous coffin had the lid morticed on, it will remain there some time.

We have also just heard of the Christian liberality of Rev. David Sandeman, a Scotch missionary at Amoy. He arrived at Hongkong the same day with William and myself, together we attended the Monthly Concert. Last summer he died of cholera at Amoy on July 31, 1858, aged 32 years. He belonged to a noble family, but gave up all his possessions for Christ's cause in China; he supported himself and in his will bequeathed all his property to the Mission. The *first* payment or portion of his bequest is \$20,000. How many more such sums are to come is not stated. Mr.

Sandeman "had great possessions" but he obeyed when Jesus called him, and could truly say "Whatever be the will of God my soul is for Jesus only: Jehovah-Tsidkenu, Jehovah my righteousness." Death has called many away.

*Consul Perry to Rev. S. W. Bonney.*

My dear Mr. Bonney, Canton, Tuesday March 22, 1859.  
 Pak-kwi (Governor General) and the Tartar General are coming to call on me to day at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3 o'clock. Could you make it convenient to come up? If so I will send my boat for you at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 2 o'clock. Kind regards to Mrs. Bonney.  
 Yours truly,  
 Rev. S. W. Bonney, Sun Sha. OLIVER H. PERRY.

The Consulate was next door to the hong of Messrs. Russell & Co; and from their veranda I saw His Excellency, the Governor General in company with the Tartar General and Hoppo (Customs Official) with the usual large train of obsequious attendants when on this ceremonial visit to our Consul. All were elegantly dressed in their gay robes and finery used on state occasions with every appliance that could make a fine morning pageant. As they landed from their boat they received the usual salute. Not long after this splendid array we heard of the death of Pak-kwi.

On April 28, 1859, U. Seen Shang, the assistant preacher of Mr. Bonney was married to a Chinese woman, the ceremony was performed by Mr. Bonney in Chinese after the Christian form, in our parlor; about fifty persons were present, many of the missionaries also attended. The bride has very small feet and is a suitable companion for him. We gave them the wedding dinner at the chapel, forty men, most of them Christian Chinese, sat down to the repast, which had been prepared at the Chinese restaurateur in their most approved style, at three o'clock the day of the wedding, and the following day was the woman's feast. My invitation to the second dinner was written on crimson paper. We went to head quarters to see the military practice throwing rockets, shell-rockets with a spear at the end, and firing balls out of cannon at a target. It was a fine sight to see shells burst ploughing up the ground, and a novel experience to me; as also to hear cannon balls whiz through the air with such a hissing sound. We became quite excited and really oblivious to all danger, as from our station we were braving neither bayonet nor bullet, but admiring the bold adventurous display, which was watched by a host of wondering Chinese.

In the early part of April we went out to see the general worship of ancestors at the hills. We met groups of men, women, and children repairing to their family tombs, carrying a tray containing the sacrifice, and libations for offering; also the candles, large bundles of silver paper and incense for burning. The graves were carefully swept and repaired; at the close of ceremonies and prayers with explosion of fire-crackers, three long strips of red and white paper are placed on each grave fastened there by three pieces of turf at the front and back of the grave. These papers fluttering in the wind plainly show that the accustomed rites have been performed; for if any grave has been neglected three years, it is often sold and dug over."

It is a singular spectacle: the lighted candles, incense sticks burning, the altar on which "are cups of wine and tea, pork, fish, fowls, cake and vegetables. When all is prepared, one by one, the different members of the family kneel down, and bows his head near the ground three times. The mock money is then burned, and fire-crackers are exploded; the

wine cups are poured out on the burning paper; repeating the ceremony of kneeling and bowing from the highest in rank to the lowest." This "Festival of the Tombs, when the Chinese visit the graves of their ancestors and present offerings before them, is concluded with a family meeting at a social feast." In August we frequently see paper garments, paper-money of silver and gilt, paper houses with its proper furniture carried through the streets to be burned, and this festival, like all the others, is attended with feasting and music. Mr. Bonney has written you the sad news from the Peiho river, of a victory of the Chinese over the English and French troops, who were escorting the Plenipotentiaries to Peking. The gunboats and steamers were opposed by the Chinese not far from Tientsin, a battle ensued in which 478 of the English and French were killed and wounded. The battle continued from two o'clock P. M. to midnight, on June 25, 1859. "The passage by the Peiho to Tientsin was found to be obstructed at the mouth by a barrier of beams and stakes, defended by new forts on shore; in endeavoring to remove these obstacles, the English and French forces suffered a defeat, which compelled them to return to Shanghai." The Chinese were dreadfully cruel to the captured foreigners, cutting off legs, arms, &c. Lieut. Ingliss was taken after being wounded and great apprehensions are felt for him. It is fearful so many were killed. Rev. Mr. Hewlit we knew very well. There must still be more fighting, the Treaty is not ratified, and they try to keep the Forces from Peking.

"The exchange of the ratifications of the treaties was to take place in June, 1859. The Hon. F. Bruce, M. Bourboulon, and Hon. J. E. Ward, the English, French, and American ministers, met in Shanghai in that month. The Imperial Commissioners had tarried there during the winter, for the purpose of conferring with Mr. Bruce upon some unsettled points. He declined to see them, however, and soon after all parties proceeded toward Peking, the Chinese preferring to go by land. The American minister proceeded on to Peking by way of Pehtang, where he arrived July 28th and was well received. A discussion there ensued with Kweiliang respecting the ceremonies to be observed at an audience with the Emperor, who required the American minister to 'tow-kow' or kneel in his presence, knocking the head on the floor, but this obeisance being refused by our Embassy, the audience was not granted." This news will, of course, prevent the English withdrawing their forces in August from Canton, as they intended doing, and I am truly thankful that they will remain longer. Europe too seems in terrible commotion "Wars and rumors of wars" are heard from every quarter of the globe. Dr. Williams accompanied Mr. Ward to Peking but it seems to have been a fruitless expedition, but we are glad our Embassy was firm. Dr. Williams has kindly offered us his house at Macao — "the sanitarium of southern China — for three or four months, and we are only too thankful to enjoy this privilege during the summer "inhaling the seabreeze" and by this means invigorated for further duties. All my scholars and the Chinese lady teacher are to accompany me, and Capt. John B. Endicott, with his usual liberality, gives my school a free passage on his steamer, the "Spark."

In one of our monthly boating trips, of recreation for the pupils, Mr. Bonney took us to a large Sugar Cane plantation. The whole field of waving cane strongly resembled a thriving crop of our Indian corn. Each plant had been placed about three feet apart in parallel rows, and was now

fully ten feet high with two inches in diameter. It is propagated by the cuttings or slips, not the seeds, and cultivated to a great extent in the southern provinces. The sugar cane (*saccharum officinarum*) is nourishing to man, and the leaves and juicy stems with the tops of the canes scarcely less so for the cattle; the refuse of the cane is dried and used for fuel. When ripe the canes are full of a rich, sweet juice; they are cut into small sticks and found on every huckster's stand or hawked about the streets warm, for consumption by the people who are very fond of chewing, and then spit out the chaff along the streets or on chapel floors, as may be. When the canes are in a proper condition they are cut down and violently squeezed in a mill, between two upright cylindrical bodies, and twisted like a rope which causes a great flow of the saccharine liquor into the receiving cistern. It is then concentrated by boiling, which expels the water. "A little lime water is mixed with the liquid, that has run out from the canes, which helps to clarify it; when it is clear then allowed to cool, it settles down in the form of brown granulated and crystallized sugar, while the liquor that runs off is molasses." This raw brown sugar is sold in small cakes and is much like maple sugar. The heated liquor is still further refined and purified making light brown and white sugar. The rock sugar candy is very delicious. Sugar cane is considered an omen of good luck, but it certainly is good eating.

We often visited the hongs to observe the preparation of tea for the foreign market. "The tea-shrub resembles the low species of whortleberry, the leaf is a dark green color, of an oblong oval shape; it blossoms about November, producing a white flower, inodorous and single, in appearance and size much like the orange flower. The seeds form in a pod like hazel-nuts in size and color, each pod or hard husk contains three tea-seeds about as large as a small bean, the oil obtained from them is used for several purposes. "The soil most favorable for the growth of tea is a rich sandy earth, with a large proportion of vegetable mould in it, on sides of hills. The seeds are thickly planted in nursery beds and when about a foot high they are transplanted into rows about four feet apart; and are allowed to grow about two feet high. The leaves are picked from the plant when three years old, but it does not attain full size before six or seven, and thrives according to care from fifteen to twenty years. Three crops of leaves are gathered during the season. The first picking is about the middle of April, or when the tender leaf-buds begin to open, this is the best tea and commands the highest price. One pound of green leaves makes only about three or four ounces of tea. The second gathering is about the first of May, when the shrubs are covered with full size leaves. When the proper time has arrived, a large number of hands are needed to gather the leaves rapidly, and at this period the whole population, men, women, and children, find employment. The leaves are collected by handfuls, stripping them off the branches as rapidly as possible, and throwing them into open baskets, slung around the neck, in which they are taken to the house for curing. Each person can, on an average, pick thirteen pounds of leaves in a day, for which the wages are about six cents. The third crop is collected about the middle of July and a gleaning in August. The quality of different kinds of tea depends almost as much upon the mode of curing as upon the nature of the soil or age of the leaf. After the leaves are gathered and housed, they are carefully assorted, the yellow and old ones picked out. The remainder are thinly spread upon bamboo trays and placed in the wind upon

frames, where they remain until the leaves begin to soften. While lying upon the tray they are gently rolled many times, after which they are ready for firing. The workman sprinkles a handful of leaves on a heated iron pan, waits until each leaf pops, when he brushes them off before they are charred, the fresh leaves are thrown on these hot pans and kept in motion. They are then placed upon trays for rolling, the workmen taking a handful of the hot leaves in their hands roll them on the table, in a particular manner, by which means they take a round or spiral form; this kneading also drives out the oily green juice, which runs through on the floor. After the leaves are thus rolled, they are shaken out loosely upon basket trays, and exposed to the *air* to complete the drying in the gentlest manner that they may not lose their brittleness, nor become crisp in the sun. The process is occasionally varied. After the leaves have been put into the firing pan to be subjected to the heat, rolled upon the table or tray, and exposed to the sun, instead of being returned to the pans, they are scattered upon a fine sieve placed over the same fire, the iron pan having been taken out. This fire is of charcoal and covered with ashes to prevent smoking the leaves, and while there they are slowly turned over until thoroughly dried. This mode of drying gives the leaves a greenish hue, varying in degree according to the length of time they are exposed to the sun and fire. Both black and green teas are produced from the same plant, the difference in the color is wholly owing to the mode of preparation.

“*Green* tea is cured more rapidly over the fire than the black, and not dried in baskets afterwards; but throwing the leaf into red hot pans, and subsequently exposing it to the sun and drying it over a covered fire makes it *black*. Green tea can therefore be changed into black, but the contrary cannot be done, because the leaf is already black. Green tea is made by simply *drying* the leaves; young ones over a gentle heat and old ones over a hot fire, for about half an hour. The difference in taste is owing to the greater proportion of oil, which, from its mode of drying, remains in the green tea. There is also an artificial coloring given to it in order to make the lots present a uniform and merchantable color. The leaves when in the pans for the second time, are sprinkled with some tumeric powder to give them a yellow tint, and then with a mixture of gypsum and prussian blue, or gypsum and indigo finely combined, which imparts the desired bloom to the yellowish leaves as they are rolled over in the heated pans. The safe guard against injury from the coloring matter, is in the minute proportion in which the deleterious substances are combined. When over the fire for the ultimate drying, fresh flowers of the desired fragrance, as jessamine, olea fragrans, and other plants are placed between the heated leaves, by putting one basket of tea or chá over the flowers as they lie on the top of an under basket, and then stirring them a little. Only the finer kinds of green and black teas are thus treated; the scented tea must be immediately packed to preserve the flavor thus given to it. The teas are packed in wooden chests lined with lead, trodden down by barefooted men. Countless numbers of men, women and children find constant occupation during the tea season in sifting and sorting the picked leaves, earning from three to eight cents besides their board, per day. The “Oolongs are purchased in large quantities for America, the ‘Flowery Pekoes, Scented Tea, Souchongs and Congos, are the choice assortments; the second crop of which this year was received by the middle of July and the third crop is expected to arrive the beginning of August.

“Weak, tepid tea without the admixture of milk or sugar is the prevailing beverage of all classes, and teapots are placed within reach every where to gratify this habit at frequent intervals during the day. This is especially observable amongst mechanics, with whom, be the circumstances what they may, the tea-pot may be seen as a never-failing companion. Open tea houses, somewhat on the principal of the continental restaurant, abound in every street and public garden, and these are frequented not only by the thirsty passers-by but, by persons wishing to have a half hour’s friendly or business chat. In some of these, public readers or lecturers may be found, for the attraction or amusement of customers. In the summer months wealthy folk cause huge pans of ready-made tea to be placed at the corners of streets or in crowded thoroughfares, for the convenience of the poor; very much as permanent drinking-fountains are now erected in our cities. Drunkenness is not a Chinese failing; they imbibe spirituous liquors manufactured out of rice occasionally on festivals.”

One of our pleasant excursions was, after a short sail of two miles up the river, to the beautiful private gardens of Howqua and Poontinqua. They are inclosed by high granite walls having spacious walks hedged with green porcelain vases of flowers; pretty lakes of water, spanned with rustic bridges; lofty trees, both ornamental and fruit — the little kum-quat, coolie, and large mandarin orange with its bright red skin, hung from groves of orange trees; a plantation of bananas; splendid flowering shrubs plants. Together with several fanciful palace like edifices, whose corners and ridges were ornamented with green and yellowish porcelain figures of dragons, snakes, and fishes, displaying the true Chinese architectural taste, but giving a grotesque appearance to the roof; the entire structure is tent-shaped.

Poontinqua’s villa is in a better state of preservation than Howqua’s and on a more magnificent scale, covering several acres. Next to the wall are spacious covered promenades — over which trail the twining shrub *Wistaria* with its bracts of blue flowers — leading to artificial rocks with circuitous paths to ascend, and the ponds of water in which float the gold, silver and black fish with tufted fins. The extensive grounds are every where intersected with pleasant winding walks, one of which, separating two artificial and picturesque lakes with the delicately tinged lotus and other aquatic plants, is shaded by the graceful foliage of the fir trees.

One of these miniature palaces, with costly furniture, boudoirs and banqueting hall, is the summer retreat for the family of Poontinqua. On one occasion we were received by the ladies with great courtesy and shown by them the spacious theatre in the same building for the elegant private entertainments. In this aquatic garden is collected every requisite that could add to the attractiveness of the fairy scene; secluded grottoes and fantastic bridges are seen in many parts, then we come to the pretty Turkish kiosks, open on all sides and supported by pillars around which twined the clustering rose; there, too, were dwarfed trees and shrubs trimmed to form animals in grotesque shapes, with many glazed flower-pots of porcelain containing choice flowers. We ascended to the upper floor of the three storied pagoda, from the windows of which the whole surrounding was beautiful like a picture. The apartments for smoking the opium-pipe were also here to be seen, and the sickening perfume very perceptible. There were “divans or platforms about three feet high, covered with fine matting and having a cane or bamboo pillows. The opium-pipe is a bamboo stick, about two feet long, having a small drum inserted near

the end, with an aperture in its centre, it rests on a small table about half a foot high. A piece of opium, about the size of a pea is heated and placed on the drum, the pipe is then held to the flame and its exhilarating fumes are drawn into the lungs.

I find very much to interest me in my daily walks : the people naturally manifest the greatest curiosity to meet the Western barbarians *inside* of the city walls from which for centuries they had been so jealously excluded. We always have a crowd to follow ; if you enter a shop the doorway and street is immediately blocked up with a sea of heads ; but I do not feel timid in the slightest degree. There always is an opportunity to give the curious women and children a kind word, when even the men smile approvingly to hear a foreign lady speak to them in their own language. Once when walking with Mr. Bonney, two coarse, half grown men from another province, who probably had not previously seen foreigners, seemed greatly interested, passed and repassed us, till finally they ran on ahead and stooping down, laid their heads, with earnestness, close on the pavement till we had gone beyond them ; they evidently were trying to see if a "*fan-qui-paw's*" (foreign devil's wife) feet could compare with those so highly prized of the "Flowery-land" belles. The streets are paved with slabs of stone and quite clean, for Canton is the "Paris" of China ; they are very straight but generally narrow ! indeed in many of them, if I stand in the middle, can easily touch the houses on either side with my hands ; "few of them exceed ten or twelve feet and most of them less than eight feet. There are many pretty buildings in the city and great numbers of triumphal arches, and so crowded, that it is difficult to walk in them."

An awning of matting covers and completely shields you from the rays of the burning sun, shedding a sombre and pleasant light ; it extends from roof to roof across some of the principal streets lined with divers shops of merchandise, and gay with brilliantly painted sign-boards and showy lanterns. "Few of the wealthy Chinese keep their families in the house where they do business, but either in the city or country. They have such a regard to privacy that no windows are made toward the streets." We see many small shrines for the worship of the local divinities, "these shrines of the street gods are usually located in little niches in the wall, sometimes with altars before them holding incense sticks." It was amusing to stop at the little stall of carved olive nuts, beautifully cut in the most grotesque images. In one of our walks from the chapel of Mr. Bonney, we were so much engaged looking at the curious, that we quite forgot that the city gates are closed at half past six o'clock ; on our return found we were locked up within the walls. We however went to the British Sergeant of the Police, who with his own men kindly opened the ponderous gates for our egress, and we were permitted to return to our little home, where our birdlings had felt anxious at our unusual delay.

*Missionary Correspondence.*

Macao, China, Aug 9, 1859.

The old and true proverb "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," I fear has proved true, in regard to the treaties of peace made last year with the Chinese Government. The Emperor has met the bearers of these treaties with war-like weapons and battle.

The affair on the Peiho throws back our political relations with China, just where they were before the late war, if not to a worse condition ; for the English and French have both sent home for reinforcements to redeem

what has been lost. Mrs. B. and myself are at Macao for a short time, to shield ourselves from the summer's heat. Her health is generally good. She has a girl's boarding school now of thirteen, all doing well and eager to improve in what will make them happy in this world, and in the world to come, for girls in China are not valued much. The attendance at my Chapel averages 150. It is safe at Canton now. The English and French garrison numbers 3000. We would not feel secure without some protection against the banditti that infest the country around, and the idle, mischief-seeking fellows that harbor in the city. Two armed policemen show themselves at our house in Canton every day for security's sake.

There is a very interesting work of God's Spirit going on among the English soldiers stationed at Canton. They hold prayer-meetings every evening at the rooms of the Chaplain. Last Wednesday evening I attended one of the meetings; 70 were present. A truly Christian soldier 'tis good to see. There is such vigor, decision, energy and boldness in his Christian character that all must observe his good works. The Mission circle is well. We number twelve ordained missionaries in Canton. The city will probably be held for two years more, if not longer, as security for the good faith of the Chinese Government. Yours in Christian love.

S. W. BONNEY.

While in Macao the clipper ship "Surprise" arrived with our Missionary pioneers of the Dutch Board, bound for Japan to establish a Mission there. Miss Julia Brown spent a week with us; the day she was safely housed we were convinced a typhoon was brewing, it proved a very destructive one, every thing seemed topsy-turvy; debris of all kinds were tangled together for it was what the Chinese call an "*iron whirlwind*." When the gale had abated we all returned to Canton on board the little steamer "Spark." On September 22d Dr. and Mrs. Brown with their family, Rev. and Mrs. G. F. Varbeck, Dr. and Mrs. Simmons proceeded on their way to Japan in the "Surprise;" they will prove effective laborers in this new field. The topic of the day with us is—troops, troops, troops, they are constantly arriving from India and there will be sad work at the North. On the 29th we visited Whampoa—the Yellow Anchorage—twelve miles below the city, where all the large ships lie. We had a pleasant visit on board the Clipper "JACOB BELL," Capt. Frisbie. [The Jacob Bell was captured and burnt, February 2, 1863, when in latitude 24° 1' by the pirate Captain Maffit of the "Florida." Mrs. H. Dwight Williams was a passenger on board, she and others were literally robbed of all their personal effects.] After which we went on shore at French Island to the foreigner's Cemetery." There was the monument to Hon. Alexander H. Everett, American Minister to China; there too were the graves of Revs. James G. Bridgman, Mr. Brewster, many sailors and others. A deep feeling of solemnity came over me as I stood by the six mounds of those murdered Englishmen on the green sunny hills of French Island. The Parsees have selected the high peak on Dane Island as a picturesque site for the sepulchre of their dead.

We have made many visits to the celebrated Buddhist temple of Honam, on the river bank opposite the city, it is the most magnificent in the southern part of the empire and has one hundred and seventy-five priests. "Passing up a long avenue, having a pavement flagged with granite slabs, beneath stately old banyan trees whose overshadowing branches are filled with cawing rooks and the resort for thousands of birds," we turned first

into the extensive grounds and large garden in the rear of the building, which covers an area of about eight acres and is surrounded by a high wall. In one corner of it is the charnel-house or large furnace used for burning the bodies of the deceased priests, if they prefer cremation to burial. I took in my hand the large sieve employed for sifting the cinders, but soon put it down with melancholy feelings. The ashes are then put in jars till the annual season of opening the mausoleum in which is deposited all that remains of the burnt priests, "gathered from the funeral pyre." In another small temple near by, were sixteen earthen jars, from one of which we lifted the stone cover and saw the preserved sacred ashes together with a small remnant of the calcined bone. If a priest, previous to his death, has signified a desire *not* to be interred, his corpse is dressed in priestly robes and placed in a sitting posture in an arm chair, over a hole about two feet deep well filled with combustible materials. After the customary services the fire is applied and quickly encircles the subject, but the stench from the burning body is almost insufferable. Another of the precious relics is one of the toe-nails of Buddha, preserved under a small marble pagoda. Bending our steps to the piggery, we saw a dozen of monstrous fat, crooked back, "sacred hogs," also a henry filled with fowls, all of which have been presented by some of the worshipers, and are kept from the temple fund with a sacred respect for their lives, good health and luxurious living till they die. These greedy, fat, venerated swinish creatures were too slothful almost to rise from wallowing in the mire, as such round hundreds of fat on their heavy bodies could scarcely be supported by their small, short legs. There is also a pond covered with the leaves and flowers of a species of the water lily, the sacred lotus; the slender stem five feet in length upholds a broad cup about eight inches in diameter of the most delicate rosy tint. This temple is the one in which Mr. Bonney resided for many months; his old landlord was pleased to see him again, and greeted us with extravagant expressions of delight; after being entertained with tea and fruits we went the round of inspection. As you ascend the steps to the high portico and enter the first portal at the outer court, of this the wealthiest temple in China, you see two colossal watchers or guardians of the edifice, hideous looking demons some fifteen feet in height; the four custodes at the inner portal are still more bulky and huge statues. There are various other images, fifty or sixty in number, of six feet high, all of them grotesque in shape and appearance, some with black beards, some with red, having instruments of war in their hands, though not very awe inspiring.

This Hai-chwang temple is a massive square structure with the national peaked roof, the main division of which is one hundred feet square and about fifty feet high, surrounded by pillars and very gorgeous in its coverings of gilt and bright paint, but abounds in dust as do all the public edifices. In this spacious apartment is the altar of Buddha with the three very large stately images of the Past, the Present and the Future Buddha, they all are over twenty-five feet high and splendid idols, made of wood and richly gilded, in a sitting posture surrounded by the sacred lotus flowers, with joss-sticks of sandal wood burning in front of them. On the altar were fruits, cakes and a pot of burning incense. The usual paraphernalia of the censer, the flower-vase, and the taper-stand for the consuming of joss-sticks, holding the fading flowers and the light from the melting wax is always found in all these temples, arranged in front of the idol.

We frequently were present at their evening worship when a procession of curious looking officiating priests, with closely shaven pates, robed in soiled long loose canonicals, a mantle of yellow silk put in folds like a toga, over their shoulders, with downcast eyes and clasped hands entered in single file. Many of the other priests wore flowing gray robes but all had square toes to their clumsy, thick-soled shoes. A large flat drum or tom-tom was beat, with occasional ringing of a bell and another person "rattles a tattoo on a wooden fish," when the priests with low and measured tones engaged in the "rehearsal of an unmeaning liturgy," it was a solemn and monotonous chant of the sacred name of their senseless god increasing in such rapidity of utterance as to be unintelligible. After performing sundry exercises, bowing to the floor and kissing the ground, while some of the number executed the "tow-kow" of three times three knockings of the head, they bow to each other and go backward then forward with deprecatory shufflings, having a string of beads resting between the thumbs and edges of the hand, all the time chanting and intoning in a drawing and nasal tone of voice their idolatrous invocations in a series of comic acts which are painfully astonishing! We went to the kitchen to see the immense receptacle for boiling rice and thence to the dining room in which two hundred priests take their daily meals. Dark, dark are those minds that inhabit the cloisters of the temple as to the things of eternal life and death; they are a demure looking class of puppets, who bow and kneel, read their sacred books, burn incense sticks, set food and drinks before the idols day after day, but it avails not, "it is purely mechanical, a mere pantomime; gongs, drums and crackers every where appear to be looked upon as indispensable elements for successful worship in an unvarying course."

I inclose you the card of the venerable Abbot or chief priest of the temple.

"These slips of scarlet paper, cut about twelve inches long and four wide, single or folded four or more times according to the quality of the visitor, are the common visiting cards with the name printed in Chinese characters;" this was sent to Mr. Bonney in return for a Chinese Almanac which he presented to him, it is equivalent to a visit. The gorgeousness of this and indeed of all the temples is indescribable, abounding in gilt, tinsel and gaudy trappings with all the colors of the rainbow in the painted images, which are grotesque in form and aspect as well as perfectly hideous. It is appalling to think of the myriads engaged in this deific homage!

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### CONSPICUOUS ATTRACTIONS.

On November 1st, the day being clear and the weather delightful, we had a most enjoyable pic-nic excursion to the "White Cloud Hill," a low line of acclivities eight miles north of the city. The party comprised six missionaries, five ladies, three children with their Amahs; there were nine sedans and thirty coolies. Our "chow-chow" baskets with their motley freight of provisions forming a load for a few of the coolies, were

under charge of the well trained sprightly Canton "boy" in his white surplice like jacket, blue kickerbockers and dandily gartered stockings. It was our first visit; and now that the British power being paramount here, has obliged rebels and robbers to retire to distant places, we went without any apprehension and had a charming day. All the party enjoyed the delightful trip and felt the better for this little recreation. We were treated very civilly by all the Chinese though it was deemed prudent to go before the mail should arrive with news about the war, for we had apprehensions as to what effect it might have on the native mind, but we hope there may be no turning against us. Mr. Bonney and a few of the gentlemen walked both going, and returning, protected by their "white umbrellas and thick turbans wound around their felt helmets from the rays of the sun." We passed the French guard at the North Gate of Canton; over the granite flag stones, through vast fields carpeted green with the luxuriant sugar cane, and flourishing rice plants; close to a tea plantation where we stopped to gather a few leaves, and then halting in the bamboo tea-shed were refreshed by the hot beverage destitute of sugar or milk but a very grateful drink notwithstanding. Here the "coolies found time to snatch a few whiffs from their consoling pipes and each one goes into driveling ecstasies over the flavor of a cup of tea," and when refreshed we continued our course over the "granite bridge which spans a stream," having a fair view of "the squalid life of the Chinese peasantry — who, though sometimes amassing money, are content with the filthiest of habitations and of dress." We were greeted with the constant yelping of the village watch dogs with coarse, bristling hair, and tails curling up high over their back; the curious, half naked children who eagerly scrambled for a handful of cash, [Chinese coin made of brass; it has a square hole in the centre, used for stringing it.] Then, too, we were amused with the feminine inquisitiveness in the rustic inhabitants who would cluster in a gaping crowd along our path with occasionally a shrill cry of "*fan-qui-lo*" — foreign devils. Soon these petty annoyances were left in the rear and we were ascending the rugged, circuitous path; the scenery was very beautiful. There stretched "along the low banks of the river was the city of Genii," further away was the yellow anchorage or Whampoa the towering, nine storied pagoda and the country with its thousand villages for miles on every side. From the top of the "sky sweeping terrace," the view is as wide as the eye can sweep in all directions. The climb up the mountain is steep, yet the labor is fully compensated by the exchange of sights in narrow, dirty Chinese cities to the view obtained from this highest peak 1200 feet above the water line. The air was clear and bracing and we looked with delight on the wide rice fields, many villages, lofty mountains, rocky precipices, glens, gorges and other grand works of the Almighty.

We dined in a very large Monastery, not far from the summit, situated most picturesquely in a grove of grand old trees, and were regaled with spring water cold as ice which was most refreshing. On our return, one of the sedans, containing a lady, was overturned down a steep bank of twelve feet into a "paddy-field," she was much frightened but not seriously hurt. It seems very singular to see the Chinese generally with their bare heads exposed to the mid-day sun; they wear no cap or hat except on official or ceremonious occasions, the indispensable "*fan*" serves him as he walks to protect his eyes from the sun.

*The 9th*, was the anniversary of the Prince of Wales' birthday, there

was a grand review of all the English Troops, over 3000 under arms, they performed various manœuvres similar to those made in battle. New troops are constantly arriving; both English and French are making preparations for their march to Peking. A few days since I saw seventy Chinese prisoners in charge of Chinese soldiers with drawn swords, landed at the public wharf next to our house; they were tied together in threes and fours by the long cue; hands bound behind them, and a heavy iron chain around the neck; two women were among the chained gang. On the 10th Mr. Bonney saw eighteen of these criminals beheaded; the punishment was inflicted by order of the mandarins as they had been kidnapping coolies. They all were first cruelly tortured in the prison, then brought to the Execution ground in baskets, tied hands and feet, then tumbled out on the ground and made to kneel in two rows of nine in each. There were two executioners and within two minutes from coming in, all were lifeless on the earth, it took but one stroke, for each head, from the keen edge of the large knife. A mandarin sat by in his chair of state to give the order; many English and French officers were also present at the appalling scene. On the 12th, I walked down the street with part of my family to visit a sick missionary lady; passing the ground — with a spice of woman's curiosity — we entered the inclosure and saw the eighteen pools of blood now quite black. While standing still, one the coolies raised a piece of matting over a little mound by the wall, and there, in stupefied silence, I saw the eighteen gory *heads!* Oh, terrible sight! The bodies had all been removed, but the heads were reserved for wooden cages which will be raised on poles in their native villages and left standing, or to embellish the city walls. The following day the cages passed our door. We received sometime since the Rev. Dr. Bridgman's narrative about some fearful scenes among the Chinese Insurgents in 1856, of which a synopsis may possibly interest you. "The two chiefs of the insurgent force were Yang, 'the Eastern King' and Wei Changui, 'the Northern King,' both of these chiefs are now dead. Yang was, it seems, proverbial for instigating the most bloody massacres of all who stood in the way of his ambitious designs, as well as for his blasphemous assumptions. He had reached the pinnacle of despotic sway, and lived in true oriental luxury in his palace at Nanking. He rarely went beyond the gates of the city, but within the walls was all but supreme. One of the leaders among the insurgents, had become obnoxious to him, and Yang resolved to encompass his death. This design he communicated to one of his generals, who for some reason not assigned, revealed the plot to the intended victim (Hung Sintsinen, entitled the Celestial King); Hung, who appears to have been the brother of the Northern King, sought aid from him, and the massacre of the Eastern King and his followers was determined upon. The mode of accomplishing this was truly Chinese. The Northern King, by concert with the Celestial King entered the city in the dead of the night, posted his followers quickly and silently at every avenue to the palace of the Eastern King, and at a given signal Yang and hundreds of his officers and people lay weltering in their blood. Yang's followers in the city, however, were counted by tens of thousands, and further treachery was necessary to complete the tragedy. With the morning's dawn came the revelation of the massacre, and the design of Yang was announced as the reason of it. In order to get more of his followers into their power, however, deception was necessary, and the females of Hung's palace became a decoy. From

the balustrades of the palace they announced that Wei, the Northern King, and his men, had exceeded their orders; that as punishment Wei was to be bastinadoed; and Yang's surviving officers, as some atonement, were invited to be present at the infliction of the punishment. At this announcement, the Northern King's followers, being previously instructed, manifested the utmost sorrow and distress. As the second day advanced, some of the favorites were permitted to enter and rifle the palace of the slaughtered 'rebel.' But the scene of greatest interest lay in another quarter. In front of Hung's palace, in accordance with the summons of the previous day, multitudes had assembled at an early hour; and there, not many yards from the tribunal from behind which decrees were brought forth and proclaimed aloud by his female heralds, the chastisement began, Wei and his captains meekly (and cunningly) submitted. The sham succeeded: five or six thousand of Yang's troops — suspecting that nothing harder than the bamboo awaited them — allowed themselves to be deprived of their arms and placed for safe keeping in two large buildings, on or close to their late master's now desecrated palace. Once in, their fate was sealed; every one of them was put to death, and not only these, but other thousands also. Thus day after day the victims were arrested and made to suffer. Even little children were not spared. When the Eastern King's plot was revealed to the Celestial King, the latter summoned to Nanking the 'Assistant King,' Shih Takhai, as well as the Northern King, Wei. The Assistant King, however, refused to obey the summons, he being friendly to the Eastern King, Yang; but now he gathered his adherents and sent to the Celestial King a demand for Wei's head, on pain of an attack upon Nanking and its destruction. The demand was complied with. The head of the Northern King, Wei, was 'taken off,' placed in a box and sent. The far-famed 'Porcelain Tower' of Nanking was destroyed soon after for the great guns in it."

On June 21st, 1860, some of the Shanghai Missionaries visited the rebels, they were kindly received by the insurgent leaders, who welcomed them with every appearance of sincerity. They were admitted within the gates and allowed to traverse the city in every direction. They went to Soo-chow, saw evidences of the fearful nature of the struggle going on; dead bodies were in great numbers, while the whole air was offensive with the stench of putrefaction. Arriving at Soochow the full horrors of destruction, by fire and sword became evident. On learning that the Missionaries came simply as preachers of the Gospel and not as political agents, the insurgents avowed themselves to be Christians. They claimed to believe in one God, the Father, in his son Jesus Christ and in the Holy Spirit. The chiefs were kind and even refined in their manner. No revengeful spirit is shown, but with considerable solemnity and as a special department of duty the chief with his followers visits the doomed temple, which is cursed in the name of the Father, and of His Son Jesus Christ, and then it is at once thoroughly dismantled, the idols being broken into fragments. The insurgents observe the Christian Sabbath and unite in public worship on that day. They administer Baptism after a somewhat obscure fashion to all who join them. They have printed forms of prayer which are offered up night and morning. They say we are brothers. Through the generous kindness of Capt. J. B. Endicott we were enabled to take my Chinese school to Macao for the hot weather, giving a free passage for all on the steamboat "Spark." [On August 22, 1874, the "Spark" was captured by Chinese pirates on the Canton river a few miles below Whampoa. The

pirates came on board disguised as native passengers, the lower deck was confined exclusively to Chinese passengers, and a winding staircase near the stern led to the quarter deck, which was for Europeans. After killing Captain Brady, Purser Lopez, the mate, and others, they plundered the ship of everything valuable, all of which they transferred to a junk which came to their aid and on it made their escape.]

*Macao, Aug. 27, 1860.* What a gay time you are having in America; what with visits of the Japanese Embassy and the Prince of Wales you will all be quite satiated with sight seeing. The loyal Canadians too are making great preparations for his reception and entertainment. I hope His Royal Highness will be pleased with his visit to Canada and United States. Our principal diversion during these scorching months is in boating. I inclose you a picture of a Macao boat woman with her peculiar flat bamboo hat like an umbrella or basket. The news from Shanghai is most alarming. The rebel army were in great strength, 30,000, only five miles off, they had burned and destroyed all the villages near their path. A missionary station a little distance off was not spared, the French priest and a number of his scholars being savagely killed. "The insurgents are not desirous of coming in collision with foreigners, but are anxious to occupy the city of Shanghai, now defended by the allies. "They had made two attacks on the city one at the south-east gate which was guarded by a strong detachment of French, also at the west gate which is guarded by English troops. The French had once sallied out, the eastern suburb was still burning fiercely when the steamer left. The greatest consternation prevailed, "most of the ladies and children found refuge on board American ships, near by in the river, while the gentlemen kept watch, ready to abandon their houses at short notice, in case of an attack in force. Rev. Dr. Bridgman was one of the very few who would not arm. However, on the night patrol, he took his turn and was prepared, with Bishop Boone and Rev. M. S. Culbertson to go out with a white flag, and meet the insurgent chiefs in case of their near approach, and only in such case." The allied ministers it seems will burn Shanghai rather than the rebels shall have it. They have constructed substantial barriers at the head of the streets that abut on the Chinese quarter.

The foreigners have organized themselves into a company as volunteers one hundred and fifty in number and the settlement is being isolated by a ditch. This foreign settlement at Shanghai is the finest in China, the dwellings of the merchants are elegant palatial residences. About 1300 allied troops guard the city and the settlement, there being an immense amount of foreign property at stake in the latter. Assistance had been called in from Chusan whence five hundred and two gun boats had been sent, the Nimrod dispatch boat being previously the only vessel of war at Shanghai not an American man of war there to protect all the Americans. On the 21st a Tai Ping Rebel proclamation had been posted up in various localities both of the foreign settlement and the native city; all were startled for it was a very bold act done at night; in it he says, he shall immediately attack Shanghai and sends this that they may not say they had no warning, but he did not want to molest foreigners. Sir Frederick Bruce received a dispatch, saying he was induced by Jesus Christ to destroy Shanghai, but he is much censured in the daily papers for returning unopened the messages of the Chiefs. "The insurgents under Taiping Wang, which have attained to so much notoriety, commenced their career about 1849. Their partial adoption of Christianity as a principle of action seems from the first to

have been subordinate to their political designs, and the examples in the Bible were regarded rather as countenancing the destruction of their enemies, than its tenets commanding them to do good. Their present leader Hung Sintsinen obtained some knowledge of Christianity from tracts given him in 1833 by the native Evangelist, Liang Afah, and increased it by studying a few months in 1846 with Rev. I. J. Roberts, an American Baptist missionary in Canton. It seems probable, that as he found his early confused notions of the Shang-ti of the Confucian classics assuming a definite shape by the perusal of the Bible, where that term was employed to designate the true God, he conceived the idea of adopting it as his standard of authority, and following its principles as far as they would further his designs. He joined to himself several determined coadjutors and went down the Great river to Nankin, which fell into their hands in December 1852, and has since remained their head quarters." Their adoption of any feature of Christianity, is favorable to the reception of a higher and purer style of belief. If the sacred Scriptures have been circulated by them for ten years, the volumes have doubtless attracted the serious attention of thousands of the most cultivated minds among the literary aristocracy of China, to a degree that their mere distribution by the hands of a missionary would never have done; and the results of such a preparatory work must be great and beneficial, though no estimate of their extent or degree can be made." The allied force at the North have taken two forts on August 1st, and were then preparing to attack the Taku forts. In one of the two forts a mine was discovered which was to have been sprung by the action of the feet of the attacking party. The main body of the Chinese forces were at the head of a causeway leading to the Peiho about five miles from Pehtang (where the allied forces are). It is believed the allies will experience considerable difficulty, as the causeway is but a few feet wide, and the country on both sides has a very deep swamp. The allied force had started to attack the Tartar encampment where was a large intrenched camp of 12000 Tartar Cavalry, and hot work was expected.

There have been *two* stirring incidents in this quiet place of Macao that caused quite a sensation. One was the landing of twenty Pirates one night last week, on the Praya Grande, who broke open the French barracoon, capsized the guard and liberated about thirty coolies; their object was to get possession of \$5000 that had been deposited there that day. We heard the firing of muskets quite distinctly, the barracoon being just in the rear of our compound, a man and his wife were very badly cut, and another man died from the effects of his gaping wounds. The other thrilling event was the escape of an enormous boa constrictor thirty feet long and as broad as a man's thigh. Only a few days previous, when visiting at the house of an English merchant near us, this terrible snake was shown to me, at an auspicious moment when he was coiled up seemingly asleep in his iron cage. "His long body was covered with a net-work of glittering scales girdling it round with rings above rings and effectually securing it against every attack. These presented a yellowish grey appearance, with a large chestnut colored interrupted chain, extending down the back from the head to the tip of the tail with trigonal spots down the sides."

I was glad to turn away for I felt uneasy in the presence of this venomous reptile. What then was our consternation and deepest horror to hear

he had broken or removed some of the iron bars of his cage and could not be found. The serpent belonged to a captain of one of Mr. Alisch's ships, who had left the terrific creature for safe keeping on the veranda, intending to take him to England on his return voyage. Two serpent charmers were searching, without success, for a fortnight all over the house as also in the neighborhood. These men "are believed to possess some acquired secret, which subjects the serpents in a very peculiar manner to their control. They employ charms and vocal sounds regulating the music in whistles; and a form of words with flutes and pipes by which they profess to detect their retreat and draw them forth. But after the severest test and scrutiny with anxious vigilance, they could not discover the lurking place of the huge snake. The most careful precautions were taken, word was sent all around to the inhabitants to be on our guard; the large trees, thick with heavy foliage, were searched but all in vain, his dreaded snakeship could not be found among the leafy canopies. At the evening hour of recreation in our gardens, we closely scanned each tree fearing to see it engaged in airy gambols, "swinging about as if a branch or pendent of the tree, ready to coil its body spirally around an unsuspecting loitering victim." Mr. Alisch had eighty Chinese packing the fragrant cassia, all night in his spacious godown [usually a one storied building where goods are kept] for one of his ships that was to sail the next day; this godown was filled to the ceiling with bales of cassia and other produce. One of the coolies sat down on a large bale, but quickly rose, with his exclamatory cry of *Hi-yah!*" for he found it moving with a slow, perceptible, mysterious vibration. The alarm was instantly sounded, and most fortunately all the men got safely out of the long apartment and closed the strong door, without more than the risk of a painful tragedy. Mr. Alisch was called at two o'clock in the night, his wife accompanying him down to view the monster. The door was cautiously opened and three separate volleys from their fire arms was necessary before this python received the death wound. It was a positive relief to all the community to know he no longer retained the power of doing further mischief, and that his constrictive power would not be exercised on any of us in being crushed to death in his treacherous embrace, and covered with his glutinous saliva preparatory to the enjoyment of gorging his *bonne bouche*. When we knew the monstrous viper was *hors de combat* we again enjoyed the "romantic retreats amongst sylvan scenery" with much greater zest. These are the largest of serpents, its average length is thirty feet, but it sometimes attains to forty, fifty or even to sixty feet. A few years since the "captain of a vessel sent a boat into one of the creeks of India, to obtain some fresh fruit. The crew moored the boat under the bank and left one of their party to take care of her. During their absence, the lascar, overcome by heat, lay down under the seats and fell asleep. When his companions returned they found an enormous boa constrictor just emerged from the jungle, was already coiling its huge body round the sleeper, and in the very act of crushing him to death when they rushed to the rescue. With an ax they severed a portion of its tail, which so disabled it that it no longer retained the power of doing mischief. The snake was then easily dispatched, and found to measure sixty-two feet and some inches in length."

*Macao Sept. 10, 1860.* "The repulse of the English and French forces at Taku led those nations to send out a large allied force to demand and exact reparation of the emperor. Their ultimatum having been refused, they landed about eighteen thousand men," captured the Taku forts on the

Pei-ho after five hours fighting on August 21st, with a loss to the allies in killed and wounded two hundred and fifty men. Lord Elgin and Baron Gros are at Tientsin with the imperial commissioners where negotiations are said to be proceeding satisfactorily. The allied forces are now on their march to Peking. The English 67th regiment was the first to have their colors flying on the forts in place of the five-clawed dragon imperial yellow flag. The insurgents withdrew their force on the 23d of August from before Shanghai probably from reluctance to come to a positive rupture with foreigners, so with joy we hear the good tidings that "the storm which threatened that city, and hung in the distance for some days, passed off without the slightest damage to person or property; the alarm however was truly great and they were placed in a very uncomfortable situation. We do not seem to be exposed here, as foreigners were, some two years ago in India, but we may still be called to suffer and are endeavoring to arrange for a safe retreat." Captain James B. Endicott took us on a picnic excursion by water to the hot springs, twenty-five miles from Macao; there are four or five springs of different degrees of temperature indicating volcanic disturbances in this region of southern China. One spring is ten feet in diameter, the water is scalding hot and in a constant state of ebullition with smoke or vapor rising quite high emitting strong sulphureous odors. We boiled eggs for our "tiffin;" bought a fine fat fowl from the ready hucksters, killed and then dipped it in the bubbling water, the feathers came off immediately. These springs are situated in a large grove of plantain or banana trees full of delicious fruit and scarlet flowers; it was indeed a charming excursion of an entire day. Another time, when Mrs. Matheson was my guest for the day, Mr. Gideon Nye, our United States Consul, took us in his pretty boat — the "Pic-nic" — to the Ringing Rocks. This collection of wonderful volcanic rocks and trachytic boulders are piled one on the other, by the Maker of all, in a deep and romantic dell on the opposite side of the harbor, on Lapa island. There are a few large sonorous rocks, which, when struck with an iron implement, send out a loud, ringing sound, like bells chiming; it is caused by their peculiar position and shape. There is a large hollow below them and by some rule of acoustics the blow — varying with the force struck from a deep grave to the acute — gives forth clear, musical silver tones; the "bell ringers" probably could play a tune on them with great effect. In this valley is the most picturesque stream that I ever saw; there are three grist mills each having an overshot water wheel with bamboo cog, or tooth of the wheel, and the water is constantly passing through bamboo reeds of large size.

Rev. Dr. Bridgman, in Shanghai, writes: With regard to Chinese affairs the *worst* is yet to come, the progress is from bad to worse, this is the inevitable course from the present condition of both Imperialists and the Insurgents. There is little or no hope for the old dynasty, but we must not abandon China, but pour in the *salt* of the Word till the Chinese are converted, for God's hand is in these troubles. We left Macao for Hongkong on October 19th. Mr. William Speiden, United States Naval Agent, was waiting for us in his pretty house-boat with the "Stripes and Stars" flying over his head, to conduct us to his hospitable home. The steamship Niagara arrived on the 22d for coal from the Naval Depot, and we had the pleasure of meeting many of the officers. By invitation we visited this U. S. man-of-war and soon there was quite a concourse of Americans, among whom was Rev. James C. Beecher, Chaplain of the Bethel, all of whom were

courteously received by Capt. McKane and his officers. The Band was playing inspiring music and in the midst of this scene so full of life, I felt as light hearted as a child, for "to a foreign land the love of Country, like one's religion, becomes a sacred emotion" and I was now on American ground under the protection of our own "Star-spangled-Banner." The instructive conversation of Rev. C. Stuart, and the pleasant chats with our townsman Dr. Woodworth regarding dear Albany friends made the time pass rapidly. Our curiosity, too, was gratified and interest increased in the returning Japanese Embassadors from their visit to America. Japanese "Tommy," about whom I had heard so much as one of the privileged petted ones, and of his success in captivating the hearts of our American ladies in the beau-monde, was very affable and favored me with his card: 'JATEISHI, ONAJERO, TOMMY.' We trust the visit of the Embassy will hasten the progress of Japan toward Western civilization. Rev. Mr. Stuart is to make us a visit in Canton, on return of ship, and see more of the Chinese people.

My second visit has been made to the top of Victoria Peak; we went up this steep ascent of more than 1800 feet, carried in sedans by four coolies, who trotted briskly along taking us up in little over an hour's time. We were opportunely there to view the signal flags run up the flag staff giving notice of the arrival of a steamer and a large ship. The wind blew vigorously on the summit, but we greatly enjoyed the extensive survey, and the fresh sea breeze was truly exhilarating. "The project of a Sanatorium on Victoria Peak is to be tested by actual experiment; Government making the road, and the military authorities raising the much desired building."

This is the season for delicious fruit; you would be delighted to see the baskets of oranges in the Fruit Market, which is in the vicinity of our residence; such a variety piled up as you see bins of apples in America. "It is a beautiful sight to see piles of this golden fruit—then the exquisite mandarin orange; the skin is of a cinnabar red color, and adheres to the pulp by a few loose fibres; while in close proximity are large tubs of semifluid lime, colored red, and the baskets of betel-nut leaves. There too is the strawberry-like lichée. For patient and untiring industry, it seems to me the Chinese have no equals. Any thing which needs great labor and but little skill, they can do better than all the world beside; there are no more careful, thrifty, economical tillers of the soil than they; even the steepest hill sides are redeemed from waste by narrow terraces; and their broader fields are kept as tidily as gardens. They spare no labor nor economy in enriching of the soil, and work hour after hour to irrigate it, carrying the water often for considerable distances in buckets swung across their shoulders; human industry and skill seem to be ever busy on their own domains. Although the Chinese are essentially defective in the sciences and higher branches of art, they are not behind any nation in practical ingenuity, and in the industrial department of the arts; for in some branches of these, their ingenuity, skill, perseverance and patience have never been excelled. For who does not admire their elaborate engraving on ivory, stone and wood, or their manufacture of rich silk and satins, their light and tastefully designed gauzes, their splendid embroidery, their inimitable porcelain, their exquisitely delicate filagree work in gold and silver, which cannot be surpassed for delicacy and cheapness by any European nation; their large and handsome porcelain jars, their elegant flower-stands, their smooth cutting of the hard and valuable jade stone,

their excellent lacquered ware, their antique bronze vessels enameled with curious devices and resting on richly carved pedestals, also their brilliant colors, their finely painted flowers, costumes, birds and insects, their celebrated and inimitable pith paper? All these and much more. combine to show and to impress upon us not only their skill in handicraft and exquisite manipulation, but also, that they possess an inventive genius of no mean capacity, for many of these arts were in existence and largely practiced in China, when we and other western nations were in a state of barbarism. Imitation is a remarkable and well-known trait in the Chinese mind, though invention is not altogether wanting. The paintings on *pith*, or *rice paper*, are much sought after for their splendid colorings. This substance, whose velvety surface contrasts so admirably with brilliant colors, is a delicate vegetable film, it is obtained from a plant allied to the *Artocarpus* or bread-fruit, it is a water-plant. The pith is carefully taken out and cut in sheets by running a knife around it, and smoothing them with an iron. When the tissue breaks, the fracture is connected by a lamina of mica. An india-ink outline is first transferred by dampening and pressing it upon the paper, when the ink strikes off sufficiently to enable the workman to fill up the sketch; one outline will serve for limning several copies, and in large establishments the separate colors are laid on by different workmen. The manufacture of these paintings at Canton employs between two and three thousand hands. Another tissue used by the Chinese for painting, remarkable both for its singularity and elegance, is the reticulated nerve-work of grape leaves, the fleshy green part of the leaf having been removed by maceration, and the membrane filled with isinglass. The appearance of a painting on this membrane or transparent substance is pretty, but the colors do not retain their brilliancy." "The *India Ink* is manufactured from lamp-black and gluten, with the addition of a little musk to give it a more agreeable odor. A number of lighted wicks are put into a vessel full of oil. Over this is hung a dome or funnel shaped cover of iron at such a distance as to receive the smoke. Being well coated with lamp black, this is brushed off and collected upon paper. It is then well mixed in a mortar with a solution of gum, or gluten, and when reduced to the consistency of paste, it is put into little moulds, where it receives those shapes and impressions with which it is sent to foreign lands. It is occasionally manufactured in a great variety of forms and sizes, and stamped with ornamental devices, either plain or in gold and various colors." We would often stop to see them beat out gold "into leaves about two inches square for gilding; it is done by means of a heavy hammer on a stone block, blow after blow, till sufficiently thin." A coolie stood by with an immense fan keeping it in constant motion to cool the workmen. It was a rich treat to visit the street in which the embroidery is made; on both sides of the road in open shops you see the skill with which both men and women form the beautiful embroidery by means of "the needle without any aid from machinery; the frame is placed on pivots, and the pattern is marked out upon the plain surface." The most delicate color or even white satin is all worked in the brightest floss silk by men, who finish the piece without one spot to mar its perfect appearance. In a narrow lane was a dirty hovel in which I saw mere children weaving the most exquisite silks by hand, using a primitive kind of loom and shuttle, while from a dusky inner apartment out of a drawer was taken a rich display of splendid brocades and costly silks.

A short time since I saw the new "Hoppo arrive, just from Peking with a large retinue." The "Canton Customs office is presided over by a high official specially appointed by the Emperor and known by foreigners as the Hoppo." This was quite an imposing affair, the mandarins turned out in full force to greet him. They were elegantly dressed in the richest furs and embroidery with their insignia of rank designated by the fine peacock feather pointed downwards, or as Sucey-Qua's card reads he being a "Member of the Board of War at Peking for Military Service Decorated by the Emperor with the Two Eyed Peacock's feather." There were buttons of different colors "on the apex of the cap, with a string of amber beads hanging over their embroidered tunics." The rank of some officers may be ascertained by observing the color and number of flounces on the umbrellas which are carried before them. "When they leave their yamuns and when they return home three cannon are fired off as a salute of honor. The lictors, with whip in hand, go in pairs beating unceremoniously any one who does not make haste to comply with their orders as they pass swiftly along to clear the way, these wear red and black hats very tall made of bamboo splints. Four men carry censers having burning incense, and four carry swords."

"One man carries a large official fan and another a red umbrella of state, while there are four men to steady the sedan of the mandarin. The soldiers have a round piece of white, or red cloth upon their back and upon their breast with black characters upon it indicating the company to which they belong. The different colored crape dresses of the officials trimmed with rich furs were brilliant with gay embroidery." "The Chinese marry at an early age, the transaction or sale is carried on without the knowledge and consent of the young people who in most cases do not see each other till the day of the ceremony. We attended a wedding in a wealthy family near our residence. Two very large elegant red lanterns were suspended at the portico. The youthful bride of sixteen years was elegantly attired in embroidered scarlet robes; the tunic or gown buttoning close around the neck and down the side reaching to the knee, with the beautiful petticoat having each side plaited six times with rich embroidery on the front and back pieces. Her hair no longer was braided, hanging down, but her girlish tresses were drawn back from the face and bound high upon the head, arranged by a matron with all due formality and artistic skill, in an oval formed knot with a corona of rich materials, in which flowers and jewels were placed with gold pins; the handsome ear-rings form an important item of dress. She was enveloped in a large, red, mantle-like veil or cap which entirely concealed her features. As the marriage procession was about departing for her husband's house, the cries of the bride were really heart rending, but it was all for effect. A long string of fire crackers were set off to disperse evil spirits, and dissonant music by the native band was discoursed in shrill tones as she took her seat in the handsomely gilded and ornamented red sedan chair; the gratified mother then locked the door, giving the key in charge to her brother who accompanied the bride. As the sedan was raised by four men and carried from the reception room, a shower of rice was sent after her. She was preceded by two large lighted red lanterns carried aloft in the air by bearers at the end of bamboo poles; a red umbrella and a band of native musicians in their tall hats and red jackets, followed by a long procession of beggars, equipped for the occasion, carrying idols, red tablets, flags, embroidered canopies, her presents and trousseau. These were carried by men and boys, wearing

short red robes and high conical caps decorated with long tail feathers of the pheasant, in red lacquer boxes and trays. After the ceremonies of reception, at her future home, the groom takes off the red veil, having now for the first time seen her face "after which they pledge each other in wine; the cups being joined by a thread. The pledging of the bride and groom in a cup of wine and their worship of the ancestral tablets, and in some cases a united prostration to his parents, constitute the important ceremonies of the wedding. Etiquette requires that the bride should fast, every article is offered her and she helps herself but all is left on her plate untouched. The feasts and ceremonies attending a marriage usually occupy two or more days, the male relations and friends being invited on the first day, while the second is set apart for the reception of the female guests.

"Husbands are never seen with their wives in public because a strict separation prevails between the male and female branches of a household; even brothers and sisters do not associate after the boys commence their studies as it would be highly indecorous!" On the third day after marriage the bride returned home for a visit to her parents with a cold roasted pig as a present from the groom.

The following day I saw another sight: it was the body of a young female wrapped in matting being carried, by two coolies, past the house to a sampan at the stone landing, to be deposited an uncoffined corpse in the river. The unfortunate one had committed suicide by taking opium on account of alleged cruel treatment on the part of one of the higher wives. She had been put out in the street to die, when one of the English Wesleyan clergymen, Rev. George Piercy, returning from his chapel, seeing the poor woman in that sad condition — like the good Samaritan, had compassion on her, and endeavored to save her life. The stomach-pump was applied, but in vain, she was past human help and soon went into the presence of her Judge. Such cases are not uncommon, to escape present misery, being maddened by unkindness, they proceed to take their own lives.

"A case occurred in Canton in 1833, where a young wife visiting her parents shortly after marriage, so feelingly described her sufferings at the hands of a cruel husband, to her sisters and friends, that she and three of her auditors joined hands together and drowned themselves in a pond, she to escape present misery, and they to avoid its future possibility.

"These instances of suicide are but a few of the many evils resulting from early betrothment, even if the lad grows up to be a dissipated, worthless or cruel man, totally unworthy of the girl; still the contract must be fulfilled. Another melancholy instance occurred in Canton in 1840, which ended in the wife committing suicide. Her brother had been a scholar of one of the American missionaries, and took a commendable pride in showing specimens of his sister's exquisite embroidery and writing."

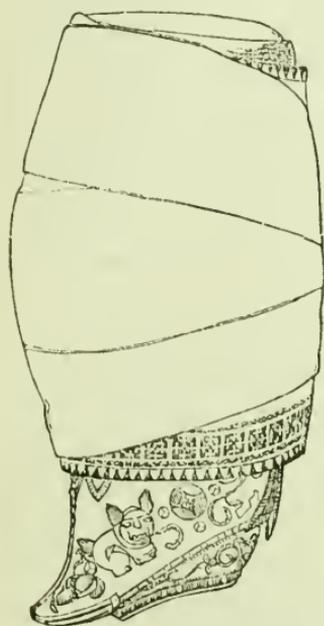
These instances show the perfect unconcern felt by Chinese in regard to the phenomenon of dissolution, and that frequently they compass their own end when life becomes wearisome. A wife sometimes elects to follow her husband on the starlit road of death. An instance of deliberate suicide came under the inspection of W. H. Medhurst, H. B. M. Consul at Shanghai: he received a scarlet card "from a Chinese lady, intimating her intention to commit suicide at a specified date. She was very young and attractive, and belonged to a wealthy family. Unfortunately, the Chinese gentleman, to whom she had been affianced from childhood, had died just before the date fixed upon for their nuptials, and she gave out

that she deemed it her duty to render her widowhood irrevocable by dying with her betrothed. So she sent cards around to the neighboring gentry, giving notice of her purpose. No attempt was made by her relatives or by the local authorities, to frustrate the insane design, the general opinion, on the contrary, being that she was about to perform a meritorious act. Consul Medhurst went so far as to appeal to the mandarins to put a stop to the proceeding, but they declined, fearing that interference on their part, might lead to a popular demonstration. It seemed to them a matter of little moment, and they cannot comprehend why we should make a fuss about it. On the day named, the woman did deliberately sacrifice her life in the presence of thousands. A stage was erected in the open fields, with a tented frame over it, from which was suspended a slip of scarlet crape; one end of this she adjusted round her neck. She then embraced her little brother, and having let fall a veil over her face, she mounted a chair, and resolutely jumped off it, her little clasped hands saluting the assemblage, as her fast-failing frame twirled round with the tightening cord. She was not drugged and the immolation was entirely a voluntary act on her part. It was an affecting sight."

Our visit to the private residences of Howqua on Howqua street in the western suburbs on three separate occasions; to the Tartar Generals, and once to the Governor General of Canton were all pleasant episodes in the monotony of our daily life, showing us the different phases of society. Once I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cunningham as interpreter; when we arrived at the great doorway in the wall surrounding his aristocratic abode, as expected guests, the portal was instantly thrown open by obsequious attendants, and our sedans carried through a spacious vestibule into an inner area, and lowered to the ground. Howqua with a pleasant mien welcomed his guests, and as each one stepped forth, we were politely received with the Oriental salutation of bowing low with a shaky motion of his clasped hands before his breast, and then ushered into the reception room. After a few moments of pleasant inquiries as to our welfare, the ladies were invited to visit the secluded inner apartments, where we found a group of ladies, amahs and children. We were agreeably addressed with the cheerful greeting of "Tsing, Tsing" — "Hail, Hail" as the first wife shaking her left sleeve and with a graceful courtsey motioned us to be seated, and the strict rules of Chinese etiquette being carefully observed, we were placed in the seats of honor on her left hand. These rules require each to entreat the other to take the precedence. The people have been acting according to a prescribed code of rules in manners for centuries, which makes them the most formal nation in their habits of intercourse among themselves and with others, that exist on the face of the earth." Mrs. Cunningham's elegant and stylish costume immediately attracted attention; comments were freely made about each article, her jewelled fingers; mode of hair-dressing; fashion of bonnet, costly embroidered handkerchief, all underwent careful inspection, and they were evidently most agreeably impressed with the courteous deportment of their guest. The Chinese ladies were superbly arrayed in costly tunics, with long, wide sleeves, over embroidered plaited petticoats covering their feet which were incased in gaily embroidered shoes in floss silk and gold thread as fit coverings for their little "golden lilies." Their bracelets, bangles and ear-rings were very choice and expensive articles; while cosmetics, both of white paint and rouge, had been lavishly used, as both cheeks and lips were of a bright, deep rose-color, and the eye brows

blackened and nicely arched in the most approved fashion now in being. The hair was tastefully decked with flowers and gems. Trays filled with candied fruits, nuts and cakes; with delicate porcelain covered cups of steaming tea on metal saucers, were soon brought in. Slight silver forks with two prongs were used; the lady taking up a kumquat or something else on her own fork and passing it to us; which mark of honor we returned by selecting a choice bit and handing on our fork to the polite hostess who presided with courtly grace. We discussed, with gay pleasantry, the usual topics of age, number of children, years in China, size of feet, customs of our country, and after a most enjoyable visit we left them.

("Next to being barren, the greatest scandal is to bring females into the world; and if a woman of a poor family is so unfortunate as to have three or four girls successively, it not unfrequently happens that she will expose them on the high roads, or cast them into a river.") In the reception room a very handsome "tiffin" had been prepared and we sat down to the table with the gentlemen, the master of the house at the head; well aware that we were closely watched by many bright eyes peering through the pretty latticed partitions from the elegant inner suite of rooms. On another occasion, when there, little Freddie was with us, and he attracted especial attention as the Chinese are exceedingly pleased with foreign children, the amah (nurse), was plied with incessant questions by the chatty ladies in their long familiar talks. This immense establishment with its series of elegantly furnished rooms; boudoirs exquisitely fitted up with costly fabrics; massive bedsteads of ebony, elaborately



CHINESE LADY'S SMALL FOOT.

carved; having finest matting for a mattress and choice bamboo pillows for the head; enclosed by silken curtains; with collections of rarest articles, and ancient vases, has every thing to gratify the most fastidious taste and is a splendid palatial mansion.

A poor girl seventeen years of age applied at the dispensary in Fatshan for medicine, she was told that, to do her any good, she must go to the hospital at Canton and submit to an operation. She answered that she had neither money nor friends, and that it would be impossible to do so. As there appeared to be no doubt of the correctness of her story, she was told that if she would come, her wants would be supplied. In a few days she came to the hospital and was furnished with food and a nurse. Her foot had been diseased for six years. Amputation was performed and in a few weeks the parts united and formed an excellent stump. With her shoe on, it cannot be noticed that there is any difference in her feet. After her recovery, this girl was taken by Mrs. Bonney into her school. Thus her sufferings, which lasted for six years, have been providentially removed, and have been the cause of her being placed under Christian in-

struction, which, with God's blessing, may result in the salvation of her soul, and now Mrs. Bonney says of her : " Each day increases our gratitude to God that she has been thus brought under our instruction ; she endeavors to give satisfaction and succeeds to our entire approbation. She is a modest, quiet, grateful girl of good principles, and I trust God has a blessing in store for her."

The Chinese have no Sabbath, pursuing their avocations on that day as well as any other and the sounds of labor are constantly heard, but " their code of morals, which consists of the teaching of Confucius and Mencius, is calculated to make the people happy and wise. It forms the first and last lessons of all Chinese schools. As the Confucian or state religion, is purely a system of ethics, it is the so-called religion of the literati. The Temples of Confucius are destitute of all idols but tablets dedicated to Confucius and other sages have been presented to the temple at Canton by different emperors ; some of them are of a large size, brilliantly painted and highly ornamented. Some of the Confucian temples are built of granite and the roofs are very beautiful being covered with glazed green tiles. Before all the Chinese pavilions are usually placed the monstrous porcelain figures of lions and tigers as guardians to the entrance. In all the native schools a tablet of wood painted red or an inscription on the wall dedicated to Confucius and the god of letters has a place in one corner and before them a censer with three sticks of incense lighted. When a boy comes into school in the morning, he bows first before the tablet of Confucius as an act of worship, and then salutes his teacher, after which he takes his seat. It is remarkable that the writings of Confucius should continue to be regarded with such very great reverence. Closely connected with Confucian temples are the Halls for literary examinations, there being one in each of the eighteen provinces. The one at Canton is a " very extensive establishment ; it has a large open space with the cells arranged around, receiving all their light and air from the central area, and exposed to the observation of the soldiers who guard the place and watch that no one has the least intercourse with the imprisoned students. There are nearly nine thousand cells, built of brick, where the candidates for literary honors, from the different districts of this province are confined while writing their essays, previous to taking their second literary degree : these, who are the graduates of the first degree, assemble once in every three years. The successful graduates of the second degree are obliged to go to Peking if they wish to compete for the third literary degree.

" Graduates of the second and the higher literary degrees are entitled to erect an honorary tablet, over the principal door of their residence ; and another is put in the ancestral hall. A student on entering his cell for three days and nights is only allowed to take with him writing materials, light, water and cooking utensils for his rice, every thing is carefully inspected that no manuscript or books are secreted. These cells are about five feet in length, four in width and high enough to stand in, being built in parallel rows, and so arranged as to form narrow passages between. The entrance to each passage is guarded by a small dragon gate, upon which the name is traced in Chinese characters. The furniture in each cell consists of two boards, one for sitting, and the other contrived to serve both for eating-table and a writing desk and the planks being fixed in grooves in the sides of the cells served for a sleeping place. The apartments fitted up for the use of the examining committees and official visitors, are ornamented with blue, red and yellow. At the recent literary examination for Kyû-

zhum, (A. M.) in the province of Shantung in 1870, there were present seventeen candidates ninety years of age, and fifty-three of eighty years old, but not one of them succeeded in attaining the so-long coveted degree. The emperor, however, on learning the facts, ordered, in accordance with Imperial custom, that each of those ninety years old should receive a full Kyû-zhun degree, while a *fû*, or Vice Kyû zhun degree should be awarded to those eighty years old. This reward of perseverance is in their case equivalent to an Imperial pension. A feast at the expense of the emperor is always given at Peking in honor of the graduate of the third degree who has lived to the sixtieth year after he became LL.D. The Examination Hall at Canton is in the south-eastern corner of the city."

This morning a man was detected stealing; he was manacled and followed by a crowd while the sentence was executed, of publicly whipping the thief through the streets. He passed by my house; "one policeman walked before, carrying a tablet, on which was written his name and offence, while another struck loudly on a gong; little sticks, having each a small flag, were thrust through his ears. The rap on the gong was the signal for the whip to descend, a sad sight." We have very expert thieves in China, who manage their own affairs in a most dexterous style: "a young thief once, in pursuit of his business, crept into a house which happened to be the residence of an old thief, under whose bed the youngster lay. The old thief caught sight of the young one as soon as he entered, but pretended not to have seen him. The old fellow remained in his bedroom until far into the night, when he ordered a spread of good things, and coolly asked the youngster to come out and partake, which he did in a very uneasy way. In the course of conversation the old rogue told the young one who he was, and that he had been a thief all his life and never been caught once. After a great deal of good advice, the old man asked his new guest whether he thought he could steal certain roasted ducks, which had been hanging before a meat shop during the day. The young fellow was confident that he could, and started off to put the matter into proof, but alas! the shop was shut, there were no ducks to be seen, and the amiable youth returned chop-fallen and bemoaning his fate, that he could not find out where the ducks had been put. The old man at once went out, and, in a short time, returned with the ducks. In reply to the youth's eager inquiries, he said, 'When I found that the ducks had been put away, I at once began to imitate the sound of rats biting boxes. This caused the master of the shop to ask his servants where the ducks had been put, and from his reply I was able to go straight to them and bring them away, Learn, Oh youth! to be wise and cunning, for without wisdom you will be certain to become a gaol bird!' The youth was deeply impressed, and lost in admiration at the prowess and learning of this good old thief."

*Street Jugglers* are to be met with every day in Canton, some of the feats they display are very wonderful and pleasing. "Sword swallowing and stone eating appear to be their most common operations. One clever trick and difficult of detection was, borrowing a handkerchief from one of the spectators, the juggler took an orange, cut a small hole in it, then quickly squeezed all the juice out, and crammed the handkerchief into it. Giving the handkerchief to a bystander to hold, he caught up a teapot and began to pour a cup of tea from it, when the spout became clogged. Looking into the pot, apparently for the purpose of detecting what was the matter, he pulled out the handkerchief, and returned it to the surprised owner. He next took the orange from the bystander and cut it

open, when it was found to be full of rice. This juggler would sometimes station himself in the centre of the street, and having blown a blast upon a bugle to give warning that he was about to begin his entertainment, he took a small lemon or orange tree, which was covered with fruit, and balanced it upon his head. He then blew a sort of chirruping whistle, when immediately a number of rice birds came from every direction and settled upon the boughs of the bush he balanced, or fluttered about his head. He then took a cup in his hand and began to rattle some seed in it, when the birds disappeared. Taking a small bamboo tube, he next took the seeds, and putting one in blew it at one of the fruit, when it opened, and out flew one of the birds, which fluttered about the circle surrounding the performer. He continued to shoot his seeds at the oranges untill nearly a dozen birds were released. He then removed the tree from his forehead, and setting it down took up a dish, which he held above his head, when all the birds flew into it. He then covered it over with a cover, and giving it a whirl or two about his head, opened it and displayed a quantity of eggs, the shells of which he broke with a little stick, releasing a bird from each shell. These jugglers make their living by performing such wonderful tricks for the amusement of others. Frequently they snatch from the ground a handful of slips of paper, which they cram in the mouth until the cheeks protrude, and he is unable to articulate distinctly. He now places his hands on his hips, and pretends to be causing his breath to pass through the mass of paper in his mouth. In a few moments a small stream of smoke proceeds from his mouth, the spectators can see the fire in his mouth, as the dense stream of smoke pours forth."

*Canton, March 23, 1861.* Mr. Bonney has been on a visit up in the country, eighty-five miles from the city, with six English officers, they were gone eight days, having had a charming trip to Shee-ue Hing. About "five miles of their sailing was through a mountain pass, like the Hudson river highlands, grand, picturesque, and perpendicular heights, where the scenery is truly enchanting." There is a monastery with over one hundred monks, half way up the rugged mountain, where they dined, it was found to be in poor repair. They explored the *Dark Cavern*, with torches in hand, and found the principal object of curiosity to the Chinese, to be, what is called a *Stone Dragon*. At the extreme end is a large shelf of rock, which is called the *Dragon's Bed*. They also visited the *Seven Stars*, or seven hills of white marble, which rise abruptly from the plain about three miles from the river, in the rear of the town; passing by the ruins of the old palace, where the governor general formerly held his court, but there was little left, to show what it once was. Rev. R. H. Graves, a Baptist missionary, has here a flourishing mission station. On their route was a large pawnbroker's establishment, built in a pond, and fortified to such purpose that when the place was attacked by the rebels, the inmates were able to hold out for seven days, until the rebels resorted to the plan of torturing gentry and old men, when this stronghold of the people's wealth was opened, and the precious deposits removed in the interest of the great rebellion. They saw many evidences of the unsettled state of society. Some large buildings were pointed out on the summits of several of the highest hills. They were said to be places of refuge, strongly fortified, for the people of the surrounding country, when fearing attacks from robbers; these were proofs of the violence and rapine, that required such preparations to guard against. In a beautiful pass between high

hills, are two fine shrines on opposite sides of the river, erected to two fairies, the legend, in regard to which, is a frequent subject of theatrical representation.

Two school children studied together three years, sleeping and eating together, one of whom was a girl in disguise. When they came to separate and go to their respective homes, the girl had many kind and loving words for the boy, urging him most earnestly to come to her home before many days as she had a dear sister to give him for a wife, really meaning herself, she being all this time deeply in love with him. The boy not suspecting any thing of the kind, delayed too long to make the promised visit, for when he fulfilled his agreement, and went to the house of her parents, he found the young lady had been betrothed to another, on account of which reflection upon his own remissness, he was taken sick and died. Before her marriage she begged to go to his grave to mourn, when, strange to relate, the grave opened and the boy carried off his beloved one to regions below, for whom strict search was made in vain; they say the girl was very wise, but the boy was foolish. Some hills of cassia trees were seen in the distance, but the party enjoyed pleasant walks under the fine large camphor wood trees along the high banks of the river.

I am sorry to say the "Edwin Forrest" is quite given up as lost, most probably struck by one of those immense icebergs; she was just in their track and no sailing vessel could tack with sufficient speed to avoid the floating mountain of ice. How sad to think of those devoted missionaries who went down in her! How tender our sympathy for the relatives of the deceased ones snatched suddenly from life when pleasantness and joy marked their path, but their marble remains are safely entombed with the unknown dead and a record was made in Heaven of the spot. I regret my own loss of the "home box" with the book of photographs; then too the box we sent you by the ship "Intrepid" is gone, as the vessel was lost in Gasper Straits.

While Mrs. Matheson was staying with us, we went to the celebrated "Temple of Longevity" a Buddhist temple with very many priests. We were obliged to remain there more than an hour on account of a severe thunder storm. The Abbot is a gentlemanly old man, very courteous and affable, entertaining us with tea destitute of cream and sugar, dried lichees, melon seeds, dates, sweetmeats and cakes. From the upper piazza we had an extended view of the suburbs. In one of the temple rooms are twenty-four gilded idols as large as a full grown man, independent of old Buddha, resting on her leaves of lotus. There in "a recess guarded by bars are four statues, two on either side, larger than life; one is sitting with one foot elevated, while on the toe are displayed a number of Chinese labels. In the principal hall of the floor-rooms, the god elevated on an altar, some feet from the floor, was gaily canopied around by the usual fixtures, with openings for the exposure of his most comfortable and gilded person on the four sides of the altar. Incense, urns, artificial flower-stands, and taper-supporters, occupied the front of the altar where the josh-sticks are burned, the flowers placed and the tapers lighted and melted away." A Chinaman was devoutly kneeling before one of those hideous gods with his sticks for *casting lots*; while near by priests served at other altars, throwing the tablets for the worshippers and divining with their bamboo labels and sibyl leaves. The ponds were filled with gold, silver, and jet black fishes having "tails and other fins tufted and lobed into three divisions; they present a singular appearance with the

eyes projecting beyond the socket like goggles." The large and small ones were swimming among the pretty artificial rocks covered with moss, and close by stood the immense jars of glazed porcelain with the "gorgeously decked and sacred water lily."



CASTING LOTS.

We did not pass over the "Temple of the five-hundred Gods" in the Western suburbs, they are all in one spacious room arranged around it in rows. They are large, carved and gilded idols in different positions, as brilliant as gilt, paint and bronze could make them. The burning of incense joss-sticks (sandal-wood) and offerings are constantly going on, by some devotee to a favorite god, at all hours. Although ancestral worship is the chief idolatry of the masses in China, the Buddhists, by incorporating this superstition into their own heathen rites, as a species of gambling, have gained almost unlimited power over the people, and it is the religion of the common class. On entering the large hall we first see two gigantic gilded images elevated on high pedestals, and placed one on each side of the door. They are fat and right jolly in appearance, and sitting in a half reclining posture, are playing with little children, the laughing face of one is quite irresistible. Merry little children in all kinds of baby attitudes, are sitting upon his knees and also standing upon his feet and arms or climbing upon his shoulders. These gods are doubtless intended to set forth the happiness of a parent, as to be childless is regarded by the Chinese as the greatest of all misfortunes. The idols are placed on shelves eight or ten feet in height, and arranged in a sitting posture, facing each other, with long passages between, some have six or eight arms, and one has five eyes; they represent all nations, even to a European sailor with his low crown hat, and a very black negro.

We have had another tragedy: the taking of the steamer "Meelee" by Chinese pirates, killing the Captain and Mr. Coits, who is the son of an Episcopal clergyman in Providence, Rhode Island. They were but a few miles below Whampoa; it was the work of only a few moments. Mr. Coits was on deck, leaning on the railing, looking into the water, when

he was hurried into Eternity, thus in the midst of life, welland happy, we may be stricken down when we least expect. This blow will fall heavily on his afflicted relatives when the next mail takes them the first intelligence of their sad bereavement. How many fond hopes, both in England and America, have been crushed by the heart-rending intelligence which has been forwarded from China and India during the serious troubles in the East. Many "loved ones" whose speedy return was looked for can return no more.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### OVERLAND TRIP TO NANKIN IN 1861.

U. S. Steamer "Saginaw," Yangtze River,  
30 miles East of Nankin, May 24th, 1851.

It has been my [Rev. Mr. Bonney] privilege to make a short visit to that ancient capital, and renowned city, which stands on the south bank of this river. It may be called the Nineveh of China, although it has not yet, like the Assyrian capital, become a heap of ruins. On March 31st, 1853, this city was taken by the Tai Pings, and has been in their possession ever since.

Before describing my short visit to Nankin, we will go back to Canton, if you please, and see how I came here. With three friends; a physician, a merchant and a clergyman, two of them Scotchmen, the other an Englishman, I started on April 11th, to make with them, an exploratory tour of an interior part of China, that has never been visited by white men. By treaty, the whole Empire is now open to foreign missionaries, merchants and travelers. Our course was due North from Canton to Hankow on the Yangtze river. We traveled the whole distance, 1143 miles, in thirty-nine days in Chinese boats, except two days travel of thirty miles over the mountains, which divide Canton and the Hunan Provinces. Starting from Canton, as a pioneering party of explorers in one of the Chinese cargo boats usually called "Lo Loong Shüne," (it is about one hundred feet in length, and worked by thirty men,) after a hard pull against wind and current we pulled and poled up the North river, against a most rapid stream, 257 miles to Ee Chay-ung. Our boat anchors at night and makes progress during the day at the rate of twenty miles, which is rather slow for persons accustomed to be carried along on steamers and railcars. With twenty-five men on shore tugging at a tow rope, and four or six men on board pushing with bamboo poles, we managed to make headway. We passed or visited walled Country towns and Department cities. Hamlets and villages in great numbers are scattered along on both shores. Officials come on board dressed in yellow robes and spectacles, to whom we shewed the Governor's Documents and passports. Our canal boat speed allows us to walk ashore daily for exercise and close observation. We walked twenty-two miles to visit the coal mines of Shee-ue Chow Foo.

The coal is brought to the river in ox carts over a road fifteen or twenty feet wide.

The natural scenery that we have passed by is of every variety, from the broad and level rice-fields to the bold, rocky bluff and lofty mountain, with perpendicular sides peering up a thousand feet above us. Several places of great interest on the route will of themselves repay a visit, although it may require roughing it in a healthy way on board a Chinese cargo-boat for a fortnight. We passed extensive sugar-cane fields with a cactus hedge; a nine-story pagoda near Tsing-unc-tap. Went ashore and climbed a steep mountain, crossed twelve narrow arched bridges and two of long granite slabs. There is a luxury to be enjoyed in traveling the unexplored rivers of Canton province, that keepers at home cannot understand unless they seek it by personal effort. Two hundred and twenty-eight miles above Canton we came to Shee-ue-Chow Department city, built on the tongue of land where the East and West branches unite to form the North River. A bridge of boats crosses both the East and West branches for the convenience of foot passengers to the mainland, and the great inconvenience of boats and junks on the river. The bridges are opened only once a day at 8 A. M., for *boats* to pass. We were informed that a bridge of *boats* was preferred as a good preventive to smuggling. Not wishing to be detained, we called on the Taoutai and got a permit to open the bridge of boats. In walking through several streets and on the top of the East and North wall we were followed closely by crowds pushing and rushing to get a sight of the white men from afar, but we had no cause to complain of rude treatment. Through the whole route, except in a few instances too trifling to mention, the people have been civil and quite friendly. Being the first foreigners who have traveled up this West branch in our own national costume, intense curiosity is naturally excited among the natives. The British flag is now being carried where we hope it will continue to float, till steam paddles and screw propellers shall banish track-ropes and bamboo poles from this truly beautiful river. Excellent fresh fish can be caught on the river at all hours with a *silver* bait. The banks of these three long rivers so little known are dotted with towns and villages, their waters bear along thousands of boats and junks laden with their produce and passengers from the other Provinces. The varied natural scenery is charming to the eye.

At Lawk-Chay-ung the charter of the Canton boat ended; we now contracted for the hire of three boats about twice the size of a nice Whampoa sampan, with a crew of six men and two women to each boat. They were built of light wood, sharp-pointed at each end, flat-bottomed, and well adapted for navigating the rapid stream we were now to pull up. After a visit to the District Magistrate in the city we started, having two men at the bow with bamboo poles, a woman at the helm, and four or five men at the track-rope on shore, these managed to get the boat along at a moderate pace. The Rapids in the river are many, some of them very steep and dangerous of passing in descent. On the 27th inst., we come over no less than twenty-one distinct rapids, the water boiling and rushing over the rocks most furiously. If the Chinese generally are a tame and timid people, these Lawk-Chay-ung boatmen are exceptions, for it requires no little daring and dexterous skill to shoot down these dangerous rapids as they are daily doing by hundreds. Wrecks, however, are frequent; our captain told us that more than one hundred of these native craft are every year broken to pieces on the rocks. We were two days and a

half making only sixty miles, but this *rapid* traveling was not wearisome to us, as the lofty mountains and rocky cliffs on both banks were a rich feast to the eye. This bold and mountainous scenery continued till within two miles of Ping Shek, where the hills have a smoother surface and less height. Two very remarkable hills are within six miles of Ping Shek: the Má Leng, on the left hand as you go up the river, being four hundred feet high and has been worn into a form similar to a horse's head, neck and body. The Ki Koong hill, which is much the largest of the two, stands on the right hand of the river. It is a bluff of red sandstone, eight hundred feet high, of circular formation like towers, battlements, and round forts. Enlarge Windsor Castle ten times on every side — even twenty times is not exaggerating — and you may have some idea of this beautiful rock. About the centre, on the top, is a mammoth figure of a fowl in a sitting posture. The resemblance is almost as correct to nature as a sculptor's chisel could form it. There are many other immense boulders. One boat we passed was laden with thirty-eight boxes of Oopek teas. The Taoist temple built on the left hand, twenty miles below Ping Shek, is much frequented by boatmen, and filled with most hideous images, begrimed with smoke and soot. The old priest received us kindly, offering cups of tea and pipes according to Chinese custom. Yesterday at noon, we arrived at Ping Shek, the most northern town in Canton province of any note on this route. It has a pretty situation along the bank of the river, a street of shops and hoongs. Only three weeks previous, a band of rebels or robbers had possession of this place, for two days and two nights, they drove out the inhabitants, burnt one hundred buildings, plundering whatever was valuable; they were driven out by the mandarin soldiers. We were received by the Kwun Loong Hong, who immediately engaged, according to our request, four small boats, to take us to Ee Chaying in Oonan province, and although an immense crowd collected to look at us, no rudeness or incivility was shown, even by the frolicsome boys. After taking "tiffin" with the head man of the Hong, we started at 2.30 P. M.; two travelers in each of two boats, one boat with the cook, boy and provisions, and the fourth with two boys and luggage. Our boats are an improvement on the North American Indian canoe, being six feet wide and forty feet long. About twenty feet in the middle, is covered with a bent bamboo awning, under which we sit, sleep and dine, but can hardly stand erect. The boats are flat-bottomed, drawing from six to eight inches of water; with a man at the bow and another at the stern, pushing the boat up stream with short bamboo poles. This they do, at times standing inside the boat, at other times, wading in the shallow water at the side of the boat; hundreds of these little boats have swiftly glided past us, bound for the lower countries. The principal trees on the bank are camphor, and fir, whose branches often brush the top of our bamboo awning. "This stupendous laurel — the camphor — which often adorns the banks of the rivers, was in several places above fifty feet high, with its stem twenty feet in circumference, and with branches not less than nine feet in circumference. The Chinese affirm that it sometimes attains the height of more than three hundred feet. Camphor is obtained from the branches, by steeping them, while fresh cut, in water for two or three days, and then boiling them till the gum, in the form of a white jelly, adheres to a stick, which is used in constantly stirring the branches. The fluid is then poured into a glazed vessel, where it concretes

in a few hours and is then purified, and becomes a whitish, translucent substance, with fragrant smell, ready for the market."

Chinese ingenuity is here seen in the use of the undershot water wheel, for watering the rice-fields along the banks. The wheel is eighteen or twenty feet in diameter, made entirely of bamboo, except the axle and posts for supports. It turns with a slow and stately motion by the current of the river, emptying from its small buckets, the water into a trough at its side, from which it is led off to the rice fields. We have already now passed twenty-five of these water wheels on the bank of the river this side of Ping Shek, most of which were in motion. This morning we passed a beautiful three-arched bridge of red sandstone, one hundred and thirty-two feet long and twenty-four feet wide. The sides were ornamented with a vine bearing white flowers, overhanging the river, forming a pretty contrast to the solid structure which supported it. The villagers were quite indifferent to the approach of foreigners. Yesterday afternoon we landed and walked by a red sandstone slab pathway over the hill, and saw singular sugar-loaf tombs of brick, six feet high. At 7.30 P. M., we anchored for the night, and dined *al fresco*, ham-squat, wigwam style. Our boatman's hats have horizontal brims and tea cup tops, and in rainy weather they wear the fanciful straw cloak that sheds all rain. In Oonam province we find barren red sand stone hills on both sides of the river. At 4.10 P. M., our boats were lifted over a dam two feet high and soon after arrived at a seven-storied Pagoda built in Kee-long's time, ninety years since, with circular stairs to the top. After a halt at the Custom House and showing our cards we arrived at Ee Chay-ung on April 30th; but our Chinese inn was deficient in two articles considered necessary in European inns, viz. window-glass and brooms. We walked on top of the walls, finding the town not a half mile in circumference and that the Yamên had been burned by the Rebels, and then visited an ancient tomb of the Ming dynasty 300 years old; crossed a bridge at the entrance of the town which was a fine stone structure of a single arch forty feet diameter of the span. I here employed a tailor to make an American flag. The landlord of our inn was civil, but the people were clamorous, and rabble boys flung stones at our upper windows, though several polite young gentlemen visited us and we had been all well received by the magistrate.

On the morning of May 2d, we started to cross the pass, in the range of mountains that divides the waters which flow southward to Canton, from those which run northward to the Yang-tsz. We hired bamboo mountain chairs, carried by two slow-paced bearers. This road is ten feet wide, paved with thick slabs, which are much worn by the constant tread of coolies and iron-shod mules. Thousands of mules are used on this road, carrying immense quantities of merchandise between the two provinces. The coolies are almost innumerable; between nine and eleven A. M., we passed five hundred and fifty mules, laden with produce from the northern and western provinces. We were greatly amused in watching a fractious mule, which after succeeding in loosening and throwing off his heavy burden, kicked it two or three times in a most wicked and spiteful manner, and then stood still, regarding it with apparent satisfaction. You must not suppose that this mountain pass is a rugged up-hill road of fifteen miles, and then a long steep descent on the other side, of fifteen miles; as it is for the most part level, having only a few short ascents and descents. It follows a richly watered and cultivated valley, from quarter to half a mile

wide. Civil engineers could with ease lay out the line of a rail road along the valley. The workmen to build it, are to be had in the thousands of coolies, now employed in trudging the paved road from end to end. The road runs through a most beautiful valley, walled in by very high mountains; the muleteer, chanting as he jogs along, gives a cheerful echo, pausing for us to inspect a large marble filial tablet of a round shape. We made the trip through the pass in a day and a half, stopping over night at a Chinese inn, at the half-way station, in the town of Lay-ung Teen. The crowd collected, (a soldier having cried out as we passed, "the Fankwis, foreign devils, from Canton have come.") and infested the hotel uttering threatening words of "shat," kill. Some officials called and asked a few questions, after which, the landlord aided in driving away the mob, though one soldier drew his knife, with hurtful intent, but was disarmed.

The crowd collected to see the new comers, in such numbers, that the weak timbers of one of the rooms was not able to support. While they were gazing with wonder and surprise, down went the floor with a crash, fifty or sixty persons with it were tumbled up in one heap, but fortunately none were killed and no bones broken! Only half a dozen were slightly bruised, and a boy scalded by the upsetting of a tea pot, which gave an opportunity for the exercise of the medical skill of our party. It had one good effect, as the crowd immediately dispersed, 'as if the genuine "kwi" were at their heels. The next day at Chnn Chow, thirteen miles further on, the crowd at once gathered, and rushed pell mell into the hong, and there was so much danger of the upper floor giving way under the weight of the multitude, that it was thought best to clear the building. By gentle persuasion and decided action on the part of ourselves and landlords it was done, and the doors barricaded with timbers ten feet in length, but the populace would not thus be balked, and assaulted the door. After a while it was necessary to open the doors to bring in the luggage, when this opportunity was improved for another rush and the strong soldiers stationed to keep the peace were overpowered! For the next five hours our party were obliged to submit to the familiar and unpleasant personal inspection of the curious populace. There were a few squabbles among the different companies of soldiers, and between the people and soldiers. Short swords were drawn, thrusts made, pails of cold water thrown on the crowd, and sundry other inconveniences occurred incident to such occasions. Thankful we were that the melee did not grow into a murderous row, and that darkness brought us some little respite, for by nine p. m., we were relieved from the pressure of a Chinese mob. The door of our room had been broken down, a knife had been drawn on Mr. Thorburn, which he seized, we therefore thought best to rest on our arms and be quizzed by the rude Chinese soldiers, but as we lay down on the boards there was no sleep, for many persons came in with lanterns to look at us.

Next morning at daylight we went on board two small boats which had been engaged over night to take us down the river thirty miles. We were delayed three and a half hours at the Custom House below the town, for the removal of the chain across the river, but once started, our boats swiftly glided down the stream, which winds through a mountainous, rocky country, covered with rich vegetation. The banks of the river are most charming to the traveler, who has an eye for the ever varying beauties of natural scenery; high mountains of red sandstone, perpendicular bluffs, and yawning caves, where the eagle builds her nest, abound at every

turn of the river. At Nga Ping, while larger boats were being prepared for us, we took a stroll on shore and visited the town of two hundred shops; here, as at other towns, our reception was a friendly welcome, the people turned out *en masse*, appearing delighted with the arrival of foreigners; and at all the different points portions of the Scriptures and the Lord's Prayer were given away. We visited pagodas, a temple for the Dragon King, a marble tablet to commemorate some daughter's filial piety and public buildings. During the day we passed several small hamlets on either side of the river, and a yawning cave, with a hut in the mouth of it, occupied by a family; also three monster red sandstone singular mounds, four hundred feet high, which were magnificent works of nature, resembling petrified snow banks. When the heat of the sun had abated, we went on shore for a stroll, keeping up with the boat going down stream, at the rate of four miles an hour. Our path was through paddy-fields, with here and there a farm house, the walls made of square lumps of clay, dried in the sun, with roofs of thatch; we picked wild raspberries, till finally the boat stops for the gentlemen to have a bath in the river. When custom house officials come off they are greatly startled at the appearance of foreigners, and we always have a curious crowd around us, when at anchor near a village; this morning, Dr. Dickson had numerous admirers of his toilette and shaving, and we took our breakfast in the presence of one hundred pairs of eyes, but the people were civil and well behaved. The river makes a great bend among paddy-flats, a city is seen on the left in a wide plain, with a pagoda half black and half white. We visited an academy on the hill, having a suit of five buildings, and two teachers with ten pupils, to whom we gave books, among whom was a Chinese Albino, seventeen years of age. Being followed by an annoying crowd, some of whom were fighting, the Tepo presented a petition that the travelers would leave, as he was fearful of a tumult. We saw a Roman Catholic priest in the distance, and on our way to the boat passed hemp and the tea oil plant. Many soldiers visited our boat making free with private property, but at the firing of a pistol near them, they quickly left the boat. We gave away twenty-five Lord's Prayer, sixty large books and thirty on vaccination, at this place. Further on we visited a temple of Confucius, built in Keenloong's 50th year, in which is much white marble sculpture of elephants, cows, camels, sheep and birds. After passing an eight-storied pagoda built of granite, we entered the Tong-Ting lake, the largest in China. Between Canton and Hankow, I distributed four thousand tracts and portions of the scriptures, they were eagerly sought for, but having only a small number of books, it was necessary to give them out judiciously and only to those who were good readers. The next person who goes that route had better take forty or fifty thousand, which will be few enough. Dr. Livingston remarks, "it is safer for the missionary explorer to go away leaving the Bible behind him, and the faculty of reading it, and trusting God alone for the issue, than to watch and tend one corner too narrowly, while another still lies waste." What a vast field we have in China for missionary colporteurs.

Last Monday May 20th, at twelve M. our party arrived at Hankow. Right glad was I to see the American flag flying on two steamers in the harbor. Coming along side the nearest, we found it to be the "Saginaw," Capt. Schenck. Capt. S., an Ohio man of Dayton, informed me that he was under orders for Shanghai, and would start in two hours. He most generously offered myself and Rev. Mr. Beach (our other friends wished to remain),

my traveling companion, a passage to Shanghai. We seized the opportunity, transferring our trunks and blankets from a little Chinese boat, to the trim and fleet Saginaw. We had an hour's time to run ashore at Hankow, calling on the American and English Consuls, and expending a few shillings for articles which friends would value as coming from this city in the heart of China. Hankow is one of the new ports opened to foreign trade and Christian labors in 1861, under the late treaty. It is built on the low ground between the river Han and the Yangtze, and is often overflowed. On the opposite bank of the Yangtze, stands Wuchang, the capital of Hupeh province. We found several thousand imperial troops collected there, with armed junks, and munitions of war, preparing to attack the Tai Pings, forty miles down the river. Five or six commercial firms have already established themselves in this beautiful concession. The dialect of Hankow differs from those of the other ports, and for that reason, it is desirable that new missionaries just arrived, should take this eligible station for mission work.

Leaving Hankow at two p. m., a salute of seven guns to the Chinese governor was given. Between here and Nankin, we passed three foreign steamers and a barque, on their way up the river to Hankow. Nganking, the capital of Nganhwui province, we reached on Wednesday, the 22d inst., it is a walled city and is now held by the Tai-pings. It is, however, closely besieged by the imperialists on land and river, completely hemming in the rebel Tai-pings who must soon be starved out, if relief is not brought. The imperialists have thrown up an earth wall for six or eight miles, encircling three sides of the city, they have an immense force in the vicinity. Desolation and ruin mark the neighborhood; we passed a cave filled with men and women; they had no boat and no way of escape.

Our trip on the river was very interesting; we passed several immense camps of Imperialists; lime-stone quarries; terraced hills; large lime stone rock 300 feet high; and now a conical rock rising from middle of the river named "Orphan Boy." There are many fields of reed on the left, the poor people live in reed huts. The desolations of civil war appeared along the whole course of our passage, and in two places we noticed the smoke and flames of burning hamlets. The rule of Chinese warfare is, to destroy, kill and burn the enemy, men, women and children. Yesterday, at two p. m. the Saginaw dropped her anchor off Nankin, within a stone's throw of the shore. As our stay would be short, Rev. Mr. Beach and myself immediately obtained by the aid of Dr. McCartee, U. S. Interpreter, a permit from the Custom House to visit the city. The official was dressed in a long, yellow silk robe wearing a gaudy and fantastic-shaped gilt hat or crown. The city gate is five miles from the shore, therefore with quick step we passed over the muddy road. On entering the large, heavy, iron-plated gate, fifteen feet wide, and twenty feet high, we inquired for the mansion of *Kun Wong*, or the Shield Prince, where the Rev. I. J. Roberts, an American Baptist missionary, resides, and found it without difficulty, a mile and a half from the gate. The "mansion," so called, is a large Chinese building of common appearance. On the wall, the opposite side of the street, there is a large tablet, ten feet wide and fifteen feet high; the lower three-fourths of it has in blazing gilt, the Chinese character for *happiness*: pronounced in the mandarin dialect *Foo*. The upper fourth of the tablet, was inscribed in smaller characters, with the opening words of our Lord's sermon on the Mount, Matt. v. 2-12 verses; I could not well resist the impulse to stand and read it aloud

finding it openly set forth in such a conspicuous place in Royal precincts. Our arrival was quite unexpected to Mr. Roberts; we sent in our cards and the welcome was most cordial. The zealous missionary was dressed in Chinese costume, having a long, yellowish brown silk Chinese coat, but wearing no braided tail of hair, only the little scull cap. Our principal object in visiting Nankin, was to obtain from Mr. Roberts, who has been residing there the last seven months, correct accounts of the Tai Pings, and were glad to find him in good health. We saw Kan Wang's son, "Hoong Sow," fifteen years of age, he was dressed in a yellow silk robe and a turban; also several of the high officers. "Kan Wang" had gone to Cheet Kawng Province with 10,000 soldiers to *Sun Une* on one of his military expeditions. We partook of a Chinese dinner prepared with much style and dined on rice, duck, duck-eggs, three sorts of vegetables in fine order, using silver chopsticks; our walk had sharpened our appetite.

Our pleasant interview with Mr. Roberts lasted more than an hour and a half; he conversed freely of his situation, labor and prospects. He is permitted to exercise his ministry as a preacher of the gospel, but no chapel is yet built in the city. He however practices open air, street preaching, and goes out daily for this purpose but with what success is known only to the Great Missionary who gave the command to preach every where. Yesterday Mr. Roberts had an audience of one hundred, but as he speaks the Canton dialect, and only a small minority of the Nankin people are Cantonese, his hearers are few. His statements of the condition of the Rebel Authorities and their religious character was not so pleasing as we had hoped to find, not the lustre of a bright living flame. Mr. Roberts is a firm Baptist and has had a warm dispute with the Shield King concerning the mode of *baptism*.

I deeply regret this, Christian ministers in China must stand on a common form — one platform — not Paul, not Peter, but Jesus Christ. Religious toleration must be allowed by the Rebel Authorities, else they cannot live in the presence of Western Powers, life is too short for quibbles. [Rev. I. J. Roberts died in America during the year 1873. By the last will of Mr. Roberts, deceased, his property in Canton, China, consisting of a chapel and residence, valued at some \$2500 or \$3000, is bequeathed in trust to the senior missionary of this mission and to his successors.] There is no worship of idols, nor any idol temple in the city. I was told by one of the head Tai Pings, that death was the punishment for idolatry, but the chiefs and officers have a daily religious service of their own. The power of life and death is intrusted to twelve or fifteen chiefs in the city, each of whom, on his own responsibility, without even consulting his co-peers may inflict capital punishment; and for crimes that we should designate small, life is summarily taken. The Tai Ping Emperor conforms to the ancient Chinese Imperial custom of withdrawing from the public eye, and secluding himself in his palace; he is also a polygamist and maintains a large harem. His knowledge of Scripture truths, is mingled with his own wild visions and imaginations, to which he gives equal credit and authority. Such being the views and conduct of the present leader of the Tai Pings, we cannot expect to find his people any better, for although the outward forms of idolatry are removed, there is no effort to furnish in their stead Christian churches and institutions, nor are there any schools in the city for the Christian education of the boys and girls. The appearance of the streets through which we passed was ruinous; sadly so — broken walls, and broken pavements; but few shops, and only

a few buildings repairing, gave sure tokens of the heavy scourge of war. The city walls remain unbroken, and inclose a wide territory with several high hills and cultivated fields for miles. The height of the wall varies from thirty-five to sixty feet; the gateway under the wall is dark and long, more like a short railroad tunnel than anything else, having two smaller gates besides the massive one. I obtained two bricks or slabs covered with glazed porcelain from the ruins of the celebrated octagonal Porcelain Tower of nine stories and covered with slabs of glazed porcelain of white, green, red, and yellow. [The Prussian Consul desired one of these bricks to send to Prussia, the other one I brought with me to America as a pleasant memento of the Nankin visit.] With regret we bade "good bye" to our patient and persevering Christian brother, Rev. Mr. Roberts, leaving his residence with three Chinese servants for guides, and rode back to our steamer on Chinese ponies with saddle-seats of yellow silk, a ride of seven miles through one long street in Nankin paved with stone slabs 8×4 feet, arriving at 9 P. M. The ride by moonlight, under the high city walls, and the present condition of this great and ancient capital were very impressive. Desolation and decay of the works of men, with poverty, misery, and idleness of the inhabitants, awoke sad feelings. This morning we bade farewell to Nankin, which may ere long feel the scourge of war in a tenfold degree, as the contest between the Imperialists and Tai Pings, is yet of doubtful issue. Nankin has been in the possession of the Rebels since the year 1853. ["At the taking of Nankin by the 'long-haired rebels,' the city was given up to sack and slaughter, during three days, and 20,000 Tartars — men, women and children were massacred. The Viceroy was quartered and his remains nailed to the four gates of the city. Previous to his death his veins were opened and his blood made to flow into a large vessel of water, which the conquerors drank. His daughter, a girl of nineteen, was stripped in the public square, bound upon a cross, and her heart cut out. Many of the Tartar officers were thrown into boiling oil, or tied to stakes surrounded with bundles of oiled straw and slowly roasted to death." The demolition of the Porcelain Tower was connected with the overthrow of the Northern King Wei, in 1856 when "a feud arose among the leaders which resulted in the destruction of all the Kings except Shih Takhai the 'Assistant King.]" Two other extensive rebellions have broken out in the Northern Provinces, under leaders not connected with the Nankin Chief. There is a falling to pieces of the empire, preparatory to the formation and growth of a different kingdom, whose "king shall reign in righteousness." Now the word is "overturn, overturn, overturn, till he shall come," whose is the right to order all things according to his most holy will. At the cities of Hankow, Yokechow, and Say-ung-tam, all in the very heart of China, are millions of people waiting for preachers of the gospel. Happy will he be whose heart impels him to spend his life, and be spent, in planting the seed of God's word in those parts. I am confident that I speak the truth, when I say that the destitution of my native land, the *United States*, is not a thousandth part of that in China. The inhabitants here are starving for lack of the "Bread of Life." On American Christian men and women, is the duty laid of giving it to them. The thermometer stands at 72°, a fair clear morning, the Saginaw started at 10.10 A. M. On the left is the Rebel fleet of 200 junks, and houses burning near by. Pass Golden island on the right, also a cone shaped rugged rock, surmounted with a white seven-storied pagoda with batteries around the island. Further on the Imperial

fleet is at anchor, gay with hundreds of flags and banners. A large Imperial camp is in and around the town of Chin-kee-ang. Silver island is on the left, a picturesque spot; groves of dark green trees and shrubs cover it, a two story pavilion on the top with a foreigner at the door; a pathway leads up the hill side, while hundreds of Chinese line the shore. The English gun boat No. 90 is anchored near and is dressed in banners for Queen Victoria's forty-second birthday anniversary. At 9.20, the Flag ship "Hartford" signals two blue, one red and one blue light, to anchor for the night, which order is obeyed. On Sunday May 26th the Saginaw anchored at Shanghai and Mr. Bonney went ashore to Rev. Dr. Bridgman's.

*A Patriotic Letter from an American in China.*

Rev. E. Hopper,

Canton, China, July 8, 1861.

Dear Brother and Countryman: I have just read, in the *Christian Intelligencer*, your lines, headed, "The Old Flag," and yield to the impulse of my heart, to thank you for them. My heart responds to every word of the seven verses. Why *seven* verses? Was each verse meant as a shot at each of the seceding conventions? May it be so, and strike dead the foolish, wicked course pursued by them. I have lately made a tour through the interior of China, from Canton to Hankow, by Chinese boats, in forty days. It was through a portion of the empire, never before traveled by white men. The distance was twelve hundred miles from Canton to Hankow, the newly opened port on the Yangtse river. I was accompanied by two Scotchmen and one Englishman. We carried the British flag at the stern of our Chinese boats, as often as we changed boats. When we entered Oonam province, with the assistance of a Chinese tailor, I made an American flag, and hoisted it at the bow of our boats. It is the first American flag that has been carried through that part of China, and come into Hankow from the south. Have not American missionaries the right to carry their country's flag, wherever they go? Who dare deny it?

"Flag of great Washington!  
Flag of brave Anderson!  
Flag of each mother's son  
Who dares be free!"

It is the symbol of the most Christian nation on the face the earth, with all due respect to Victoria, "Defender of the Faith." Under its wings dwell a people whose laws and institutions are more in accordance with the spirit of the Bible, than any other people. African slavery at the South, was an anomaly, an ingredient in the body politic, that could not coalesce. Now it must effervesce. What a boiling it makes, I hope the boiling will cause the scum to rise to the surface, and those who tend the caldron do their duty in skimming it off. Then shall there come forth fine gold and silver fit for the Master's use. This war is evidently a chastisement on both parts of our country for not "coming up to the help of the Lord, against the mighty." Why have not the Northern Christians done more in aid of sending the gospel to heathen foreign nations? More men, more material support, more funds to give God's revealed word to millions "perishing for lack of knowledge!" Gold, silver, and products of the sea and earth, have been flowing into the land for the last fifteen years in great abundance. Have the tithes been brought into the storehouse or treasury of the Lord and Master and Owner of all? Now it is wrenched from them by an iron rod held over them. Rather, they give

willingly to preserve their lives and homes, and that, too, by millions rather than by thousands. When the rod is withdrawn, may there be seen the peaceable fruits of righteousness and peace. On the other hand, have not the Southern Christians been negligent of their duty to the African slaves, to give them good religious teaching? Now a tide of ungodliness sweeps over them, and almost consumes them. But this struggle cannot continue long. America has not been raised up to be torn in pieces by this rebellion. It is a test and purifier, applied by Him who is Governor among the nations. He desires our nation to be more thankful for the blessings he has bestowed, "to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" to exalt his name glorious in all the earth. I think that I will present you with the identical flag that I carried at the bow of our Chinese boat, from Canton province to Hankow. I will put it up, and send it by ship, by and by, to the *Christian Intelligencer* office, to be forwarded to you. May the Spirit of God arouse the young men of America to enlist as soldiers of Christ, as they are now doing for their country and capital. When Israel forsook God, he gave them over to their enemies, who "mightily oppressed them" When they honored and obeyed them, they were at peace, and enjoyed prosperity. May the Lord Jehovah turn us! "Turn us, O God of our salvation, and cause thine anger towards us to cease." "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." (Ps. LXXXV.) So may it be in the land of Washington, ere these lines reach you. But if not so, God's will be done. His set time is best.

Yours for God and our fatherland.

SAMUEL W. BONNEY.

*Canton, Sept. 30, 1861.* God in his providence has come very near us, here in Canton lately, by taking to himself an English officer, LIEUT. SANDWICH, of the 3d Bombay Infantry. He has been in Canton two years, sustained the character of a faithful Christian in the face of many ungodly associates. He attended our prayer meetings and took a part in them. Often he came and took tea with us and spent the evening. A week ago last evening, he had agreed to take tea with us, but while riding at six P. M., to attend to some duty of his regiment, a boy's kite, flying overhead, got loose and dropped down on the horse's head. The horse suddenly shied one side and threw Lieut. Sandwich headlong on the ground; he struck on his forehead, producing instant concussion of the brain. Although he breathed for six hours, he was unconscious, and never spoke. His death is much lamented by the missionaries and the soldiers; he was only twenty-five years of age; in the flower of youth he is transferred to the land of the holy and blest.

On September 19th, was the Chinese "FEAST OF LANTERNS." If you only divest yourself of the idea that all you see is sad idolatry, you would indeed call it a very beautiful sight. It was a bright moonlight night; every householder and boatman, raises a couple of very pretty colored lanterns, brilliantly illuminated, of different forms and materials, or colored glass lamps, before each door, upon the top of a high pole from the most elevated part of his house or vessel; there is also a fine display of fireworks. The boats moving up and down the river "exhibiting colored glass lamps arranged in various ways, are extremely beautiful." "One of the prettiest shows of lanterns, is seen in a festival observed in the spring or autumn, by fisherman, to propitiate the spirits of the waters. A dragon, fifty feet

or more long, made of light bamboo frames, of the size and shape of a barrel covered with strips of colored cotton or silk, and so arranged that it can be lighted in the inside, has the extremities to represent the gaping head and frisking tail. This monster is carried through the streets by men, who elevate it several feet above their heads, by holding each joint upon poles, and as they walk they give the body a wriggling, waving motion. It is called manœuvring or playing with the dragon. Huge figures of fish, similarly lighted, precede the dragon, with music and fireworks — the never-failing warning to way-side demons to keep out of the way — accompany the procession, which presents a very brilliant sight, as it winds its way through the dark streets." These sports and processions give idolatry its hold upon a people; and although none of them are required or patronized by government, still in China, as in other heathen countries, most of the scenes and games which please the people, are recommended by connecting with them the observances or hopes of religion, and the merry making of the festive board. "In the manufacture of LANTERNS, the Chinese excel all other people; the variety of their forms, their elegant carving, gilding, and coloring, and the laborious ingenuity and taste displayed in their construction, render them among the prettiest ornaments of their dwellings. They are made of paper, silk, cloth, horn, basket work and bamboo, of various sizes."

*October 3, 1861.* We often have severe thunder storms in the early part of the summer: during one of unusual violence, a woman living near us was struck by the terrific lightning and instantly killed.

During the rainy season, we had great rains falling in such torrents as we never see in America, which together with the high tides caused the water to be very deep in our "hong," and out of school hours it is a source of great diversion to the girls who have fine fun waddling and playing in it. On one such occasion, there was a general shout of "lō shü!" "a rat!" a large fat specimen, that evidently had been a frequent visitor to some of our larders was seen clinging to the side of the wall, in great danger of being drowned. He, however, was soon captured by one of the larger girls and carried to the river gate, what then? thrown into the river? No indeed, but given into the extended waiting hands of an old woman, whose white locks claimed for her preëminence over others in the many "sam-pans" crowded round our door. She received it with grateful thanks, then introduced it into her boat cuisine and soon, with her children, relished it as a sweet morsel. The boat women frequently, during the high tides, have asked permission to come within our inclosure to secure the rats, which are driven out of their holes by the water, as they were held in high estimation as palatable food. Mr. Bouney and myself one day priced dried rats, large quantities of which were hanging up in shops; the price was forty cents for one catty, one and one-third pounds. We constantly, in our walks, saw these small quadrupeds exposed for sale, in the market stalls; either skinned ready for cooking; others alive, suspended by the tail struggling to be free, or dried, hanging side by side with dried ducks, poultry and quarters of lamb, also fine dogs and cats in abundance. Another classical and popular dish, for the poor, of like delicate flavor as the rodent mammals, which is equally acceptable, is a specimen of the genus *Felis*. A fine large cat, having strayed from its home, was unfortunately captured in my garden by the coolie, without my knowledge, and after sundry arrangements given to a younger boatwoman. A few hours subsequently while standing at the veranda window, I saw the coolie com-

ing through the river gate with a good sized bowl of soup in his hand which he was eating with avidity and great gusto. The amah called my attention to it and told me, the boatwoman had given the coolie his share of poor pussy!

Commodore Engle and two other officers accompanied William around the city; on their return, the Commodore told me, the funniest sight, and the one he would not have missed seeing, was a fine fat puppy skinned and dressed, being weighed; a nice dinner for some family who from stern persuasion would greedily devour a slice of this genus *Canis*. We often see hucksters, with basket cages, slung at either end of a bamboo pole, taking live cats to the market, and on the stone steps of the public landing by our house, more than one fat dog, I have seen taken to be prepared for the taste of the celestial epicure, they have the appearance of young pigs.

The EMPEROR OF CHINA, HIEN FUNG is dead, what will be the policy of his successor towards foreigners remains to be seen, there may be good will or there may be fresh troubles. "He died in Tartary on the 22d of August 1861, whither he had fled in October of the previous year, not long antecedent to the destruction of his summer palace by the allied English and French troops." The courier bringing an official dispatch from Peking with a blue seal on it, arrived a few days since. Orders have been issued for a national mourning for the Emperor's death, all the official documents to Consul Perry are sent forth under the *blue seal!* *blue* being the color used for imperial mourning, as white is that of the people. Red paper is not now used and even the sign boards are put in mourning. We went to see the "Temple of Mars which was draped with white, the floor was also covered with white calico. Here, the high officials and military men repair, and for three days, bowing and prostrating themselves before an empty throne, mourn and bewail the dead. An appointed *groaner* leads in these wails and prostrations; and when the mourners have assumed the attitude of humble grief, a signal is given, and the yellow silk curtains in front of the throne being drawn around them, they are left to their sorrow." The entrance to this building is guarded by fierce looking lions. Marriage processions are not allowed to pass through the streets for one hundred days; the Chinese are all required to mourn, even the mandarins remove their buttons from their caps." The "TEMPLE OF HORRORS" is another of the noteworthy edifices visited by the curious. It is dedicated to the god of the city, and is a place of general resort for the inhabitants, the square is always densely crowded with all classes. Gamblers are sitting at small tables; jugglers with their practices of legerdemain; fortune tellers; scores of beggars shivering in their filthy rags if it should be a damp, cold day; and some wise doctor discoursing about the virtue of monkey's bones. You never can look with indifference on these frightful representations of the torments of purgatory and varied tortures of hell "awaiting the wicked" in the next world. Almost daily you will see one (or more) earnest devotees, even the most respectable Chinese women with little feet, her amah close by her—"kneeling on a mat before an altar, consulting the gods about some affair of interest to her. While prostrate she touches the floor, with her forehead three times; then taking from a jar a number of bamboo sticks, each having a figure inscribed on it, shakes the holding box till a stick falls out, this is handed to the waiting priest, who gravely consults the sacred book, and tells the petitioner the answer to her prayer; this concluded she rises and burns incense sticks before the image." In

one division of the spacious Temple you see the punishments of the future state, according to the Taoist Sect in the Chinese Hades. The King of the Infernal Regions sits in his palace as Judge and condemns to misdemeanors to *ten* different degrees. He has sentenced some criminals to be transformed into birds, beasts, or oxen and they are to be seen in the successive stages: a boy is changing to a dog; a man has horns growing from his forehead, his feet and hands are changing to hoofs, a tail is sprouting from his back; another is changing into an ass, others into hogs. These victims are represented undergoing the many changes of transmigration to animals as punishments for crimes committed during life-time on earth. "The devils have a grist mill in which they grind up the wicked; one sinner has been put in head foremost, and we see only his feet sticking out of the hopper; another is placed between two planks of wood bound closely together and is being sawn longitudinally in two parts, the blood flowing out all around. One is thrown into a caldron of boiling oil and is partially stewed; others devoured by serpents and beasts; another to be hung up and flayed alive; some beaten to death, or cut in various ways and others are beheaded. One poor wretch is condemned to suffer endless hunger and when the dogs come to eat his raw-boned frame, the demons drive them away. These figures are made of clay and wood, representing the condemned victims as coming out in the shape of hideous wild animals" and are certainly fitting scenes for this horrible chamber. A few of the celestial spirits are on high rocks looking down, with great complacency, on the various tortures of the lower regions as inflicted by the King of Hades. A grinning, savage demon in one corner is paying his respects to a woman who cut out a piece of her own flesh and gave it to her mother to eat which cured the disease, it represents her filial affection. The Infernal Judge sentences all robbers of tombs to be put in the caldron. All termagants to be ground up in a mortar. Gamblers to be beheaded. Those who wasted grain and rice are transformed to birds and beasts. Extortioners to be hung up and flayed alive. All the atheists to be sawn asunder. Each human being, after having endured the proper degree of punishment for sins committed during life on earth in each of the ten principal departments of the Taoist's hell ("The doctrine of the Metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, seemed to be firmly believed by all classes of the Chinese"), is doomed to be born again into the world as a man or a woman, or an insect, bird or beast all in accordance with perfect justice."

The terrible rumor that reached us has become a certainty of the murder of two faithful missionaries at the North of China. "Rev. Messrs. Parker and Homes in Shantung were cut down by the hand of violence, in youthful prime. They went out to meet the advancing rebels and never returned, their dead bodies were found on October 15th some thirty miles from Chefoo. The murderers of these missionaries were the Shantung Rebels, they are a large predatory gang whose only object is bloodshed and spoil; they are a thorough scourge to the districts they visit. "These local filchers had for some weeks been in the distance and on Sunday about noon the two friends on horseback, and armed each with a revolver, started to meet them, expecting to return in a day or two. On Tuesday reports came that they had been killed; but this was not known to be the fact until their bodies were found. "There is nothing in the present aspect of affairs which promises the dawning of a more peaceful day upon this distracted land. China is what she has ever been — slow,

stolid, stagnant. The central government shows utter impotence to cope with the evils and extensive disorder in the surrounding provinces. The mandarins well know that these fearful filehers aim at plunder, taking a place they remain in it as long as it affords them the means of subsistence, and, when thoroughly exhausted, they bid it a temporary farewell. The mandarins do not wish to come in collision with them, and they are sure to go out one gate as the desperate filehers enter another. It was supposed that this party of rebels or banditti had some connection with those at Nankin, who had thus far shown some deference to foreigners, and the two missionaries went without any fear to them."

The city of Canton was evacuated, on October 21, 1861, by the allied forces, and as a consequence the vessels were gaily dressed in bunting, flags floated with the breeze, and many salutes were fired. The Chinese imperial yellow flag, with the emblem of power, as seen in the five-clawed dragon, is now flying where the French and English standard so lately claimed precedence. Previous to leaving Canton, GEN. SIR CHARLES STRAUBENZIE, commander of the English troops, made a farewell visit to the Chinese General-in-Chief, TSEANG REUN, mandarin of the first class or Red Button, called the Tartar general, and was received with great kindness. This afternoon we repaired to the military landing, to take our favorite ramble on the city walls, but a wonderful transformation has already been effected, giving to the surroundings a dreary and desolate look. Our last stroll has been taken there, as the Chinese have cut a very deep trench across that wide and beautifully macadamized road made by the allies. They intend blocking entirely up with a high barricade, so that there will be no possible entrance, but through the city gates, which are well guarded. "This fine military road was made for the transfer of supplies of food and ammunition, to the troops stationed on the heights, at the north part of the town." Their removal is an experiment, to see how foreigners will be treated, and whether the late transactions will prove a salutary restraint, but no trouble is anticipated. We often had walked on the massive wall, gathering pretty ferns and flowers, to the pagoda citadel built over the "deep and lofty arch of one of the double gates, with its outside bastions, now occupied by Chinese soldiers, stationed there as a guard; once this walk was inaccessible to European feet, but now we may go as we please."

Rev. J. W. Mears :

My Dear Sir : I subscribed for the *American Presbyterian*, three years ago, and sent the money by a friend going to America, but it was stolen from him, and I have never received the paper. I have occasionally met with a number, which I have read with much pleasure. I do not wish to be without the paper any longer, and think I can afford to pay for it. I would rather diminish my customary daily food, than be deprived of the healthy mental and spiritual nutriment which I have found, and expect to find in the columns of your valuable paper. I wish, also, that the *Quarterly Review* of our church, be sent to me. I have never taken it, but must now delay no longer. In these times of reviving loyalty and patriotism, it becomes every Christian to renew his loyalty, to whatever regiment of King Immanuel's army he belongs. The good providence of God, brought the gospel with power, to my heart, while attending the stated services in Allen Street Presbyterian Church, New York. Lane Seminary is my Alma Mater, as a "school of the prophets." Now being placed here

among a heathen and idolatrous people, to proclaim the terms of pardon, peace, and eternal life to rebel men, I cannot but desire the occasional treat of reading the accounts of the doings of my fellow soldiers, in my dear native land. God has greatly blessed her. He will, I am persuaded, continue to bless her. This present chastisement is sent in love and wisdom, to purge her of iniquity and ungodliness.

"I will chastise him with the rod of men, and with the stripes of the children of men; but my mercy shall not depart away from him," saith the Lord of David. So it is with the United States of America. God grant that all his people there, may see the hand of a kind Father, in the infliction of this scourge, repent of their lukewarmness and return to their first love. "Will a man rob God? yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse, for ye have robbed me, even the whole nation. Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." The third chapter of Malachi is very applicable to the present condition of our country. The "offerings" which have heretofore been given in the United States, for Domestic and Foreign Missions, seem but a "tithe of mint, anise and cummin," when compared with the millions of money and thousands of men, now furnished for the support of the government. When Britain was slow to give the gospel to her Indian subjects, a mutiny was allowed to spring up, to quicken her to duty. When the United States were slack in efforts to diffuse the gospel of peace and love at home and abroad, a spirit of discord, was permitted to ripen into armed rebellion. Soon may the people of the Lord come up to his help against the mighty hosts of Satan, as they now do for the defence of their government against treason, rebellion, and downright mutiny. Tithes, and more than tithes, are freely offered for the defence of our national government. When the present exigency is passed, will not the claims of Him who is "Governor among the nations," be regarded? "*Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel, to every creature.*" Let prompt and general obedience be given to this great command of the new dispensation, and our land will be the glory and delight of all lands. "Our God will bless us, and the land will yield her increase." So may it be.

Yours very truly,

S. W. BONNEY.

One of the veteran missionaries in China left us on November 2d, 1861, and went to his eternal reward, "after a long and honorable life of usefulness." It was REV. E. C. BRIDGMAN, D.D., of the Amer. Board's Mission at Shanghai. He came to China in 1830 and had been absent from China only one year since that time. He has been a diligent, faithful, and wise servant of Jesus in this part of the great field.

Mr. Bonney knew him well and had resided in his house for seven months. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." On Monday before the interment, there came a note accompanied with a cross beautifully embroidered with pure white natural flowers, with this request to the bereaved and sorrowing widow: "Will you allow me the privilege of laying these flowers by one whose memory we value so deeply?"

With sincere sympathy — F. C."

The "Christmas Tree," with its emblematic evergreen, whose top reached to the ceiling, has budded and blossomed. On December 25th, the fruit

was all plucked from its heavily laden branches, much to the gratification and delight of the little folks whose "bright eyes often would turn wistfully toward the locked door, and long to take a peep," the secrecy and mystery of its preparation has been tantalizing to them. Dr. and Mrs. Williams with their children came up from Macao, the previous week to be our guests; they assisted to "arrange artistically the baubles which link home centre with loving remembrances. The beautiful gifts sent last year by Lady Parks, together with the box from Albany were great acquisitions, we had also baskets of refreshments from Mrs. Hunter and Mr. Nye, with innumerable gifts from other friends.

One pretty incident, which touched the hearts of all present, was connected with this occasion: early in the morning I received a letter and parcel enclosing a purse of money, from the English Wesleyan missionaries of Canton, directed to one belonging to the Southern Baptist Board. Owing to the embarrassed condition of our poor unsettled native country the remittance of necessary funds, had been withheld, causing great distress to his excellent brother family. The purse, from these kind, sympathizing friends, was hung in a conspicuous place on the tree, and in the midst of our festivities Mr. Bonney cut down and handed the welcome godsend to the worthy recipient designated for this courteous benevolence.

January 13, 1862. This is the "Week of Prayer;" we have religious meetings every day and evening, they are most precious seasons, oh, that God's blessing may rest upon us all, here and in our native land. Our poor distracted, dear Country, "with the dark banners of disunion floating over the entire South, and covering it with black clouds," has been the subject of earnest prayer at our missionary meetings. How she suffers! If I was at home, and had nine grown up sons, I would give them all to God and for their Country, to protect and defend the Star-spangled Banner." Oh, that you could find every *Northern Traitor*, to put them at the Cannon's mouth and blow them south; it is not only a crime against the Country, but against God.

How many homes are made desolate, and many, many hearts broken, but it must be so, "Our Flag" *must not* be stricken down. What sad, sad havoc, yet I do not want to hear of peace till Rebellion is extirpated and the *United States Government* triumphant; for God will there rule. I grieve to see advertisements for Balls and Concerts, what perverted taste! Who can have the heart to attend a party, when thousands of our noble young men are bleeding to preserve your very homes to you. There is every probability, that the *United States Government* will be sustained in its authority and maintained in its integrity over the thirty-four States. Rebellion, and mutiny will be suppressed; although it may be by a death struggle. "The paths of peace, are the only paths of pleasantness for England and America."

*Rev. S. W. Bonney to Mrs. Elmendorf.*

My dear Mrs. Elmendorf,

Canton February 22d, 1862.

Several days since, Catharine notified me that this day was near at hand. Here it is, bright, warm and clear, demanding of me a remembrance of your birth-day. But alas for the birth-day of Washington this year. If he could, or if he does, look down on the country of which he has been styled the "Father," what grief must he feel to see the nation for which he toiled many a year, torn by fratricidal wars. Its citizens arrayed in hostile arms against each other, because one portion is determined to tighten

the cords of Slavery, and the other portion desire to loosen them. The foul ingredient of African slavery in the organization of our nation, has grown to an immense ulcer. But now we must make the best of it we can, and support the good civil Government that lawless men would destroy. The very heart and soul of the Southern Rebellion seems to me to be injustice and unholy ambition. I cannot do any thing in person to suppress it, while I am here at the antipodes, but I can pray, and will pray to Him who is Governor over all the nations of the earth, that he would scatter those who join in a wicked rebellion, and delight in war, for war's sake. Did not Southerners *begin* the war and boast of their prowess? May the Union men and troops trust in the Lord Jehovah at all times, stand up strong for the right, and the venerable institutions of our land that have grown better by age. Now they are put to the test of their value. The souls of freemen are tried as to their fidelity and loyalty. When I wrote you last year, little did I expect such a fearful and widespread contest in the U. States as now rages. We read the papers from America with eagerness, but find it necessary to sift the contents; to separate the true from the probable, or the false. Every American missionary in foreign countries will be more or less affected by this rebellion. The contributions for their support will be and are even now diminished. Probably the leaders and instigators of the Rebellion neither think nor care for that. Have *they* been among the true and constant supporters of foreign missions heretofore? A good part of our daily thoughts are of our dear native land and its present deplorable condition. Ungodliness has been festering for a long time, and now it breaks forth in a torrent. It seems at times as if it would cool our ardor in the duties of our station which are, to teach the Gospel to as many Chinese as we can. This is the one great and good object for which we are living here, instead of remaining in the land of our birth. I am fully persuaded that if this object and enterprise had taken a deeper hold of the churches in the United States for the last ten years, than it has, (to that extent that a correct standard of Christian benevolence requires,) our country would have been saved from this present calamity. Every tenth theological student, every tenth dollar of a Christian's income, may justly and with perfect propriety be consecrated to this service. When this is done from the pure motive of love to Christ, there are a thousand blessings flowing from it. To my eye, the foreign missionary cause is the central balance wheel of all associated benevolent labors. The greater the power that is put upon it to carry it on speedily, the greater the effect on all endeavors to establish truth and holiness in our own home territory. A zealous attachment to the spread of the Gospel in heathen lands, would neutralize many narrow-minded notions of Christian duty, that grow up in churches who seek only their own support at home. The generation of one idea, furious, fiery, ultra abolitionists would never have existed, had the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," been complied with as it ought. A holy zeal for Christ, his name and praise, would have set aside every thing that disagreed with it. The spirit of good will, sympathy and love would never have aroused the angry resentment of Southern slaveholders. They would also have regarded the African population with more commiseration and humane care. The benefits of Christian instruction and reading the Bible would have been extended to all the colored population. The selfish and unseemly boasting of our national advantages, would have been restrained by thankful acknowledgments to the Giver of all good. Notwithstanding the dark cloud of desola-

tion and violence, I hope for its dispersion and try to "wait patiently for the Salvation of God." He only can give victory. Let us seek it from Him. He is the *Disposer* of men, as well as their Creator and Preserver. All power belongeth to him. "He putteth down one and setteth up another." If our countrymen will only acknowledge their forgetfulness of Him and return to righteousness, our God will exalt them and give prosperity. But woe to them who strive with their Maker. An unholy national pride and haughty spirit have brought our people and Government very near destruction. To whom can we go for rescue but to Him who has led us along these eighty years, and brought us up to manhood among the nations of the earth?

Since your last birthday, Catharine and myself have been favored with general good health, and also our family of Chinese girls. Freddy has been returned to his parents in good health and spirits. Catharine has taken four new scholars into her school. I have made a trip to Hankow and back safely, together with several shorter ones in this Province. My Chapel has been fully attended. My free day school for boys has been supported by friends here. It costs about \$150 a year. While I was absent at Hankow Catharine went up twice a week to my Chapel, inside of the City walls, to sing with my boys and see that all went right. For a few days there was a great freshet; the water rose suddenly and was two feet deep in our house, the girls had to wade through to get to the school room. The first day of the flood Catharine had a comical experience, but she was equal to the emergency and bore it bravely. She went up early in the morning (seated in a sedan with Freddy on her lap and Amah walking) to the boys' school. On her return the chair-bearers put down the sedan, quite a distance from the dwelling, telling her of the high tide and that they could go no farther but would carry her on their back. She however had no idea of that, and insisted they should proceed or they should not have any pay. By this time a large crowd had assembled to see how the "*Sz Nai*" (Teacher's Wife) would reach her house. After much grumbling, finding the lady resolute, the coolies raised the sedan-chair and waded through the water, holding it above while Amah took Freddy. The girls and servants brought stools and chairs to make a dry road from the Sedan. With their assistance she stepped from the elevated conveyance on a stool, then another and had nearly reached the door when one turned and down she went into the deep water. No harm done, she soon changed her apparel and the mishap was fun for all. The Chinese are friendly to us and no opposition is openly made to the preaching and teaching of the Gospel. As individuals, as a family, as Christian missionaries, as foreigners dwelling among a people of another race we have a thousand occasions for thanks to God the Giver of all good. Two of Catharine's Canada friends, Lady Wilson and Miss Glen, have gone to their last abode and the Judge of all. Every month we are here warned to "watch and be ready" for our own summons. I congratulate you on the return of your birthday and the blessings of the past year on your household. My kindest regards to Dr. Elmendorf and niece Hattie. May love to God and the Saviour daily fill her heart with joy. Catharine sends her best love. Good night.

Yours affectionately,

S. W. BONNEY.

May 12, 1862. Our Missionaries are ever active in their itinerant labors; a photograph was sent to me which I enclose, showing the earnestness of

Rev. Mr. Preston. While the coolies are resting, the good missionary is telling them of Jesus. Seated on the grass are two native preachers, fans in their hands, and green goggles to protect their eyes. There are three sedan-chairs in the rear. Some of the coolies have gone for tea.

Another steamer tragedy occurred last week between Macao and Hongkong, reminding us of the times in 1857 and 1858 when the war was raging. The steamer "Iron Prince" left Hongkong at eleven A. M. for Macao, thirty-five miles distant. When two hours sail from Hongkong sixteen of the Chinese passengers made an attack on the captain and officers with an intent to kill. Captain Harris, and first mate and four European passengers defended themselves bravely with weapons, and finally overpowered the river pirates, killing sixteen of them. The first mate and pilot were killed, and all the others more or less wounded. A lady passenger — Mrs. Dunn — behaved most courageously, helping the captain to load the muskets and passing the loaded ones through a window, to the Europeans, receiving the discharged ones in return. There were \$40,000 in specie, on board the steamer, which was the prize desired by the remorseless pirates, who were well posted about the boxes of treasure, and came on board to murder and pillage. "Governor Guimarães, of Macao, has just returned from the North, he was received by the authorities and people with a hearty welcome. The officials in their uniforms were all in attendance, and His Excellency landed under a salute of twenty-one guns, from the San Francisco and Monte forts. Over the landing place, was reared a triumphal arch, and in front of the Government House, was an ornamental structure, under which the band was placed. On Wednesday, a Te Deum was performed in the Cathedral, and along the road leading to it, from the governor's residence, floral arches were erected. In the evening the town also was brilliantly illuminated." The weather is very warm in the day time, but cool at night.

*June 10th.* We have word from Shanghai, that war and the cholera are scourging the inhabitants. Cholera among the foreign soldiers, and war with the rebels, who are determined to take Shanghai if possible. The country people are fleeing by tens of thousands to the protection of the foreigners at Shanghai. I have received a letter from Rev. Edward Hopper of Sag Harbor, thanking me in warm language for the American flag I sent him. It was the flag I carried to Hankow, at the bow of our Chinese boat. As soon as it came into the house, his wife counted the stars I had sewed on and said, "*the stars are all there.*" Mr. Hopper writes, her words are the theme of another poem he is writing, which I am sure will equal his other productions. "Not long since an examination was held at Nan Chang, the provincial capital of Kiangsi. The English, French, and Russians, were the themes. The examination was concluded, by a combined assault on the Roman Catholic establishment. The life of the foreign priest was sought, but he managed to escape, and afterwards to reach Kin-Kiang in safety. This was done under the immediate notice of the great officers of government, and doubtless with their tacit consent. Placards have been posted up in different parts of the province, denouncing our aggressive policy, exposing our excessive barbarism, and explaining our recent proceedings against the rebels, as an atonement to the Chinese government for our past offences. In the province of Kwei Chow, a foreign priest has just been executed by orders of the local mandarin, notwithstanding his passport, under circumstances of peculiar barbarity, and there will be more trouble."

The DRAGON FESTIVAL was celebrated, June 17th, and is one of the gayest holidays, being one of the four great feast days, which are annually observed. The incessant racket is a severe trial for weak nerves; there was firing of crackers, beating of drums, raising of flags and boat racing.

"The boats are long and narrow, about one hundred feet in length, by only thirty-two inches in width, terminating in a point at both ends. They are brilliantly painted and have their bows ornamented with dragons, resembling the nondescript sea-serpent. Each boat is bedecked with flags and gay streamers; and contains sixty or eighty men, who, sitting quietly, paddle their craft to the time produced by the rude music of gongs, drums and the jingling of copper pans. The boats, when under full headway, being in appearance not unlike huge centipedes in motion. A man stands near the helm, constantly waving a fancy flag; while two men, who played a drum, elevated in the middle of the boat, led the band, keeping time with the stroke of the oar. As the speed of the boat and the din of the music, culminated, the 'dragon's voice seemed like the jingling of copper pans,' then the excitement of the musicians, exhibited itself in various frantic gestures. In consequence of the very slight construction of these boats, many lives are often lost, by their breaking in two. Pairs of these long, narrow dragon boats, race up and down the rivers with huge clamor, as if searching for some one who had been drowned." One of these dragon boats, Mr. Bonney saw upset, by a gale of wind, and thirty men drowned; there were eighty men in the boat; the under current was very strong at that spot.



PUBLIC WHIPPING. (See page 331.)

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## VISIT TO JAPAN IN 1862.

*Shanghai, July 4, 1862.* This memorable day, has opened bright and clear, but there are only a few Americans here, and no public demonstration is to be made of American patriotism. I have sent the American Consul here, Mr. Geo. H. Seward, a copy of the song "The Old Flag," written by my friend Rev. Edward Hopper of Sag Harbor. Yesterday afternoon, Catherine felt so strong, that she ventured out to call on Mrs. Bridgman, and visit the graves of Rev. Dr. Bridgman and Rev. W. A. Macy. She receives every care and attention from Mr. and Mrs. Tyers, with whom we are staying, at the hospitable mansion of Messrs. Olyphant & Co., and at times we think her better for the trip from Hongkong. Another day, we took sedans and went beyond the suburbs, meeting many persons, comfortably seated on *wheel barrows*; thousands are daily plying about the city, used for carrying the natives. They are "seated sideways, with legs dangling below or drawn up, while his baggage, or another passenger, is placed on the opposite side to trim the vehicle. This is the national conveyance at this place. We saw 'this one-horse wheel barrow, propelled by a stout coolie, with a strap over his shoulders, which made a doleful creaking as it passed close by us.' In the filthy Chinese city, we saw men with the *cangue*, which is a very heavy wooden square board collar, having a hole in the centre, for the neck of the culprit, it is locked on. It projects outwards so for three or four feet, that he cannot touch his head with his hands and will starve unless his friends or relatives feed him." The sights of abject poverty and misery, which we beheld were most pitiable and horrifying. Persons lying beside the public road, starving to death; old women with white hair, begging; sickly children crawling along, crying most despairingly, and we passed more than one dead body.

There is a custom of the Shanghai Chinese that does not exist at Canton, of placing the coffins of the dead on the top of the ground and letting them remain there to rot and corrupt. Some are covered with mats, some with a single layer of earth, others with brick; it is a strange respect for the dead which is injurious and disgusting to the living as the effluvia is offensive and unhealthy: "The country, far and wide, is dotted with little mounds of earth — the graves of former generations, they are scattered over the fields and gardens in a most remarkable manner." Mr. Tyers took us for a charming drive of ten miles circuit through the surrounding country over beautiful hard roads, we saw many curious spectacles. One day was spent at Bishop Boone's residence enjoying his pleasant hospitality, and attending worship with the native girls' school under the care of Miss Jones. The cholera is raging fearfully at Shanghai and has carried off many victims during the months of June and July. Rebellion and piracy are the two departments of lawlessness prevalent in every part of China. In Hunan, a regular system of persecution has been going on for some time. Chapels have been pulled down, also the houses of converts have been broken into, and their property confiscated. The mandarins are either unable or unwilling to do anything in the matter of these gloomy

surroundings. In Peking, the Protestant religion is prohibited, but missionaries have visited the surrounding towns and cities, and have found the people remarkably well disposed to foreigners.

"The "Lanrick" dropped anchor July 29 in the harbor of Yokohama. I went ashore to the American Consulate and reported myself as an "American citizen." Mr. Geo. C. Fisher, the Consul, took me in his covered boat across the harbor to Kanagawa where I found the missionaries, Rev. S. R. Brown and Ballagh of the Dutch Board and Hepburn of the Presbyterian Board, residing in separate temples though in the same compound. These low houses, with sliding screens of paper for partitions, had been made quite comfortable by slight repairs. Arrangements had already been made to receive and entertain us at Dr. Hepburn's. Rev. and Mrs. Brown returned with me to the brig and we brought Catharine ashore before dark, and we are now the guests of Dr. Hepburn at Kanagawa, his house adjoins Rev. Mr. Brown's. Gen. Pruyu is up at Yedo, eighteen miles distant; we had a kind note from him, he will be down tomorrow and expects us to go up and visit him. A letter has been forwarded from Canton, and just received, written by Mr. Pruyu, telling of his arrival at Yedo, concluding with an invitation for us to come on to Japan.

Dr. W. Dickson, my fellow traveler to Hankow, has been my escort through Yokohama. The roads are laid out at right angles with each other, wide and level, the buildings are only one story high, on account of the frequent earthquakes — built of stone or wood, all have gardens and front yards. One quarter of the town is occupied by the Japanese shops and stores with open fronts displaying all the variety of pretty Japanese wares; these are very neat establishments. We saw a party taking their morning repast "scated à la Turk around the table cloth made of woven straw and spread upon the floor matting." In the centre was a large bowl of lacquered wood, containing rice, from which common supply each person had heaped up a porcelain bowl, which he put to his lips and shoveled in with his fingers in most dexterous style. They were furnished with pieces of meats, vegetables, hot tea and saki, different dainties which do not injure the health made up their meal.

We greatly enjoyed our daily rides, on the nimble ponies, through fields richly carpeted with choicest flowers and through the highways bordered with fine tall hedges and magnificent shrubbery. The forests and hills were dotted with the lovely white lilies, roses of innumerable variety, while the camelia japonica with its elegant flowers seemed to be extensively cultivated and in dazzling beauty was seen on every side. We passed often through "little villages with their low dwellings and thatched roofs looking lovely and romantic." Each pony had a curious appendage in the shape of a man called "bettoe" or groom; his whole body was covered with fanciful figures pricked and stained on his skin, presenting a very grotesque appearance, tattooed with different shades of blue and red colors. "This is done by puncturing the skin, and inserting a mineral liquid, giving a similar effect to that which is often observed upon the arms and bodies of sailors." It mattered not if we traveled slow or fast, his pace was equal to it; he showed no sign of weariness but went ever ambling fleetly by our side. Besides this custom of tattooed nudity they have a strip of cloth around the loins and then are prepared to surprise us by their power of endurance.

Their excellent health and robust appearance does not in the least degree

indicate any of the enervating effects which luxurious tables are said to have, for by their abstemious habits they are quite able to vie with the swiftness of the race horses. I forgot to mention that Rev. M. B. Baily, chaplain to the English residents at Yokohama, with his family from London, came over with us.

*A Letter From Japan.*

My dear Sir,

Yokohama, Japan, August 11, 1862.

Some of your readers have visited this far-off place, newly opened for the residence and trade of Western men; others have read or heard descriptions of it; while to many, it is probably an almost unknown land. Having a few leisure moments, I will attempt to give you a brief sketch.

The town is built on a low, flat piece of ground, situated on the west side of Yedo bay, which is twenty miles across, at its mouth. The eastern part, is occupied by foreign residents, the western, by Japanese shops, stores, and hongs. The dwellings of the foreigners, are in the bungalow style, with spacious yards and grounds around them. The Japanese buildings are low dwellings of one, or one and a half story high, of wood frames and walls, with tile or thatched roofs. Here and there you will see scattered among them fire-proof buildings, some covered with white plaster, others with black lacquer, to which, in case of a conflagration, the neighbors removed their goods for safety. The streets are admirable for their regularity and width, the narrowest being twenty-five or thirty feet, the largest fifty or sixty feet wide. Every variety of Japanese ware, trinkets, toys, fans, curious and useful articles, are displayed in the open front of the shops. The floor of a Japanese shop is raised about fifteen inches from the ground, on which are spread out, closely woven straw mats, three inches thick, brushed and wiped clean as a Dutch housewife's pantry. The shopmen you will see sitting in oriental fashion behind a counter, or in a corner, keeping accounts and waiting the entrance of a customer. Nothing can exceed the neatness of some of these Japanese shops in Yokohama, far different from the filth and carelessness too often seen among the Chinese. Neatness in their dwellings, is a national trait, very commendable in this island people. Yokohama has a Custom-House, two weekly Newspapers, a convenient stone Landing, Hotel, Parsonage and Church edifice, now building. The chaplain, Rev. M. B. Baily, has lately arrived, and conducted divine service for the first time, last Sabbath at the English consulate. The Rev. Mr. Baily has had charge of a parish in England for seven years, previous to his appointment to this chaplaincy. He comes with high recommendations, as an able and well-qualified clergyman of the Church of England. Yokohama has now one of the essential requisites to the prosperity of a new settlement, namely, a devoted and experienced Christian pastor.

But what of the Japanese? you will say. My first impressions of them were quite favorable. They appear to be a people of more intelligent disposition, more frankness and good nature, than the Chinese. They are exceedingly polite to each other, in manners and daily intercourse. The first word you will need to learn, when you come here, will be, *O-hi-o,* answering to the English "Good morning." The Japanese word *sy-oná-rá* answers to "good bye." The sounds of the Japanese language strike the ear pleasantly, it being much easier to learn to speak than the Chinese. The foreign residents acquire it easily, and are soon able to use it for all common purposes.

Yedo, Japan, August 13th, 1862.

I am here with Mrs. Bonney, by the kind invitation of the Hon. R. H. Pruyn, United States Minister to Japan; we are enabled to visit this greatest of Eastern cities, through his courteousness. We came up to day from Kanagawa in a covered Japanese boat, in six hours, the distance being eighteen miles. Kanagawa is one of the ports opened by treaty, to foreign trade and intercourse, or rather Yokohama, which is opposite to it. An unfavorable wind prolonged the passage. On the way up we passed many small fishing boats, four or five men in each, "sculling and keeping time with a wild sort of a song, destitute of clothing excepting a narrow piece of cloth around their loins." Large numbers of wild ducks were flying about, or skimming over the surface of the water, in search of food. As we approached Yedo, we saw anchored in the roadstead, five miles from shore, several square rigged vessels. One was an English gun boat, the others were Japanese vessels and steamers. About a mile from the city front were built, at convenient distances from each other, four or five good-sized forts, which commanded the approach. The river front of the city, has not the crowd of boats and junks, which a Western man would expect to find at the wharves. The appearance of Yedo city, with its population of 2,000,000, as one approaches it from the bay, has a mingling of town and country. Many large trees, green-clad hills and gardens, are interspersed along the continuous line of low buildings; the hills here are also beautifully terraced. On landing, we were met by Mr. Robert C. Pruyn, a son of the minister, who conducted us on horseback, with a squad of twelve mounted Japanese soldiers or *Yakonins*, to the United States Legation, a mile distant. The rooms of the Legation, are in a large Buddhist temple, within an enclosure of nearly twenty acres. Seventeen priests still remain in the temple in buildings not occupied by the Legation. The walls of these rooms, as of all Japanese houses, are merely sliding doors, covered with thin paper, which admits a dim light, if only of one thickness. Between a suite of rooms, double thicknesses of paper are used, which exclude the light, but not the sound of the voice. The floors are covered with straw mats, each mat being six by three feet, and two or three inches thick. The most remarkable feature of the residence of the United States Legation, is the maintenance of a guard of three hundred and sixty-four soldiers around it and on the premises. This is wholly at the expense of the Japanese government, who desire to protect the representatives of foreign countries, from injury by lawless persons, who would willingly embroil their own country and other nations in trouble and strife. Besides the day guard, there is a night guard of Japanese soldiers in every part of the grounds, each carrying two swords and a lantern. They are stationed along the halls, as well as at the doors — even our bed-room — of the Legation apartments. The sentinels do not pace to and fro, in Western military style, but sit in Turkish fashion, fanning away the mosquitoes, or smoking their miniature pipes. These peculiarities may at first appear strange to us plain republicans, but they are such as the established customs of the country and the Japanese government require. There are several ponds for gold fish on the premises. A large one in the rear — forty feet in diameter, and five in depth — has upwards of a hundred gold and silver fish of the largest size, from six inches to two feet in length, the three lobed tail and fins of many are tufted and very beautiful. The grounds around are planted with fine stately trees and shrubs, both of the tropical and temperate zones. Pine, cedar, fir, oak, chestnut, bamboo,

box, plum, and the lotus flourish side by side in profusion. At this time of year the foliage is of the deepest green, most refreshing to the weary eye.

*August 14.* At five o'clock this morning I was wakened by the beating of a great drum in a side building of the temple, to call the Boodhist priests to their morning worship. In a few minutes we heard them reciting, in a most rapid and monotonous manner, their invocations to Amida Boodha, vain repetitions of his name, offering supplications and worship to a non-existence, a creature of a man's imagination. After ten or fifteen minutes of these rattling sounds, when the priests seemed to be out of breath, they fell off into a long drawling tone most offensive to the ear, well denoting the sleepy effect which Boodhism has on its votaries. Its tendency is to stupify men in body and soul. It is a sad thought that in this great city of one or two millions of immortal souls, there is not one Japanese who is a believing follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. But there is encouraging hope that the Gospel will be made known to them ere long, for there is a small but delightful band of Christ's messengers at Kanagawa, preparing themselves to proclaim the truth in God's Word as soon as He opens the way for them. Many Christians in the United States also cease not to offer prayers for this object. This afternoon we took a ride with three friends and our guard of Yakonins around the citadel of Yedo, which is the residence of the Tycoon, or Temporal Emperor of Japan, as he is termed by some. It is an extensive inclosure, situated on one of the highest hills in the centre of Yedo, surrounded by a heavy white wall, twenty feet high, of hewn stone. Outside of this stone wall is a moat one hundred and fifty feet wide, half filled with running water, and many acres of the magnificent lotus leaves and its delicately pinkish tinged flowers floating on its surface.

The roads through which we passed in the vicinity of the citadel are sixty feet wide, smooth, graveled, with fine stone built ditches on either side. The gateways are massive structures, bound together with copper bolts and clamps, the gates swung on hinges of the same material, copper being almost as abundant in this country as iron. We passed ten or more spacious residences of the Daimios or hereditary nobles, each including acres of ground, ornamented with gardens and shrubbery. Over each gateway was exhibited the coat-of-arms of the resident prince or noble.

The prettiest place we saw was a tea-garden, on the top of a high hill, from which we had an extensive view of Yedo in one direction for five miles thickly set with buildings. We have looked over New York from the top of the Bible House in Astor Place, and over London from the ball above the dome of St. Paul's Church, but the vast expanse of buildings in Yedo, exceeds, in our estimation, the view of either place. This tea-garden is not for the growth of the tea-plant, but for travelers and weary persons to refresh themselves with the genuine extract of the leaf, unmixed with sugar or milk. The Japanese tea, to my taste, is purer and sweeter than the Chinese leaf. The difference of soil and climate will of necessity give another flavor to the plant. The immense walls of hewn stone on the sides of the moats around the Tycoon's Palace, the ornamented banks and terraces, the beautiful wide and macadamized avenues, the immense and firm gateways in front of the Daimios' (nobles) palaces, all show a combination of skill and strength on the part of the Japanese builders that I did not expect to find. They would do credit to any European or American builder. As we passed on through the streets, there was not seen the busy, bust-

ling throng of Western cities, but a quiet people moving about their several occupations in no hurry. Nearly every man had his sword or swords girded by his side. Even boys of ten or twelve years of age were seen wearing two heavy swords. A people thus accustomed from their childhood to bear the sword must have some of the old Roman disposition in their character. A stranger passing through the streets of Yedo for only half a day, will notice an open and manly bearing of many Japanese that is not generally seen among the Chinese.

*August 15th.* The Japanese Government has shown its desire to cultivate friendly intercourse with foreigners by laying out a large piece of ground, forty acres or more, for the residences of the Ambassadors of foreign nations with whom they have treaties — the United States, England, France, and Holland. The site selected is most beautifully located on a high bank south of the city, overlooking Yedo Bay. It is to be surrounded with a moat and palisade fence. The buildings for the English Legation will be ready for occupation in a few weeks. The plans for the buildings of the American Legation have been given to the Japanese builders; the ground has been leveled but the timbers are not yet laid. The buildings for the French and Dutch Legations will soon be taken in hand. Where is the Government that has been so generous and magnanimous in this matter as the Japanese?

Considering the depressing influence of their long seclusion on the national character, they have thus far done nobly. It is unjust to expect them to equal those nations which for two hundred and fifty years have enjoyed the advantages of a Christian civilization.

This afternoon we visited this spot of ground, which is three miles from the present residence of the American Legation. The palace of an ancient Emperor of Japan, occupied this site, but it has now entirely disappeared, and only a large Daimio building remains. The road leading to it is lined with pine, fir, and chestnut trees, while at every short distance, you pass neatly trimmed hedges of oak, pine, cedar and box-wood, six or eight feet high, inclosing the gardens and parks of the wealthier class. On our return, we met a funeral procession, the first I had seen in Yedo. The corpse was inclosed in a square box, its dimensions being about two and a half cubic feet. It was covered with snow white cloth, a branch of some evergreen, fastened at each corner, and placed on a bier, borne by four men. A priest and the mourners walked in procession before the bier, others followed, all in silence, without wailing or instrumental music, which is different from the Chinese custom. We paused with sad feelings, at the spot near a bridge, where Mr. Hewskin — one of the interpreters for the United States Legation — was killed last January. He was returning from the Russian Legation, late at night, accompanied by his escort of mounted yakonins and men with lighted lanterns, when he was attacked. He was carried to the Legation, but soon expired, he had been associated with Mr. Harris, the predecessor of Mr. Prunyn, during his stay in Japan.

When the Japanese Ambassadors visited the United States in 1860, there was an attache of the Embassy, who went by the name of "Tommy," but whose real name is O-naj-e-ro. He is now connected with the American Legation, together with Mr. Portman, as an interpreter. To day he asked me to explain some difficult sentences in President Woolsey's "International Law," which he is reading in course. When I first arrived, he remembered having seen us at Hongkong on the Niagara, and

requested that I would assist him in his English studies while I am here, to which I readily assented. He now spends an hour with me in the morning and afternoon, studying President Woolsey's "International Law" and King Solomon's Proverbs. May the time not be far distant, when all the rulers and nobles of this interesting people, shall also have access to, and with "all readiness of mind" become humble students of the Proverbs of Solomon, thereby learning to "do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with God.

August 16. Sad news was received here to day from Canton, that a terrific typhoon had swept over that city, Macao and the vicinity, on July 27th. More than sixty thousand lives were cut short by it, and the destruction of boats, buildings and junks immense. None equal to it in violence has been known for forty years. One of the Canton missionaries, Rev. Chas. W. Gaillard, of the Southern Baptist Board, was killed by the falling of his house. My own house, with a valuable library, winter clothing, papers, letters, account books and furniture, have been destroyed. The river rose so high that the water was five feet deep in the lower story of my house. Revs. Smith and Piercy, of the English Wesleyan Mission, have lost their dwelling houses also, by a large junk being driven into the veranda and parlors, across the front yards. They were my nearest missionary neighbors. No word has yet come, whether the lives of our family are safe, but I hope to hear in a few days further particulars. This news came at breakfast time, impressing us deeply with God's mighty power in using the winds and waters as his servants to destroy man and his works on *the surface of the earth*. This evening, at supper time, the house suddenly shook, the beams creaked, the lamp glasses rattled, the chairs in which we were sitting became unsteady. It was two successive shocks of an earthquake, which made us feel our weakness and littleness before Him, who "taketh up the isles as a very little thing," and regardeth the nations as but "a drop of the bucket." For a moment it was not *terra firma* beneath our feet, but *terra infirma*. Who would not stand in awe and fear to displease the great and terrible God, who gives constant proof how frail is his creature man, and how impotent his opposition to the Almighty?

August 21st. The rain has kept us within doors for two days; but having ceased this forenoon, we went this afternoon to visit a noted temple of the goddess, Koon Yum, seven miles distant. It is in a district of the city called O-sae a-sá. Our way led through one of the most busy parts of the city. One street was a mile long and sixty feet wide, lined with stores and shops of every description, and many fire-proof buildings, some of the doors and windows being lined with copper. This temple, in the north east part of the city, has spacious grounds, gardens and shows within its precincts. Several buildings were appropriated to archery as an amusement. Bows of two feet, and arrows a foot in length were used, the archers *sitting*, and shooting at a target about forty feet distant. This is a favorite pastime, with the Japanese, as foot-shuttle-cock is with the Chinese. A crowd collected at the temple to see the foreign visitors, gazing in wonder at them, but not a word was uttered, nor any incivility expressed. On leaving I said to them, Sy-a-na-ra, which in Japanese is equivalent to "Good-by." It was responded to by the crowd in a cheerful manner, and we parted on good terms. Our return ride was for two miles along the east bank of the Japan river, which runs through Yedo. It is said to be the largest river in Japan, and, at the place we crossed, is about four

hundred yards wide. The fine bridges which span it, are of large timbers, strongly bound with iron clamps and spikes. In strength and convenience these bridges equal many European works of the kind. A visitor to Yedo, will notice the many fine *wells* at the side of the streets. In front of nearly every tenth house or store, there is a well of excellent water, cool and clear. The sides of the wells are made by several timber cylinders, resembling hogsheads, being inserted one into another, the lowest being three feet in diameter and six in height. Another thing you will notice will be the great number of *crows*, and their remarkable tameness. They fly about the houses, alighting in the yards and streets as freely as house pigeons and sparrows in America.

*August 22d.* This has been a very warm day, yet Mrs. Bonney and myself have improved the latter part of the afternoon to visit the western suburbs and fields beyond. The Japanese came out in small crowds to see the foreign lady on horseback, an unusual sight in Yedo or any where in Japan. Our road lay through groves of pine, fir, and cedar, some of forest tree dimensions, others dwarfed and trimmed as hedges for gardens at the side of the highway. We passed fields of wheat, beans, sweet-potatoes, egg-plant, corn, and broom-corn, growing luxuriantly on a rich black loam soil. We were overtaken by a shower, and were securely sheltered under the shade of an immense westeria vine which completely protected our entire party. We observed one of the Yakonins making a minute of our long halt, in his note-book for a close system of espionage is carried on, and reported to head-quarters.

*August 26th.* Left Yedo at two P. M. on horseback, arriving at Kanagawa at five and a half P. M., including a stoppage of half-an-hour at a tea house. The road runs along the shore of the Bay, and is called the "Eastern Sea Road," it being the "Tokaido" or great national road that runs through the Empire from north to south. Mr. William Kip, Secretary of Legation; Mr. R. C. Pruyn and Mr. Portman, Interpreter, accompanied us part of the way. Eight mounted Yakonins [Japanese soldiers] also went with us as an escort, provided by the Government, to Kanagawa. In all our rides we have had their protection, and even in our walks through the Legation grounds, they accompanied us. We parted with deep regret from our excellent Minister, who had courteously received and entertained us, at his pleasant mansion with that splendid hospitality so proverbial to the East. He will, however, be with us again next Sabbath at Kanagawa. The travelers you meet on this "tokaido" are many, both on foot, horseback and in sedans or norimon. The Japanese cover their horses' feet with shoes of *braided straw*, which soon wear out, and are thrown away at the roadside, a supply of new ones being carried by the traveler. A stranger seeing the Japanese vicious pack-horses on this road, shod with these curious shoes, would say that the Japanese are very tender of their horses. One would suppose they muffled their horses' hoofs to prevent the clattering noise on the road. The tokaido literally seemed strewed with the dilapidated straw shoes of these refractory Japanese ponies. Foreign residents, who own horses, have introduced iron horse-shoes, which have been adopted by the Yedo Government, "Horse-Guards." A volume might be written, descriptive of the wonders and strange sights in Yedo, its vicinity, and the weird-like beauty of the hoary Fusi-yama with its snow clad apex. They are well worth a visit and no hindrance is made on the part of the Yedoans, who are civil to foreigners, and in some localities, much pleased to meet them.

If you want a most delightful summer trip, come to Japan; if you want to breathe a pure, healthy, bracing mountain air, come up to Japan; if you want a view of something like English country scenery, richly cultivated fields, fertile soil, without disagreeable fogs and mists, come up to Japan; if you wish to see the people which of all the Eastern Asiatic nations bids fair to make rapid progress and take their stand as an independent, civilized Christian nation, then come up and look at this people of the "Rising Sun." The great multitude of immortal souls in the darkness of heathenism and practice of idolatrous follies, call loudly on every Christian to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth willing and able laborers into this vineyard. Rev. S. R. Brown, Rev. J. H. Ballagh, and Dr. J. C. Hepburn in Kanagawa with Rev. G. F. Verbeck at Nagasaki are faithful laborers for their Master here, doing with diligence and perseverance the work of pioneers. The good work has commenced and shall it cease? We believe not. God will stir up the hearts of his people to grant everything needful, and awaken hearts touched with love to Jesus to volunteer in the service. I must now hasten my return to Canton to look after our scattered household and ruined house. We are very thankful that the lives of all in the house have been preserved. May this calamity be laid to heart by each one, God be praised for His mercy, pardon of transgression sought, and Jesus received as Redeemer and Lord. My neighbor, Rev. C. F. Preston, writes; "If you could see the destruction in the city, you would take your own losses with thankfulness. It is a great mercy that no lives were lost in your house."

Rev. Dr. Vrooman writes: "Your house and all its contents are knocked into mince pie."

Yours in Christian bonds,

S. W. BONNEY.

On Sunday September 14, 1862, Mr. Richardson was murdered by Satsuma's retainers. In the steamer St. Louis we sailed for Shanghai via the beautiful Inland Sea of Japan dotted with its picturesque three thousand islands covered with emerald green foliage. We cast a lingering glance on "the bold head of the hoary and symmetrical Fusiyama rising over 14000 feet above the sea," that sacred volcanic mountain sixty miles distant, its summit covered with snow as it loomed up, most distinctly in the rear, out of a circle of rosy mist, and then turned to watch the "coast so strangely broken into hill and valley, magnificently covered with brilliant evergreens of light and dark foliage lining the shores. The terraces, tilled with elaborate care, rose one above another, tier over tier, up the steepest acclivities of the hills," and the singular square-sailed fishing boats with which the whole bay was covered were soon all left behind. Two native Japanese pilots were taken on board and we were slowly wending our way between the green islands. Among our passengers was a young German gentleman of Shanghai who was returning to his post. Early in the morning he started from his couch for a morning bath in the refreshing water, previous to the steamer's starting, supposing she was still at anchor. He rushed on deck and, without a look, gave a leap into the deep sea, and then for the first was aware that the vessel was already under way, with a fine breeze propelling her at a rapid speed. We were standing looking out of our window near the stern, as he floated past with extended hands and heard his cry for help. Fortunately, also, a party of gentlemen smoking on the upper deck saw him and immediately gave the alarm; life-bouys were thrown but fell short. Instantly the steamer hove to, a boat was lowered and the mate went to his rescue. The noble scamen pulled

steadily; with the glass we could see he was floating quietly, without any struggle for life, and with intense joy at last we saw him clutched by the officer and knew he was saved.

"Died. At Syracuse, N. Y., on Saturday August 16, 1862, MAJOR SAMUEL S. FORMAN at the advanced age of ninety-seven years.

"It is a labor of love to talk or write about a good man, especially one who reached his ninety-seventh year, and whose intercourse with the world had not changed the tone of his holier feeling, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and touching in the evening of *age*. Major Samuel S. Forman was the third son of Samuel and Helena (Denise) Forman, and born at Middletown Point, New Jersey, on the 21st day of July, 1765. It is not my purpose to record every incident which transpired in the major's long and eventful life, as they would furnish material for a large sized volume; but merely to detail the most important circumstances in his career, which may interest. His father was in mercantile co-partnership with his uncle, Joseph Forman, at Middletown Point, but soon after dissolved, and continued alone in the trade until the commencement of the Revolutionary War. The major's eldest brother, Jonathan (grand-father to Governor Seymour of this State) graduated at Princeton College, and at once entered the ranks of the "Six Months' Soldiers," which company at the breaking out of the Revolution, proceeded from their head quarters at Middletown Point, and joined General Washington, on Long Island, where the American army was stationed. Jonathan was subsequently appointed captain in General Sullivan's division, and ordered against the Indians in New York State who were 'desolating many homes with fire and tomahawk, and the war whoop waked the sleep of the cradle.' After the Indians were subdued, Jonathan, by his valor displayed in subduing the savages, was appointed to the rank of major, placed in Gen. La Fayette's division of light infantry, and soon after received the rank of lieutenant colonel, which latter position he held with credit in the American army until peace was restored.

"Another brother, Denise, shouldered his firelock at the age of sixteen, entered Gen. David Forman's Jersey Brigade, and with fourteen members of the Forman family, assisted in fighting the battle of Germantown.

"A cousin of the major's named Tunis Forman, in the war, captured alone, by stratagem, two 'Pine Robbers,' drove them several miles before him and lodged them in jail.

"Maj. Lee of the Virginia Light Dragoons, being present at the incarceration of the robbers, inquired of Tunis how he contrived to catch the villains, when he answered, after the manner of the Irishman, 'Och, and sure I surrounded 'em.' The major being only eleven years of age, of course was unable to do service for his country in the Revolution, but to the honor of his family, nearly all of his relatives, paternal and maternal, of suitable age to bear arms, were engaged in that sanguinary struggle against British tyranny. Maj. John Burrows left the army after Gen. Sullivan drove the Indians out of New York State, and settled at Freehold, succeeded Gen. Sullivan as sheriff, and occupied a farm, being part of the Monmouth battle-ground.

"At the request of Maj. Burrows (brother-in-law to the hero of our sketch), the major not yet being very robust, boarded with Mr. Burrows and attended a Latin school until the war ceased. The major, on the 25th day of November, 1783, had the pleasure of seeing the British forces

evacuate the city of New York. He strolled up Bowery Lane till he met the American and British armies on a stand — the British in front, the Americans about one hundred feet in the rear. Being inexperienced, he hurried by the red coats, but felt secure as he stepped in front and near the blue coats. An American officer, observing the major's youthful timidity, stepped forward, took hold of his hand and said: "Don't be afraid, Sammy, I know you and your brother Jonathan, who is a lieutenant colonel with me in the same division; I am Col. Cummins." The officer held the major's hand until general orders were given, "forward, march," when the British wheeled off to the left and embarked on board of their fleet lying at the East river, while the Americans wended their way down Queen (now Pearl) street, and to Fort George at the Battery. When Gen. Washington took leave of his officers on that day, it was truly an affecting scene. He requested his officers to meet him at twelve o'clock M. at Sam Francis' Hotel. At the appointed time, when the heroes were assembled, filling a glass with wine, he turned to them and bade them farewell. Having drank, he requested that each one would take him by the hand. Gen. Knox being the highest in rank, advanced to take leave of the 'Father of his country.' Gen. Washington embraced him and the rest of his officers, without uttering a word, but amid burning tears trickling copiously down their cheeks.

"After the affecting ceremony was over, the general left the room, accompanied by his officers, and proceeded to Whitehall wharf, where a barge was elegantly-equipped, manned by sea captains, in white frocks, waiting to row him to Elizabeth-town Point, or Paul's Hook, to take the stage, on his way to where Congress was sitting. As the little vessel shoved off from the wharf, the general waived a farewell to his brave comrades, who heartily and affectionately responded, then retraced their steps saddened to tears. The major saw Gen. Washington at Philadelphia, in the Convention which assembled to adopt the United States Constitution. The general was attired in citizens' dress, blue coat, cocked hat, his hair in cue and crossed and powdered. He walked alone and seemed borne down in thought. He presided over the Convention, which was held in the State House. A few moments previous to General Washington taking his seat on the rostrum, the venerable Dr. Franklin, a member of the Convention, was brought forward by a posse of men, in his sedan, and helped into the hall, he being severely afflicted with the palsy. After the adoption of the Constitution, the major had the pleasure of witnessing the great celebration, in New York City, in commemoration of that solemn event. A large procession was formed, composed of men of every avocation, and marched through the streets with banners, national flags and music. A full rigged ship, called the 'Federal Ship Hamilton,' was drawn in the procession, and located in Bowling Green, where it remained until it fell to pieces by age. The major spent the winter of 1792-3 in Philadelphia, and on the 4th day of March, 1793, he witnessed the inauguration of Gen. Washington at the commencement of his second term of office. The inauguration took place in the State House, and the major stood within six feet of the president elect while he took his oath of office.

"In 1789, General Forman fitted out his brother Ezekiel, to settle at Natchez, on the Mississippi river, all of that section then belonging to Spain and was called Louisiana. A proposition was made by the general to the major to accompany Ezekiel and superintend his business. Accordingly the party with about sixty slaves of the general were mounted on horse-

back, bound for Natchez, to settle there, cultivate tobacco and carry on the mercantile trade. After residing here a few years, the major fell in with Messrs. Cazenove and Lincklaen, agents of the Holland Land Company, and engaged with them to assist in settling and disposing of land for the Company, the amount of which extended over an area of about 120,000 acres, lying near the centre of New York State. The major arrived at Cazenovia lake May 8, 1793, and soon commenced felling trees to open a settlement which he called Cazenovia in honor of Mr. Cazenove, one of the agents of the company. The Cazenovia lake had hitherto borne the name of 'Washgehiga,' given it by the Indians, which term signifies 'yellow perch,' on account of the immense number of that kind of fish in the lake. The elder brother, Lieut. Col. Jonathan Forman, being in poor health, and pecuniarily embarrassed, the major magnanimously sent for him and his family, with whom they lived many years. Jonathan soon after arriving at Cazenovia was elected supervisor; subsequently a member of Assembly, and received a brigadier general's Commission. The remains of this distinguished revolutionary officer are deposited in the Cazenovia Cemetery. The major was married March 21st, 1808, to Miss Sarah McCarty an accomplished young lady of eighteen summers. Their daughter Mary Euphemia married Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, son of Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer."

*Canton, Nov. 13, 1862.* During the re-building of our dilapidated dwelling in Sun Sha, we are pleasantly situated on the Honam side of the river next to the great Buddhist Temple with its spacious inwalled area; the garden is very attractive to us in warm weather. The large junk that was driven during the typhoon, with terrific violence, into the residences of the English Wesleyan Mission could not be removed under a fortnight. After the water had subsided the vessel was left high and dry with its bow in the parlor; all the cannon had to be taken out and a channel dug to get her off at high tides; she had broken down the high brick wall of the yard. Another one of these war-junks came with such incredible velocity as to shatter at the first blow *our* dear little home into fragments, and was our unwelcome guest long enough to render our whole family houseless. The lower story of both dwellings is filled with thick mud and debris of all kinds, but we can "rough it" with cheerful hearts of thankfulness; yet such a scene of devastation, on every side, I never saw; it is almost incredible, yet we do not know even half the misery around, but we see plenty of wrecks of all kinds. The terrible typhoon occurred on Sabbath day July 27. "For a day or two signs of atmospheric disturbance had been noticed, and the dawn of the 27th was ushered in with heavy gales, violent gusts of wind and rain; these increased in violence, until a hurricane with its fearful roar was established. Notwithstanding precautions taken, the river, which was unusually crowded with Chinese shipping, soon became a scene of terrible wreck and sad ruins. The fine new fleet of forty Imperial war-junks intended for the Yang-tsz-kiang has been totally destroyed. Some two or three hundred feet of the granite wall at Shameen, notwithstanding the extreme solidity with which it is built, has been washed away by the furious flood, and blocks of granite were tossed about as if they had been billets of wood. Houses in the city were blown down, almost all the trees that formed a day or two ago the pride of Canton, have been either uprooted or stripped of their branches, blocking up several streets. Many vessels, freighted with human beings, have been driven away and lost in the overwhelming torrents; others were seen striking the beacons or on the craggy rocks near Dutch Folly and instantly broken to pieces; while

some have foundered at sea. Several chops (floating dwellings of foreigners) sunk, and five of the foreign Customs Inspectors were drowned. Many junks at Whampoa went down with all hands, the under current was so strong it drew them in. Bamboo Town (occupied by fishermen) is entirely destroyed by this river catastrophe, the water having flooded it with such fearful rapidity to the depth of six feet, as to have swept off a very great number of its inhabitants. This formidable cyclone rushed with unusual violence over Canton destroying at least 60,000 lives, and property without measure; indeed the immense power of the water was so terrific that total damage can only be estimated in millions of dollars, the destruction of life and property is appalling. Myriads of corpses were seen along the shore down to Whampoa, and no fewer than sixty of these dead bodies were lying next morning on the bank immediately opposite Mr. Cowper's chop; many of them were imbedded in the sand, and numerous others floating about. The Chinese seem quite paralyzed at this terrible disaster and it gives a thrill of horror to all of us, for it is impossible to alleviate one-tenth of the suffering that comes under your own observation. Two Chinese men at our front door, and four in the Custom-House that fell over on our middle building, were instantly killed.

There were twenty-nine persons, belonging to our family, in our house, but thanks to our merciful Father in Heaven, all were saved. Even our little, pet Manilla dog, "Lilly," was rescued; but two Canary birds which sang so sweetly at night, were carried under the ruins with the veranda. When it was observed that the front building was likely to be struck by the approaching junk, immediately our entire family were gathered in the dining room of the middle house. But it was only the kind care of our Heavenly Father, that preserved them, for in a few moments, with a fresh gust of wind, over toppled the brick Custom House, crushing in the side wall of our second building.

Emma, a little child of two summers, was asleep in her crib in the adjoining room, both rooms were now open to the street, with the rain dashing in, yet all were safe; not a brick or timber struck her, or either of the group there collected, and the part of the floor, on which they were huddled in appalling terror, *did not go down*. It seemed a most miraculous preservation, for the entire pantry, chairs, book cases, tables, trunks, bureaus, all, lay one heap of ruins in the rushing waters below, which now flooded the streets for blocks. The new brick dwelling on the east side, sustained our one wall, otherwise the entire structure would have gone over, and with it a fearful loss of life.

Large branches of the banyan tree (now thoroughly trimmed without the permission of officials) almost blocked up the street. Rev. Mr. Condit went to see if there was any avenue of escape, and as he opened the gate into the street, he saw one poor Chinaman, covered with blood, vainly trying to rise up from the ruins; but it was no time then to pause, the safety of his entire household was at stake. It was a most wonderful, providential escape. Among my pupils were some, who seemed to put aside all fear, wading out into the water to save what they could, others were palsied with fright, but when Mrs. Condit said God would take care of them, they did not scream or make any confusion, but followed as directed. The lady teacher seated herself on a cross beam, close under the roof of the furthest tap, and would not leave it. No time was now to be lost, without hat, shawl, or anything in their hands, Rev. and Mrs. Condit, followed by the family, ran down stairs, and through pouring rain

climbed over broken walls, timbers, and branches of trees, through the deep water, "we took no thought of our treasures, when our lives were at stake," to the Wesleyan chapel. Here they found the families of Revs. Piercy and Smith, whose residences had shared a similar disaster. "Amah brought Emma on her back safe and dry." Some bread was procured by Mr Smith, for the scholars and Amah, who slept that night in the chapel, with the floor covered with water. The following day, the Rev. Mr. Vrooman took our entire family to his house, where we found them on our return; as also the bereaved widow and child of Rev. Mr. Gaillard, who was crushed to death under the ruins of his own dwelling. His poor wife saw him just as the roof gave way. When foreign aid arrived, this noble woman was found in the water, trying to remove the bricks and timbers, but as soon as a portion of his body was discovered (it was hoped he had escaped to a boat) she was removed while the corpse was exhumed. In the pantry which was "knocked into mince pie" was the pretty tea set of white metal — one of my wedding gifts — which went down in the rubbish and water. I supposed it gone, but about a week after our return from the north, the five pieces were brought to me by Mr. Bonney's teacher; they were very much broken, but he had picked them up out of the water, and secreted them at his house; it was indeed a creditable surprise.

The same day of the typhoon at Canton on July 27, the steamer "Golden Gate" was burned near San Francisco and Rev. Mr. Keith of Shanghai was lost on her. The Chinese soldiers are being drilled by English officers on the Heights at Canton. It is a highly interesting spectacle. We went "on the occasion of a review of the Chinese and Tartar troops, which have been drilled as infantry and artillery, for upwards of three years past, by British officers. About four hundred picked men of the Tartar garrison, have been instructed in the artillery exercise, and some six hundred of the Chinese force, have been similarly drilled, in the use of the musket, and in simple infantry manœuvres. The inspection took place, at the especial desire of the governor general, who manifests a strong interest in the efficiency of these troops. The parade ground, lying a few hundred yards outside the north-east gate of Canton, was chosen as offering the greatest facilities for the review, and here the Chinese drilled troops were drawn up under the command of their respective British officers.

"The Tartar Artillery at once attracted attention by their superior size and more soldierly bearing, no less than by the diversity of their uniforms which consist of jackets either of white, yellow, blue, or red, according to the color of the "Banner" beneath which each of these hereditary soldiers is born. White leggings tucked into boots reaching to the knee, and hats similar to those worn by mandarins in winter, but decorated with two fox-tails behind, complete the Tartar uniform.

The Chinese troops, on the other hand, might at a distance be mistaken for sepoys, their dress consisting of red jackets turned up with white, with light leggings worn knickerbocker fashion. Their head-dress is the ordinary conical bamboo hat, which is perhaps as light and sensible a covering as could be devised. A large pavilion had been erected facing the parade-ground, in which the Governor General, Governor, Superintendent of Customs, two Tartar Major Generals and a crowd of subordinate functionaries were assembled, the higher officials occupying elaborate seats of honor together with Her Majesty's Consul, D. B. Robertson,

Esq., C. B. and others. A general salute having been given by the troops in line, a march past succeeded, in slow and quick time, the native officers saluting as they passed at the head of the companies, after which some artillery manœuvres were executed by the battery comprising six field pieces and served by some seventy officers and men. Thirty rounds of solid shot were next fired at a range of 500 yards, with an accuracy which surprised all spectators, both Chinese and foreign. The target was struck by a majority of these shots, whilst all were very creditably delivered. The guns were wholly served and laid by the native artillerymen, whose proficiency in the use of the English words of command is especially remarkable. The firing was succeeded by some infantry evolutions, the most prominent among which were forming squares and throwing out skirmishers. The latter manœuvre attracted the special attention of the Chinese magnates who were also much impressed with the bayonet exercise. The entire proceedings were viewed with great interest by a number of the foreign residents, including several ladies. Rewards were distributed among the native officers and men."

*Brigandage — Notes of an overland Trip into the Interior of Canton Province — Encounter with Brigands, hard usage and narrow escape.*

On Friday December 5th, 1862, a party consisting of the Rev. J. H. Gray, English Consular Chaplain at Canton; Rev. John Preston of the English Wesleyan Mission and Rev. S. W. Bonney commenced a trip for the purpose of preaching the Gospel, and distributing New Testaments with religious tracts. The distance traveled was from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles; the districts visited were Poon-ü, Tsung-fa, Lung moon and Tsang-shing; the time spent was fourteen days. These gentlemen left the Old Factory site in Canton at 8.30 A.M. with twenty-five Chinese servants and coolies who went to carry books, food and other requisites: "We took with us five horses and one mountain chair. Our route to day led us by or through villages and market towns in the Poon-ü district. The chief products of the ground seen by us were wheat, peas, ginger, sweet potatoes, sugar-cane and ground-nuts.

"At 4.20 P. M., we reached a market town and put up at the academy, having traveled thirty miles during the day. On Saturday Dec. 6th, at 9.30, we proceeded on our journey; the country through which we passed was most lovely; our path in the afternoon was skirted with gently rising mountains, adorned with innumerable young fir trees. At 1 P. M., we took tiffin, after which, from a spot in the vicinity, we had a good sight of the noble river on which the district city of Tsung-fa is built, an admirable situation for a traveler's bungalow. When within a mile of the district city we passed a seven-storied pagoda, which we had eyed with interest for many a mile, knowing it to be our halting-place for the night. We entered the south gate of the district city at 4.35 P.M. A large Examination Hall outside the north gate afforded abundant accommodation for ourselves and Chinese attendants. The military officer who has charge of the city gates, called upon us, exchanging cards and left with us two watchmen, who assisted our servants in purchasing such things as we needed during our stay here. *Sunday, Dec. 7th.* Ourselves and servants enjoyed the rest from travel which the Sabbath gave. We had hoped to spend a great part of it in preaching to the people of Tsung-fa the 'glorious gospel of the blessed God;' we were not able, however to do this in their streets and temples in consequence of the day being rainy. But our

preaching was not altogether set aside, for from 10 A. M., until 5 P. M., many people came from the city, for New Testaments and religious tracts, to whom, in numbers of from five to twenty, we several times proclaimed the wonders of redeeming love and God's method of saving sinful men, through the atonement. In the former part of the day, some time was spent in a short English service for ourselves; and another in Chinese, for our attendants, and a few people from the city, who happened to be there at the time. Thus 'as wayside preachers, we are sowing broadcast to the hearers as they come and go, sit or stand, listen or gaze, are silent or interrogate, as they please in our informal services.' After this interesting sojourn, we left Tsung-fa on Monday, at 10.15 A. M. Before our departure, the magistrate supplied us with two guides, as we were ignorant of the road we wished to travel. Thus far we have abundant occasion for praise and thankfulness to God our Preserver and good Guide, no harm has befallen us or our attendants. The official expressed a wish, that we would turn to the Fa-iin district, instead of proceeding, as we wished, stating as a reason, that the road to the latter place was rugged and mountainous. We cared not for the ruggedness of the way, and therefore bent our steps for the up hill path we had previously determined on. We had now entered a large plain, the soil of which, was poor and sandy, proceeding on our course, the ride was along the valley, near the east bank of a beautiful clear stream, a branch of the North river. Cargo-boats were frequently in view, with peanuts and sugar cane on all sides. A number of under-shot water wheels were on the river side, used for the purpose of irrigation, in the extensive rice fields. At 5.30 P. M., we arrived at Leung-how, and passed the night in a filthy Examination Hall; the officer of the place — who seemed heartily ashamed of the plight in which we found the surroundings — most kindly furnished us with a table and three chairs, to add to our comfort.

On Tuesday at 9.45 we were again on our way. Before leaving, the mandarin supplied us with another escort, the two from Tsung-fa not being sufficiently acquainted with the road we wished to travel. The path to day for the most part was through a valley terminating in ravines, the lofty and almost perpendicular mountains on all sides were beautified with trees arrayed in every autumnal tint to be seen in the forests of western lands from the golden yellow, red and brown to all the varied shades of dark and bright green. Then too from the summits, as also the sides of these mountains fell sparkling cascades of various dimensions, forming a river at their base in the bed of the ravine. These cascades, during the rainy season, would well repay a trip purposely undertaken to see them. During our march to day, and many a day beside, for the whole country we traversed teemed with beauty, the well known lines of Bishop Heber:

"Tho' every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile,"

again and again rose spontaneously to our lips. As we journeyed along we left a neat village on our left hand, the inhabitants of which came out, attired in their best to meet us and treated us with great civility. They were glad to receive the copies of God's Holy Word and the Lord's prayer which we gave to them. By the roadside on our right hand were three mills employed in pounding incense. The pounding is done by the force of water turning an overshot wheel to which are attached trip hammers. A hundred weight of incense per day is pounded by each of these wheels.

Several of the private houses seen had a fortress or tower attached to them for protection in case of an attack by robbers, and from which muskets and matchlocks could be used with considerable advantage to keep the enemy at bay. At 4.15 P. M., we reached the village of Kooteen, near to which is an iron foundry, formerly superintended by a Mr. Soo. This gentleman gave us a friendly reception, and offered us his house as a shelter. After breakfast the next morning, before recommencing our journey, accompanied by our host, we inspected an iron mine in the neighborhood. This mine has been worked for upwards of two hundred years. In the first instance there was a hill seventy feet high, that has been cut away, and the mine is one hundred and twenty feet deep. In consequence of Mr. Soo's becoming bankrupt last year, mining operations have ceased and the excavation is filled with water. To recommence the work, will require, as he was careful to impress on our minds, a thousand dollars. This mine and the adjacent foundry, gave employment to one hundred people, who now have no means of gaining a livelihood, and the village in consequence, is one of the poorest we saw in all our trip. It is situated about ninety miles from Canton in a northeasterly direction from the district city of Tsung-fa. On our way to examine the mine, we saw a number of Chinamen fishing in a pond by means of cormorants, the neck of each bird being bound with straw to prevent its swallowing the fish. We also saw part of the process of paper making from bamboo. At 11.50 A. M., we left the residence of Mr. Soo, whose kindness and hospitality we can scarcely overrate, and which we shall long remember, and resumed our journey, arriving at the market town of Loorg-teen at 3 P. M. We lodged in the Examination Hall, which was remarkably neat and clean. In the evening we called on the military officer, Chan-foo-ye, at his white tower residence, and stated to him our wish to go to Cheung Ning. After some time he returned the call, and brought with him a red card, containing our line of march for the morrow. The last place named in the card was a market town in the district of Lung Moon whence, as he informed us, we could proceed to the district city, or pass over into the region of Cheung Ning. At 8.30 the succeeding day we started forward, the officer in charge supplying us with two new escorts to guide us on our way, passing villages and several towns, before reaching our halting place for the night. Our route now led us by a town, in which was gathered together, a large concourse of people for the purpose of attending a theatre, which is ever to the Chinese a source of great pleasure. As we approached, the theatre was soon emptied, and three hundred or four hundred excited people ran pell mell across the rice fields, to see the foreigners walk along by the hill side. The villagers along our course have been civil and pleased with our coming among them. We continually drop "kind words" all along the way, which we trust will not be forgotten; we thus pave the way for those who come after us, as blessed gospel teachers; our pioneer books and tracts will be read by very many natives we could not reach. About 3 P. M. we came to a hamlet called Ma-tee-tow. The elders received us very cordially, allowed us to put up in the school house, which would afford sufficient accommodations for so large a party, and after dinner called upon us. We spent a very pleasant evening, conversing with them, and some of the villagers who came in, and there were opium smokers among the number, on the great and sublime truth of our holy Christianity. The eldest of the elders, was quite interested while we spoke of that Name which is above every name, and at which every knee shall yet bow. Before

leaving us for the night, they assured us we need be under no apprehension of danger, as their people were honest and industrious.

“ Friday, December 12th, we arose early and prepared for a speedy departure; while we sat at breakfast, the elders called in again, bringing their visiting cards, and sundry little presents, to help us on our way. We parted very good friends, and at 7.30 A. M., were en route to Cheung-Ning. The morning was cloudy, but we had not proceeded far, before the sun began to break through the clouds, and this, together with the mist rising up the forest side, gave intense beauty to a scene lovely to gaze upon at all seasons. We were all in good spirits especially the coolies, as we had already promised them, that if we made Cheung Ning that day, they should have a rest for two whole days. Our path led us through two villages in a valley; the valley terminated in another defile, which was flanked with high mountains.

“ At 8.15, we met a train of coolies from Cheung Ning, bringing earthen ware to the market, at which we called yesterday. Continuing still in the highway to the city of our destination, we came to a ravine on the rising banks of which grew thick brushwood and long grass. It so happened that at this point, one of our escorts was in advance, and the other brought up the rear, I was the next behind the guide; and when he, myself, and two-thirds of the coolies had passed into the ravine, we heard a great shout, on looking up we saw a number of men, sheltered in the grass which was very high, leveling their matchlocks at us, and others brandishing their glistening spears. The swordmen and spearmen were soon on the highway in hostile attitude, the riflemen remaining in the long grass for a time, to cover the menacing party, in any attack they might make upon us. The brigands, before coming out in force, inquired anxiously of the coolies, whether we had foreign fire-arms, their pieces meanwhile being leveled at our heads. In a few moments, my fellow travelers, who had been riding behind, and one or both of whom might have made their escape, came up to my help when they heard the outcry, prepared if necessary, to mingle their blood with mine. The whole number of outlaws were soon down upon us, and in a few minutes we were stripped of all our outer garments; nothing being left upon us, except shirt and trowsers. To prevent any opposition to their wishes, three or four matchlocks were repeatedly leveled at each of the foreign gentlemen, or a couple of spears or tridents were placed in close proximity to their face or heart. We saw resistance was useless, and immediate death would doubtless have been our lot, had we opposed them. The banditti, for such they proved to be, were twenty-five in number; their thorough organization, the wisely chosen place of attack, their perfect accoutrement with weapons of death, made any, the slightest adverse movement on our part, quite out of the question. It was not a new game they were playing, but one in which they had long practice. We had no fire-arms in our possession, and it was well we had none, for if they had been used by us, the issue must have been instant death, we would not have returned to tell the story of our disaster. We had many a time before, read the command, ‘Trust ye in the Lord Jehovah, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength;’ we did not trust in ‘works and arts of men’s device,’ but in the arm which built the skies, and in this time of our distress and calamity were not disappointed, but were safe. These Hak-ka robbers, after they had plundered us, led us and our horses a distance of three or four miles

among the mountains, and we quite expected either to be murdered, or to be held for ransom.

"Thirst for human blood seemed written on almost every face, the scowling brows of these petty tyrants betokened no good and we fully supposed our final hour was come. Hoping for nothing from them, we had recourse to prayer as we walked up the precipitous mountain; and the burden of it was, that the Almighty would either restrain them by his power or, if our end was nigh, he would strengthen us to meet the final foe, and then receive us to himself. The chiefs mounted the horses and with muskets pointed at the foreign gentlemen walking by their side, compelled them to guide slowly the animals along the rugged, narrow paths of the steep acclivities of that mountainous region."

Mr. Bonney held the bridle of his own horse and led him with scrupulous care around the immense boulders, rocks and various impediments, while the bandit chief seemed very proud, as with a considerable amount of supercilious pretension and display he took his seat on a foreign saddle. The stirrup was a new affair to these bandits, but they seemed quite pleased, when the obedient captives in the new capacity of hostlers, with meek courtesy, though without a tinge of servility to "the powers that be," placed the foot of their custodial official in the unknown contrivance, voluntarily adjusting it to the proper length. Probably this conciliatory manner instead of wanton disrespect, disarmed the feeling of hostility and callousness of Chinese character in these banded robbers. It was the main spring under God of effecting the escape of these Protestant missionaries from being victims of horrible barbarity, as often evinced in the deadliest hatred toward foreigners. "This is proved by the fact that, these fierce privileged riders were the only ones who, in a subsequent consultation, objected to the prisoners being put to death. Justly supposing their moments were numbered and Time with them would soon be merged into Eternity, Rev. Mr. Gray, with a brief exhortation to his fellow captives, that the moment of dissolution "would not be succeeded by a dreary desolate blank" saying, "if this cup may not pass from us, thy will be done," commenced repeating in an audible voice with perfect resignation the beautiful Burial service of the Episcopal church. His two companions joined in the solemn requiem and how truthfully they could say, "And now, Lord, what is my hope? Truly my hope is even in thee." There was no pusillanimous cowardice, but the firm trust of the helpless ones as "out of the depth of the soul they cried to the Helper." Skeptics would have stood aghast at the noble spectacle. "They would not allow us a moment's rest, but drove us upward; as we reached the summit of the mountain, the leader of the banditti called aloud to some people in the distance, who were running, not to be afraid. These were, doubtless, scouts of the robbers, who were either on the lookout for other prey, or were watching against a sudden surprisal of their 'den of thieves.' The appearance of a cavalcade of fifty men and five horses so near at hand alarmed them and occasioned their flight. One of these scouts, after regaining self-possession, stood on the road side along which we were driven, and leveled his matchlock to shoot Mr. Gray and myself as we drew near to him; the malevolence depicted on his countenance was marked as on many of those into whose hands we had fallen. From the summit of this mountain, they led us into a remote valley; again searched our persons to be certain nothing valuable was left in our possession; after which, at the earnest request of our coolies, they returned a coat to each one to keep us

from the cold. To our extreme amazement, immediately afterwards, some led away the horses in great haste, and others carried off our boxes with other effects, leaving us to find our way back to the main road as we best might! We reascended the mountain, but had not done so long before we heard a loud war-whoop, and fearing that another bandit, as they permanently infest these parts, might be on the lookout to capture our persons, made all possible haste back again to the place from which we started in the morning. Among these banditti were two, more humane than the rest, and speaking of them afterwards, we styled them *amiable robbers*, to whom we owe, under God, the preservation of our lives; these had been propitiated by kind acts of courtesy.

"The danger we were in of losing our lives while under the power of these brigands, may be somewhat realized when I state that they came very near having a quarrel among themselves; and several times they were seen, while disputing about the booty, to present a spear or rake at each other's hearts. Our Chinese attendants behaved well, not unfrequently turning aside the muzzle of a matchlock, or the point of a spear from the breast of their masters. One of the party believes that his life was more than once spared through the timely interference of a chair coolie named Awa."

After the mysterious disappearance of their captors, the little band were uncertain which direction to take, but they pursued their deviating course without a sound, though with anxious hearts; in the gloomy recess of the rugged fastness, weary and faint. While penetrating a mountain region never before explored by Europeans, they could only gaze in speechless wonder from the splendid views of immense extent and beauty outstretched before them to their uncertain path with its devious windings. In the midst of their perplexity they came across a small piece of paper lodged in one of the bushes, it was an auspicious omen, a copy of the "Lord's Prayer" in Chinese which had been dropped by one of the free booters, while pilfering their baggage. Was not this God's finger, pointing out their road? With swelling hearts of gratitude they recognized it as such. Subsequently a bottle of wine was found saved in some marvelous manner with which they refreshed their exhausted systems; then the Note book of Mr. Bonney was picked up, having been thrown away as useless to them, being in English; with exhilarated spirits and quickened steps they soon arrived at a haven of safety. Reaching the place they had left in the morning, the travelers were kindly received.

"Before retiring to rest that night, we determined, in our destitute condition, deprived of necessaries, to return to Canton with all speed by way of Lung-moon. The District Magistrate was from home; but his assistant Chan-low-ye was exceeding kind to us, he was indeed every thing his superior officer could possibly have been. The courteous and affable manner in which he treated us, is one of the 'sunny memories,' of our late disastrous trip. We lodged in the Shing Wong Mee-ue or Temple, sleeping one night on a platform close to the feet of a colossal idol, our rest, however, was not disturbed; we were too weary from our late attack and plunder of all our valuables, to heed present surroundings. We were safe under the care of the Municipal authorities, who had given us these comfortable quarters for the night and provided us with dinner in the Yamoon: also promised to hire boats on the following day for our safe conduct to the district city of Tsung-shing on our way home. Each of us was furnished with a coverlet for the night and a waistcoat to keep us from

shivering, with sufficient money for our daily wants. In the morning after the boats were ready, we went to take leave of our friend Mr. Chan. As we walked from the temple to the Ymoon and thence to the boats, the mob surrounded us; they were very rude and unmannerly. We got under way about mid-day. On the banks of the river great crowds of people were gathered to see the foreigners; and many came into the water to have a nearer inspection of us, as we glided quietly down the stream, which is very clear, not deep, and abounds in rapids. We cast anchor at dark. Before sunrise our boat people were astir. I employed an hour before breakfast in speaking of the atonement and the way to heaven, our escort listened attentively. This Mr. So, is a brother of our good host on the day of our calamity. About eight o'clock, we passed Lungwa, our servants or boat-men wishing to buy fire-wood, we anchored for a short time at the wharf. Before we could start, a crowd collected, and our boat was stoned; we at once made off and avoided what might have been a serious collision; at dark, casting anchor for the night under the shelter of a hill, and to avoid further danger had no lights. The following morning found us early on the way; we called on the Chief Magistrate of a large town. He was kind and gentlemanly, inquired the nature of our misfortune, the place in which it occurred, and the losses we had sustained. Having made all necessary investigations, he gave orders to four policemen to accompany us to Tsung Shing district city, and gave us a number of presents in the shape of food, for our passage. At Tsung Shing the Magistrate was sick, but his Secretary provided two larger boats to take us to the City Provincial, and supplied more cash. The crowds which thronged us at this district city were very uncivil; the underlings were disposed to snub us, and the crowd ready to stone us; but we met with uniform kindness from those high in office, the mandarins had provided for our wants since the day of the robbery. We passed many fine rapids and for two days we seemed as though gliding gently down a mountain slope. On Thursday December 18th, we arrived safely and in health, casting anchor at Canton at seven P. M."

In Mr. Bonney's Port Folio, on the cover, I find a card on which is written "December 12th, 1862, Mountains of Chay-ung Ning District. "God is our *refuge* and *strength*, a very present *help* in trouble, Therefore WILL NOT we fear — *Psalm* xlvi. 1, 2."

Canton, June 9, 1863. Yesterday we crossed the river to the opposite banks for a little walk along the narrow path with rice fields looking beautifully green on both sides, the rice is just heading and waves gracefully in the wind. These rice fields are from half an acre to five acres in size, surrounded by embankments over five feet high, with a foot-path of about two or three feet in width, a field on either side of the narrow path. Half-way up the bank are fruit trees closely planted; frequently we had to stoop in passing under the branches of lichee, peach and orange trees, now full of green fruit. "Rice is the staff of life in China and is cultivated on terraces or low lands, wherever the water so necessary to its growth can be obtained."

"After the ground has been suitably ploughed by means of the hairless buffalo, or water ox, (a most clumsy looking beast of a light black color; each horn is nearly semicircular and bends downwards, while the head is turned up so much that the nose is nearly horizontal. They have a great antipathy to foreigners and we gladly give them a wide berth), working knee deep in water. It is then broken by mattocks and leveled by a cylinder

or a flat board in order that the water may flow equally over every part of it. The rice is at first thrown irregularly into the earth, but when it has grown to the height of a foot or a little more, it is plucked up and carefully transplanted in small sheaves and in straight lines. Rice straw is made into brooms and brushes. The ripe grain is cut with bill-hooks or pulled up by the roots.

I wish you could have accompanied us in our visits to the DUCK FACTORY or duck-boat. The ducks and chickens are hatched artificially: eggs are brought here by the farmers, and at the end of twenty-nine days, the young ducks are returned to them at the cost of two dollars for hatching out 1000. I saw them in all the different stages; first put on shelves in a closet for two days, on the floor of which is charcoal in pans and an equal temperature maintained of 100° Fahrenheit. Then laid down in barrels sixty eggs in each layer, 6000 eggs being in a barrel. The barrel is lined with braided straw, and between each layer is a sheet of thick paper.

Twenty-five days they remain in the barrels and are then transferred to a large wooden repository, two layers in each bin and then covered with cotton. 3000 eggs remain in each department for two days, when the eggs crack and out comes the young duckling. They hatch out at one time 50,000. It is an interesting sight and full of merriment to watch the shallow bins full of eggs all moving with life. Emma was quite delighted when one of the soft little yellow ducklings was put in her hands to carry home. "The duck-boats in which those birds are hatched and reared are carried up and down the river seeking for pasture along its muddy banks. The ducks are trained to walk the plank to and from the shore at the will of their keeper." At the stern of nearly every sam-pan an oblong basket cage is secured on the outside containing a number of ducks or chickens; the birds are sent on shore early each morning to provide for themselves. At sunset, or the approach of a storm, I have frequently heard the chirping shrill calls of the boatwomen to their respective little broods; and from my veranda would watch with great interest, the sprightly flocks lightly skimming, even almost flying over the muddy shore, in their eager haste to reach the proper boat. I could not but pity the unfortunate laggards, for the last one was invariably taken up and received judicious chastisement, the benefit of which was observed the following night as the present loiterer would surely be in good season. It was a marvel to me how they recognize their own home, and how the owner knew her peculiar property, but they seemed as well able to distinguish as the faces of their children, for indeed the feathered tribe received quite as much of the good dame's daily attention.

"The beggars of Canton, lank, lean and haggard, are a peculiar set; they emerge from their dens each morning, fully prepared for the duties of the day. Under their outside mantle of rags, they carry a wallet, fit for the reception of rice, cotton, coal, firewood, and every other commodity likely to fall in their way. We watched with surprise, the gradual diminution of a bale of cotton which, broken probably by accident, afforded a most tempting opportunity to the beggar women and children, who infest the streets. The coolies who carry the goods which are thus diminished, do not interfere. Their countrymen and countrywomen are spoiling the Egyptians, their common enemy, the foreigner. More dreadfully loathsome objects, than Chinese beggars, cannot be imagined, and often to beggary they add theft. Blind beggars often pass through streets in single

file, by companies, led by one who can see. The front one of the blind beggars, places a hand on one of the shoulders of the leader, the second one places a hand on the shoulder of his preceding companion, and so on through the whole company, marching leisurely along. Groups of these squalid, shivering, hungry beggars, nestling together in their rags for mutual warmth, intent upon the destruction of the animated nature that infests their miserable garments; or searching keenly through each other's coarse tangled hair, with Cannibalish taste, transferring the vermin to their mouths, are seen crouching at every vacant spot along the streets and alcoves, or portico of the temples in both the city and its suburbs. Some of the poor lepers also, may be daily seen in the public streets, they are most pitiable objects. These beggars are all governed and under the care of a headman, who with the advice of the elders and constables, apporion them in the separate neighborhoods. They take their stations in front of the shops, or enter and squat on the floor, a group of four or five, and supplicate with a loud, whining voice, pounding on the floor or counter, sometimes making a deafening noise with gongs, drowning all conversation till the occupant purchases their departure by the giving of cash. They are protected by the law in their avocation, and no man dare drive them forcibly from his door. There is a species of corruption, connected even with this, for increasing the revenue of the public officials for they would pocket a good slice of the immunity money. Some beggars carry a tame snake with them, coiled about their persons, or held in their hands. If a foreigner enters the store they howl the more pertinaciously, a piercing monotonous wail of 'chin-chin-a-a-a! poor man-a-a-a! how kin-do a-a-a!' The wealthy merchants pay annually a stipulated sum to the 'King of the Beggars,' to purchase their exemption from the daily importunity, then a paper is pasted up as a notice which is obeyed. In the small area of one of the temple squares at Canton, of some two hundred feet square, on the hard flagging in different parts, you may daily see prostrated different objects of commiseration. Some are in groups, standing; others are beneath a little matting, which is sufficiently elevated on sticks to enable two or three to gather under, to shelter them from the sun at mid-day. Another is stretched speechless on the hard stone, with his head pressing on his emaciated hand, but on the approach of a foreigner, as if by instinct, he seizes his basket and extends it with his skeleton arm, for cash. Another is dying, as he lays with his head against the side wall, down which is led a gutter, as if in his last extremity he had rolled his head there, to catch a drop of water. Here are the houseless, dying and naked, while the smiling populace pass by."

## CHAPTER XIX.

## TRIP TO SHEE-UE CHOW FOO.

August 22, 1863.

Canton Province, 200 miles North of Canton.

On August 11th W. P. Jones, U. S. Consul at Macao, with Mrs. Jones and two children came up to us; the next morning we embarked on board this "Hawtow-Shuuc," [a Chinese boat,] and after sundry consultations, that no requisite appurtenance was left behind, and the "good bye" being spoken, we started for a little trip of three or four weeks up the North river, equal in importance to us as to you would be an Atlantic one! We were quite drooping with the scorching, stifling heat of summer and much needed this healthy roughing by way of recreation and a total change. The empty boat had been anchored at our front door the previous day that we might prepare our floating habitation in a suitable manner for the aquatic pic-nic excursion. It had been a busy time in arranging for my scholars during my absence, all but one of whom I left under the care of the Chinese lady teacher. Then too the task in collecting together and adjusting the necessary trappings for housekeeping on a limited scale, bedding, clothing, and laying in a sufficient supply of edibles to last during our miniature voyage. The one office of caterer was not a sinecure by any means, but buoyed up by the prospective remuneration in store, we cheerfully accomplished our duties to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, but we leave all minor details until you join us on a similar excursion. The party consists of Mr. and Mrs. Jones; their Lillie Jones, four years old; Willie Jones aged two years; Rev. George Piercy, an English Wesleyan; Rev. S. W. Bonney and Mrs. B. with our bright little Emma Catharine of three summers; Akee-ue; the Chinese preacher and servants. With commendable patriotic zeal, Mr. Bonney procured an American flag at Messrs. Russell & Co. to float over "the bonny boat." Our crew consists of eighteen men to work the boat which is sixty-five feet long and fifteen feet wide, divided into three compartments for passengers, with a small room at bow for the boatmen and one at the stern for culinary purposes. Next to it is my temporary domicile, seven by fifteen feet; the dining-room is fifteen feet square, and at night is converted into a dormitory for our good Brother Piercy; Mrs. Jones has a cosy apartment of ten by fifteen feet. The little white dog "Lily" from Manilla was not forgotten and much enjoys our pleasant afternoon walks. Our "Ark" is such as is generally used by the mandarins when traveling to different parts of the country on either of the three great rivers of Canton Province: the North, West and East rivers. According to agreement made with the boatmen before starting, "it will be anchored every night and on Sabbaths." Our passage up, although slow, is pleasant and comfortable; we all hope to become more vigorous with the fresh country air and constantly changing scene. It is amusing occasionally to listen to the boatmen's tramp along the deck, impelling the boat by poling, accompanied with most exasperating groans; but sometimes they use the track-line on the tow-path which is

a relief. After leaving Fatshan, twelve miles above Canton, a Leper-village was seen, then a hamlet with many grave hillocks of a conical shape and a large flock of geese feeding near by; the bank was high and hard for the trackers, the current too was very rapid but our boat safely passed between the bank and a rock. Further on was another cluster of conical graves on the hill side, pointed out to us by the native preacher with an air that showed the "singular reverence they have for the tombs and for the memorials of their ancestors," and close by was a picturesque village on an island in a lake. The mountainous region now commences; hills of various altitude, with lovely wild flowers sprinkled here and there, though generally the hills in China are beautifully terraced to their summit and every available inch of ground under cultivation. One hill was at least six hundred feet high with deep gorges, and groves of fir trees; several timber-rafts were in the vicinity and three pagodas not far distant.

On our route we frequently observed that many rocks were thrown together in most singular and fantastic forms, with precipitous descents and craggy bluffs. Perhaps these freaks of nature served as models in forming the national taste, as exhibited in their training and forcing trees or shrubs to assume grotesque forms representing animals and birds. We saw many pagodas, some of them nine stories high with winding stairs to the top, affording the weary climber full compensation by the expansive view thus obtained. Extensive sugar-cane plantations with cactus hedge, and rice-plots with the cheerful bright green were before us, but there are *no fences* in China to enclose such fertile spots. Rich fields of mulberry trees, with their large, luxuriant green leaves were observed on either bank, reminding us of silk districts. These leaves are picked four or six times a year and sold from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per piculs ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  pounds). There were groves of the bamboo with its light feathery foliage waving so gracefully in the breeze, and numbers of the cormorants standing in the water with their long necks bended, ready to seize the luckless fishes they were watching. The boat moved from a river over a mile wide with low banks, when about ten miles above Tsing Une city, through a small opening called the Tsing Une Pass; we entered the narrows where the river runs six miles in a very swift current, the water is about two hundred feet deep; on either side of this passage are high and rocky mountains from 1500 to 2000 feet in height. At seven P. M., we anchored for the night midway of the Pass close to a large Boodhist Monastery named "Fee Loy Tsz," built during the Laung Dynasty on the west bank. It is situated in a most romantic and picturesque spot, embosomed in lovely groves of dense foliage and forest trees of large growth. It is a singular coincidence that with great characteristic good taste the priests in every part of China are peculiarly fortunate in selecting the most healthy, commanding, and lovely sites for their Temples and Monasteries. A government gun-boat was stationed opposite to the Monastery for its protection; the officers sent to know if we would like them to anchor close to our boat that night to guard against robbers, but we had no fear and did not avail ourselves of their proffered civility. After dark the District Magistrate sent us his Chinese card being a slip of bright red paper eight inches long and three wide with Chinese characters printed on it; we returned the compliment by sending ours to his Honor. "These visiting cards are of scarlet paper, either single or folded four or more times according to the rank of the visitor."

The following morning we all went ashore, spending more than half

a day in exploring the charming nooks and rocky recesses, also in rambling through the inviting groves of diversified shrubbery around the Monastery. We were delighted with a mountain torrent which pours down its cool, fresh waters alongside the temples in beautiful cascades and waterfalls of forty feet, and constantly replenishing a stream of pure water which flowed into the Pass. The deliciously cool beverage was richly enjoyed, contrasting so forcibly with the luke-warm liquid of our boats. There are twenty priests in the monastery, who are civil and polite to visitors. In the fourth year of Hienfoong's reign, the temple was pillaged by the rebels. Pak-kwif, the late lieutenant governor of Canton contributed one thousand taels towards repairing it. Workmen are still busy refitting the broken idols and walls. The priests would be glad to rent their rooms to any foreigners who might wish to occupy them a few weeks or months for recreation and a retreat from summer heat. After having climbed up the tortuous footpath of a high rocky eminence to another temple almost hidden by the luxuriant shrubbery, we partook of our "tiffin" with a keen relish in one of the shady bowers. Nothing could surpass the charming beauty of these sequestered spots with rare shrubs and plants, together with famous dwarf trees.

The fish ponds had large pieces of rocks cemented together, and firmly bound with a strong wire, looking like a rocky islet, from the crevices of which came exquisite flowers and creepers; some formed an artificial grotto and cave in the centre of the miniature lake. In these excavations were many gold, silver and black fishes with tails of three lobes and tufted fins, they were very beautiful though the "eyes projected to an extraordinary degree;" they seemed to enjoy gliding below the artificial rock covered with moss in the ponds or in jars. Gods were not wanting here, some of them were "seated in a cool niche in the temple." "Sometimes devotees become irritated against the gods; and resort to summary means to force them to hear their petitions. It is said that the Governor having gone repeatedly in a time of great drought to the temple of the god of Rain in Canton dressed in his burdensome robes, through the heat of a tropical sun, on one of his visits said, 'The god supposes I am lying when I beseech his aid; for how can he know, seated in his cool niche in the temple, that the ground is parched and the sky hot?' Whereupon he ordered his attendants to put a rope around his neck and haul his godship out of doors, that he might see and feel the state of the weather for himself; after his Excellency had become cooler in the temple, the idol was reinstated in its shrine, and the good effects of this treatment considered to be fully proved by the copious showers which soon after fell." We purchased some beautiful canes, the heads of which are grotesque figures of birds or animals carved with great skill by the priests, being one of the many expedients resorted to as an employment to increase their incomes. When ready for a start, we replenished our jars from the large stream of cool, refreshing water and returned to our boats in the best of humors from the exhilarating exercise we had enjoyed. The Government has built a good tow-path for boatmen on the side of the mountain along which are fifteen good stone bridges either arched or of horizontal slabs. Fifty miles above Tsing Une Pass, and one hundred and fifty miles from Canton, is the Mang Tsz Pass in Ying Tuk County. This Pass is much shorter and narrower, yet exceeds the Tsing Une Pass in rocky grandeur and craggy bluffs. We all enjoyed the Echo in this Pass, it was clear and loud and returned our calls with distinctness, even the explosion of small

Chinese crackers equals the report of a musket fire. Four miles below Ying Tuk county city, on the west bank of the river, is a lofty sugar-loaf shaped mountain named Mán Tow Shán. It presents a perpendicular front to the river of four hundred feet, the water washing its base. At the side of this mountain are extensive limestone quarries, the stone yielding when burnt two tenths of lime. The quarrymen are paid the small wages of \$1.80 and their food per month.

We passed groves of bamboos lining the shores; observed of the feathered tribe white paddy birds, wild partridges, quails and pigeons. This morning we saw many tame, large black cormorants resting on a forked bamboo pole, some ten feet long, near a fisherman's boat, they appeared to be the size of a turkey; these birds are often trained to assist their owner in his fishing. ["At a signal from the headman, the cormorants plunge into the water and search for fish, each bird, as fast as he catches one in his beak, rises to the surface. The fisherman then hooks the bird's float with his stick and draws it towards him, taking the fish away from the cormorant as soon as it comes within reach of his arm. When the fish is very large and weighs seven or eight pounds the cormorants will assist each other, one catching the fish by the tail, another by the head, etc. They rarely catch any thing weighing less than a quarter of a pound. After every capture a small bit of fish is thrown to the bird as a reward, the piece being sufficiently little for it to swallow in spite of its collar. Chinese fishermen keep their feathered assistants at work as long as daylight lasts. Occasionally the birds become tired, and refuse to dive, a proceeding which occasions a series of frightful yells and beating of the water with a stick by their master, which frightens them to such an extent that they resume labor instantly. A single boatman can easily oversee twelve or fifteen of these birds, and although hundreds may be out upon the water, each one knows its own master. The birds are fed on bean-curd, and eels or fish. *They lay eggs when three years old, which are often hatched under barn yard hens. The price of a pair varies from \$5 to \$8. This mode of fishing, which is not interrupted even by severe cold, is quite lucrative, as twenty or thirty birds can readily catch about a dollar and a half worth of fish per day. Oil of sesame is said to be the panacea for all ills of the cormorant, which continues its career of active work until about ten years of age.*"]

The right hand shore is quite flat, the plain planted to profusion with barley and other cereals. The gentlemen are constantly engaged distributing tracts and portions of God's word, also preaching to the people: they "sow beside all waters," and "scatter the seed of Life broadcast through the land." About fifty miles above the pass in Ying Tuk District, on the west shore, is the most remarkable mountain that has been seen on the route. It is a bold rocky bluff, overhanging the river, at least 500 feet high. At the foot of it is a large cave fitted up as a Temple for Koon Yum, the Goddess of Mercy. The temple has been occupied by priests for 200 years, three of these fathers and a flock of tame pigeons are the tenants of this most wonderful and romantic place. Yesterday morning we went ashore to visit the noted spot; the temple is three stories in height, from the topmost window in the rock, covered with mosses and other small cryptogamic plants — was sixty feet to the water. Many parts of the temple were in a dilapidated state, all things seemed huddled together. We found several parties of Chinese feasting in the rooms; but the priests, with their shaven heads and long gray robes, were particularly

civil, offering tea and pipes according to Chinese custom, but neither the betel-nut or fruits looked in the least inviting. Their "Tsing, tsing," which simply means "I pray you, I pray you" is in the place of "How d'ye do?" — was repeated many times with the bow and shaking of their own folded hands. Then there was "a sort of friendly antagonism" between the priests and guests "as to which should be seated or lift the cup of tea, because inattention to this formality is regarded as a discourtesy and would stamp the offender as a boor and unacquainted with the commonest rules of polite society." Our party wrote their names in the same "Company Book" in which we found the autographs of Mr. Bonney and his friends, as inscribed when on their way to Hankow two years and four months prior to this day. A few rods north of the cave, on a projecting part of the mountain, are built two quite pretty pavilions in Chinese architecture. Over the doors of one is the tablet of "The Pavillion of Charity and Wisdom." On either side of the door is this couplet, which in a free English translation would read :

Ten thousand miles no clouds appear,  
 Ten thousand miles the skies are clear,  
 From thousand streams the waters meet,  
 The Queen of Night makes this her seat.

As we stand looking up and down the stream we see many perpendicular crags 300 feet high ; isolated and lofty rocky hills with sharp pointed tops covered with a deep green vegetation pass before our view, and many rafts laden with coal in baskets bound for the lower districts. Then we turn to look at the black crows with singular white rings about their necks seeming to be in great numbers, they are regarded as a sacred bird and were very tame. What with the gray walls damp, mouldy, together with the smoky, dingy, and mottled appearance of the surroundings, we were only too thankful to leave the cheerless structure for our own temporary little home. Mrs. Jones and myself are the first foreign ladies, and I am the first missionary lady who had ever been up this river ; we are of course objects of eager curiosity, but are treated with the greatest consideration and kindness so that the excursionists enjoy every moment. Our entire party went ashore for a ramble on the sunny slopes carpeted with showy flowers, and in passing through a village had the whole population after us ; men, women, children, and barking curs ; even the silly geese stretched out their long necks to hiss at the strangers. The villagers were probably as much amused at us, as we with all the eye could take in ; their evident thought of "what queer creatures" was on our part fully reciprocated. One poor woman held up her infant for me to buy ! But we gave them books, pleasant words, and cheery smiles. On our return to the boat we had a new experience which vividly comes to mind ; we were rather startled to find we had to cross some sand-bars and small streams about forty feet wide but not deep. We were, however, enabled to adapt ourselves to existing circumstances, shoes and stockings were useless appendages, there was no help for it ; so imagine your dignified "Aunty" wading through sand and water considerably above the ankle ; but it was rare fun and we enjoyed it as a frolic of younger days. The children and "Lilly" were carried, and the whole party reached the boat in safety with merry hearts. On several occasions the gentlemen have been aroused, at night with tidings of robbers and pirates, the boatmen were busy getting their arms and ammunition ready, but so far they have been false alarms.

The men are now poling with bamboo poles at each side of our boat

over the rapids, this is varied by use of sails and tracking. We passed many cactus trees twenty feet high and a temple that had been much injured by the rebels, stone pillars broken. A Custom House official just came to inspect our boat. "We anchored under the east walls of Shee-ue Chow Foo city at four P. M., near the south gate. A few moments afterwards, a clerk of the district magistrate came on board with his superior's card, and an invitation for our party to visit him the following day at the Yamun. We gladly accepted the invitation, and appointed nine A. M., as the hour. He also proposed that we should pay our respects to the other principal mandarins of the city and department. We assented, and left the matter with him to arrange. This morning a constable called for our cards according to Chinese custom, and took them to the two highest military and three civil mandarins resident in the city. At nine A. M., our friend Mr. Eep came with six covered sedans to conduct us to the several officers, and our party went on their round of visits to General Lak, Major Tuk, Judge Fong, District Magistrate Chu, and Hon. Mr. Shum, prefect of department, all being officers of the highest rank in Shee-ue Chow Foo. The general and major are Tartars, the other three are Chinese. Our visits occupied from nine A. M., to three P. M.; the streets through which we passed from Yamun to Yamun [official palaces] were crowded with curious lookers-on, foreign ladies having never before visited the city. In justice to the officers to whom we paid our respects, it must be said that they treated us most courteously and kindly. We could not desire better treatment, for they evidently did their best at the short notice which they had of our arrival. We were offered tea, cakes, and fruits of various kinds, both fresh and preserved. The ladies of our company were also handsomely and most kindly welcomed by the high ladies of the several mandarins, of course in Chinese and Manchoo style." We were received in the inner apartments, exclusively appropriated to the ladies of the Yamun; the first wife was standing near the door, with many sunny-faced attendants ranged around her. We were courteously welcomed with several polite bows and shaking of their own clasped hands, while the "Nini" — or number one wife — favored us with a graceful courtsey and shaking of her own left sleeve. After being conducted to the covered dais, and invited to the post of honor on the left we were seated in the chairs of state; all this display of Chinese etiquette was a novel experience to one of our party. The ladies were tastefully dressed in their richly embroidered oriental costume of silken robes in various gay colors, and occasionally displaying with a coquettish air their pretty little feet, not three inches long, encased in shoes covered with embroidery of gold and silver thread. Silver bangles were around the ankles of the children, while pretty amulets were worn by all with quantities of jewelry, which they certainly did not prize as much as the extravagantly long finger nails, but little shorter than the finger. The black hair, which is the special pride of Chinese women, was very glossy and smooth from the use of resinous shavings moistened in hot water; it was elaborately and elegantly arranged with studied exactness, and fancifully decorated with beads and pretty flowers. One or two of the ladies wore costly golden filagree ornaments with the enamelled lustrous blue feathers, from the breast of the king-fisher bird. Cosmetics are never sparingly used by the Celestials; the faces were bedaubed with white paint giving a pallidness, while the cheeks and lips, too deeply rouged with carmine for beauty, gave an unpleasant effect to the whole. With the aid of "charred

sticks" the eyebrows had been blackened into an arched form, to set off to advantage their "almond shaped eyes;" much care had evidently been bestowed on their toilet. The Tartar ladies had not cramped feet, but wore silk shoes with thick felt soles, they were equally well dressed, with flowers and silver ornaments; and of a more dignified carriage than the Chinese, being larger in size and possessing much more muscular power. After a while we were requested to partake of the quickly prepared entertainment consisting of different kinds of cakes arranged to form pyramids, quantities of fresh and candied fruits, preserves, nuts and water-melon seeds. We were furnished with small two pronged silver forks, though chop-sticks were also there if preferred; each different kind of the luxuries on small saucers were nicely arranged on a large red lacquer tray. Fancy pipes filled with tobacco were offered but declined. We were then regaled with the exquisitely flavored steaming tea, without sugar or milk, which was served up from very delicate porcelain cups with pretty covers to match, on metal saucers or stands. During this ceremonious feasting, which occupied some time, the Amahs were engaged in fanning us, while the ladies taking up some candied fruit on their forks would pass it to us as a token of peculiar favor. After this preliminary, came the stereotype questions to be answered: "What is your honorable age? How many sons have you? How long have you been in the flowery land?" During which, midst the fluttering of fans, we underwent a critical inspection from head to foot, with running comments in audible tones, and sundry exclamations of surprise or pleasure, with occasionally a merry peal of laughter. "Did we wear *chicken coops beneath* our dresses?" (meaning our crinoline skirts which they fancied bore a resemblance). The conversation seemed general, even servants were allowed to express their opinion. The children of our party attracted especial attention; they were presented with divers gifts; as little embroidered shoes, fancy aromatic bags with small pieces of Sycee-silver in them, in two of the pretty satin pockets were miniature shoes of Sycee and Chinese felicitous charms. Our visit was full of interest to both parties, and their urbanity with the cordial greetings enhanced the pleasure of our enjoyment. I will now let Mr. Bonney continue his account of the many attractive villages we passed at short intervals.

Our party had supplied themselves before leaving Canton with a quantity of Christian books, and many copies of the New Testament in Chinese for gratuitous distribution as opportunity afforded. These were given to each of the officers we visited, and accepted by them with many thanks. One of the officials — I think it was the General, remarked, that the books were good for the people, and should be circulated widely, but how much sincerity there was in his unsolicited opinion I cannot pretend to judge. On our return to the boat we remained till 6 P. M. making preparations for the homeward trip — purchasing rice, fowls and other provisions needed. A crowd of several hundreds collected on the shore during this time, delighting their eyes with a view of the strangers from afar, the like of whom they had never seen, especially the three little children of the party elicited wonderful remarks. At 6 P. M. we raised anchor and dropt down the river a mile or two, where we remained till morning.

The Magistrate of this district which is Kok Kong, has unsolicited by us, sent a gun boat well manned by eighteen men to escort us down the

river to Ying Tuk the next district below. He has also sent us two bushel baskets of fruit. The air in this part of the river is pure, cool, and very refreshing for the season. We started from our anchorage at seven this morning with fifteen oars at work, mast and sails taken down, folded up, and packed away as useless for the return trip with the South wind ahead. The boatmen's oars and the river's current will be the propelling power. The width of the river varies from a quarter to one-third of a mile. The waters being high, they are of that muddy, yellowish color so common on Chinese rivers. The banks on either side are high, smooth surfaced hills, covered with a short growth of grass and shrubbery. But few human dwellings are seen. Here and there a hamlet of a dozen mud houses meet the eye, surrounded by a grove of banyans. As we enter Ying Tuk the banks become more rocky and bold in shape, with barren sides of hard limestone ready for the quarrymen's chisel and wedge. The "Tan Tsz Kee" rears its lofty head over its almost perpendicular sides 400 feet high, standing alone as a sentinel guarding the passage of the river. At a respectful distance scattered around stand a score or more of lesser hills, two or three hundred feet high, assuming every imaginable shape of haystacks, huts, volcano-craters and sugarloaf. The river washes the base of this singular rock, boats passing within a few yards of it. The composition of the rock is blue limestone. We have come down the river to day at a steady pace making sixty miles towards Canton. The weather has been fair, a warm sun shining over us, tempered by the cool South monsoon. The gunboat despatched to escort us, has kept in our wake or near us during the whole day and night. We visited two villages, one of which has a Custom House Office for inspecting salt-boats. Woe be to the salt smuggler who falls into the hands of these agents of the Salt Commissioner; he is not only deprived of his salt, but his boat, and all appertaining to it are forfeited to Government as a punishment for his bold disregard of the national laws. We were shown a large cargo boat filled with bags of salt seized from smugglers on the river; the principal officer received us quite friendly and politely.

Oo Shek is a Market-town; the people ran together in crowds as we landed, and as in most Chinese market towns, were more free in their manners than in the country towns of family residences. Wood fuel being cheaper here than at Canton, our boatmen laid in a stock for their use. A beautiful little red fawn caught on the hills at the back of the town was bought by one of our party, and a quantity of bamboo chairs at about half the Canton prices. One of our party is laying down the correct course of the river by compass and rule, with the towns and villages on the banks, and distances between each. We have also a "special artist" who is sketching with a skillful hand the lofty and curiously shaped mountains and rocks, seemingly thrown together in the wildest confusion, that peer up before us every few miles with the valleys, romantic chasms, and gloomy ravines. We halted two hours at the limestone quarries to visit the large cave of Pik Lawk Ngam, and the picturesque natural rock bridge over it. The singularly dismal cave is full 250 feet long, 100 feet wide and 75 feet high; the walls and roof are of solid stone, ornamented with stalactites of every shape and size from one to ten feet in length. Through it flows a large, deep stream which under the roof of the cave is impassable except by a canoe or bridge, neither of which the Chinese have furnished. A small Buddhist temple stands at its entrance tenanted by three priests. They told us that we were the first foreigners who had ever visited this

hollow den. The quarry workmen furnished us with several fine specimens of rock crystals in exchange for a few hundred cash.

Towards evening at six o'clock, we entered the Mang-tsz pass or Narrows in the river, on each side of which lofty crags and perpendicular bluffs rise more than a thousand feet. This truly strange wild gorge cut in the mountain will average three hundred yards in width. For want of a lead line we were unable to take its depth. We were forty-five minutes passing from the upper to the lower end of the Narrows, at the rate of seven miles an hour. Here again the echo phantom was tested, at a point where the stupendous mountains were towering upwards in almost perpendicular slopes, and the repetitions of sounds given by us, were not only wonderful but startling. It was weird like in this lonely place, to hear our words come bounding back from every point, in such rapid succession; and when we laughed, back came wild shouts of revelry, and the effect was marvelous and electrical in the extreme. While admiring the grand views in this place, it was gratifying to reflect that these mountains would stand as long as the world stands, with the same sublime and magnificent scenery, unmarred by the skill or power of man.

As Christianity and modern civilization advance among the native Chinese, the almost invisible thread line of a railway, may run along their base, but still they will remain unmoved, as silent monitors of the might and majesty of their Creator to every succeeding generation; they cannot be cut down nor overturned any easier, than Victoria Peak from summit to base can be rolled over into Hongkong harbor. Directly on our arrival at Ying Tuk city, we sent our cards, written on crimson paper in Chinese characters, to the chief magistrate. In a few minutes he returned his own, with an invitation for all our party, ladies, gentlemen and children, to call on him at his yamun. Sedans had been sent and we immediately went ashore escorted to the yamun by an eager crowd of men and boys. His Excellency Foong was in waiting at the door for us, with his yamun clerks and attendants. He received us with evident pleasure, apologizing for the poor fare and mean condition of the place. His Excellency stated that Chekiang was his native province, but for the last twenty years he had been a resident of Canton province, and the magistrate of three different districts. He had lately returned from Peking, and been in office at Ying Tuk only a month. Hongkong he had visited, and showed no little satisfaction in being able to speak a few words of what he called the English language, but which we at once recognized as common phrases of the "Canton pidgin English." To the chair bearer he said: "So fashion walkee. Hiyah! chop-chop." "That one piecee coolie too muchee quick." "One piecee chilo alla same." "My no wanthee." "My olo fader hab makee die." "How many wifoo alla same hab got?" with similar expressions in this "barbarous lingo," of which you will not desire a more extended graphic description. We were treated to fruit, cakes and excellent tea. The ladies and children of our party were entertained in separate apartments of Mr. Foong's family. On taking leave, he ordered the sedan bearers to take us through some of the principal streets that we might have a peep at the city, and thence to our boat. Mr. Foong informed us that he would direct a small police boat to attend us down the river, to guard and aid in any difficulty that might arise. We declined the kind offer, not wishing to trouble him, and considering it unnecessary. But he would not accept a refusal, saying it was no trouble. Two police boats were anchored at the landing place, one of which set sail and kept

close in our rear during the day, and dropped anchor near us at night. Ying Tuk City is a neat looking place for a Chinese city, and has several nicely carved monumental tablets in honor of dutiful children, or widows who devoted themselves to an unmarried life. The streets are mostly paved with slabs of limestone or large round stones from the river bed; altogether we were favorably impressed with the place and our kind reception. We halted nearly two hours at the Buddhist temple at Tsing Uue Pass, finding the cascades and mountain streams fuller than usual owing to the late rains. The river also had risen two or three feet since we passed up ten days ago. Our boat took in a fresh supply of the excellent spring water which constantly flows from the rocky reservoirs in the rear of the temple. After gratifying ourselves with a stroll up the mountain's side, and feasting our eyes with the surrounding wild scenery, we joyfully returned to our boat and proceeded on our way.

That we might reach Canton to-night, we turned off at Loopon from the usual route, and entered a stream running south east, which shortened the distance thirty miles. The usual course is by Fat-shan, this shorter route can be taken by cargo-boats, only when the river is at a high stage. It passes through a richly cultivated country, with broad fields of rice, sugarcane, vegetables, and many a terraced hill. We observed to-day more cattle grazing than all we have seen in the other places during our trip. Passed a large market town with a fine row of Ancestral Halls and Academies, and Poontinqua's Garden with the White Cloud Hills in view. This day, Saturday, August 29, has brought us to the termination of our excursion to Sheue-e Chou Foo and back. Our party returned well pleased with the change they had enjoyed from the city to country and mountain air; the discoveries they had made; and the more than expected kind and courteous treatment from the Chinese people and officials. We endeavored to make our visit to the places along the river subserve the extension of Christian truth and knowledge by a free gift of copies of the New Testament and Christian books in Chinese language. We found that it promoted our friendly reception by the people rather than otherwise.

The Hong Kong paper says: "From Canton we hear of repeated and long trips into the interior by boats, for missionary and recreation purposes. Rev. S. W. Bonney, accompanied by his wife and several other foreigners, has been up the North river to the distance of 230 miles from Canton, It required some thirteen days to go that distance including two Sabbaths. during which time the boat was at anchor. The party were treated civilly by the people and by mandarins." Many, exceedingly many trips must be made before China is evangelized. Books were distributed at various places on the route.

This novel trip has been to us a most refreshing occupation. The weather is warm in the day-time, but cool at night; and we are anticipating with pleasure the speedy approach of the delightful cold season." On our return to Canton we found the "white winged messengers" from home, giving the particulars of our deceased sister Matilda's happy release from sickness on May 9, 1863. Her cup of joy was full to overflowing with the sweet gushings of bliss by the presence of Jesus giving her peace. I wrote to dear M. Elizabeth on July 21, after we heard of the death of her mother. This is the second loved sister that has sickened and died since my sojourn in China. Sorrow gnaws at *my* heart strings, but *their* agony is over, "the gloom and dread of the grave was dispelled by the blessed assurance of bliss in heaven. "Death wears the same vesture everywhere,"

and though his icy fingers have changed these precious lineaments and earthly forms to marble rigidity, their happy disenthralled spirits have crossed the swollen streams and gone to the everlasting bright home. Disease makes sad ravages, but it is safe in life or death to feel we are in God's hands. "There is peace in Christ which the world cannot give and it sustains and comforts the soul."

*Marriage of Akee-ue.*

Akee-ue one of my elder pupils was betrothed to a native helper connected with the American mission at Foochow. I had been the match-maker or go-between; presents had been exchanged including photographs, and all the principal formalities of the nuptials had been arranged. As the time had arrived for the marriage consummation, it was proper I should be her escort. Mr. Bonney could not leave his work and sent his regret in answer to the large red card of invitation to the "wedding feast," but saw us safe on the steamer at Hongkong.

*Foochow, October 16, 1863.* Akee-ue, Emma and myself left Hongkong in the "Fokhein" last Wednesday afternoon Oct. 7. Passing "the White Dogs," two islands just outside, we anchored in the harbor at the Pagoda Islands, ten miles below the city at six o'clock on Friday evening. It was quite rough coming up, much wind and high sea, but still to me, even this was a pleasant change from school duties. My little sensitive plant, Akee-ue, the bride elect, was sea-sick all the way, and did not leave her berth till we reached the Pagoda anchorage. The scenery around Foochow is magnificent; "hills and dales, grassy plains, high black mountains, the mirror-like river, roaring water falls, pagodas and villages are all blended in the most admirable manner. It has been thought by some European travelers to resemble the scenery of Switzerland in its picturesqueness and grandeur, Americans are more frequently reminded by it of the Highlands of the Hudson. The entrance to the River Minn is marked by bold peaks and high land, and about thirty-five miles from its mouth the 'Happy Region' or city is situated." The following morning we went up the river in Messrs. Russell & Co.'s comfortable "House boat." Mr. Clark gave us a friendly reception, and after partaking of a luxurious breakfast at twelve M., kindly furnished his handsome house sedans to take us to the "Mission Compound," in which were the bungalows, with large verandas and green blinds," the residences of Revs. Peat, Baldwin and Doolittle. My reception by the mission families was all I could desire, of warm sisterly affection.

The marriage of Akee-ue to "Nga Seen Shand" was celebrated on the 14th, in the brick mission chapel of the A. B. C. F. M., called the "church of the Saviour." Rev. C. Baldwin performed the ceremony in a very impressive manner. The church was crowded with missionaries of all denominations, native Christians and outsiders. It was a novel and interesting sight, to see these two natives standing up to be united in marriage with Christian ceremonies. It is a great triumph that they are thus able to overcome "the established social customs of their countrymen." Akee-ue's toilet was superintended by a Chinese matron, who arranged her hair after the Foochow style, it proved to be quite becoming, and when arrayed in her pretty wedding garments she looked quite captivating. The bride, bridegroom, missionaries and native Christians, fifty in number, were handsomely entertained with a reception at the residence of Rev. Mr. Baldwin. A bountiful tiffin had been prepared in the best possible

manner by the American ladies. The long table was beautifully decorated with flowers and greens, and the assembled guests sat down to a banquet of every thing calculated to tempt the most fastidious appetite. The bride was seated next to me in silence, dignified and composed, but did not eat anything; she acted according to Chinese etiquette, and deported herself admirably throughout the trying ordeal. After this fête, we escorted the bride to her new home. We crossed the monster bridge of one hundred arches, built more than eight hundred years ago, about one quarter of a mile long, and fourteen feet wide. It has forty solid buttresses built of hewn granite. The sleepers are immense stones three feet square, and forty-five feet long. Above the stone sleepers a granite platform is made, with strong stone railings. There is a small island densely populated on which part of the bridge rest connecting the city of Foochow with the European settlement. The sedans were quickly carried through the narrow streets, into the suburbs and pleasant field covered with tiny blossoms, till we drew up to the door and were ushered into the residence of the groom, where in accordance with the established custom he had a great feast prepared. The marriage festivities were conducted with proper decorum and order, giving pleasure to all. The young couple are comfortably settled, seem contented and very happy, for all of which I am truly thankful, for I feel sure God has blessed and prospered my mission to Foochow. Most earnestly do I pray that my remaining pupils may marry, with similar auspicious prospects, good Christian men. With a party of the missionaries we went to the top of the highest hill to observe the annual custom of KITE-FLYING. It is a national pastime and proved to be a general holiday for the natives, both old and young. Every person had a kite and all seemed to participate in this curious and most amusing festival. The afternoon being very fine, the hill was covered with thousands of people. "A petty mandarin, with a large staff of armed policemen, was stationed there for the purpose of keeping the peace and quelling the disturbance, should any arise." We were greatly interested watching the boyish glee of the Chinese while indulging in the amusement, and listening to the loud humming noises in the air which were constantly heard overhead. There was a "centipede twenty feet long wriggling; then an enormous bird with outspread wings of red and gold is soaring directly over our heads; then a mandarin, seven yards in circumference, lighted, in his robes of state, making his airy *ko-tows* or salutations to the gazers below; now a fanciful dragon shoots hither and thither; then the head of a tiger gaudily painted; a flying eagle; a group of large hawks, five or more in number, all controlled by one strong cord are seen hovering around a common centre." The sport was continued till dark night with much gratification to Emma and myself. The Chinese "construct these wonderful things without tails, a peculiarity which implies extraordinary art; and so dexterously manage their equilibrium that they rise calmly, steadily, without any of the jerks of our kite flying, and float, glittering like stars, vertically above the head of the cord holder. They fit a kind of *Æolian* apparatus to them, almost imperceptibly small, which imitates the songs of birds or the voices of men, and when the air is crowded with kites produces a tremendous noise; and they send messengers up the cords with an incomprehensible dexterity. It is certainly perfectly wonderful and interesting to see to what a pitch of perfection the manufacture of this familiar toy has been carried by this people."

After a most charming visit in Foochow, receiving kind attentions from

all the different mission families, seeing the working of the admirable schools under the care of our own board, as also the mission school over which the Misses Wolverton have the supervision, we prepared for a return to our own duties at Canton. Our home letters are filled with sad accounts of the fratricidal war, "the whole country seems suddenly transformed into one vast camp;" when will it end, and "Our Flag" wave, with God's blessing over a united people. Oh! that he will preserve our *Union* and bring those deluded rebels to submission. Notwithstanding all this sorrow, I feel justly proud of my country, noble America! of both sections, the North and South! They have proved to the world there are *no cowards* in that free land. From this far off stand-point we can look more dispassionately on the issue of events, doing but justice to both sides. Yes, it is brother fighting against brother. Let the old world pause awhile before she or *any part* of her venture to commit aggressive encroachments on Brother Jonathan, for then Firm, *united* we shall be. The heroic volunteers from Albany city and county have greatly distinguished themselves, but God help the broken hearts of many a home circle. The Great Captain will bring our sunny South to its senses, *after* the North has been sufficiently punished for so greatly forgetting Him, in the full enjoyment of unnumbered blessings, then we will again be *one people*, under that dear Old Flag. I often feel very belligerent towards our good mother country, because she is jealous of her prosperous child. We all certainly felt very indignant when the war steamer Saginaw was ordered out of the harbor of Hongkong, and rather feared for the safety of the United States Naval depot "because many of the colonists believed that a serious collision was inevitable." Not a Northern man would submit to lower his colors except from a compulsory power, but the excitement was very great by the rumors of a war between England and America.

A large parcel of ground in Canton, formerly used as the site of the Governor's palace which was burnt in 1857, has been taken by the French Roman Catholic priests, under the pretext it was to indemnify them for persecutions and confiscations of the property of their native converts, one hundred and fifty years ago, and a Cathedral of magnificent dimensions, with the usual accompanying buildings, is now going up. On December 8, 1863, Mr. Bonney and myself were invited guests at the laying of the corner-stone of this new Roman Catholic Cathedral; we received an invitation from the bishop written in French. All the high Chinese Mandarins were present in their gorgeous array of brightly embroidered robes attended by a numerous retinue. Foreign Consuls in varied uniforms of blue, scarlet and gold with all the insignia of their orders and stars upon their breasts. Officers in glittering uniforms—ladies suitably attired according to their rank and position—gentlemen in the black clerical-looking dress and a sea of human heads all around. After the prolonged exercises of the religious rites, accompanied with fine chanting which sounded beautifully in the open air, as the procession marched around the immense compound—were concluded by being sprinkled by the bishop with holy water, a bountiful and luxurious tiffin was served. The French Consul, the Baron de Tranquilly, the same evening gave a grand dinner; we, with the other invited foreign guests, sat down to the sumptuous entertainment at 10 P. M. and returned home at 2 o'clock in the morning. This was an unusual occurrence and the only time we kept such unreasonable hours. This spot now occupied by the Consul was formerly the *yamun* or residence of the Imperial Treasurer of the

province. The avenue was bordered with ancient banyans, and in a large park deer were often seen grazing. The grounds were ornamented with arches, rock-work, little fancy buildings and pretty flower gardens, all of which were brilliantly lighted with Chinese lamps of various colors and shapes. Large sculptured lions, of fierce aspect, stood guard at the outer gate, and the French flag waves over this little paradise now so well garrisoned. The body of a boy about twelve or fourteen years of age was drifted by the high tide close to our house; his hands were tightly bound behind with strong cords, showing his death had not been accidental. Chinese parents sometimes get rid of disobedient children in that way. Several times I have seen the boat women tie their children's hands and feet, with the pretense of throwing them into the water; unfortunately often it is reality. Sometime since, hearing a great hubbub in our street, Mr. Bonney went out to ascertain the cause. A similar scene was being enacted; he however persuaded our neighbor, a Custom House, official to forgive and release his son—a young man of twenty years—whom he was dragging, bound hand and foot, to the river. The son was a bad boy and a great gambler. If Mr. Bonney had not gone out, no doubt this wayward youth would soon have been drowned; as the Chinese never interfere, and would not have dared to rescue him from the water without the father's consent. Yesterday we received a red card saying, if convenient the wives of a Chinese friend would call on me. Accordingly to day my parlor was quite filled with small footed Chinese ladies. They had a host of Amahs and other attendants; were dressed elegantly in their richly embroidered silks, ornaments of jade stone and pretty flowers in their elaborately arranged hair. Cosmetics had been lavishly used, the centre of the lip was daubed with deep carmine; their small hands covered with rings and their oblique black eyes sparkling with pleasure. We sent out to a restaurant for trays, divided into little compartments, filled with cakes, fruits, and nuts, giving them an agreeable entertainment according to Chinese style. After the guests left, the man came for the trays; he had counted every cake, fruit and all, you pay only for what is eaten; thus at a trifling expense you can have a pretty entertainment.

January 9, 1864. The exercises for the week of united prayer for the conversion of the world, closed to day, and I think all who have joined in them can say, it has been good, very good, that we have engaged in them, and devoted this first week of the year to prayer and supplication, earnest and importunate. It has been a profitable season and a precious week of intense interest. "The value of the week of prayer can especially be fully realized on missionary ground, where the dependency on the ministration of the Spirit is most deeply felt." The Chinese Christians with their families, and the mission schools, have also held union meetings daily. I trust that we shall all be enabled to proceed in our work, with more courage, vigor of heart, and trust in God for aid and guidance, in all things, for it is an honor and great privilege. Mr. Bonney in writing to the Board at Boston in February, respecting the visit of Mr. Gulick, from the Sandwich Islands to Japan, and his readiness, as also that of Mr. Thompson to enter upon missionary effort there, expresses his own views as to the opening of Japan for missionary effort as follows: "Japan is opened, and there is not the least probability that it will be shut again, but rather opened more and more widely every year. Nor will this be done at the slow rate at which China has been opened to foreign intercourse. Both the Japanese and foreigners are agreed as to this. Even

since Mr. Gulick left Yokohama, our United States minister, Hon. R. H. Pruyn, that truly Christian man, has obtained from the Japanese Government a lot of ground sufficient for building a mission church, a dwelling house for the mission family, and a large lot besides. It is an excellent location, including the very spot of ground where Commodore Perry made the treaty for the United States, with the Japanese government. The treaties they have made with the United States, England, France and Holland, will not be a dead letter, but carried out to their full extent. Another government embassy of eleven persons, is now starting from Japan for Europe. They go by the French steamer, and pay their own expenses. There are many indications that the Japanese will pass ahead of the Chinese in admitting and even welcoming foreigners to their shores. The dawning light of gospel truth and salvation has there appeared, and is spreading, although without much observation. Can it for a moment be believed, that the 'Land of the Rising Sun' will have the pall of darkness and ignorance drawn over her again? I do not so read the 'signs of the times.' Nor do the missionaries now there, Messrs. Hepburn, Ballagh, Brown and Verbeck, so view it." The Japanese Daimios managed to obstruct the progress of foreign interests for a considerable time. Disputes among themselves kept the interests of western nations in abeyance for years but the Japanese are a chivalrous, proud people, who respect the very foe that defeats them. They seem sensible that friendly relations with foreigners is the better course for them.

*Rev. S. W. Bonney to the Editor of the China Mail.*

Dear Sir,

Canton, March 4, 1864.

Your last issue gave, in mournful numbers, the lamentations of some "Old Cantoner," for the desolations of this city, and the decline of trade. Yet there was a beam of cheerful content and loving attachment to this ancient settlement glimmering through them which was commendable. In another column of the same paper which contains the poetical lamentations over Canton's departed glory, are editorial remarks concerning a railway from Canton to Hankow. Although but a few lines are devoted to the subject, they are true and timely. It is an object deserving the attention of both Chinese and Foreign Governments, the Chinese people and foreign residents. The *first* question which suggests itself is this. Is it *practicable* to construct a railway on the proposed route? Are there no insuperable obstacles of mountain ranges, rivers or yearly freshets? From personal observation I can assure you that there are none. It has been supposed that the mountain range running east and west between Canton and Hunan provinces was a barrier that would effectually prevent all attempts to connect the two provinces by a railway. I am happy to inform you that such is not the case. The Pass or Gap in the mountain range named See-ue Leng, is only twenty-eight miles in length from the head waters of Canton North River, to the head of boat navigation on the Say-ung River, which empties into Kong Teng Lake not far south of Hankow. This Pass has a gradual ascent on the north and south sides, but so low that small streams flow parallel with the stone-paved road which runs through it. The grade is much less than of many hills in England and America, which have been levelled by railway engineers. *Second.* Will the road *pay* after it is built? This question is much more problematic than the first. But if the number of travelers up and down the route, the produce that would be exported, and the goods imported by it,

should be only what are now carried in Chinese boats, I am confident it would pay the outlay and expenses. The actual existence of such an unheard of, safe and speedy communication between Hankow and Canton, including all the intermediate places, would open new streams of trade, develop more largely the resources of the country, and induce many a villager and mountain peasant to purchase a railway ticket. *Third.* Who shall *build* the railway? Chinese coolies and workmen, of course, superintended by foreign engineers and interpreters. Who built Shameen, and changed a mud flat into one of the most beautiful and healthy places in China for the residences of foreigners? Thousands of poor Chinese day-laborers were delighted to have a share in that job for a few pennies a day, Thanks to the zeal, skill and energy of Sir Harry Parkes, Carl Brunstedt, Esqr., and their associates, who planned and carried out the work to completion. Who have built the fine granite docks at Whampoa and Hongkong? Who have built the roads, bridges, and princely dwellings on the hill-sides of Victoria? Chinese workmen, taught and directed by foreign overseers. In like manner can it be with this railway from Canton to Hankow. No want of laborers and diggers. Thousands would rush for employment as they were needed. Enlist the favor of the Imperial Government for the scheme. Let Prince Kung and the Imperial Board of Foreign Affairs authorize the undertaking and require the provincial authorities to give their auxiliary aid. We could not expect our wealthy Shanghai friends to do much in its favor. What has been fine sport to them for the last five years has been death to us. If a project that will restore commercial life to Canton should diminish the profits and prices which they have monopolized for some time, let them be content with past gains, for the opening of this road would develop new resources, giving sufficient trade for both places. Canton by priority has the right to the Hankow trade. War suddenly snapped the chain which linked the trade and commerce of Hunan province to Canton. Why may not that chain be now repaired by more peaceful operations, more attractive, more enlivening, more consonant to the principles of Christian civilization? I am fully persuaded that the project is practicable, will be profitable to the proprietors, and as regards the promotion of the peace and prosperity of the Chinese in Canton and Hunan provinces, a most desirable, a most praiseworthy object. What we have now between Canton and Hongkong for the transfer of passengers and produce are several fine steamers for passengers, species, silks, and other valuable merchandise; while a dozen or twenty Chinese cargo-boats transport the heavier goods, rice, fuel, and lumber. On this railway there would be the crowded passenger cars and heavily loaded freight trains. A happy day will it be for Canton when the first spade is struck in the ground to begin the proposed railway. Happy day for all the inhabitants two hundred miles on either side of the route, eight or nine hundred miles to Hankow. Idlers and half starved coolies would find constant employment and good wages. The day of mandarin tyranny over foreigners in Canton has passed away. The Cantonese of to-day are not the same as those of 1854. They are willing to listen to propositions for improvement, although they do not always see the best way to adopt them. The mention of the subject in your paper gives me pleasure, and I trust it will be taken up and carried by those versed in such matters. There is not a single railway in China. Canton needs it quite as much or more than Shanghai. The Yang-tsze may suffice for her great highway and commercial avenue. Those mammoth

steamers plying to and fro on its waters have stolen from Canton her ancient rights and possessions. They must be regained by the swifter locomotive which shall draw back to their former outlet the productions of Hunan, Hupeh, and Sz-chuen provinces. Would it not be a great loss to Canton and Hongkong if the present steam communication between them was cut off? The advantages to all concerned are too many to be given up. And have they not been increasing every season, notwithstanding the Hankow competition? Let the rapid increase of the Chinese population of Hongkong answer. Now is the time for Canton and Hongkong to take hold of this matter in earnest, and not let it cease till it has become a substantial *bona fide* railway. Deliberate, consult, organize, talk, "proceed to business," and push on the work until we see in the advertising columns of the Hongkong Dailies a notice somewhat like this:

*Canton and Hankow Railway Co.* Until further notice, the Express Trains for Hankow will leave the depot at the North City Gate punctually at 8.30 A. M., and 5 P. M., stopping half-an hour at every District and Department City on the route. Through Tickets may be purchased at the Office in New China Street (Old Factory site), or at the Superintendent's office in Hongkong, Passengers' luggage will be in charge of the baggage master, who will furnish a ticket in exchange for each article put under his charge. Freight trains leave at 6 A. M., and 6 P. M. Refreshments provided at the stopping places of the Express train.

By Order of the Directors.

CHUN AWING, *Agent for Canton.*

Now, Mr. Editor, do not smile at this, and call it "a castle in the air," a visionary scheme, or some other derogatory epithet. There is no law of nature or human government prohibiting railways to be built in China. They are not "contraband" articles, and I presume never will be, although the Viceroy Keying once put his veto on steamers coming to Canton, during Sir John Davis's administration. There are plenty of workmen to build this railway. There are foreign engineers and surveyors who would gladly be employed in such a work. There are skillful financiers in Canton and Hongkong who can estimate the cost, and put down the capital needed to begin the work. Japan is spending her millions for foreign vessels and steamers to anchor in her harbors as Government toys. Let us show the Chinese how they may spend their capital so as to receive daily benefit from it, and give employment to thousands of starving poor. Doubtless the Imperial Government will readily sanction the undertaking, and the people along the whole route, with few exceptions, would favor its construction. It may appear to some persons almost too great a work to undertake. But surely it is not an impracticable work when we consider how many thousands and tens of thousands of laborers stand ready to give a helping hand. They would more cheerfully labor as coolies on such a work in their native land than emigrate to foreign countries for a term of years. Canton has been obliged to bear the severe penalty for sins of the Imperial Government. The blows that have fallen upon her have been heard to the farthest frontier of the Empire. The bursting open of her long-barred gates by the Western "barbarians," and planting their banners in the very centre of the city, has made a deep impression on the inhabitants of Canton city, Canton province, and the whole Empire, which will not soon be forgotten. It was the death-blow to the ancient law of exclusion to all

Western nations. "Old Custom" was obliged to flee before the new and better *régime*. There has been a yielding and respect given to many peculiarities of Western civilization, which evinces a willingness to be led still farther along in a better way. Canton people have suffered quite enough for their contempt and ill-treatment of foreigners in former times. They cursed us, and used us spitefully. Now, like Christian men, let us bless them with the comforts and conveniences, the profits and pleasures of a railway up the banks of the North River to Ec Chay-ung district city; then through the mountain pass into Hunan province; down the banks of the Say-ung River to Hankow, the very heart of China. The mountains can be leveled, the valleys filled up, "the crooked made straight, and the rough places plain." A highway may be prepared on which "many shall run to and fro." They "shall come from far, from the North and from the West; and these from the Land of Sinim." Truly Yours,  
To the Editor of the "China Mail." S. W. BONNEY.

*Rev. S. W. Bonney to the China Mail.*

Dear Sir,

Canton, March 4, 1864.

\*\*\*\*\* Your plan of *four* long railways is a broad and large one, very comprehensive, and also a selection of the best points and centres of any in the empire. The road between Canton and Hankow and the one between Peking and the Yangtze appear to me the most needed and easiest of construction. It is nineteen years yesterday since I arrived in China, and wondrous changes have I seen here since then, all tending to remove the ancient stereotyped heathenism, barbarous habits, and half-civilized manners of the people. I welcome this proposition for a railway with delight.  
S. W. BONNEY.

"The subject has been taken up by Sir Macdonald Stepheson, who is prevented by ill-health from proceeding as he intended to Shanghai and Peking, but the first steps have been taken to impress the imperial authorities with the value of this project. The prospect of railway communication being introduced into China is regarded with especial favor by all classes, and the period for making a commencement is more opportune than might be supposed. It is more than two years since the design of a railway between Peking and Tientsin was first mooted, but it is shelved for a time."

May 9, 1864. One whole year has gone, since another of our family circle, dear sister Matilda — "passed away," and now by the last mail, with painful surprise, came the sad tidings of the death of Mr. Bonney's truly excellent mother. She had completed two pages of a letter to her "darling children in China," part was written the very day she was taken ill. Her long interesting epistles were always welcome, she "held the pen of a ready writer." One of the last duties at night, for Mr. Bonney, was to "write a few lines to mother."

"Died. In Danbury, Conn., February 19th, 1864, Mrs. Sarah Ware Bonney, aged 81 years and 10 months. This widely-known and justly esteemed Christian lady who died Friday evening at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. L. A. Sherwood on Deer Hill, is well deserving of an extended biographical notice. Though so advanced in years, Mrs. Bonney preserved unimpaired her mental faculties, and, to a good degree also, her health, to the last week of her life. She was remarkable for the intelligence she manifested in all subjects pertaining to the affairs of the nation,

and the interests of Christ's kingdom. She was a steady attendant in the house of God, whose ordinances she loved and prized above her highest joy. She was present at the stated evening lecture of the church, just preceding her last illness. Her sickness was short and did not cloud her mind in the least. All the patience, gentleness and Christ-like devotion of her previous life were exhibited most sweetly upon her death-bed. Her departure seemed but a serene transition from her Christian friends on earth to the company of the redeemed in heaven. Her life and her death alike testified to the power of divine grace, and her memory will be precious to all who were privileged with her acquaintance. 'Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall bring forth fruit in old age.' Her identification with every good work in our community, and the sense of loss which a numerous circle of friends will deeply feel, render a passing tribute to her memory appropriate. The closing up of a life so long (eighty-two years) embracing observation so wide, and experiences so varied, is in itself an event to be noticed. Mrs. Bonney has been an intelligent witness, and, in her sphere, an humble participant in the events of the present century. With the characters who were upon the stage of action immediately subsequent to the American Revolution, she was very familiar, and able to reproduce the life of that period with great clearness and interest. She was herself an excellent representative of the cultivated women of the past generation. She brought into the scenes of the present, the calm and modest dignity of the elder day, with its perhaps *purser* refinement, and more ardent and sacrificing devotion to principle. Her gentleness and her decision of character were alike the fruit of the grace of God. The Christian element in her character was indeed its most marked feature. She was, during a long life, an active worker in the church of Christ, from *simple love to the service*. It gratified her as truly to be useful in honoring Christ by doing good, as it does the miser to increase his gold, or the ambitious man to advance his interests. Thus while others had their periods of alternate zeal and coldness, her life, hid in the love of Christ, kept on its steady flow, until the stream was lost in the sea, whose waters wash time's shore, but are themselves Eternity. She could not be otherwise than *active*. It was her business and her joy. She believed that saying of our Lord's, in which he informs us that what we do for the least of His brethren is done unto Himself. On her errands to the poor she went as one who was going to serve her Saviour in poverty, or sickness, or distress. A numerous procession of such would rise up, if summoned, "to call her blessed." Her *catholic spirit*, as a Christian, deserves special mention. Though educated in a period when denominational lines were far more strictly drawn than now, she caught the spirit of the time and the spirit of Christ, in embracing all who love Him in truth as brethren. Indeed she lived on that upper plane where lines and bounds are lost, so far as the children of God are concerned. About her death-bed were representatives of several different denominations, as forgetful as she of any name save the Christian. The promise made to the Christian, of peace in his end, was verified to her. Her sun went down naturally at the close of the day without clouds and left the horizon golden with reflected light. May our Father grant to all who knew her a life thus well lived, and thus serenely and beautifully closed.

"Rev. William Bonney, the husband of our deceased mother, was ordained pastor of the church in new Canaan, February 10th, 1808. He

was a native of Cornwall, Ct., born April 6th, 1779, was graduated at Williams College, 1805; studied theology with Rev. Ashael Hooker, of Goshen, father of Rev. Dr. Edward Hooker, of East Windsor. Mr. Bonney, having at this private 'school of the prophets' completed the prescribed course of preparatory study, was examined and licensed to preach the gospel by the Association of Litchfield North, June 9th, 1807. He commenced preaching at New Canaan, in September, continued laboring there as a devoted, diligent, constant and faithful pastor to the close of August, 1831. Nor were his labors without the appropriate fruits of the Evangelical ministry. The spirit once and again descended, and the church received a proportionate increase. Mr. Bonney was justly held in high estimation to the last. He was dismissed at his own request, on account of feeble health. Recruited by a partial suspension of study for a season, he resumed his labors in full at Nelson, Portage county, Ohio, and continued officiating indefatigably in the Congregational church in that place to the very day of his death, November 26th, 1839. There, having 'served his own generation by the will of God' — having toiled one-third of a century in the vineyard of his Lord, he fell asleep and rested from his labors. His death was more than peaceful, it was triumphant! Mr. Bonney's widow, a daughter of Doctor Samuel Ware, of Conway, Mass., survived her husband nearly twenty-six years, residing at Danbury, Ct.

"Mrs. Bonney was indeed a fitting help meet, assisting her husband in the duties of holy life — as exemplified in an interesting fact connected with the early childhood of the late Rev. W. B. Weed, of Norwalk, Conn., 'illustrative of that astonishing memory for which he was so distinguished, in subsequent life. One Saturday afternoon, the wife of his pastor [Rev. William Bonney of New Canaan, Conn.] gave him a copy of Watts's Divine Songs, with the request that when he had committed them to memory he would come to her and recite them. He attended to the duties of the Sabbath as usual, and repeated the whole book to her on Monday morning.' This devoted couple drank at the fountain of blessedness, and wished all to participate with them. It was the constant effort of this good man to make his own family the abode of peace and love; maintaining order and good government by the most mild and rational means. When discipline was necessary it was accompanied with prayer and the subjects knew that their own happiness was the object. Whenever he was induced to reprove hastily, which seldom occurred, he would afterwards say, 'I am sorry, my dear, that I spoke to you as I did: I believe I was mistaken; and then proceed to look up every apology for the misconduct which the case would admit. This condescension was attended with the most happy effect."

*Rev. S. W. Bonney to his Sister.*

My Dear Sister Mary,

Canton, May 10, 1864.

Your welcome letter of Feb'y 25th arrived on the 7th inst. Many thanks for its full account of mother's last six hours on earth, and the few words of love she spoke. Her heart surely yearned for union to Jesus, and sincere love to her relatives, family, and friends, could not but show itself even in broken accents. What a tender heart for little "Lizzie" even when she could hardly breathe. Did she remember her two children in Canton, or were her thoughts so absorbed with persons and scenes immediately around her, and her disease so painful, that we were for the moment

forgotten? If she did say any word of us or for us, we will be most glad to know it. Her advanced age had admonished me that her departure might be near, but her temperance and care of herself encouraged me that her constitution might hold out several years more. Did not "zeal for God's house" lead her to expose herself too much in going to evening meetings from February 7 to February 13th? It may have produced a chillness which she did not notice till it grew to an ague prolonged. Ten thousand are the ills which flesh is heir to, and if she had escaped this one another might have cut the cord of life. I have the very last letter she wrote, I presume, as it is dated Saturday, February 13th, but is unfinished. I prize it highly. What a void it will make in all our hearts. She was the keystone, the corner stone, the remaining bond of father's family. One generation goeth — mother and father and most of their companions have gone the way of all the earth. I shall miss her most loving and excellent letters. The last letter which I have written to her will go with this. It is the ninety-ninth which I have written to her since I came back to China in 1856. She has been to me a faithful Christian mother, and no fault have I to find in her or of her. Since I have been absent from my father's house, I have appreciated her goodness and worth more than in my wayward boyhood and have endeavored to redeem the time by more fidelity as a son. "Ye must be born again" is her counsel or rather instruction. My trust is in God, for purifying my heart and leading me to His holy hill, the eternal dwelling-place of Jesus' faithful followers. My love to Mr. Pratt, Mary, Lizzie and Hattie Pratt.

Affectionately Your brother,

Mrs. R. R. Pratt, West Cornwall, Conn. SAMUEL WILLIAM BONNEY.

"Who can say that *'our loved ones'* are wholly separated from us? We see not their forms it is true. We hear not their voices. Yet they may be at our side; we may *feel* their presence — in some moment of sudden temptation, encouraging us to resistance, and when desolating grief broods over us, softly whispering peace. Then let us wipe away our tears, and bow down in adoring gratitude for this higher, this glorious life of the redeemed spirit. Let us lift up our anthems of praise that God has created such a glorious world as the eternal home of his children — a world

'Holy with consecration,  
From all tears and tribulation,  
From all crime and grief and care,  
To all uses good and fair.'

*Mrs. Arthur Folsom to Richard Van Rensselaer.*

Dear Sir :

Canton China, July 9, 1864.

It is my painful privilege, in behalf of our loved Sister, Rev. Mrs. Bonney, to break your present suspense, with tidings which must engender grief. We sorrow with you. Five weeks ago to day, good Mr. Bonney, was prostrated by an apparently mild attack of Bilious, Remittent Fever. After some days the disease was subdued; but leaving the afflicted one, greatly and unaccountably prostrated, much feebler, than the mildness of the Fever could induce. Since then, though worthy and intelligent effort to assist, has been constantly made, he has failed to rally; hovering ever close to the confines of the Vale of Shadows. Now they lengthen and we fear shortly, our Brother, will be hid from our sight. Not that he is yet beyond hope, or that he may not be restored, but seemingly, he wanes

away ; each day more weary ; each hour with less recuperative force. To day his release may come, and he be present with the Lord. We have waited for the herald angels, wondering why they tarried ; while our united prayer has been, " Spare thy servant, for the work is great, and we are few ! " Throughout this illness, Mr. Bonney has received the best services of Dr. Kerr, and enjoyed the loving ministrations of the Brethren, of the Mission circle, both day and night. Nothing conducive to his comfort or restoration has been omitted, or withheld, Mr. Bonney's Merchant friends joining in this generous rivalry. Occasionally Dr. Kerr has consulted with the other resident Physicians of Canton, and received their cordial response. Mr. Bonney has enjoyed almost uninterrupted mental control, and is conscious of his physical condition ; while he desires lengthened days, wherein to do the work of the Lord amongst this perishing people ; he experiences peace, and expresses resignation to whatever may be the Divine Will. He yet has hope of recovery.

Our dear Mrs. Bonney — for a few days it was her privilege, as her joy to attend upon her husband ; then, to mental pain, was added physical anguish. Confined to her couch suffering severely from chronic disease, aggravated by over exertion — apart from her husband — O 'twas pitiful ! But she is better now, able again to move cautiously about, to watch the countenance of him she so tenderly loves, from a lounge placed in his room. She is hoping against hope, and battling sternly with despair. What her eye tells her, she allows not her heart to believe. Still Jesus is manifestly present with her, soothing, strengthening, comforting. Her spirit shrank from imparting to you its woe, and then, she is physically inadequate. She bade me transmit gushing love and warm, to the loved ones at home, Sisters, Brothers, Nieces, all. In this hour of darkness, her heart goes out so yearningly, to you. She asks your prayers. She would desire you to forward this missive, to Mr. Bonney's dear Sisters, that they also may know of this visitation : that they too may girdle her with prayer that the oil of joy may anoint the stricken ones, to whom this added sorrow shall come, through my pen ; proffering tenderest sympathy, and uniting in your supplications, to the God of all grace and consolation. I would remain, Dear Sir, truly Yours,

MARY A. T. FOLSOM.

## CHAPTER XX.

## DEATH OF REV. SAMUEL W. BONNEY.

The late Rev. S. W. Bonney, Missionary. We are permitted to take from a private letter, written by Rev. Arthur Folsom, the following extract relating to the closing scenes of the life of this beloved and faithful missionary.

Canton, China, July 27, 1864.

“So he giveth his beloved sleep.”

You are, no doubt, expecting to hear of the fall of our veteran brother, the Rev. S. W. Bonney, of the American Board. He fell asleep in Jesus at 1¼ o'clock this morning, and the scene being such a joyous one, I must try to give you a glimpse of it by this mail ; which leaves to-morrow morning.

God's design in his protracted illness has long been manifest, to prepare him to give a living testimony in death for Christ ; and this testimony he did give in all his sickness, as well as in his life-work here. About nine weeks ago, he received his ninety-ninth letter from his aged mother, written a short time before her death, the announcement of which was a severe shock to him, for he loved his mother. On that day, Saturday, he received a request to supply the pulpit of the Rev. Mr. Gray, English chaplain in this place. Mrs. Bonney said to him, “You will not think of going,” observing that he was well-nigh overcome with grief. But he replied, “Because my mother has gone to her Saviour, shall I cease to work for my Master ?” But it was his last sermon. He kept about until the next Sabbath, when he was taken down with fever. The fever was subdued, but it was followed by a prostration from which he did not rally. After three or four weeks he seemed to be gaining slowly, when a little over-exertion brought on a relapse of the fever, which was followed by dysentery. It was generally my turn to attend upon him in the early morning ; so he often requested me to conduct his morning worship. One morning I prayed for sundry other things, but did not pray directly for his recovery ; whereupon he said, “Won't you please pray that I may recover, and be more faithful in God's service than I have heretofore been ?” His decline had been latterly so gradual that we could not perceive it from day to day. His business arrangements had been completed some weeks, and at any time he would speak of death with perfect composure, saying that he had no fear of death, while yet, he would not yield the hope of being again permitted to work for Christ, until nearly the last. Some weeks ago, he said to me : “These Chinese around me (and he providentially had a school of some twenty-three girls in his family) have an example of Christian kindness such as they have never seen before ; and is not this one reason why God is keeping me sick so long, that they may see religion in its practical workings ?” Day before yesterday morning he manifested symptoms which in other cases would indicate speedy dissolution, his limbs became cold and his pulse increased to 170 in a minute ! On intimation of our feeling that death was near, he replied, “The God of Salvation is my strength and shield. He has been merciful to me in life, and he will not forsake me in death.” I asked him if he had his worldly affairs arranged as he would have them left. “Yes ; but they are the smallest of my concerns now.” “You love to think of

heavenly things?" "Yes; mortality is swallowed up of life." I said, "From your view of heaven, what testimony may we give from you to the heathen?" "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, cast away your idols, and serve God, and he will give you peace and joy here, and glory hereafter." He gave a message for his friends in America, mentioning several names. 'Tell them to be faithful to God, and spend their talents in promoting the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.' At this time (on Monday morning), Mrs. Bonney introducing another topic, he replied, "but we are both yet living," speaking in a manner which indicated that he still hoped to recover. This tenacity of hope he manifested until a few hours before his death, as he said to an attendant when taking food, "Don't you think I take too much food for one who is recovering?" It seemed remarkable that he should cling to life so, while he was so willing to die; it was only that he might work for his Master. Tuesday was not marked by any special change. Two hours before his departure he recognized the presence of the messenger whom Jesus had sent to bear him to his arms. He requested a hymn to be sung, and one verse of "Jesus, lover of my soul" was sung, but he said, "Sing the whole hymn," and he joined with a clear voice. He then requested the scriptures to be read, and prayer to be offered; then another hymn to be sung, "Rock of Ages." In this hymn also he united with audible voice, but he was much exhausted. After a few minutes, however, he aroused, and exclaimed, "I want to hear the praises of God; I want to hear the praises of God," when those present began to sing, "Gently, Lord, oh! gently lead us," but his voice could be heard only in the first verse. To Mrs. Bonney he answered a question, but without a sound. He breathed his last without a struggle. Funeral services were in the Wesleyan chapel this afternoon at three o'clock. Appropriate Addresses were made; one in English, by Rev. C. F. Preston, and one in Chinese, by Rev. Samuel Smith, (Wesleyan.) The hymn, "Why do we mourn departing friends?" was sung in Chinese and English together. At the grave a very happy address was given by the Rev. Mr. Gray, in whose pulpit Mr. Bonney preached his last sermon. It has been a trying day, but the blessed Comforter, from the Father and Jesus hath been near. God be magnified by his grace and by his providence? It is hard but sweet to say at all times, "Thy will be done." Who will take Mr. Bonney's place in the mission work at Canton?



"DIED, AT CANTON, CHINA, on Wednesday, 27th July, 1864, after a lingering illness of two months, REV. S. W. BONNEY aged forty-nine years and four months.

"We deeply regret to record the death, on the 27th instant, of the REV. S. W. BONNEY, who has been for many years a missionary at Canton in connection with an American Society. He was a hard-working, pious, and devoted man, and his place will not be easily filled. In fact, he was a model to missionaries in China.

We willingly give insertion to the annexed notice of the REV. SAMUEL W. BONNEY of CANTON. He has often contributed to our own columns, and it is fitting that we should be the medium of a parting notice of the good contributor." — *China Mail*.

The missionaries of Canton, China, mourn the loss of one of their number, the REV. SAMUEL W. BONNEY, who died after a protracted illness of two months, of bilious fever and diarrhea, in the early morning of the 27th July, 1864. The discourse pronounced at his funeral on the evening of the same day, founded on Psalm, xxxvii, 37, furnished a brief sketch of his life as a fitting illustration of the character of the class referred to in the text. In the sense of the Psalmist, rightly understood, he was "a perfect man," and "upright;" and as a man of peace, there was accorded to him an end in striking contrast with that of the world.

Mr. Bonney was born in New Canaan, Connecticut, on the 8th March, 1815. His father, the Rev. William Bonney, was an esteemed preacher of the gospel, whose ministry was exercised in Connecticut and Ohio, and was closed by death in Nelson, Ohio, in 1839. Mr. Bonney was early thrown upon his own resources in obtaining an education. In the year 1832, he was in the employ of the Messrs. Merriam, publishers of *Webster's Dictionary*, Springfield, Massachusetts. It was in the performance of his duties there that he read the dictionary through, a fact which his friends have often heard him relate with quiet humor. A fine copy of the illustrated edition was sent to him by the publishers as a memento of his youthful labors in the office. In the year 1837, he was engaged in Poughkeepsie, teaching. This same year he was converted to God, and on the 28th January, 1838, he joined the Allen street church. The year 1840, found him a student in the New York University, but in the next year he removed to Lane Seminary, Ohio. He was befriended by Rev. Dr. Beecher, whose memory he cherished, and whom he greatly honored. Being assisted by kind friends he was able to continue his studies without interruption until 1844. As he was about finishing his course of study, he received an appointment by the American board as a missionary to India. His destination to that field was changed by meeting an acquaintance, the Rev. J. Addison Cary of the institution for deaf and dumb, casually in the Broadway cars, who read him a letter in regard to the want of a teacher for the Morrison Education Society's School at Hong-kong, China. The Rev. W. A. Macy had been engaged as an assistant of the Rev. S. R. Brown, now of Japan, but was not able to go for a year. It was arranged that Mr. Bonney should take the situation in the meantime, with the understanding that subsequently he should act as a missionary of the American Board in China. It was with much misgiving that he parted from his widowed mother and three sisters; being an only son, and their natural guardian. His mother was a remarkable woman, and lived to a good old age, a widow of twenty-five years. She was called home on the 19th February, of the present year, at the advanced age of eighty-one years and ten months. She kept up a voluminous correspondence with her son to the very last, her letters being for such an aged person a wonder of penmanship and composition. She was indeed a "mother

in Israel," retaining an intelligent interest in passing events, especially as affecting the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom, and the struggle for national life in the work of subduing the great rebellion; her interest in the latter perhaps was intensified by vivid recollections of other critical periods in her country's history. Her observations upon men and things were characterized by great shrewdness and acuteness of perception. Her character was impressed upon her son to a degree, their mutual love was kept fresh to the last. He was much affected by the intelligence of her death, which reached him but a short time before he himself was attacked by the disease which proved the summons to follow.

Mr. Bonney left New York in October, 1844, and after a passage of one hundred and thirty-two days arrived at Hongkong on 10th March, 1845. His connection with the school of the Morrison Education Society being only temporary, we find him in 1847 at Canton, striving to obtain a residence outside the foreign factories. In 1848, was living in the Honam Temple or Buddhist Monastery. For some reason, perhaps the jealousy of the Chinese government, or fears of the priests, he was not permitted to remain, and the next year his perseverance was shown in occupying rooms in the hong of a native merchant in Honam, where the foreign merchants have resided since the war. At a subsequent time he rented a house below Dutch Folly on the Canton side. For some time he dressed in Chinese costume, with the exception of shaving his head and cue, in order to move about with less observation and try to identify himself with the people at a period when there was a bitter feeling against foreigners.

Between the years 1850 and 1853, he lived at Whampoa and Newtown, where he labored for the good of all as he had opportunity. He was especially interested in those "who go down to the sea in ships." He made the acquaintance of many seamen. He often spoke of his interviews with the Italian patriot Garibaldi, when he was in China, master of a merchant vessel. He had heard of the expulsion of a Romish priest from the ship. Mr. Bonney at once determined to take some tracts and books aboard. Upon being introduced into the cabin, he found the captain busily engaged writing. As soon as Mr. Bonney told his errand and presented his packet, the captain suddenly started to his feet, in great excitement of manner, striking his hand on his own breast, and with his eyes flashing with indignation, in broken English said, "No priest, no minister, no dervish shall ever come between my soul and God!" After a little satisfactory conversation assuring him of agreement, Mr. Bonney left, with the promise that the books and tracts should be examined. Mr. Bonney published a manual for sailors, called "*The Seaman's Compass and Chart*, for daily use afloat or ashore," in Hongkong in 1861. It proved so acceptable to the class for which it was designed that it was transferred to the "American Seaman's Friend Society," and published by the coöperation of the American Tract Society.

Mr. Bonney visited very extensively, and in order, the Chinese villages in the region of Whampoa, where he will be long remembered for his labors of love, which could hardly fail to be appreciated; for the world over, one who seeks to do good, as the great object of life, will have a reward, in being esteemed a kind benefactor and friend, and the memory of such is precious. In 1854, Mr. Bonney returned to Canton to take temporary charge of the press of the American Board, during the absence of Dr. S. Wells Williams, he having joined the Japanese expedition under Commodore Perry. He published at this time his *Book of Phrases*, in

*the Canton dialect.* At the close of this year, Mr. Bonney determined to make a visit to his native land. Owing to a change in the destination of the ship, in which he, with other missionaries were to sail direct to New York, he was enabled to visit by the way, Java, Germany, and England. Several gentlemen having provided him with a purse for private use, he embraced the opportunity to travel to some extent in the countries he visited. Christian people and Christian works were what he most wished to see, and many things he saw in Germany and England were often subjects of conversation in his subsequent life. The time of his visit to the United States, was spent mostly in reviewing his theological studies in preparation for his ordination to the Gospel ministry, providential circumstances having prevented the performance of the rite previous to his leaving his native land in the first instance.

Mr. Bonney was married July 22, 1856, at Albany, New York, to a most estimable Christian lady, Miss Catharine Visscher Van Rensselaer, daughter of the late General Solomon Van Rensselaer; and the next month left again for China, where he arrived as he had purposed within two years from leaving. After a residence of nearly two years at Macao, where his fellow-missionaries were exiled during the war, he with others returned to Canton at the close of the year 1858, to commence again his labors, preaching and superintending schools. His soul was in his humble daily duties. The schools under his charge were his pride and joy. He took an individual interest in the scholars, rewarding diligence and progress in study with careful discrimination. It was his custom to take the schools at stated intervals upon excursions for recreation, seeking at the same time by this means to gain their attention and affection, and he succeeded to a remarkable degree. He translated a number of favorite hymns into Chinese, which with much labor the scholars of the schools were taught to sing with commendable accuracy of time, and much pleasure to themselves. He was indefatigable in the performance of his ministry, thinking indeed too little of his own comfort and health. He was extremely fond of going into the country, especially if there was hope of doing missionary work or obtaining important information that might tend to the good of the people. In 1854, when the rebels were in possession of Whampoa, and threatening Canton, he visited them repeatedly. The same year he went with a party of gentlemen to Fatshan, when the rebels were approaching Canton from that quarter, and there was great anxiety to know their intentions; the boat was fired upon and compelled to return without any result. In the year 1861, contrary to the warnings of the over-cautious, in company with the Rev. W. R. Beach, Dr. Dickson, and Mr. Thornburn, he made the overland trip to Hankow through Hunan, returning by way of Shanghai. In 1862, he made a visit to Japan with Mrs. Bonney, on account of her health; and while absent, his house was destroyed by the great typhoon which visited Canton that year. In December of the same year he made a trip in the country, in company with the Revs. Messrs. Gray and John Preston, to the district of Cheoing Ning, where they were attacked by a band of robbers and deprived of their clothes, horses, and baggage; and the Chinese kindly provided them means to return. In this way some interesting acquaintances were made and friendships formed. Adversity has great power to call forth sympathy even in China. In 1863, in company with Consul W. P. Jones, Rev. George Piercy, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Bonney, he made a second trip up the North river, as far as Shiu Kwan. In all his trips, pleasure was not

his principal object; he did not fail to enjoy the fine air and scenery certainly, or the society of friends, but his great desire was to make known the gospel of Jesus Christ in the "regions beyond."

Mr. Bonney was known to a large number of casual visitors to Canton, who were glad to bespeak his good offices in an introduction to the people and sights of the "City of Rams." His kindness of heart and urbanity of manner were evident to all, and those who knew him casually even, were convinced that he was a faithful missionary and consistent Christian. He was a pure minded man and abhorred vice. It was evident that the profanity of nominal Christians as well as the abominations of the heathen, were a continual grief to him. His soul, like that of just Lot, "was vexed with filthy conversation of the wicked." A tender regard for the honor of his Saviour was the ruling motive of his life. He was considered precise, but it was caused by his exceeding conscientiousness. He was a good neighbor and very particular to take his share in social duties. He read a carefully prepared paper before the "Canton Missionary Conference" on the question, "Is preaching in the streets and temples advisable?" only a few days before he was taken sick. He was much interested in the children, and was accustomed to remember their birthdays, and make many hearts happy, both parents and children, by pleasant rhymes and presents. It was to his honor that he was a true patriot, and in the time of his country's fiery trial, he was always ready to stand up for her defence. For some time he gave material assistance in translating and interpreting for the United States Consulate. In his last sickness he was supported by the consolations of the gospel of which he was made a minister. He wished to live, and repeatedly desired his friends to pray for his recovery. He claimed it even as a duty from them. It was from no fear of death, for he was resigned and submissive, committing himself to the will of God. If he desired life, it was that he might serve his master. From the first he was much prostrated and could not endure continuous mental exertion, a passage of holy writ, and some sweet hymn were his daily food. Some of the Scripture mottoes were refreshing to him. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." "He is my Rock." "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "Lord, it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many, or with them that have no power." Christian lyrics had been a favorite study, and very many hymns were stored in his memory, and it was his delight to repeat them. He continued an active interest in his work to the last, and sought the salvation of souls as the ruling passion. The day before his death, he called some of the Chinese in his employ, and some of the scholars of the school and addressed them as follows: "It is probably the will of Jesus that I shall not recover, but that I shall die. My heart is content. I trust in the great merits of Jesus. I shall go to heaven, and enjoy eternal happiness. I wish you to trust in the great merits of Jesus, that when you come to die you may likewise go to heaven, to enjoy eternal happiness." These words were repeated in Chinese with a firm voice to several, until exhausted with the exertion, he could only repeat the principal sentence, "I trust in the great merits of Jesus." On the night of his death, when the end seemed near, he was aroused and asked, "If he was going to Jesus?" He replied, "If he will receive me." This answer was characteristic. He could not endure the suggestion of personal merit, or suffer a word of praise. It was an evangelical distrust of self which made his faith in Christ all the more satisfactory. He often said he felt submissive

and his mind peaceful, but not triumphant; and his friends were led to pray for triumph. It is believed these prayers were answered. Before the end he asked for singing. When "Jesus lover of my soul" was sung, he joined with a firm voice and repeatedly remarked, "yes," in approbation of the sentiment as suited to his case. "Rock of ages" was sung with a like effect. He several times repeated parts of the psalm "God my supporter and my hope." After one had prayed at Mr. Bonney's request, he asked for still another hymn, ["Gently Lord, O gently lead us"] saying "I want to hear the praises of God." These were his last words, showing the condition of his soul when sinking beneath the waves of death. He was longing to hear the praises of God; he was triumphing over the last enemy through our Lord Jesus Christ. How assuring the words of the Saviour, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." May we not believe that the prayer was answered, and his desire gratified? Doubtless, a chorus of heavenly harmony greeted him at the moment his spirit was disengaged from its tenement of clay, and that he at once took part with the redeemed throng, in singing "the song of Moses and the Lamb." The supposition does no violence to faith founded upon the Word of God. C. F. P.

The Rev. Charles F. Preston preached the funeral discourse and prepared the above narrative which was also read by him before the "Canton Missionary Conference."

*Rev. John Chalmers to Mrs. Bonney.*

My dear Mrs. Bonney: Canton, 4th Aug., 1864.

In accordance with a resolution of the Canton Missionary Conference, "That a copy of the resolutions relating to Mr. Bonney be sent to Mrs.

Bonney by the Secretary," I send you the enclosed. It is scarcely necessary to say how entirely I sympathize with the sentiments expressed in the resolutions. I felt it a special privilege to be with him on his death-bed, and to follow him in spirit to the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem of which he loved to sing, and where he is now a welcome inhabitant. Mrs. Chalmers regrets having been obliged by domestic cares to defer paying you a visit for so long, but she will do so before much more time has elapsed. We often think and speak of you and your dear departed husband.

Believe me yours very sincerely,

JOHN CHALMERS.

(Rev. John Chalmers, A.M., is a member of the London Missionary Society established in 1807 at Canton by the Rev. Robert Morrison, D.D., who was the first Protestant missionary to China. Dr. Morrison came by way of New York, because the East India Company refused all missionaries passages in their ships to China and India. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers arrived in China in the year 1852.)

*Copy of Resolutions adopted at the Meeting of the Canton Missionary Conference held on the 3d of August 1864.*

"Whereas, in the all-wise providence of God, the Rev. S. W. Bonney, missionary of the American Board, and a member of this Conference, has been removed by death from his labors on earth to the higher service of the heavenly state, It is resolved

"That we acquiesce with unfeigned grief in this dispensation, deeply feeling the loss of a fellow-laborer and Christian friend.

“That we sympathize most sincerely with the afflicted Widow of the deceased, earnestly praying that she may be sustained in her affliction and directed aright in her future course, as heretofore to the glory of God.

“That while we mourn our loss, it is felt that the life and death of our brother give abundant cause of thankfulness to our Lord and Saviour for the grace given him in the fulfilment of his ministry and in his dying testimony.”

“Safe at home! Safe at home!  
 Oh let the echo go,  
 To soothe the hearts that mourn me yet,  
 In that first home below.  
 For His dear arms are round me now,  
 Who was for sinners slain,  
 Through Him I've won eternal life,  
 For me to die was gain.”

*Rev. Dr. Legge to Mrs. Bonney.*

My dear Mrs. Bonney: Hongkong, 3d August, 1864.

My first impulse on hearing last week of the death of your dear husband was to write to you. Then I thought that I would not immediately intrude upon your grief. But I cannot any longer refrain. No one has sustained so great a loss as you, but there are many who feel that their loss also is not small. We are common sufferers. It is our duty and privilege to comfort one another. Mr. Bonney stands out very distinctly in my mind's eye as I saw him on the evening of the day when he first arrived in Hong-Kong. I liked him from the first; and I learned on closer acquaintance to love him. In former years this house was his frequent home, and I spent many days with him in different places. How cheerful and cheery, how innocently happy he was. And his religion was inwoven into his whole nature. He was a truly good, loving and lovable man. I feel as if the world were less bright, because his presence is withdrawn from it. But all that makes us regret his being taken away becomes ground of consolation and even matter of joy. Is it not well that he has entered into his rest? He has gone where his heart was. He has entered the presence of the Lord whom he served. He has got home, leaving the place of our pilgrimage, and of yours, especially, different from what it was; but we can say, “Even so, O father.” I know how much you will miss him; that you will often feel desolate and very solitary. But you will have solace in thinking of him as he was, and as he is. And the trial will operate in drawing you nearer to God and the Saviour. You will find that there was mercy and kindness in it even to yourself. May the God of our Salvation give you to experience that He, the eternal One, is your refuge, and that underneath you are the everlasting arms! May He also guide and direct and sustain you in all your future course.

Mrs. Legge desires to unite with me in the expression of our deep sympathy. She would have written to you herself, but she has been a great sufferer for many weeks, and cannot hold a pen. Believe me to be — My dear Mrs. Bonney.

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES LEGGE.

*Rev. Samuel Smith to Mrs. Bonney.*

My dear Mrs. Bonney, Canton, August 18, 1864.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the books you have selected for me and my Brethren (at the request of Mr. Bonney) in each of which one,

*Love* will inscribe "In Memoriam." I shall always value mine as a sacred Memento of him whose triumphant flight from "Calvary's to Zion's height" I was privileged to witness. The enclosed sprig of cypress I took from the wreath after I had placed it upon your husband's heart, and which I intended to keep; but I feel you have a greater right to it than I have, and therefore I beg your acceptance of it, and Believe me, my dear Mrs. Bonney.

Yours Very Sincerely,

SAMUEL SMITH.

"The beaming countenance, the burning heart, the buoyant spirit, told what he had been and helped to conceal the insidious progress which the fatal malady was making. He desired to see still greater length of days and yet 'to die was gain.' Not weary of his work but often weary in it, he was permitted to enter into his rest. Never was protracted death-bed more characteristic. The same cheerful countenance that he ever had, the same interest in all around marked him to the last."

"No! No! It is not dying  
With lordly glory crowned,  
To join in the thanksgiving  
'To Him, the ever living,  
With which the heavens resound."

*Consul W. P. Jones to Mrs. Bonney.*

My Dear Mrs. Bonney,

Macao, China, Aug. 19, 1864.

It is with a sad pleasure I receive the beautiful volume sent me as a token of the never ceasing love our sainted Mr. Bonney exercised towards all his friends, even the humblest, and that to the very last of his useful and lovely life. I shall treasure his gift beyond price [Mr. Bonney requested a Book from his Library should be given to friends.] Permit me to hand you, in further acknowledgment, the inclosed lines; which I had already put in the form you now see, when the above, valued favor came to hand, an hour or more ago. You will perceive that they are written not simply as a tribute to the memory of him we so loved and honored, but with some purpose to improve our sad bereavement for the rebuke of those who deceive themselves and insult Christianity by undervaluing the Missionary cause and its Ministers. If agreeable therefore to the wishes of yourself and Mr. Preston I will provide a copy for publication, making such emendations as you may suggest. I am not vain enough to presume that this little poem would even be read, except for the character its lines feebly delineate. *This*, however, may both gain them a place in certain columns and render them profitable—and it is this last mentioned expectation which renders me disposed to lay them upon the press.

Please express your wishes fully touching this subject, and believe me, with kindest love, and sympathy from Mrs. Jones and self.

Yours most Sincerely, W. P. JONES.

#### THE BETTER GENIUS.

*Lines upon the death of Rev. S. W. Bonney of Am. B. C. F. Mission Canton.*

There is a *genius*, that the carnal world  
Confess not—a rich, peculiar wealth  
Of moral worth and intellectual power,  
The birth sublime of nature and of grace,

Which so o'ertops the plain of common thought  
 And Fame's small hills, that Appetite and Ease  
 And human praise and power allure it not.  
 What men call "rank" and "opulence" and "name,"  
 And serve and worship rather than their God,  
 Such Genius sees, with Reason's rarest ken,  
 As gilded baits on wily Satan's hook  
 To tempt mankind from Wisdom's element  
 Of Godlike truth, and liberty divine,  
 To servitude of selfish, brutal lusts.

To know thyself and know and serve thy God  
 Is learning's *sun*, and *should be life's* pursuit ;  
 Which some may gain and sit on shining thrones,  
 And others at their desks or ploughs or looms ;  
 But he whom God most dearly loves and trusts,  
 Adjudges greatest and commissions *first*,  
 Is one with talents for Apostleship,—  
 Courage sublime, grand concentrativeness,  
 Clear consciousness, perceptiveness acute,  
 With ardor, patience, diligence, and love,  
 That laugh at toil and *never know* despair.  
 To overthrow a vain philosophy,  
 Or meet wild tribes and tame them into *states*,  
 All unsustained by armies, fleets, or bribes,  
 What man would venture but such man as *this*?  
 Nor he, I ween, till Heaven itself hath said,  
 "Go forth! Go forth; with thee my angels go,  
 "And thou art sealed an Envoy from the skies."

Such genius, and such honored ministers,  
 I've seen passed by, with most contemptuous slight,  
 By men like Dives, who, were they not blind,  
 Might see such gulf between themselves and them  
 As Abraham pointed to their sire of old :  
 Yea *double gulf*— in *intellect* and *heart*.

To shame such men, and even Christians too,  
 Who sometimes prate in strange disparagement  
 Of Paul's successors and the work of Christ,  
 I'd fain transcribe some little of the life  
 Of one just gone to yield his embassy,

In manhood's opening morn.

When young Ambition held the glass of Hope  
 And showed full near Fame's shining temple-cope,  
 And Pleasure's bugle horn

Rang shrill and clear, and Appetite was strong.  
 He saw, he heard, but went not with the throng.

Above the world's loud strife

He heard that men were dying for the bread  
 Sent down from heaven, whereon himself had fed,  
 Receiving thence new life,

And he resolved to count all loss as gain,  
 To be like Christ, and bid men live again.

The thrilling cords of love.

A home most dear, a doting mother's spell,  
 All drew him back; he felt their power full well,

But round the throne above

He coiled them all, as other ties to heaven,  
 And with the tide sailed out the sacred leaven.

That leaven was the "WORD."

'To make it known in heathen hearts and homes,  
 And send it forth wherever heathen roams,

Till all mankind have heard,

He deemed the work most godlike man can do ;  
 And to his *faith* maintained a *practice* true.

Through many a lonesome year,

In foreign dress, those foreign hordes among,  
 He toiled and strove for their outlandish tongue,  
 While ached his weary ear,  
 For one home tone to reach his garret damp,  
 But heard it not, heard only heathen's tramp.  
 A weaker mind had sunk,  
 And let his hope and let his *faith* grow dim,  
 Gone *crazed*, with thought that no one cared for him.  
 So *we* perhaps, had shrunk,  
 But *he*, brave soul, all lonely, kept his aim,  
 For years, and years, till worthy helpmates came.  
 Thenceforth with fourfold strength  
 He smote the bars of Superstition's doors,  
 Until (with help of brothers on those shores)  
 He saw them move at length,  
 And, through the rusty gratings forced ajar,  
 Heard tread of new-born millions from afar.  
 Then came his time to rest,  
 To *die* was *nothing*; he had worn his life  
 Like some loose cloak, that in this heathen strife  
 Each passing crowd might wrest:  
 Yet was he loth to take his robes of light,  
 Ere brighter dawn had broke on China's night,  
 But when God's will shone clear,  
 Smiling assent, he bade the angel hail,  
 Leaned on his "staff" and entered down "the veil."  
 E'en then he summoned near  
 His little flock, that his last whispered breath,  
 Might *prove his faith* and preach it sweet in death,  
 O sermon most sublime!  
 Those witnesses, 'till taught by him of late,  
 Had learned but this: To yield to *death* as *fate*:  
 And trust the after-time,  
 As one *perchance* proportioned to *their* deeds,  
 Or *something that from Fate ALONE proceeds*.  
 A doctrine strangely new  
 Had come to them; and now its teacher lay  
 With bloodless lips whence life had ebbed away,  
 And still he lisped it true:  
 "I trust in the merits of *Jesus Christ alone*.  
 "The Truth! the Life!" — a sermon in a tone.  
 Then as he passed along,  
 Deep in the vale, his brothers heard him say:  
 "O sing God's praises!" — and he passed away  
 While joining in their song;  
 Like some sweet anthem fading in the sky,  
 Which does not cease, but simply mounts on high  
 So passed from earth a faithful minister  
 From God to man; whom none could truly know  
 And fail to love. Now whether he were "*great*"  
 In your esteem or mine it matters not,  
 Save as it shows how far *our* judgment errs  
 From *God* and *Angels!* yet I loathe to hear  
 A poor, mean soul, whose only creed is "*Gain,*"  
 With Gold for God and Gold for decalogue,  
 Discourse of "talents" and "distinguished gifts"  
 As if his pate their very essence held,  
 Then turn and say: "all *these* are Common men!"  
 What, "*common men?*" Indeed I wish 'twere true;  
 Then were it *time* to gird our white robes on  
 And cry; "The *Advent!* Ho the *Advent's* nigh!"

W. P. JONES.

Another beloved laborer had been removed from the mission field in the vigor of life. "These afflictive providences, and these outward events,

it may not be possible for us fully to understand ; but what we know not now, we shall know in God's good time. He does all things well, is his own interpreter, and in his own best method will lead his elect to honor, and endless blessedness. Out of all these dark clouds He will cause light to break forth, and bring forth good from what now seems sad and disastrous. The day of China's redemption draws nigh. The laborers are few but the day is not very distant when China shall be opened in good faith and the Chinese come to Jesus."

*Dr. S. Wells Williams to Mrs. Bonney.*

My dear Mrs. Bonney,

Peking Aug. 27, 1864.

How sad was the look of the newspaper which I opened last night on returning from the visit we have had at the Hills, after I read in it that my long tried friend had gone ! The bare announcement that Mr. Bonney died on the 27th of July, told all : your desolation and grief at the removal of your best earthly friend, the loss the mission work at Canton had sustained in the suspension of his earnest labors, and the sorrow of his co-laborers and friends and relatives were all contained in these few lines. The rupture of years of uninterrupted pleasant intercourse from the day I saw him in Sept. 1848 on my return from America till now, has been a sad thought to me to day ; for all those days have themselves been recalled to pass in review before memory, and be asked their report. An acquaintance of sixteen years is a long one in this life, especially of a life in China, and of a life spent in mission work, above either, where the discussion of plans and people and other things connected with all our common object involved differences of opinion and action. Yet during the nine years that your husband and I were together, much as we might differ in some trifling things, was there nothing to separate us from that confidence in each other's intentions and efforts. During that dismal week when James Bridgman lay languishing and gasping, we had much talk with each other and talked of early days and how we had passed them. His kindness in taking care of my printing office while I was absent in Japan, was a favor I have always regarded very deeply. But these are only a few of my obligations to this departed friend, and I need not say how much Mrs. Williams and I grieve for your loneliness and sorrow. I cannot fix my mind on anything, for his voice and form come up before it to intercept other thoughts. If we had not God's promises to trust to and draw comfort from his presence to support and cheer us, and Himself to be our own everlasting reward, what blackness would oppress when the grave hides our beloved ones from us. Kitty's last words have greatly refreshed me during the last few weeks, " I love Jesus, and Jesus loves me, why should I fear ? " and what more do you want ? The Holy Spirit will not depart from such, as can cry, with Thomas, " My Lord and my God. " We pray for you and all those at Canton, and humbly hope for other laborers to come to take the places of Bridgman, Boone, Bonney, Genachr and others who have finished their day's work in this vineyard. Life is like going through a forest, and I begin to see the clearing beyond it ; the trees are thinning out, my friends and early associates are rapidly disappearing, and I will ere long get through too. I have time to write no more just now, and send you our tenderest sympathy, praying that God will strengthen you in your heart and soul and mind with the abundant grace which he pours in the wounds he opens.

S. WELLS WILLIAMS.

*Mrs. E. C. Bridgman to Mrs. Bonney.*

My dear Mrs. Bonney,

Peking, August 27, 1864.

I just heard last evening of your great bereavement, and treading as I am the same thorny path, I feel called upon to write you a few words of condolence. This morning I have read the account in the *China Mail* of your dear husband's long sickness and happy departure to his heavenly home; it tore open my own unhealed wounds, and I wept freely, both for your loss and my own as well as that of the church of Christ. Widowhood is a bitter cup, and we must drink it, because presented to our lips by him whose sufferings and cruel desertion in the hour of sorrow was more bitter than anything we can endure. I know God has been with you through these deep waters and said, "It is I be not afraid," yet you will grieve for that loving heart that can answer you no more; but when you consider his pure and spotless life, filled up to the last with his Master's work, your soul will quiet itself in God, and you will kiss the hand that has inflicted the blow. Mr. Bonney's friends here heard of his severe illness and were afraid of the result. Of yours too, that you were sick in the same room, and unable to assist him. Oh how I felt for you, we prayed for you and I rejoiced to know that you were surrounded by kind friends, God's children, who would do all they could to alleviate your husband's sufferings and your keen sorrow. God provides for the extremity of trial, he has done so in my case. This stroke upon you and upon us all, in addition to the death of my dear friend Bishop Boone so recently, makes me feel that I hold life by such an uncertain tenure that I don't proceed to make arrangements with that interest that I desire to feel. I arrived in Peking the 1st of July and have spent the warm months in this dusty hot city studying this dialect with a Tartar woman. Mr. Blodget desired me to stay and help establish this mission. On account of the healthiness of this place, he wishes you were here to join us, but I said I supposed nothing would induce you to leave the interesting school you have gathered. May your life and health long be spared to labor in China in the cause you and your dear departed one loved so well. I have been trying to do something among women, and have one little pupil, but the sorrows of widowhood have pressed heavily upon me since my return desolate, and it is difficult for me to pitch my tent again. My health however has improved. Mr. Blodget is not very well, he desires his sympathizing Christian regards to you in your sorrow. The Lord will be with you my dear friend, and comfort your heart with his presence, and this light affliction which is but for *a moment*, will work out for *you* an eternal weight of glory.

Affectionately yours,

ELIZA I. BRIDGMAN.

*Rev. S. R. Brown, D.D., to Mrs. Bonney.*

My dear Mrs. Bonney,

Yokohama, 21 Oct., 1864.

I received a copy of the notice of Mr. Bonney's life and decease a short time since, for which please accept our thanks. We were greatly surprised to hear of his death, not having even heard of his being ill. His death takes from this world another of my old fellow travellers in this pilgrimage, whose memory is associated with our years of sojourn in China from 1839 to 1847. I have watched with interest Mr. Bonney's ever brightening course, in which he gradually worked himself up to a position of great influence and usefulness among the Chinese. His amia-

bility of disposition, his apparently imperturbable equanimity, his perseverance under all difficulties, his hopefulness, and benevolence, could not fail to impress all who knew him. I think I have rarely known a man in whom these traits were more observable. They may have been and probably were constitutional qualities with him, but they were not the less improvable and improved by divine grace. His consistent and simple faith in Jesus made him after all, the man that he was, a man to be beloved in life, and whose memory will be cherished now that he has gone to his rest. Since his death, my old friend Bishop Boone has also sweetly slept in Jesus. He was another whom I loved and admired and whose friendship has cheered and comforted me and mine for nearly a quarter of a century.

“ So friend after friend departs,  
Who hath not lost a friend ?”

To you, more than any one else, Mr. Bonney's death is a grief, no doubt, hard to be borne. But you know that God has graciously called himself “ the God of the *widow*, and the fatherless.” By what endearing, precious names does our Father designate himself when he seeks to win our hearts, and gain our entire trust ! I doubt not your heart reverts to Him, for solace, and comfort in your lonely life. To Him we commend you in our prayers. I hope, if it be God's will, you may be able to keep your school at Canton, and I am disposed to think you will.

Mr. Pruyn told me a day or two ago, that he had written to Messrs. Russell & Co., to advance you what funds you might need in any emergency. Then if there should on account of required formalities be any difficulty about getting your support and as Mr. Bonney was Treasurer of the Mission, at the time of his death, and his signature should be necessary to a Draft, or Bill of Exchange, and you should thereby be embarrassed, Mr. Pruyn's provision will relieve the embarrassment. I have found Mr. Pruyn a true Christian friend, and fellow helper to the cause of Christ here. I think his position in our little Church and the responsibility it devolves on him, have been the means of personal benefit to himself. I regret that he will probably leave us next Spring, perhaps in February. Prospects brighten very much in this country. Please remember us to all our Canton friends. We are expecting our elder son Robert Morrison here, in December by the new Japanese gunboat “ Fuzigama.” What he will do on his arrival is as yet uncertain. I hope he will make a man useful in our cause in Japan. Mrs. Brown joins me in the kindest sympathies with you in your affliction. We are now most comfortably settled in our new house and as it is our own we are likely to keep it and remain stationary. Yours in the bonds of Christ, S. R. BROWN.

*Rev. Rufus Anderson, D.D., to Mrs. Bonney.*

My Dear Madam,                      Missionary House, Boston, Oct. 24, 1864.  
Your letter of Augt. 10th, giving us the painful tidings of your dear husband's death, was received a few days since. A previous letter from Mr. Vrooman had awakened our apprehension of this result, but while there is life there is hope. I enter into your feeling of bereavement and sorrow, as far as one can do it, who has not been called to pass through the like affliction, but I am persuaded it is a bereavement which one must need experience, in order to realize its nature fully. Lover and friend the Lord has been pleased to put far from you. 'This is only saying, that

he has admitted him into his own blissful presence, and you would deem it a cruelty to call him back. Blessed change to the departed saint, though an occasion of sorrow to those who survive. And the Lord hath done it, blessed be his name. He says to you, "What I have done thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Our divine Lord assumes to know a new relation, a "widow's God and Judge." Our spiritual consolations are often in proportion to the absence of our creature comforts. God careth for his people, and will not leave them comfortless. And you may expect much in answer to the prayers of your departed husband while he was yet with you. The annual appropriations are to be made out within a fortnight, and then I can tell you definitely what will be allowed to enable you to continue your school. I know of no reason why your wish to continue in the field should not be gratified. You will hear from me again when I write on the appropriations for 1865. Mrs. Anderson desires me to assure you of her deep sympathy in view of your great affliction. You, and also Mr. and Mrs. Vrooman, deprived of their only son, and now of this beloved brother, have the sympathy of us all. I shall write Mr. Vrooman as soon as the appropriations are arranged.

Meanwhile I am, dear Madam,

as ever, respectfully and very truly yours,

R. ANDERSON,

*For<sup>n</sup> Sec<sup>y</sup> of the Board.*

I had a letter a short time since from Robert H. Pruyn, our United States Minister in Japan, saying that perhaps our remittances might be withheld on account of the American war, or if I wished to go home, to draw upon him for any amount needed; that he had directed Messrs. Russell & Co. to pay any demand I might make upon them. I received also a letter from Mr. Delano, head partner of Messrs. Russell & Co., notifying me, they were ready to accede to Mr. Pruyn's request, and would furnish me with any sum desired. Now, this I call truly noble and kind in our worthy minister to an old friend and his countrywoman. It is only what you might expect from his kind Christian heart, but, which will not be overlooked by the Heavenly Eye; he will be richly blest in financial vocation and climb still higher on the ladder of fame. Our remittances, however, have *not* failed thus far, and *duty* bids me remain at my post, therefore I have gratefully declined his offer of assistance. I love my mission work and must stay while God gives me strength.

*Rev. Samuel W. Fisher, D.D., to Mrs. Bonney.*

My dear Cousin, Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., Jan. 26, 1865.

As soon as the sad news reached us of your great loss, I designed to write you, but one thing after another led me to defer it. Meanwhile the sickness and death of a very dear Sister of Mrs. Fisher — Mrs. Armstrong of Newark, N. J. — occurred, occupying our thoughts and causing us to visit New Jersey twice. To day as my eye fell on Samuel's and your likeness amidst your group of scholars as it hangs in our parlor, reminded me, that I had not yet fulfilled my cherished purpose. Samuel and myself were intimate as boys. We roomed and slept together at his father's in New Canaan where I was fitting for College. He was then very retiring, but an uncommonly good scholar. I was more bold and decided, and early made up my mind to professional life. Neither of us were then pious, and he felt that he had not the confidence to be a lawyer, the piety

for a minister, or the liking for a physician's life. He concluded that his only path was that of business. In vain I argued with him, that if he once possessed a thorough collegiate education, he would be better prepared to decide upon his future. But God was leading him in a way he knew not, and preparing him to do a peculiar work for him. It was to me a matter of great joy when years after I heard of his conversion and his preparation for the University. Our friendship was never interrupted for an hour — knowing his real worth I was sure he would be useful wherever God should call him to labor for Jesus. His short residence at Cincinnati after his return, was a great gratification to us, and your marriage, knowing you both so well, was a source of much joy. My father, left an orphan by the death of my grandfather in the War of the Revolution, was an inmate of his grandfather Ware's house until he entered college at eighteen years of age. I bear that grandfather's name. Although we had been separated widely for years, yet the old feeling always remained. I had anticipated for him another score of years for labor in China. His death fell sadly upon us. But there was no sadness in it for *him*. His toil is past, his crown is won, the immortal wreath is all his own. I seem to hear the chant begun of joy amid the eternal throne. But to you my dear Cousin, there are precious memories mingling with your sadness and relieving yet enhancing your loneliness. Surely our Saviour will not forsake you; now you will be able to realize the comfort of *some* promises that heretofore have been only matters of imagination. To be associated with such a saint and noble Christian life in such intimate communion for years, is surely in itself a privilege greater than the vain possessor of wordly ease and luxury ever knew. In your heart there will remain the vacant place filled with the dear image; but with this Christ will come, I doubt not, has already come to give you the full experience of his love. We know not the future, just when, just where, just how the loved ones may leave us; another, who loves them deeply, must determine. But if they are *his*, then while we know all is well, we can anticipate with profound joy a future re-union with them in a world where all tears shall be wiped from their eyes and from ours. Cousin Lucy sent us for perusal your deeply interesting letters written after his death.

My dear wife feels for you and our prayer for you has been that while far away from so many of your friends and your early home, you might be sustained by the smiles of Jesus and the presence of the Comforter. She says she will shortly write you herself.

This evening, in taking up the *Evening Journal* (Albany), I am pained to see a notice of the sudden death of my Cousin Dr. Mason F. Cogswell, whom you probably remember. Thus star by star declines; and soon we shall have joined the great army that has passed from the church militant to the church triumphant. That God will keep and bless you is my earnest prayer. If you can find the time to write me a line I shall be rejoiced to receive it. Mrs. Fisher joins with me in love and sympathy.

Your affec. Cousin,

SAMUEL W. FISHER.

[Rev. Samuel W. Fisher, D.D., suddenly passed away on Sunday January 18, 1874. His death was the result of apoplexy. It occurred at his residence on College Hill, Ohio. A memorial service was held in Hamilton College chapel, Oneida county, New York, commemorative of

the late Dr. Fisher, who was president of that institution from 1855 to 1866. In May, 1870, his excessive labors caused a prostration from which he never fully recovered the shock to his system.]

*Consul Perry to Mrs. Bonney.*

My dear Mrs. Bonney,

Canton, March 6th, 65.

I am sure you will be pleased to receive the enclosed copy of a dispatch from the State Department, received by the last mail. It is a just tribute to a true and worthy servant.

Yours most truly,

OLIVER H. PERRY.

No. 36. Department of State, Washington November 26, 1864.  
O. H. Perry Esq., U. S. Consul, Canton.

Sir: I have to acknowledge the receipt of your dispatch No. 6, dated August 2d, 1864, making known the death of Mr. S. W. Bonney, Interpreter to the Consulate.

Mr. Bonney was a faithful, capable and experienced officer, and the Department sincerely regret his loss.

I am Sir, Your obedient servant,  
(Sg<sup>d</sup>) F. W. SEWARD, *Assistant Secretary.*

Mr. Oliver H. Perry, a son of Commodore M. C. Perry, United States Navy, accompanied his father, as Secretary in the Expedition to Japan and the China Seas in 1852, 1853 and 1854. He was U. S. Consul in Canton, and died in New York.

Last Sabbath afternoon, March 12, 1865, the Chinese lady teacher who has been with me nearly eight years, and four of my older scholars were baptized by Rev. Mr. Vrooman. My parlor was full, many of the Chinese Christians being present and greatly interested. After the baptism we gratefully partook of the Lord's supper. One of the beautiful hymns sung to Chinese words was, "Just as I am, without one plea." The weeping eye and trembling voice told of deep emotion. God was with us in that upper room, and we had a happy meeting. My own heart was full of joy and gratitude that I had been instrumental in leading them to Jesus. In May we had many deaths by cholera, four of my pupils were ill; one bright girl of thirteen years died after only twelve hours sickness. She was at prayers one evening and sung the concluding hymn of "Now I lay me down to sleep," also playing in the front yard, but the next night before prayer time she was in her grave. Those were sad, trying scenes. Then the reverse side of the picture was a great display of much gay bunting on the steamer that brought up the news of the taking of Richmond, the flags were all hoisted and the vessel beautifully festooned. We missionaries are very patriotic and trust God will protect our country; those who were the fortunate owners of the "star-spangled banners" set them floating in the breeze from the verandas at their residences. In the midst of all our rejoicing a sad sight came under our observation, for sixteen ferocious Pirates were carried in separate cages, past our house, to the execution ground and beheaded; each cage was carried by two men with poles.

Accepting the kind invitation of Dr. and Mrs. Williams in company with Emma I left my little flock of forty souls at Canton June 7, 1865, for a visit to Peking. A free passage for both ways had been offered me by

the kind, Christian and philanthropic Capt. Quirk of the English steamer "Gerard."

While in Shanghai under the hospitable roof of Mr. Tyson, of Messrs. Russell & Co., came the fearful and heavy tidings of the assassination of President Lincoln and cruel butchery of Secretary Seward on April 14th, our hearts are bowed down, but God lives and can guard our beloved country even in this strait.

After passing the lofty promontory of Shantung in the Gulf of Pechelee, the easternmost point of China, we soon arrived at Chefoo. Rev. Alex. Williamson came on board and escorted us to his house; we were carried through the surf to the shore by coolies. Rev. Mr. Williamson mounted on the back of one coolie for his ride, but being a much larger man than his bearer I expected to see both topple over. Two of the boatmen made a chair of their hands as I directed, and safely bore me to the land where I found Emma and our friends. Mrs. James Williamson was on a visit at Chefoo and now returned with us to Tientsin. The place where the storming party landed in May 1858, at the Taku Forts was pointed out; we found quite a large village here at the mouth of a turbid stream — the Peiho river, which is not wide but has many circuitous turns. The engine was frequently stopped while the steamer was turned round the abrupt curves by ropes fastened to stakes. During my stay in Tientsin I was the guest of Rev. and Mrs. James Williamson. Leaving Tientsin Tuesday July 4, at 6 A.M., Emma with me in one cart, and the Chinese preacher as my escort in his own — we started on a novel ride; shake, shake! thump, thump! till I certainly feared every bone in my body would be out of place and my head mashed to a jelly. It was a new experience, sleeping at Chinese inns, but a positive relief to stretch my weary, bruised limbs on the stone "kang." We were called at 3 A.M., and rode on in a hard rain, much water on the road, and deep ruts which frequently came near landing us over into a bed of mud. It was slow going, and a heavy thunder storm compelled us to stop for a second night. There is a certain peculiarity about this mode of traveling, when the roads are in a proper condition after hard rains, that each tourist must test for himself, in order to appreciate fully, when he will be convinced not the half was told. The patient horse next to the singular "band box cart," and the donkey, tandem-style, with its laughable antics greatly amused Emma. The heavy rains during the night had not improved the road for the better, and now the ruts were two feet deep; down we would go to the hub of wheel, till more than once we came very near a capsized into the bed of liquid mud. There are no roads in China and our cautious creeping through marshy fields was a thing to be remembered. The carter, in the morning, had urged me not to proceed, but that I would not for a moment consider; anything was preferable to remaining a third consecutive night in those native inns. I am the *first* foreign lady that has come *all the way by cart* from Tientsin; travelers generally go by water to Tungechow, thirteen miles from the capital.

Thursday 6th, at 10 A.M., after passing by a bridge of stone over a deep ditch, we finally arrived to the heavy massive wall fifty feet high and came to Peking which is four sided and faces the four points of the compass. After being delayed half an hour at the arch way of the outer gate with inspection of Passport we were permitted to enter into the courtyard, inside the "semicircular bastion having a huge square tower of several stories, pierced with four rows of loop-holes one over the other, and twelve in each row

and surmounted by that peculiar pagoda-like roof which the willow-pattern plate has made us all familiar. Here was a second archway in the city wall facing the tower and this gate is also surmounted by a tower similar to the first." We were required to present our Passport three separate times: at the outer wall, inner wall and inside the city, after which we proceeded to Rev. W. H. Collins of "English Church Missionary Society" through a broad street running north and south; the smaller streets along the foot of the wall are at right angles to it. We walked on the city walls which are fifty-five feet thick at top, and battlemented with embrasures, having square bastions at intervals.

The first evening of our arrival we had the pleasure of hearing Rev. William C. Burns of the "English Presbyterian Mission" conduct the union mission meeting. He wore the "full Chinese blue dress and tail," he was both a distinguished scholar and earnest missionary. Mr. Burns was born in Scotland April 1, 1815, arrived in China November, 1847, and left Amoy for Peking 1863. He had many thrilling adventures to face during his inland itinerant life. On one occasion he proceeded westward beyond the range of his first labors, without any clear indication of the Master's will. At night he had lain long awake in anxious and pensive questionings when he became suddenly aware of the presence of robbers in his chamber. With great presence of mind he sat up in bed as two of the muffled figures approached with stealthy step and blackened faces to his bed side and stood over him with naked swords held to his breast. "Do no violence, my friends," he said calmly, "and you shall have all my things." "His pleading for the Bible of his Mother was not in vain, but the thieves broke open his trunk, and in his presence helped themselves to books, clothes and money as they pleased. One fellow had his hone, and being puzzled to know its use, brought it to Mr. Burns to learn what it was fit for, and was patiently taught the mode of sharpening a razor or knife on it. When his landlord came in to condole with his guest on his loss, 'Poor fellows,' said he, 'let us pray for them,' but he was obliged to remain patiently in bed, on the mainland opposite Hong Kong, until the return of a messenger he had dispatched to his friends in the English colony, supplied him with the necessary articles for appearing in the street in an appropriate garb. In August, 1856, he was seized by the Imperialists and brought to Canton over four hundred miles from near Swatow in the capacity of a criminal; his situation was trying, but on his arrival at the Provincial city he was speedily released from his truly unpleasant vile duration. Two Chinese Christian colporteurs arrested at the time were subsequently liberated and returned to Hong Kong. The *Pilgrim's Progress* was translated into Chinese by Mr. Burns and printed on smooth yellow paper manufactured from rice straw. It is not printed with types, but each page is engraved on wooden blocks, which form a cheap and convenient stereotype. On account of the mass of population in China, the wages are extremely low, and this is evinced by the price of the book, which costs about four pence per copy. It is embellished by a number of illustrations remarkably well executed. A young Dutch gentleman entered the sitting-room of a friend in Hongkong and saw one in Chinese garb, and really marveled what Chinese could be reading *The London Times*. It turned out to be the missionary W. C. Burns. Soon after, he went to hear Mr. B. preach, and never could forget the expression he used in preaching, 'My dear fellow sinners!' and it resulted in his conversion. Mr. Burns was one of the most remarkable mis-

sionaries of modern times, a man of truly apostolic spirit. He had a wonderful facility in acquiring languages and dialects, and he has sown seed probably in many districts through which he traveled, the springing up of which to life will be heard of in after days. [Since my pleasant visit, Mr. Burns has passed away from his labors. He died at the Port of Nieu-chwang April 4, 1868, worn out by privation and persevering toil.]

On Saturday, passing through clouds of black dust in the streets, we rode fourteen miles north-west of Peking in a cart, over very stony roads, meeting eighty-five shagged camels loaded with bags of coal from the mines — up rocky hills to the “Tremont Temple” occupied by Dr. S. Wells Williams during the summer months. Here I found Mrs. Bridgman, who with myself were the welcome guests; we daily had delightful rides on horseback enjoying the country scenes and soon feeling the recuperative influence of the trip. Other temples near us were occupied by missionaries; the Russian and French Legations also have fine temples. They are very fortunate in having the mules and ponies of northern China to climb these tortuous paths for no English horse could surmount all the difficulties to be encountered here. These animals are fed on chopped straw and bran yet they will on a journey, tire out the stoutest average English horse, and after an hour or two’s rest set to work again as if only that moment fresh from his own stable. The ponies and mules of the northern Chinese are shod with a sort of rude imitation of the European horse-shoe. The frog is not cut away, but allowed to rest on the ground. Owing possibly to this practice, it is difficult to meet with an animal whose hoofs are perfectly sound. The farriers generally find it necessary to tie them up in a shoeing frame to shoe them, as they kick most vigorously if their legs are free while undergoing the operation. Beyond the Tremont Temple the road is impracticable for any wheeled vehicle, all the necessary stores have to be taken up on the back of the patient mules, for this part of the world is entirely destitute of the ordinary traveling appliances of civilized countries, which would be most acceptable here. Dr. Williams is laboring with indefatigable industry on his valuable Dictionary of the Chinese Language, he and others of the permanent residents are fortunate to be able to secure such delightful places of resort during the hot weather, with spacious and beautiful courts containing lofty trees, rare flowers and fish ponds. On Sabbath evening the foreigners assemble for religious worship at the residence of Dr. Williams. These hills seem covered with temples, and the reverend fathers are only too willing to vacate a few for money. In one part of the “Tremont Temple” the priests daily put fresh incense sticks, in the jar before the gods, and strike a few times on the gong each afternoon, beyond this no further annoyance is given to the tenants. A short distance further up the steep acclivity is a large Imperial temple 300 years old of eight buildings, each two stories with roofs of yellow tiles; each temple has spacious courtyards attached to it. One of the former Emperors (Keinlung) repaired to this fine sequestered situation, during the summer months, it was greatly enriched by his giving grants of land, and constantly repairing the premises. The stately trees are particularly beautiful; and an inviting aspect is given to the premises by the many glazed porcelain pots of rare plants distributed around. Each temple in the extensive inclosures is higher than the other on terraced platforms. Nine gods were on either side of the room, with three immense images glittering with tinsel in the centre, each seated cross-legged on a lotus leaf. A fine view of Peking is had

from this elevated site. At a temple below Dr. Williams, we saw three very large and lofty pine trees from 300 to 500 years old; at a little distance the bark had the appearance of being covered with many thick coatings of white-wash. Snakes flourish in safety on these hills, for the priests do not like to have them destroyed. There were quantities of grand old trees loaded with mammoth nuts—a great extent of *Althea* shrubbery, and the exquisite Crimp myrtle in full bloom with its copious racemes of bright pink flowers. The water melons of bright yellow pulp are very juicy and delicious, they are different from the Canton melons which have red and white pulps.

August 3d, in company with Rev. Mr. Blodget, we returned by boat from Tung Chow to Tientsin, staying at the mission premises in the native city with Rev. and Mrs. Chapin. The spot was pointed out, on our way down, where Rev. William Aitchison, reclining in his palanquin, “closed his eyes in death” near the town of Peh tang, not far from the banks of the Peiho, August 15, 1859. The warm weather did not permit his remains being taken to Shanghai, they were obliged to lower his strong Chinese coffin into the unfolding waves of the Gulf of Pichili, a part of the China Sea, there to rest until the sea shall give up its dead. On our arrival at Tientsin we were pleased to welcome Rev. and Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich who had just arrived from America en route to the imperial capital. We had a charming pic-nic excursion up the “grand canal” which joins the Peiho at Tientsin, and is navigable for many miles beyond the southern limits of this province. Centuries have elapsed since this great work was completed and it is still in good working order throughout its whole extent. Excessive steepness characterizes most of the bridges over this great canal, they are also very narrow. Our pleasant sail was continued seven or eight miles to a fine roomy temple where we took our refreshments under the shady foliage in the spacious court. [Rev. and Mrs. James Williamson were part of our happy party, how little we realized that in this same Grand Canal, Mr. Williamson would subsequently lose his life through Chinese violence.] We went to the Tientsin cemetery, it seemed *full* of graves, all were foreigners, many of them soldiers who were killed in the battles at Taku. Not one blade of grass or fragrant flower was to be seen, each narrow mound looked as though it had been covered with mud now dried, it was to me a singular and melancholy scene. There is too much nitre or saltpeter in the ground, nothing will grow. The soldiers sunk hogsheads and barrels with good rich earth at little distances and planted trees, though only a few of them lived and it seemed a barren site. Finding the steamer would not sail for nearly a month, Emma and myself returned to Peking for the second time. Arrangements were again effected for our proceeding the whole distance by carts, without an escort which I decided was quite unnecessary. The roads were in a good condition so that we were detained only one night at Chinese inns. We had no rain but plenty of dust. Our facetious “muleteer was seated in the front of the cart with his feet dangling down almost to the ground, busily occupied in beating his team or shouting at them, flourishing a whip with a handle at least five feet long and a lash to correspond.” We safely arrived just before nightfall at the American Mission premises at “*Tung Shee Cow*.” We were surprised at the number of temples, “in each street, there are on an average two or three temples or places of worship, or burning incense; about one hundred of these temples have female priests dressed in male habiliments.” After returning to

Tientsin with Rev. and Mrs. Stanley we visited the temple about two miles from the settlement where the treaty with China was finally signed in 1860. "The foreign port of Tientsin is called 'Tzuchulin' (red bamboo grove) and is situated about two miles below the walled city on the south bank of the river; within the native city are the mission premises of the American Board." There is a plot of ground set apart for the occupation of subjects of the United States, which as yet is unoccupied, except by the primitive mud huts of its original inhabitants. The American mission, however, intend to erect comfortable houses here in the settlement.

"The very startling theory was broached the other day, that Christianity and cholera were intimately connected together in the relation of cause and effect. They showed from history that cholera had no existence in the world before the Christian era; that with the introduction of Christianity into any quarter of the globe, came cholera, following after at a decent interval. China and Japan were cited as cases in point. Arguing *a priori*, it was asserted that the miasma arising from grave-yards and burial places is and must be a fruitful source of disease, and especially of disease in its most deadly form, cholera; that the practice of committing the bodies of the dead to their mother earth is essentially a Christian practice, resulting from the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, which rendered it sacrilege in the eyes of the church to burn or otherwise destroy the prison-house of the soul, as was the custom among the ancients; that cholera originated therefore, in the crowded cemeteries of densely-populated countries. The conclusion drawn from the premises is that we should return to the ancient practice of *cremation*, because the soil is already rich with relics of many generations."

In October we received at Canton the news of "the invasion through the Great Wall, of a band of armed Manchurian cavalry, who before they were driven from the country, ravaged an extensive district in the neighborhood of Peking. Several officers have been denounced for permitting the post at the Great Wall to be forced. Gangs of robbers prowl in the neighborhood of the capital with the design of robbing the ancestral tombs of wealthy families. Several magnificent mausoleums have been violated, the coffins broken open, the ashes of the dead scattered about, and the grave clothes and rich ornaments and buried jewelry carried off. Amongst the tombs which have been thus desecrated is that of a princess, aunt of the present sovereign."

Died. At Albany, N. Y., on Wednesday evening December 6, 1865, Maria Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Van Rensselaer. She was the sole survivor of four lovely children, the idolized, petted daughter of her fond father.

With a superior education, constitutionally gay and happy, hers was a reliable character; our precious one was an humble but energetic Christian engaged in many benevolent efforts to elevate the poor and degraded. She attended to her unobtrusive round of engagements with a brightness and alacrity which gained her unnumbered indulgent friends. Blessed with wealth and surrounded with every comfort to make life very bright and desirable, with all the choice delights of social intercourse and a singular elasticity of spirit, she still retained a simple unsophisticated taste for the daily routine of home duties. Her one great aim was to contribute to the happiness of her father, and most tenderly did she watch to enhance his pleasure, comfort and enjoyment. His interest seemed to constitute the whole and entire happiness of her earthly being; any thing

inimical to his welfare could not tempt that faithful daughter to desert her post of duty. It was a beautiful feature of her lovely character—that entire singleness of devotion to her afflicted parent. She indeed was one of the “loved ones,” and to my partial eye a beautiful type of her sainted mother. How mysterious are the ways of God, that one apparently so much needed, so well qualified for every emergency in social life; the stay and solace of the stricken heart of her desolate sire, should be called away leaving his home quenched of light and joy. This to me is a great personal bereavement but we stand speechless, palsied before an awful fact! She “was stricken down by the hand of God in the morning of her gayety” and usefulness; the hour of sickness came, her sufferings and paroxysms of pain were great, but she was prepared to die. In early youth she had “cast herself into the arms of rich and sovereign mercy, was thoroughly imbued with firm and undoubting Christian principle,” and now the relinquishment of life at her Saviour’s call was divested of all anguish. She was perfectly resigned, a child-like submission, and with unfettered wings entered into the enjoyment of an unfading Inheritance.

In 1847 when there was an urgent call to aid destitute Sabbath Schools in the far West, a “Sewing Society” was formed in my Sabbath School Class of which Maria Elizabeth was a promising member. It soon grew in favor and other classes asked to join our little circle, till finally nearly all the school wished to unite, and at the request of the Principal I consented to extend the charge of the undertaking. The discipline of Miss Van Rensselaer in life’s duties had commenced at that early period, she knew how to practice self denial, and for an entire year she labored most faithfully, patiently, and perseveringly in this work of love. If at any time there was a lack of funds, she ever stood ready to bridge the difficulty and appropriated nearly all her “pin money” to buy necessary articles. As the time for sale of the goods approached, the church became greatly interested, extended the helping hand and contributed nearly all the required refreshments. Bleeker Hall, with lights and fuel, was also donated for three successive evenings. The Sunday School Agent from Philadelphia was on a visit at Albany and present on the occasion with our pastor Rev. Duncan Kennedy, D.D. The undertaking had been blessed of God, and it proved a great success. I had the happiness of paying over into the hands of the Agent, the sum of seven hundred dollars from the Sabbath School of the North Reformed Dutch Church for the benefit of the needy Sabbath Schools at the West, being the proceeds of the “Fair” over and above all expenses. The Agent was so much gratified he presented to Maria Elizabeth and myself each, a copy of the *Way of Life* and shortly after we received from Philadelphia, Certificates of Life Membership of the “American Sunday School Union.” Her Sabbath School scholars, the Ragged School, the sick, the poor, all miss her gentle ministrations and instructive exercises, for she was particularly zealous in the mission work. We would desire to render a fitting tribute to one so worthy but we can “only let the curtain hang as God hath let it fall.” She rests from her earthly labors.

“Bring flowers, pale flowers, o’er the bier to shed,  
A crown for the brow of the early dead!  
For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst,  
For this in the woods was the violet nursed,  
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,  
They are love’s last gift, bring ye flowers, pale flowers!”

"The usual Thanksgiving dinner, for the children of the '*Ragged School*,' together with the Christmas bags, presented by the Sabbath School of the First Presbyterian Church, have made glad the hearts of these little ones, whose ordinary life is so full of privation and suffering. And while enumerating the blessings of the year, we must pause to offer our tribute of sincere praise to the memory of one among our friends, Miss M. E. Van Rensselaer, who has gone to her reward. Her self denying exertions, from the commencement of our enterprise, her unflagging energy and devotion to the cause, had won for her the respect and affection of all connected with it, and made her loss deeply felt; but we sorrow not as those without hope, knowing that our loss is her exceeding gain."

"Four of the girls in Mrs. Bonney's school were baptized and admitted to the church in January, 1866. In the absence of Rev. Mr. Vrooman, Rev. J. C. Nevin, of the United Presbyterian mission, administered the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper. Mrs. Bonney has forty-three pupils in the school."

"On March 27th, REV. DR. DYER BALL fell sleep in Jesus at the age of nearly seventy, having been a missionary for twenty-eight years; he was an excellent man, a devoted and humble Christian, a long-trying and faithful servant of the American Board in China. He has soon followed his much loved daughter. [Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Rev. A. P. Happer, D. D., who died at Canton, Dec. 29, 1865.] Before his death he was confined to his house, and mostly to his bed, for about four months, never complaining, but always ready to greet his friends with a cheerful smile and pleasant conversation. I have never witnessed anything so touchingly devoted and so thoroughly unostentatious as the latter labors of this servant of God. During the last seven years, the old man, bowed down with his infirmities and leaning upon his cane, when not actually confined to his couch, would slowly work his way down stairs and totter out to his little chapel, which opened on the street, and there, seated in an arm-chair, would distribute tracts and address a few words of exhortation to casual passers-by, who might drop in to look upon his gray hairs, to see what he was doing, or to hear what he might say; for the Chinese venerate old age. Not only once, but often twice a day, might he be found there, with a cheerful countenance, working according to his strength. It was a sublime spectacle of Christian love, zeal and devotion."

With a profound feeling of sorrow and of sympathy we received intelligence of the sudden death of an Albanian, Commander Robert Townsend of the U. S. Steamer "*Wachusett*." He died at Hankow on August 14, 1866, from exposure to the sun on the 12th. Our venerated and noble friend Dr. William Bay has also fallen at his post at the age of ninety-two years.

"Aoot" was married April 26th at Foochow by Rev. S. L. Baldwin of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in his chapel. He writes: "Her hair was done up in Foochow style \* \* \* as she came down to enter the bridal-chair, she seemed really quite pretty. I united them in marriage in presence of a considerable audience of foreigners and natives at my church. At the close, the audience sang '*The year of jubilee has come.*' They sat down to a repast with the bride, bridegroom and others. After this was finished, the newly married pair proceeded to their residence at the East Street Church in the city, where a sumptuous native repast was in course of preparation for the relatives and friends of the bridegroom, who attended in large numbers, they are all delighted with Aoot." It was

indeed a joyous meeting for the two old schoolmates, *Akceue* and *Aoot*, as also a matter of sincere rejoicing to me that two of my first pupils are married so well to native preachers. God has been very good to me and blessed me in my school. Oh! that I may meet all my girls in Heaven; my labor here for them is nearly finished. I feel strong at heart to labor with my school twenty years longer, only this weak, frail body says no, and so I go on preparing to return to the United States.

Rev. and Mrs. Vrooman with her sister will sail from San Francisco for Canton in August, so I will see them again at work before I leave. I am now the only representative of the A. B. C. F. Mission in this field, and could not think of leaving till after their return. Our force is infinitely small but I have a grateful remembrance that the almost impassible barriers are breaking away. "In all cases, even when unusually burdened with cares and sorrows, it is in the quiet, unassuming *prosecution of daily duty* by which we best fulfil the purpose, to which the Almighty has appointed for our particular sphere as long as He shall deem our instrumentality useful, and we must persevere." Anxious hearts are strongly exercised over the gloomy tidings lately received about dear Mrs. Vrooman, how can we bear more discipline! Rev. D. Vrooman writes: "She seems to be sinking rapidly." They are in San Francisco, where he took his gentle wife hoping with her genial and ardent temperament this recreation might work a favorable turn in her disease, and she gain new strength for coming toil.

*Died.* At Brooklyn, California, on August 29, 1866, MRS. MARIA W. VROOMAN, the beloved wife of the Rev. Daniel Vrooman, of Canton, China, in the thirty-first year of her age. Mrs. Vrooman was a cheerful Christian of unclouded faith, she loved this beautiful world as she delighted to call it, but was ready, at her Father's call, to stay, or go to what she was assured was a more beautiful world in heaven, implicitly trusting herself and hers to an unfailing God. She was educated at Oberlin, Ohio, and married in the year 1858. As a missionary she was zealous and untiring in her labor for those to whose salvation she had devoted her entire life. After six years of earnest toiling, her health began to fail. Her husband went with her to California but the change was not ultimately beneficial. Her sick room was a pleasant place, always lighted by her happy smile. She gave the care of China back to God, and calmly awaited the hour of her departure, saying, "Into thy hand, I commit my spirit." She was conscious to the last, and the dark valley was made luminous with divine love and then she quietly passed on her journey. Mrs. Vrooman will meet her children gone before on the other shore; she leaves behind one little girl called after me and baptized by Mr. Bonney at the missionary concert in Canton. This sad loss falls heavily on our mission circle, and more hearts are crushed as the shadow creeps over the hearth-stone of another stricken home.

The *Missionary Herald* of Boston has: "A letter from Mrs. Bonney of Dec. 15, 1866, announced her expectation to leave Canton, on her way to the United States, on the 25th of that month. Reviewing her missionary life of ten years in that city, she states, that in her girl's boarding school, which she commenced very soon after her arrival, she has had sixty-seven girls under her care, all from the poorer classes of the Chinese. Her native teacher and twelve of the pupils have been baptized and admitted to church fellowship, two pupils have died, one was dismissed for improper

conduct, and four have become the wives of native preachers. Mrs. Bonney closed her school on the 15th of October, 1866, commending the pupils, and especially those who had been admitted into church fellowship, to the care of the English Wesleyan mission, and on the 28th of December she left China, on her return to the United States. The American Board no longer has a mission at Canton. For more than a year Mrs. Bonney has been the only member of the American Board in this field. The Mission was established by Rev. Dr. E. C. Bridgman in 1829, and for many years the city of Canton was one of the most unpromising fields for missionary labors, arising in a degree from the turbulent populace. A Christian church was formed at Canton in 1835, the first Protestant one in China, and the work is now carried on by other societies." "[We are now on the eve of departure for our native land, but grieve to leave our adopted country — yet we will not profane God's blessed sunshine with melancholy, and repining over the vacancy and saddened aspect of our blighted home. The "Mystery of Chastisement" will not be made fully known till we sing the "song of the Redeemed," therefore placing our hand in that of the Holy Comforter we will strive after cheerfulness and not be sorrow stricken with life's changes.]

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### DISCONTINUANCE OF A. B. C. F. MISSION AT CANTON.

Messageries Imperials Steam-Ship "Donuai."  
Singapore, January 5, 1867.

The sun was shedding a mellowed softness as its beams fell on the range of terraced, green carpeted hills that marks the quiet nook where so many "loved ones" of our missionary circle "sleep their last sleep" in the Protestant rural Cemetery, four miles from the city. Then it was our last visit was made to the sweet seclusion of this beautiful retreat. Ah! that was a sad "breaking up" with the sinking feeling of a bereaved, bleeding heart that had "traveled past the line of day," but still clung to the promise "Peace I give you." As in the depths of grief I turned from the little cluster of bamboo with its feathery top, that gently swayed in the passing breeze over the grave of *one* devoted missionary, as a banner of the dead and left the scene, it seemed like breaking anew the "golden chain that clasps wedded hearts." It was a heavy trial and a heavy burden. Moving down the gentle declivity and in silent helplessness looking back through the vista of years, my "cup of sorrows" appeared full with the commingling of the memories of the past," but now to brave alone all life's vicissitudes we will nestle under the shadow of God's wings. My physical endurance had been taxed to the utmost limit, and consequently changes had necessarily been made with the hope of recuperative benefit, but they all had proved ineffectual; and the final result of medical

consultation regarding my serious case was, that the only hope of prolonging life would be a removal from my scene of labor. It was a sad struggle to tread the path of perished hopes, like a "dismissal from my cherished work" of Christian usefulness in giving up my truly interesting charge, but it seemed the only feasible line of duty. Though all is enveloped in mystery and we cannot discern the *why* and *wherefore*, yet we know that even in this emergency we can rejoice in the succor and shelter of the great rock.

Emma and I left Canton on December 20th followed by the kind adieus of sympathizing Christian friends, but it was a day of sore trial. My heart was distressed as with longings and prayers I walked through the rows of my Chinese scholars—for whose spiritual salvation I had so earnestly labored; their sad countenances portrayed the gratitude which filled their hearts, and many tears were shed by all. There stood the Chinese women and native attendants with pitying eyes; some of the weeping group accompanied us to the steambot, speaking loving words of comfort. There was a waving of handkerchiefs from the shepherdless assemblage of pupils on the veranda as our vessel glided past my own pleasant missionary home. Then a final glance was given to the "*White Cloud Hills*" with its melancholy charm, as the towering *Monument* for the Cemetery lying close at the base of those northern hills. And then as we gave back the ten talents intrusted to our care, the divine presence was signally manifested by the peace in my own heart; for though *my* *aid* was not needed, God would raise up and send other laborers, for Canton belongs to Him. The hospitality of the Hongkong community is proverbial and they provided me with adequate comforts and luxuries, not forgetting a large hamper of the delicious oranges from Canton. An old friend, Captain James B. Endicott, saw me safe on the "*Donnai*" under the care of an experienced surgeon; after which, on December 28th, we were soon steaming away from the "*Flowery Land*." The delicious refreshing sea breeze and "crisp freshness of the air were exhilarating" soon causing me to grow stronger despite depressive sea-sickness.

*From Canton to Alexandria.*

There are many European gentlemen, and nine Japanese on board going to France with fabrics for the Paris Exposition; but I was the only lady from Hongkong to the French port of Saigon on this elegant vessel of 500 horse power. I suppose there is not a steamer that leaves the East but carries its own Menagerie, certainly ours is well freighted with animals of all kinds; there is quite an extensive collection of monkeys, paroquets, cockatoos, large and small parrots and a spacious poultry-yard. The family of monkeys, with their comical evolutions cause much amusement. On New Years Day, the "*Native Band*" at six o'clock saluted the Captain and officers at their state room doors; and as a representative of the "*fair sex*" I was favored in like manner. It was so many years since I have been serenaded, that I could scarcely realize such a pleasant treat was extended to me. But as they stood close to my door and sweetly played familiar and electrifying strains it recalled youthful days, and I was glad to be a participant with honored ones. After breakfast we went ashore to the lively, progressive and thrifty town of Saigon, and accompanied a genial party of friends in a charming drive, full of interesting experience, over the fine wide roads made by the French. The weather was brilliantly clear, and we much enjoyed our ride through this beautiful

domain bordering on sparkling streams, and green plains dotted with gay flowers, without seeing one of those ferocious tigers which abound in those parts killing natives every day. Saigon is an important river port but not healthy; a sanitarium could not be located at the mouth of the river, on account of the number of fierce and rapacious animals which come out of the jungle on either side. As our steamer slowly glided up this notable stream, I was peering with curious gaze into the tangled brushwood and dense thicket for the glittering eyes of the prowling savage beast, but in vain.

A visit was made to the Convent. "La Supérieure des secours de Saint Paul" received us with great suavity and courtesy, allowing a full inspection of the buildings. The chapel with its embroidery of chalice covers and altar-cloths and gorgeously painted windows, was a bower of beauty, chaste and very pretty. The decorations as used for Christmas were still up; the evergreens were fancifully festooned, and all around you observed very many simple "devices to please the eye." In one corner near the altar was a grotto of artificial rocks covered with lovely moss and delicate flowers; close by in a small alcove was a perfect life-size figure of a new born infant lying on the rich green grass — a miniature manager at Bethlehem. The child with its lighted countenance, seemed well pleased; its little hands were raised in benediction, and the adoring attendants jubilant with ecstatic joy. The convent buildings are not yet entirely completed; the grounds are extensive and tastefully laid out, also abundantly stocked with all the choice fruits and foliage of matchless beauty found only in the tropics, and the entire structure will be a remarkably handsome establishment. There was much apprehension on shore of expected trouble with the natives, and the one great topic of conversation was the recent tragic death of a French gentleman, married only four months. His accomplished, young widowed bride was in her palatial residence which we passed. The natives of Annam committed this terrible murder by cutting off his head, hands and feet, after which they were elevated on bamboo poles. The entire community manifested a profound feeling of sorrow and sympathy. We were invited guests to the brilliant "New Year's Ball" at the Government House; it was to be a grand affair where every thing would be arranged with elegance and artistic skill. It was a great deprivation to the chivalrous officers, but soon again we were "far at sea." All seemed "*couleur de rose*" for with the submissive feeling "It is well," and a contented happy frame of mind which together with all the luxuries friends had provided, left me no reason to grumble even when in going over the cross sea of Siam's gulf, the change of motion made much commotion on board. There is not certainly much poetry at any time in the forlorn feeling of sea-sickness, but with that as every thing else to be vanquished, struggle on, struggle on! "Heart varnish will cover up innumerable evils and defects, look at the good things." The "good things" in my case are: such an alleviation of alarming symptoms and consequently a light-heartedness that I hope and feel, the fears of my kind physician friends will be groundless. With gratitude I intend to identify my whole journey with pleasant associations, not brooding over trials which only make them more severe and unbearable. January 4th, just one week from Hongkong we enjoyed the approach to the harbor of picturesque Singapore with its surrounding beautiful scenery. "We drifted quietly along through placid waters, under the lee of noble mountains clothed with heavy foliage to the very tops, and within sight of sandy

beaches fringed with feathery palms of a light bluish-green color, and all the scenery was drawn in curving lines of grace, and painted with the warmest shades of the drowsy tropics; while every influence of earth and air and sea, made captive all our senses." We passed close to, and between little islands with small hills clad in the luxuriant beauty of the verdant forests, and others "covered with turf as fresh and green as that of England, for the vegetation is kept constantly fresh and luxuriant by frequent showers. The depredations committed by tigers are frightful, since in spite of a government bounty for their destruction two or three hundred persons are annually devoured by them." It was amusing to watch the fish "of gorgeous hues and fantastic shapes" gliding along in the transparent water; then swarms of naked Malay men and boys with vociferous outcries would dive down into the deep clear water, to catch the pieces of money thrown over by the amused passengers; each coin when secured was hid away in the cheek, and after resting a moment in their boats, these amphibious beggars were ready to dive again for the silver bait. Emma was delighted with the fleet of tiny canoes about the size of a tub, with one nude boy in each, paddling along ready for the plunge. Among the attractive objects we would class the many shell-boats, which are entirely filled with exquisite shells arranged so tastefully with the most lovely specimens, of every species, that even a captious conchologist would be only too delighted if they could grace his cabinet. The view of the harbor from the deck was fine and there was quite "a little fleet of vessels lying near us. All shipping lie moored by their anchors in these eastern ports — the surf and the exposure of the winds being too great to admit of the construction and use of docks." Many Chinese junks, Indian proas and vessels bearing the flags of all civilized nations dotted the whole sheet of beautiful water. "The appearance of the town of Singapore in its inviting position is picturesque. The hills of unequal elevations and crowned with respectable dwelling houses rise above the buildings located on the plain; and the whole scene is mellowed by the relief of the grassy hill-side with banana and the areca palm, interspersed with trees and shrubs in long belts of verdure. It is from the areca palm that the betel-nut is obtained, and forms an important article for the market; "it is the fruit of the tree, and is called *betel-nut* because it is chewed with the leaf of the betel-pepper as a masticatory. The teeth become dark red from using it, but the Chinese are careful to remove this stain, which the Malays regard as beautiful. These *nuts* are largely exported to China."

The twenty-four hours occupied in coaling we spent on shore, though it was rather a difficult undertaking to get there: but with assistance we safely passed among the merchandise of monkeys, paraquets, birds of paradise, tempting fruits and curries. I took a palanquin carriage drawn by a small Burmah pony, and driven by a half-naked Madras man with a gay crimson scarf wound around his head; he could not speak a word of English nor I of Malay. Directions, however, had been given by a responsible person to the native, and on we went over a fine but dusty road past mangrove trees, pretty bungalows, hedges of dwarf bamboo, beautiful trees and gay flowers two miles in the country to the residence of Rev. B. P. Keasbury, who was formerly an assistant of Rev. Dr. Medhurst. He was also well acquainted with Rev. William A. Pohlman and the company of missionaries who landed and remained at Singapore till they could proceed to China. This excellent missionary has resided here thirty-five years

engaged in arduous labor for benefitting the Malays. I was relieved from all distrust and anxiety when the poor native pointed to a sight we were approaching and said "*Padra*" (priest) then turned into the lovely compound of fourteen acres, covered with rare fruits and spice trees which gave forth delicious odors. I was an expected guest and received a hearty welcome to that hospitable abode. All that met my view in this little paradise gave rapturous enjoyment : such a quantity of pine apples in the different stages of growth, ripe and unripe ; orange trees ; bread fruit ; chocolate ; cocoanut ; cinnamon ; pepper-vine trees with their knotted stem and deep green pungent leaves of heart shape, pointed, with small white flowers. " The fruit of this tree hangs on the vine in long clusters of some thirty or fifty grains, each grain adhering to the stalk, resembling some kinds of the smallest wild grapes, which when ripe is of a bright red color. The bunches are then collected in baskets, and spread upon mats in the sun to dry ; the berries soon turn black, become shriveled and are the black pepper of commerce. The white pepper is the *same* article with the black pepper but goes through a different operation in its curing." There too were groves of aromatic nutmeg trees ; cloves in large clusters at the end of the branches and other tropical products. Emma was so happy watching a covey of rare rabbits, white as snow with long silky pink ears, feeding on green clover ; listening to the incessant chattering of monkeys and parrots of brilliant plumage near to the pretty bungalow, a short distance from the main building, in which we slept. This was the guest chamber, situated in the midst of a spacious garden, surrounded with exquisite flowers, and shrubs with gaudy blossoms. The quiet rest on shore in this little Eden after all our tossing on the deep, together with the balmy breeze of evening was truly invigorating. I visited both of the mission schools, one for Malay girls, the other for boys ; also the printing establishment. Mrs. Keasbury, with great self devotion, instructs the school in the morning in English and Sheikh, in the afternoon in Malay." The following morning Rev. Mr. Keasbury took us to the lovely little rural cemetery inclosed with a bamboo hedge and shaded with soft green foliage, to visit the grave of Rev. George W. Wood's first wife, a gentle and devoted missionary only twenty-one years of age. The monumental slab was erected by the officers of the U. S. Ship "*John Adams*," that vessel was in port at the time of her death, and the Chaplain Rev. Fitch W. Taylor, performed the burial service. Commodore Read and all the officers of the squadron attended the funeral.

" Little feathered songsters were singing a requiem over her grave," and many another grassy heap and uninscribed neglected spot. As Singapore is only one degree north from the equator, they have a continual summer ; and this was certainly a very hot day, but we did not suffer from the oppressive heat as at Canton, for here is always a moistness in the air and a fine sea breeze from the ocean. We made a call at the Convention and saw a dear friend Miss Spooner, who formerly resided in Canton, the meeting was a mutual pleasure to both. Miss Spooner took the black veil many years ago, renouncing Protestantism to the deep regret of her numerous friends. This devoted nun had just received intelligence of the death of her mother in Boston ; she was in deep sorrow and I parted from her with regret. Our drive was indeed a charming one, and we enjoyed the universal beauty and diversity of scenery on every side ; the rich perfume from the many acres of spice trees was delicious, and here too were ponds filled with the sacred pink lotus. The luxuriance of tropical productions

and vegetation was in opening bloom on all our route. "The gardens are exceedingly tasteful and kept in admirable order and the roads, shaded by neat hedges of the China or dwarf bamboo and trees of elegant and varied foliage, are kept in the best repair. A large body of the convicts, some three thousand in number, enables the municipality to preserve the roads throughout the station in thorough order. This strand road is bordered inland by a strip of lawn, planted with flowering shrubs, forming a pleasant promenade and play-ground for children." I was much interested in the palm tree with its very curious leaves, and the aromatic nutmegs which have dark green glossy leaves. We procured a quantity of the nutmegs to examine at our leisure when on the steamer. "Removing the thick rough outer yellow tegument with its pearl white interior, we found a bright scarlet like net work of mace, inclosing an inner polished nut, black as ebony, the kernel of which is the nutmeg of commerce." We were also well supplied with enormous cocoanuts; the delicate and delicious mangostein with its white pulp inclosed in its "roseate scalloped capsule, its refined delicacy of flavor is unsurpassed, and for beauty of appearance, when opened, it is unrivaled. An outer shell incloses five or seven pits of a snow white color, which forms a beautiful contrast with the rich red of the shell. The dhurien is of a large size and disgusting odor, that of sulphurated hydrogen. It is of a rich creamy consistence; but the odor is so repulsive, that only long perseverance can make one appreciate and like this pear-shaped fruit of five or nine inches, which grows on a tree seventy or eighty feet high." The luscious custard-apple and deliciously sweet pine apples, with many other kinds, were sent by our true friends, nor did they forget bunches of "cinnamon with its beautiful white blossoms and its red tipped leaves."

The amused passengers were all occupied watching the crowded wharf filled with beings from so many nations in gay and fanciful costumes and red turbans down to the Chinaman "with his large loose trowsers, varying in colors some of black glazed grass cloth, others of blue nankeen, and still others of white cotton. To this is added a frock or shirt generally white, made in the style of the sack pattern, hanging loosely, some with large open sleeves, and others no sleeves. A few had the garments worn on the lower extremities, contracted near the feet. Their shaven skulls, however, attract the attention as being most particularly characteristic with their long queue hanging down in its braid, and composed of the gathered hair growing in a circular patch, as large as the hand would cover, from the crown of the head. This hair is braided in a piece of tape or hank of coarse black sowing silk and falls nearly to the heels of the celestials, with their toes incased in their thick, heavy leather soled and turn-up toed shoes made of cloth. They pass with a quick step; and their loose sleeves and trowsers flutter in the gale they create in their passage, with nothing upon their shaven heads but the tuft-knot upon the crown, and sometimes the long braid curled in a plait around it. Indeed there was a perfect medley of men, birds and animals. Our noble steamer was soon again standing out from the harbor of Singapore, with its scorching tropical sky; we saw the "Government House an imposing edifice in beautiful grounds, crowning the end of the high land; and a strip of silver beach along the shore, divided the pale emerald of the sea, a hue which betrays a floor of coral, from the darker tint of the forests of cocoa palm, which rose behind, and we bade a long farewell to the sunny gardens and spicy breezes of the town now "left in the blue distance." The com-

pany on board is increased by three families of Dutchmen from Batavia, going back to Holland with independent fortunes to educate their children. After leaving the Straits of Malacca with its continuous sight of dark green heavy foliage and beds of coral, we were crossing the broad Bay of Bengal with very rough weather. As we had a number of young ladies on board, every effort was made, when weather permitted, by the genial French officers so well posted in making the time pass agreeably to the fair passengers, and a series of impromptu entertainments were arranged. There were the musical *soirées*, and a dancing party twice a week; the upper deck was inclosed with flags and finely decorated with Chinese lanterns, the band discoursed sweet or gay music while the piano was upstairs ready for gentle fingers. We reached Point de Galle on the Island of Ceylon. At an early hour the gun was discharged and its "thousand crashing thunders shake the earth beneath the avalanche of sound" as a signal of arrival, soon after this Mr. Prescott the United States Consul came on board for me.

Rev. William Howland — a missionary at Jaffna and cousin of Mr. Bonney — had notified the Consul of my probable arrival from China by this mail's steamer, and he courteously extended to me the civilities of his pleasant Consulate home in this little Eastern paradise. Emma and I were conveyed ashore in his large boat with the United States Flag as the insignia floating in the breeze. We were truly glad not to be obliged to go in the native craft, which are very long and narrow — only the width of an Indian Canoe with pieces of plank projecting over the water — on which high seats the passengers are placed. On one side of the clumsy-looking strong boats is a contrivance of timbers floating about four feet from the vessel to prevent its upsetting, and the expert boatmen are ever on the alert in their perilous duty. A French man-of-war had just come in and saluted the English flag which was returned from the fort, the booming of which made a discordant tumult in its marvelous repetitions. Landing at the jetty in safety through the furious surf which beats with great force against the rocks, and taking a carriage we passed through crowds of the half naked Cinghalese natives with large shell combs in their black hair — such a curious fancy for men — were soon at the United States Consulate. From the flag-staff floated, in the sweet scented breeze, the "broad folds of the American ensign;" at the door Mrs. Prescott received us with a warm motherly welcome, and a cheery greeting was extended to us from their daughter Mrs. Belknap, a bride of a month and wife of the gallant Captain of the United States Steamer "Shenendoah." After being refreshed with one of those bountiful Eastern tiffins and being regaled with a draught of fresh cocoa milk and the choicest of tropical fruits, we had a charming and extremely romantic drive to the Wesleyan Mission Compound; on a most eligible site of rugged magnificence and Elysian beauty, commanding a fine view of the ocean and still embowered in groves of stately trees with cultivated garden spots. We visited their flourishing native schools passing the rows of tall cocoanut trees, one hundred, and eighty, and sixty feet high, in stately beauty on both sides of the road, a perfect forest of cocoanuts and spice trees. The cocoa furnishes the populace with food, clothing and other useful-articles; the fibres and leaves are used for thatching their huts, and from different parts of the tree sundry necessaries are obtained and ingenious things constructed. The natives at Ceylon and Singapore dye their teeth perfectly black, which gives them a filthy, disgusting look;

which with the blood-colored saliva is all caused by their chewing so constantly the preparation from betel-nut. You are at first quite startled and grieved by seeing so many of the poor creatures spitting blood, as you naturally suppose, but it is wasted sympathy. This visit in Ceylon was full of interest and a pleasant episode in the changeless round of a protracted sea voyage.

“What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
Here man is surely vile.”

We visited the celebrated Buddhist temple of “great antiquity, and so much venerated as to attract votaries from various parts of India,” but did not however see that precious relic “the tooth of Buddha so highly revered by the Cingalese!” but we did see very many things equally worthy of admiration.

Our steamer left at nine o'clock P. M.; fires were lighted on the very dangerous rocks near coral reefs just before we started. The changeful, fitful glare in the darkness, gave a wierdish charm to the surrounding scenery and we naturally looked to see the strange “little people” with the green sea-weed in their flowing tresses, dancing on the rocks. Whether according to the native legends the fragrant water-lilies were not sufficiently opened to allow the fairies an exit, or whether they were still asleep in their golden palaces under the deep water, we were not favored with a sight of their marvelous beauty. The port holes were soon all closed for the Arabian sea, which is always a dangerous element, in the south monsoon was very boisterous. When able to be on deck there was a fund of amusement in watching the many flying-fish as they skim over the surface, the sun's rays giving them a brilliant “coat of many colors” and frequently they lighted on the deck. At Galle several parties of English officers with their families came on board from Calcutta on their way home. Some of the ladies had just left Cawnpore and gave me a thrilling account of occurrences at the time of the great insurrection in India during the eventful year 1857. There is to be a Memorial Garden arranged inclosing the *well* that sepulchre of many precious “loved ones.” It was nearly night when we reached the rocky heights of Aden and passed in close proximity to reefs and shoals as indicated by the pale green water. The main land of Arabia presents a level sandy coast, with few indentations, and the Bay of Aden is formed by two narrow peninsulas which project from it at right angles, their extremities shooting up suddenly into clusters of black, ragged volcanic cones, about 1,500 feet in height; these mountains are very sterile.” The anchorage is a great distance from the shore and the disembarking or embarking is an event in which no one delights. As soon as the gun was fired and anchors dropped our steamer was surrounded by the native small boats. The next morning with a large party we went on shore, it was rather a difficult undertaking to land for the sea was very rough, but we were not lacking courage. Our native vessel was of good size and manned by experienced Arabs, who were very black with beautiful teeth and glossy black curling hair. Our steersman dropped his clumsy oar, and in reaching for it lost his own balance plumping down into the seething waters; he swam a long distance, rising on the summit of wave after wave before reaching the boat, but did not seem at all discomposed by his luckless adventure. We met on the

sandy beach a drove of ungainly camels driven by an Arab with his kind of blue shirt, tied about him with a white sash or girdle and a turbaned head. There were strings of donkeys, each of them laden with six or eight bags of skins containing water. This country is never refreshed by rain unless sometimes at the equinoxes, and there are no wells, consequently the water is distilled from the ocean. During the rainy season once a year in Aden, large quantities of rain-water is collected and kept in tanks excavated out of the rocks close by the cantonments for the English soldiers. The place presents a dreary aspect; no trees, no grass, no flowers, but plenty of high, sun-scorched, mossy rocks. We walked through the hot sun and heavy blistering sand three-fourths of a mile to the Cemetery and amid numerous mounds found the grave of Rev. Mr. Krone from Germany, one of our Canton missionaries. It was in good order; he died at this bleak and cheerless post, "where all the gloomy solitude of desolation lives and reigns," when on his return to China with his family. Arabs in their Oriental costume, with sandals laced on their naked feet, brought for sale quantities of exquisitely beautiful wavy plumes of the ostrich so ornamental and showy for dress. We found here as at Singapore many expert swimmers and divers for coin who kept up a constant puffing and blowing. One of the pet monkeys, a large, vicious animal, got overboard among the bulwarks; but after playing awhile the wily creature went to the steward's room, got his comb and brush, then ran quickly to the railing and threw both over into the sea; expressing great displeasure by chattering and showing his teeth if approached by any person. His antics created quite a stock of entertainment to the passengers, for he would jabber his inarticulate sounds, and grin with every expression of joy when he succeeded in any mischief.

We are through the Straits of Babel-Mandel and steaming up the long, narrow Red Sea with its intricate navigation mid coral reefs and a vast ledge of rocks. There looms up before my vision an envelope of one of my home letters, which friends received defaced by water and almost illegible, stamped: "Saved from the wreck of the Colombo," will such be our experience? There is positive enjoyment in watching the usual miscellaneous crowds and motley group congregated on the steamer's deck, or in the magnificent saloon. Every thing in their daily life is as real and as prosaic as could be desired, interspersed with childish arrogance, grumblings, turmoils and excitements while gay conversation enlivens the scene. The captious cynic is found in close proximity with the cheery, contented mind; lackadaisical young ladies and sentimental young men in ludicrous contrast with austere moralists; the genial and accomplished gentleman neighbor to one whose brogue is decidedly peculiar; venerable "old men whose heads, blossoming like the almond tree" whitens our assemblage of travelers and figures by the side of sporting children and hopeful hearts in the freshness of early life. The ingenious game of chess, back-gammon and smoking-rooms, a rubber of whist, dancing, cheerful music, or conversation, afforded ample amusement during the evenings, allowing great latitude to the caprice of individual fancy. We were highly favored in having cool, enjoyable weather, but after a few days came high winds and sea. All the windows and port-holes closed; racks arranged on the table for meals, which "was abundantly supplied with every thing necessary to the comfort of the inner man" if it could be enjoyed. The captain said, he had seldom seen such tremendous seas on this sheet of water. One afternoon the vessel shipped a very large wave on the upper

deck aft, washing the floor and dashing two or three lady passengers, chairs and all, with great force against the side railing. Two ladies were hurt and one sailor knocked down. The deck happened at this time to be filled with passengers, reclining in their chairs, and when the sudden shock came, for a moment it caused great commotion as to the perils of our voyage, happily, however, no material damage was sustained. After sailing over the spot crossed by the Israelites and seeing Asia on one side of the gulf and Africa on the other, at the end of six days' passage up the Red Sea, our noble steamer came to its anchorage. Passengers and luggage were transferred to a lighter for the remaining five miles, and the entire company were soon safely landed at Suez and walking on "Africa's sunny soil." There was perfect enjoyment in our first sleep on terra firma, and it was very refreshing after the long sea voyage. Mrs. Boone, wife of Bishop Boone of the China Episcopal Mission, here died among strangers on her way home. The sensation of riding in the cars, after an interval of more than ten years, was peculiar, but the optical illusions caused by the shifting sand of the desert never wearied, and our ride of about four hours from Suez to Cairo, was full of attractions. One of the most pleasing and desirable incidents of our visit in this peculiarly Oriental city of Cairo, occurred on the following morning after our arrival, when a gentleman of benevolent aspect, wearing a red fez or one of the Egyptian tasseled caps, entered the hotel parlor, and after a few words with the landlord, walked up to me pleasantly saying, "Do I see Mrs. Bonney?" On being answered in the affirmative, extending his hand with great cordiality he exclaimed, "I am your Dutch cousin from Albany, Rev. Gulian Lansing, and my wife has sent me to bring you to our house, we claim you as our guest." This pleasant, affectionate greeting to a lone stranger gave unmingled feelings of heartfelt pleasure; his particularly amiable looking face was a sufficient guaranty, and we joyfully became participants of his generous hospitality. This arrangement was eminently satisfactory, their kindness was "the hidden sunshine which gives to the darkest cloud its silver lining" by the attainment of some fancied good. Rev. Mr. Lansing is connected with the United Presbyterian Church having a large mission establishment at Cairo, Alexandria, Mansoura and Osiout. Rev. J. C. Nevin of Canton, belonging to the American United Presbyterian Mission, had written to these kind friends that I would arrive in Cairo by this last steamer.

Our United States Consul, Mr. Hale, related to me the arrest of John H. Surratt, who was to be sent on to Washington in one of the vessels belonging to the fleet under Admiral Goldsborough, as one of the persons implicated in President Lincoln's death and other evils. I was greatly interested in Mrs. Lansing's school of seventy-five Egyptian girls, having been present at their recitations in Arabic and had pleasant interviews with them. Their manner of salutation differs from the Chinese; they kiss your hand and press it to their heart and forehead, Mrs. L. favored me with a particularly pleasing account regarding one of her earliest pupils of this flourishing school. It was the early history of a very poor native girl who became a most exemplary Christian and was married by Rev. Dr. Lansing to His Highness Prince Mahá Rajah Duleep Singh, who was born at Futtehgarh and was the first Christian Prince of India. They now reside near London. Mrs. Lansing had visited them in their elegant palace and received the greatest love and attention from both. "Upon each returning anniversary of his marriage in June, Prince Duleep Singh

confers a signal benefit upon the mission in Egypt by presenting as a thank offering the munificent gift of \$5000 in gold." There was also "an educational seminary presided over by Miss Whately, daughter of the late Archbishop of Dublin. Here a boys and girls' school for Moslems and Christians, indiscriminately, is carried on with great energy; nearly one hundred and fifty of the former and over fifty of the latter being in daily attendance; while by the distribution of books and other humble labors of one or two lay agents, a considerable amount of religious and moral light is disseminated."

We had an interesting ride to the Greek Monastery built over the site of Joseph and Mary's residence in dingy looking old Cairo three miles distant, when they fled with the "young child into Egypt." Pharaoh lived here, as also Joseph when he received and fed his brethren. With a party we visited some few of the 400 Mosques. A large and very ancient one was in ruins, it was built before the Christian era, is of Assyrian origin, the "Tayloon or citadel of the ram." Tradition says the ram was here sacrificed by Abraham and Noah's ark rested on this spot.

*Cairo, Egypt, January 29, 1867.* The time has passed so pleasantly, I can scarcely realize a week has already been spent in this interesting place. The foreigners attend service on Sabbaths at the Missionary chapel at eleven o'clock, but I went earlier to hear the Turkish service, and Arabic. The English was conducted by Rev. Mr. Pinkerton, whose discourse "If a man die, shall he live again?" Job 14, 14, was very impressive. I was particularly gratified at meeting a large party of Albany friends; it is now decided that I accompany them to Jerusalem. To have such genial companions is indeed pleasant to me, as I had expected to proceed alone, having letters to friends at that place. This arrangement gives me a fortnight longer for Cairo and its vicinity. I enjoy my stay exceedingly as the climate of Egypt during the greater part of the year is remarkably salubrious and delightful; but the fleas, which "breed in the dust" and are excessively numerous, and intolerable must be the residue of the plagues. There are crowds of travelers here and of course many are Americans. "Cairo occupies a space of about three square miles. It is surrounded by a wall, the gates of which are shut at night and is commanded by a large citadel situated near a point of the mountain. The streets are unpaved and most of them but narrow irregular lanes." How gratified I feel to give the cheering intelligence that I have visited the Pyramids and been on top of the Great Cheops "that vast mass of rock piled up, by hands that have been, probably for more than 4000 years dissolved into dust." I had the indomitable courage actually to go up to the summit; but nothing would tempt me to repeat the experiment. Mrs. Lansing, however, has been sufficiently brave to make the ascent three separate times. I have not ventured to enter the underground chambers. There is now at the hotel a young man lying dangerously ill; he rashly penetrated into the cavern, and was punished for his temerity in going without a guide, by falling down into one of these dark chambers. The Arabs wanted to carry up Emma but that I would not allow, though children are frequently taken up, she remained quietly below with Mr. Lansing's son watching my progress.

Last Saturday being a delightfully cool morning we took an early start for our interesting excursion, a ride of about twelve miles, all mounted on donkeys. Emma had one of the little creatures to herself with an Arab walking by her side. One of the first spectacles to rivet our attention

as they jostled against us, was a curious "group of women wearing the wimple or long wrapper closely veiling all but eyes, mounted on donkeys, under the escort of a tall eunuch." We passed through many large groves of the beautiful date palm tree. "The stem shoots up in one cylindrical column to the height of eighty or one hundred feet high, tall and very straight, with the same thickness through its whole length. From the summit of this majestic trunk it throws out a magnificent crown of leaves which are equally graceful in their formation and arrangements. There are no branches or divisions." Drove of slothful camels and goats under the charge of "dusky Egyptians" were passed, and then coming to the muddy River Nile we dismounted to cross the stream. Passegers, men, donkeys and dogs go over in the same open boat, making quite a promiscuous medley! The spot is pointed out where the infant Moses was hid in the long bulrushes which abound, though the island is covered with fruit. One thing however is certain, this is the identical river, the water of which was transformed into blood, and subjected to so many visible, miraculous changes. The same beautiful Nile with its vestiges of ancient grandeur from primeval ages, dotting its classic banks and teeming with interesting and sacred associations. We crossed close by the island of Roda with its thousand year old Nilometer, from which the rise and fall of the Nile is annually measured, by means of this ancient graduated pillar about forty feet in height rising out of a deep well. "The Egyptians depend entirely upon their river for the fertilization of the soil; rain being a very rare phenomenon in their country; excepting in the neighborhood of the Mediterranean. By the autumnal equinox the river attains its greatest height; which is always sufficient to fill the canals by which the fields are irrigated, and inundate large portions of the cultivable land which is impregnated with the rich soil washed down from the mountains."

Our route was over open fields and in some waste places we had a mere foot path for a road; then through the well watered valley with its rich carpet of bright green. On approaching the Pyramids standing on the brink of the desert, I was amazed to find they looked grand but no larger than when seen from the bank of the river, and my first impression was disappointment at what seemed the diminutive bulk. Though Cheops or the Great Pyramid is really "five hundred feet high and covers thirteen acres of ground," having subterranean chambers as sepulchres of kings, and a well one hundred and twenty-nine feet deep. The hill on which these truly mysterious structures and imperishable monuments are built, is one hundred feet high, surrounded by sand on every side, it is covered with lentils, so common in Africa. "The Pyramids were built, not only to serve the purposes of tombs, but also for astronomical observation. They stand exactly due north and south, and are built of blocks of stone."

There happened, at the moment of my arrival, to be no other visitors; with the utmost obsequiousness five Arabs lazily accompanied me to the top, but what for, I could not discover, excepting the hope of *backsheesh*, which they vainly tried to procure. Mr. Lansing, however, had made all the necessary arrangements with the stately Sheik, for *three* guides, and warned me against their importunities. Having intentionally left both watch and purse at home there was nothing to fear, for I had too good an opinion of mankind to believe they would throw a lady off the pyramid, and my equanimity disarmed their avariciousness. The selected guides proved very efficient and kind, especially one who was well versed in all the modern languages, and spoke English particularly well. Either hand

was firmly held by nimble Arabs and a third, who carried my cloak, would occasionally steady me. One of the supernumeraries officiously took my opera glass from my hand, and still another insisted upon taking up a bottle of water and a fan, for both of which I was truly grateful. The ascending was to me a very laborious task as each of the stone blocks are thirty inches or two and a half feet in height, and my power of endurance was fully called in requisition, indeed nothing but the kind encouragement of the Arabs prevented me several times from retracing my steps. About half an hour was occupied in the ascent of this stupendous structure, as they allowed me to sit down on little projections and rest as long as I pleased. When half way up I sat down in a diminutive cavity, and for the first time ventured to look, when little Emma with her party most anxiously regarding me, met my gaze. With persistent tenacity I clung to the guides till we reached the apex, when I stood there for a little time alone, surrounded by five Arabs in their native costume, without one fear. When seated on the summit, which is a space of about thirty-two feet square, more visitors were discerned in the distance approaching, and it was amusing to see how quickly their tender interest in my welfare was forgotten by the two superfluous guides, in their anxiety to assist the new comers; and they made a most precipitant descent, much to my relief. After their departure I wrote that little note to you, and also one to Mr. Bonney's sister, the first, I venture to say, you ever received written from the summit of "Cheops or the Great Pyramid." I traced my name in pencil marks, after which one of the Arabs with his knife carved it into the stone; among many others I saw the name of Jenny Lind. How I should like to have heard one of her bird-like melodious songs from this elevation, as she looked on the rich green of the open country on one side contrasted with the dazzling sand on the other. When sufficiently rested to enjoy the view from this dizzy height, the spectacle that burst upon my entranced gaze was truly grand, and so wonderfully impressive that it can never be forgotten.

"The impression of the solemn grandeur of that monument so full of mystery" was vivid; and as from its summit I gazed on those magnificent scenes, stretching out on every side as they were successively daguerreotyped on my mind, in silence, the appreciative heart rose "from Nature up to Nature's God." There in the Delta, or triangular tract of land was the Nile "gleaming with silvery brightness" trailing along in its circuitous course through its fertile valley of smiling meadows: a charming bird's eye view of Cairo, which is divided into two towns, the old and the new, with its citadel; sacred mosques with their graceful minarets, (from the most lofty turret of which at certain hours, five times a day, the crier ascends and gives the invitation to prayer in the name of God and the prophet;) the Great Desert of Sahara, with its yellow sand of hill and dale shifting in fantastic shapes, was regarded with more than usual interest; site of ancient Memphis, pyramids at a distance; extensive groves of dense luxuriant foliage; and sights innumerable were objects of visible attraction till the wearied eye longs to rest. We were about ten minutes in descending, meeting the new party at the half way cosey little nook. I was indeed truly thankful when with little Emma in my arms I could "thank God that He had safely led me through this terrible ordeal." We walked around the three great pyramids and six small ones, "the stones with which the enormous edifice is built are thirty feet in length" — passing over heaps of ruins and among the Catacombs. Caution

was necessary to avoid falling down into the deep, gloomy holes or chambers for the dead, in which we often saw a stone-case or sarcophagus covered with hieroglyphics. "The art of preparing the mummies is now lost, but some of the embalmed bodies are perfect and distinct at this day, though buried 3000 years ago." Purchases were made of little green images representing them and coins from an Arab guide, which had been found quite lately in a stone coffin. The walk was continued to the colossal Sphinx, which "is no more than the head and part of the shoulders of a woman hewn out of solid rock, and about thirty feet high." It certainly was human in appearance; a large part of it is deeply imbedded in sand and greatly mutilated. The antique fable of "beauty and the beast" so clearly combined in this image instinctively came to mind. We left the elfish monster with its "sad tranquil mien" to the tender admiration of some other more enthusiastically appreciative beauty "claiming a juvenility we do not possess" with the feeling that "the pyramids of Egypt are not only the most stupendous, but to appearance, the most useless structures that ever were raised by the hands of men." There was a joyful excitement and a consciousness that the fatigue was not commensurate with the compensation, but still we were quite willing to rest awhile after this exhausting excursion.

Sight seeing of some kind was accomplished each day, for Egypt abounds in curiosities and antiquities. On one occasion we had a pleasant ride on our donkeys, of two hours, over a fertile country to Heliopolis where Joseph got his wife. There is now nothing left amid the scattered ruins of the small city but one obelisk still standing with hieroglyphics inscribed on it, but so defaced as to be almost illegible and secured from intruders by swarms of wasps to whom we gave a wide berth after they made us aware of their presence, for they quickly caused a pretty general exodus and kept us at a safe distance. The column was put up by Pharaoh at the entrance of the "temple of the Sun" in a garden, it is more than sixty-three feet high; there must have been another obelisk as the ancients always put one on either side of the entrance. It is said Cleopatra brought rare plants from Judea to this spot now so barren and desolate; the mounds of broken bricks and rubbish of the walls are still there and mark the site of this once famous but small city. Close to Heliopolis is the very large and ancient sycamore-tree, covered with the names of tourists, under which the Virgin and Joseph rested. The Holy Family were very tired and thirsty; and as they here tarried at the time of the flight into Egypt—a well of fresh water sprung up for Mary's benefit. There was the old tree and "Virgin's Well" from which we too were refreshed with water, as also regaled after our long, dusty and warm ride, with some of the fine fruit that was taken from the grove of tall lemon trees near it. The view from the platform at the citadel was both grand and extensive, "a magnificent panorama;" the roofs of the houses are far below, the slender and picturesque minarets of the Mohammedan houses of worship being conspicuous on every side. The Mosque in the citadel is a new edifice of vast extent and very superb, it has four tall minarets and one high pulpit but without seats or altars. The arches are fine, giving a curious effect, but the columns and most of the inside is of Oriental alabaster; and with the dense mass of people, ingress or egress through the packed aisles is almost impossible. We all were obliged to put on red cloth shoes before they would allow us to enter any of the mosques, each one of which has a fountain "where the devout Moslem performs

his ablutions previous to prayer, and removes his shoes, but keeps his head covered." Within the citadel's inclosure is the viceroys or pacha's palace, the rooms of which are elaborately furnished and with its beautiful crimson tapestry are very handsome. There was the large throne; I sat in the state chair and counted the jewels; rubies — emeralds — pearls both large and small — with much gold-thread and embroidery. Joseph's Well at the citadel was a great curiosity; it is level with the bed of the river and consists of two parts, with a winding staircase to the bottom, being about 260 feet deep; two mules were turning the wheel which raised jugs of water. We then went into the enclosure of sacrilegious character "where the sheik on horseback rides over the prostrate forms of the pilgrims after their return from Mecca, the wounded victims in their frenzied excitement believing the more they suffer the more blessed they are." Thence to see the frightful declivity where Emin Bey escaped on horseback, March 1, 1811, by leaping his charger over a gap in the stone wall down a steep descent "upon a pile of rubbish thirty or more feet below. The horse was killed, but the rider was not hurt. It was on the occasion of the massacre of all the other chief Mamelukes who had been invited guests to the citadel before leaving on an expedition to Arabia. After the ceremony of investing the son of the pacha of Egypt with command of the army, the guests, who came in their richest suits — mounted their horses to return to their homes, but on reaching the gates, they found them closed. A suspicion of treachery immediately flashed across their minds, which was confirmed by a shower of balls from behind the ramparts. With the single exception of Emin Bey who took the fearful leap, every soul perished." This wholesale murder was caused by jealousy and fear of the Mamelukes.

I was greatly interested in seeing the veiled Egyptian women and girls with antique-like jars on their heads filled with water, men peddling the same "in the well prepared goat skins, slung to the back, the neck (brought under the arm and compressed by the hand) serving as the mouth of this curious but exceedingly useful vessel, and hearing these Oriental water-carriers crying *Moi, Moi, water! water!* Persons of larger dealings had an ass which carries two skins at once, borne like panniers," also carts constantly passing with leather water bottles filled at the Nile with its muddy water. There too were the turbaned long-bearded Mussulmen riding on little donkeys with the inevitable donkey-boy, in the rear, soundly belaboring the rather handsome animal; men having loose breeches and flowing robes; then to the spacious and gay bazaars with many other curious sights. "The streets of Cairo are pestered with the jugglers and fortune tellers. One of the favorite exhibitions is their dancing camels, which, when young, they place upon a large heated floor: the intense heat makes the poor creatures caper, and being plied all the time with the sound of drums, the noise of that instrument sets them a dancing all their lives after. It is said the camel is fond of music, and has a very correct idea of time. When the conductor wishes them to perform extraordinary journeys, instead of chastising, he encourages them with a song, then although they had stopped, and refused to proceed any farther, they will go on very cheerfully, and much quicker than a horse, when pushed by the spur." That is an item worth the attention of the special detectives whose office it is to inspect cruelty to animals and arrest the inhuman offender.

Our excursion to the "garden of Shooba" four miles distant was replete with delight. Over a wide carriage road parallel with the Nile, lined with acacia trees on either side, interspersed occasionally with a sycamore having its broad leaf and low trunk reminding us of Zaccheus, we entered a spacious and elegant garden. It was filled with magnificent specimens of the choicest flowers, fruits and spice trees with its grounds most tastefully laid out. In the centre is a marble paved corridor with marble balustrades around a large square in which are thirty-five or more marble alligators; the water gushes from their mouths making a lovely fountain. We rested in the luxurious parlor situated on one corner of the large inclosure; then the dining-room occupies another corner, the billiard-room a third and soldiers had the fourth. There was a charming display on every side of this little paradise, with its palatial residences and gardens making a scene of marvelous beauty. A visit to the Museum was a source of intense gratification as the cabinet of curiosities was novel and full of antiquarian relics. Mummies were on every side, many of them in an upright position. In some cases the cloth coverings were worn off and we saw part of the human body, a remnant of antiquity, that had been embalmed for preservation by the Egyptians perhaps more than thirty centuries ago. There were many gold and silver ornaments, also costly jewels which had been taken from different sarcophagi. Hieroglyphics were on covers of the massive stone coffins which had been raised from the square holes in the extensive vaults. Probably from one of these mummies had come the grain regarding which we have heard "of the marvelous vitality of wheat growing when planted after it had been clasped for thousands of years in the hands of a mummy." A gigantic statue of Pharaoh stood in pompous stateliness and many remnants of oriental grandeur.

While promenading the busy streets, we were often startled by the shrill yell of an Arab with an elevated "baton of wood" running before the horses of some splendid barouche filled with the gentry. He is "dressed in a loose white robe girdled at the waist with an Indian scarf, having full sleeves drawn up by crimson cords which pass round each shoulder and cross behind where they are tied fast in a knot. He wears a turban composed of a white, red or yellow woolen shawl wound round, or sometimes a red cap and black tassel, but no shoes; his business is to clear the way for the carriages to pass." One of the many "interesting excursions in the vicinity of Cairo" is to the petrified forests six miles distant, from which we obtained fine specimens of the stony wood.

On January 30th, we had an opportunity of seeing the Egyptian troops, with their fine horses; there was a great display of oriental grandeur as the English Admiral presented to the viceroy an "Order" from Queen Victoria.

*Alexandria, Egypt, Feb. 7, 1867.* We parted from our kind friends with deep regret and bade farewell to Cairo, which "in winter is one of the most delightful cities in the world." The days of its picturesque beauty, however, are numbered: the superb mosques are falling to decay, the exquisite lattice windows are rotting away, only the people and the government remain unchanged." Taking the early morning train, we gave a final look at the two principal "pyramids now looming large and blue far away over the city" and proceeded on our journey through the "trackless expanse of white burning sand." This mode of traveling in the desert from Suez to Cairo and thence to Alexandria, was a decided

improvement on the caravans: "long strings of camels laden with baggage and the thirty or more rude omnibus vans, formerly used, which moving out of Cairo and along a road of hard beaten sand, in whiteness resembling those in Italy — occasionally would come to a halt in a streak of deep sand." These camels, each well laden, pacing steadily and so softly along, frequently drop down under its load and is left to die, yet its eyes wistfully look after the departing van. Yet on such a "clear, balmy Egyptian morning," we could scarcely have regretted to go in one. After a ride of seven hours we arrived safely at Alexandria, that "mart of active commerce," with its palms, orange trees and bananas. The view from the flat-roof of Rev. A. Watson's residence is very extensive. Here we go "to enjoy the cool of the evenings" and then had my first sight of the Mediterranean Sea with its sparkling waters looking so beautifully blue and calm. On a small eminence about three fourths of a mile from Alexandria, stands "Pompey's Pillar" about which very little is known. As you "approach the level shores of Egypt it rises up out of the sea, and stands upon the horizon, faintly marked against the liquid sky" as one of the ancient landmarks. It is a "tall red granite column, with shaft highly polished, of elegant structure on a square block of sienite rock sixteen feet square. It is of Corinthian order, with capital carved to represent palm leaves not indented. The monument was erected by Publius after he had been appointed prefect of Egypt." The redish granite four-square pyramids called "Cleopatra's Needles," one of which is imbedded in the sand. ("These obelisks, covered with hieroglyphics, are about sixty feet high, and consist each of a single stone, seven feet square at the base,") and the ancient desolate tombs of sepulchre are the great monuments which sound a dirge to the eminence and prosperity of past generations. Here as in Cairo there was "great amusement to be found in the novelty and drollery of the scene around you amongst such a mixed population. Amidst the trees are seen the rich turbans and dresses of Turks, and Arabians, male and female. On the outskirts, and along the roads leading to the bazaar, was a promiscuous crowd of horsemen in white linen, with sun-hats made of the pith of a tree, helmet shaped, with a veil fastened round the rim. "Here an old Turk, fat and shaky, seated on an Egyptian donkey of four feet in height, his feet reaching to within six inches of the ground, went trotting across the square; there half a dozen half naked boys, each perched between two goat-skins of water. "Four or five English sailors, full of wonderment at the novel mode of travel, were plunging along at a fast gallop; after each was the donkey boy ingeniously poking him in the ribs or under the saddle strap. "A row of camels stalked slowly by and looked with quiet eyes at passing scenes. Dragomans — black, yellow, and white, splendidly dressed in loose breeches and flowing robes, silk and satin vests, some of them with embroidered jackets, and immense gay colored turbans wound around, are quarreling with the donkey owners. Here too comes a dog playing circus with a monkey on his back." Now for a pilgrimage to the "Blessed City."

*Jerusalem to Naples.*

*Jerusalem, Palestine, February, 15, 1867.* With a large and pleasant party, we left Alexandria on the 8th in a French steamer. On our arrival at Jaffa, we found "the entrance to the harbor was through such a narrow, rocky passage with such dangerous waves, that often it is utterly impossible to make a landing and the passengers from the steamships have

to be carried on to Beyrout." It was raining and the sea rather tempestuous, many doubted if we could land, but we did not at all relish the idea of proceeding on any further; however, the Captain hurried passengers ashore. Crowds of native boats were around and the Arabs impatient to start, as in half an hour's time the increasing storm and rough weather would not allow us to venture. We were indeed thankful to touch the shore in safety and not one moment too soon. The peril from wind and wave was great as the billows in their turbulence, were dashing along furiously with unabated violence, and the rain descended in torrents. Then came Custom House inspection, after which the difficult task of climbing those slippery, filthy stone steps. The whole party were pretty well exhausted when the feat was accomplished; and as we trudged on regardless of the weather, there certainly was no lack of laughable incidents. Our dragoman saved us from the cupidity of the exacting Arabs who required "baeksheesh" for the slightest service. Only part of our number could be accommodated at the Hotel which was already well filled. Our experience on that dark stormy night, was a succession of rare scenes of annoyance and fun, till we were finally relieved, after tracing our weary steps, by being safely domiciled in our temporary abode at the Latin Monastery and were well pleased with the generous hospitality of the fathers. The early morning found us on the "flat roofs" to "catch echoes" from the past as we stood looking over the now placid Mediterranean Sea with its engaging reminiscences vividly rising to mind. It still retained the same matchless beauty as in the days when Simon Peter was sent on his mission to Joppa. The sparkling of its fathomless blue waters tempered our excited feelings, and the sacred recollections, that filled our minds, raised our hearts to heaven with gratitude at the realization of a visit to the Holy Land. As far as regards any charms to be found in Jaffa they exist only in association, and the fact of its being the "oldest port in the world, where Noah built his ark, and Hiram brought the cedars for the Temple; but we reserved all the historical sites for inspection till our return from Jerusalem. In fine spirits we rode out on horseback — a few of the ladies on side-saddles, others astride, past "the tall hedges and impenetrable thickets of cactus," these are the only fences and are higher than a man on horseback. For some time we were slowly moving "through those shady fragrant orchards" of orange and lemon trees bending to the ground with the weight of the deliciously ripe golden fruit of immense size regaling us with "scented breezes." Emma rode the whole distance of thirty-six miles on a diminutive donkey, with a muscular Arab of six feet in height walking by her side. We had an amusing adventure with this brawny native. When cantering over "the beautiful plains of Sharon decked with a profusion of wild flowers," he seemed to have come to the conclusion that riding would be preferable to using his own locomotive powers. He therefore threw his herculean limbs over the little animal's back, with his feet almost touching the ground. Emma was sitting in front of him and carpet bags in the rear. This manœuvre was no sooner accomplished, and we again on our way, when the sensible donkey, feeling no desire to be thus hampered, in an instant, most unexpectedly, with a very sudden jerk, skillfully tossed the Arab, Emma, and saddle-bags directly over his head into the soft sand, then stood quietly and looked at them. Neither were injured in the fall and it was indescribably ludicrous to see this strong man sprawling on the ground; there was a general halt and a spontaneous outbursting of noisy merriment

over this spectacle of fallen greatness. The Arab in good humor took the hint given him with such demonstrative expulsive power, and with comical manner re-adjusted saddle and bags; placing Emma once more nicely on the wily beast and then walking by her side, terminated all the trouble.

We remained one night in Ramleh, which "is distinguished for its charming situation, two Turkish mosques and three convents, at the Latin convent making an early start the following morning at three o'clock. It rained nearly the whole of this day, "and the clouds chased along by the wind, threw a mournful obscurity over every object;" umbrellas were broken to pieces by the cold wind which "howled fearfully among the rocks, and thrown away as perfectly useless; but blanket-shawls being adjusted over our heads we proceeded. After a substantial "tiffin," we entered a gorge or valley and followed this till near Jerusalem which is on high ground and the roads to it ascending a good deal from every direction proving the applicability of the phrase "*going up to Jerusalem.*" It would be impossible for any but horses well accustomed to the road, to pass over in safety to the rider. It was narrow, rocky in ledges, and broken fragments, often precipitous and winding amongst the lofty hills which rose abruptly on both sides." On the summit of one hill, the view was extensive and charming with a sight of the Mediterranean sea. After a time we went down into a valley having many fig and olive trees. ["The olives are chiefly cultivated for the sake of the oil that they produce which forms a principal article of food to the inhabitants. This oil is contained in the pulp only, but not other fruits in the nut as kernel; it is obtained by simple pressure after the olives are bruised by a millstone."]

Then another long, rocky, steep hill was ascended and soon we paused with full hearts, while the unbidden tears would fall. In full view, we beheld the Holy City, (with the gray walls twenty-five feet high, and flanked with square "out-bulging towers every few rods" and the tops of a few gray buildings of stone surmounted by domes of the same material give to the whole a sombre appearance at first), surrounded by lofty hills. At five o'clock, P. M., we entered the gate with excited feelings, and as "the horse's hoofs gave forth a ringing sound on the stones of the streets of Jerusalem" we scarcely noticed "how narrow and deserted" they appeared. The consequence of that long, hardy, wet ride on my debilitated system was severe illness that night and following day. The surroundings, however, tended to invigorate the recuperative powers and expedite convalescence, and we can now forget those rough, stony paths and roads with the frightful ravines and trifling annoyances, remembering only with gratitude and awakened enthusiasm that we were permitted to visit Jerusalem. It had been the desire of my heart from childhood, "one of the great expectancies of life; it had been thought of by day, and dreamed of by night," and to me the reality was no disappointment. We inspected all the deeply interesting localities; and what had been "glad anticipations of the future, were now not deficient in the present accomplishment," for we felt thoroughly qualified to appreciate the highest results, with a chastened and subdued spirit as successively exemplified by our visits to every available spot in this "consecrated Palestine." The gold of our party obtained us entrance within the "sacred precincts" of the Temple Area; the Mussulmans have only lately allowed Christians to enter this site of high reverence. My feelings were very tender and solemn, for certainly here Jesus walked. Particular spots were pointed out, and

places assigned for everything you wished to see in Jerusalem, but we saw many defects in the rendition and were skeptical on divers points, as we Protestants have a translation from a higher authority. "There shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down," with "desolation and woe written on every side." The striking features, however, were the same and we saw sufficient without caviling, to which no exception could be taken, to make our visit intensely interesting and conducive of unbounded satisfaction; a gratification to be carried through life, which we would not willingly have foregone.

After walking through the spacious grounds with reverential awe, we ascended the "flights of steps terraced" to the marble platform on which the octagon shaped famous Mosque of Omar is built, with "its immense beautiful dome and its Turkish standard — the golden Crescent — on the summit of Mount Moriah, the site of Solomon's Temple." We touched the Rock, below the dome, on which "Abraham was about offering his beloved Isaac;" over this rock was a canopy of gay colored dusty silks. After viewing the hole or cave below, we passed on to see the "heavy masonry at the beautiful Gate." "One of the singular properties of this mosque consists in the fact that it is constantly, through the day, when the sun is shining, changing color. Being shingled over with red, green, blue, yellow, orange, and indigo colored tiles, eight-sided walls are all the time varying in hue, like changeable silk, from sunrise to twilight. This is contemplated by the admiring Moslem spectators as a perpetual miracle." Within the inclosure of this Ottoman temple you see here and there a solitary, indolent Turk, in scanty garments tight about his person, and turbaned head, smoking his long pipe; quiescent all day long as he, cross legged upon his mat, sits in peace. On Friday we went to the Temple wall to the "Jew's wailing place," and found the small spot filled with "men, women and children of all ages and condition in life, without shoes, reading Hebrew prayers or weeping, some lying flat on the ground, others with faces close to the stones, many of which are worn smooth with their kisses; tears fell fast; it was sad to hear their moans and prayers, and a touching sight to see them weeping over the destruction of their "Beautiful Temple." Strange that they never think of those awful words: Let "his blood be on us, and our children!" The Jews are never allowed by their "Moslem masters" to enter the Temple Area with its beautiful cypresses and palms, but they approach as near as they can to some immense blocks of stone of the inner wall, quite different from the others and probably have been once used as forming a part of Solomon's Temple

The door of the Church of the holy Sepulchre faces a large open court; we could purchase relics in the form of crucifixes, carved shells, beads, &c., all of which are exposed for sale by the venders seated on the ground, beside their mats filled with the precious wares on the brick pavements in front of the building. There are many holes worn in the stones from the constant treading of such a multitude of feet. Turkish guards were seated on a divan at the entrance who like to exact a tribute from visitors. We went up a flight of steps to the top of Calvary, and "saw under a marble altar a hole, two feet deep and six or eight inches square covered with a golden plate, supposed to be the socket of the cross." It made me shudder to put my fingers in the wide fissure of an immense solid rock rent in two pieces by an earthquake; there was no fiction in that! The Greeks have one side and the Latins the other of a spot where the cross

is said to have stood ; each vie with the other as to the most costly and elegant jewels around the consecrated precinct. " Helena, mother of Constantine, excavated and found, it is said, the cross in what is now a dark subterranean room with an altar and lamp perpetually burning, called the Chapel of St. Helena ; the cross was sent to Rome." The Chapel was splendidly ornamented with the hanging lamps of gold and silver. By stooping we went into the Sepulchre through a small door ; this is held in common by the Greeks, Latins and Turks, who have their different sets of costly lamps suspended over a yellowish white marble slab. We counted forty of these gold and silver lamps which are always burning, and on the altar were arranged many precious jewels from the Sovereigns of Europe. It was a singular spectacle to observe the jealous custodians, from different nations, thus standing guard over their particular section of the grave, while many devout pilgrims were kneeling and kissing the white marble.

The Greek church has for her great patron the Emperor of Russia. The French Empress Eugenie had given a large sum of money for repairing the Temple, and different kinds of workmen were busily engaged in their own particular craft, and scaffolding was in various parts of the building. The incessant sound of hammers, and the noisy stirring scene with the present dilapidated condition was jarring to my feelings ; and especially in that consecrated edifice with its inviolably sacred associations, was it exceedingly repulsive to be in the midst of such a din of turmoil. Passing through the stone battlemented walls at St. Stephen's gate, where the martyr made his happy exit, we saw before us the Mount of Olives, Valley of Jehoshaphat which separates it from the city, and the surrounding scenery of ancient hills and vales dotted with the traditional sites. We descended the rough and rocky road to the brook of Kedron which was perfectly dry, and then were in close proximity to a sacred locality, for just at the base of the hill is the Garden of Gethsemane. Though it was not in the isolated position I had pictured, yet even the supposition that it possibly might be the scene of our Saviour's agony, caused a shrinking and sensitive reverence in approaching the opening to what might or might not be the identical and interesting spot. This was a square plot that occupied less than an acre of ground inclosed by a low, rough stone wall and now belongs to the Latin Convent. A flower garden has been formed from part of the land, and pretty bouquets were soon presented by the friar for us to purchase. I counted eight olive trees apparently of great antiquity that overshadowed the inclosure ; " they were of enormous size and of immense girth ; and having become splintered and shriveled with age were certainly great curiosities as vegetable productions." The shade must be perfect when the trees are covered with their summer foliage, though some were quite hollow and supported by props. We seated ourselves on a few of the many immense gnarled roots far above the ground and thanked God for that great contest. How vividly the past came to mind, how near Heaven seemed as we stood face to face in long, earnest conference with the Hearer of Prayer ! After exploring every nook and crevice with deepest interest, yet with a feeling of great depression, we finally turned with more certainty to " follow the traces of our Saviour" as we climbed the ancient road leading from Jerusalem to the Mount of Olives. We traversed the very same steep path so often trod by holy feet which ascends from the bed of the brook Kedron. It was a precipitous, hard ascent which enabled us frequently to turn and look at the city ; but from the top of the mosque on the summit of the

mount, the supposed site of the ascension, we had a grand bird's eye view of the entire consecrated ground. "Numerous olive trees were scattered along the sides of the declivity and on the eminence."

Having climbed the craggy eminence to the summit of Olivet, being three hundred feet above the temple area, one looks directly down upon the city which is spread out before him like a map, every building and every locality can be distinguished. The scene was certainly very imposing and the appearance of the city, with its long line of battlemented walls with their towers and gates, the domes and cupolas and the minarets of the mosques, formed a magnificent panoramic view. We had a clear survey of the Dead Sea, twenty miles distant, and "the region round about Jordan," also the "Wilderness of Judea and the peculiar features of a smiling country for miles around. Six pilgrims from Turkey, in the usual costume with a palmer's staff in hand, sandals on feet and broad-brimmed hats, arrived while we were in the little chapel; they prostrated themselves to kiss what they supposed the foot prints of the Saviour in the rock. Our horses and donkeys were sent along the rocky mule-tracks to meet us at Bethany, while we walked from the Mount of Olives along the same road our Saviour and his disciples so often trod, to that little village two miles distant. The beautiful full double Rose of Sharon — "celebrated as the queen flower" — was not in bloom, but we found a few old fashioned red poppies, of tiny size, looking cheerful and pretty imbedded in the green grass. Soon, however, the dismantled beauty of these fields would be restored, when the plain of Sharon also would be "covered with a profusion of roses, the white and red narcissus, white and orange lily which with its tulips in such a variety of colors forms a lovely parterre." It was a pleasant, reflective walk, for we beheld the same beautiful views our dear Jesus had so frequently gazed upon, and we repeatedly rested, sitting under the shade of an olive tree, to cast a look over the sunny hills. After going a short distance down the stony road towards Jericho, being the one that Jesus traveled to heal Lazarus, we turned and looked down into the damp, gloomy tomb of Lazarus cut out of a rock with twenty-five stone steps to descend. To obtain a good view of the small, dilapidated village of Bethany, we went on a broken rock, part of the ruins of an old watch house and sat down on a grassy mound. The miserable tenement of Mary and Martha had been purchased by an English lady, who had put a high fence around it. The view of Jerusalem is perfectly grand on both the roads from Bethany, and calls up a "vista of the past with its scenes of peace and turmoil, freedom and bondage." We saw the tomb of the kings; the Jewish cemetery, and at Absalom's tomb while we stood gazing, some Jews passed and threw stones at it. Their peculiar manner caused an enquiry to be made, and we found it was their custom; "it is completely surrounded by small stones to a considerable depth, thrown by the Jews from time immemorial to show their contempt for his conduct." The women clothed in white at the Mohammedan tombs attracted our attention, we then returned through the Zion gate; here were many lepers with crooked hands, sores and lumps, swollen, distorted faces, a frightful and "pitiabie sight." Among the sites visited, were the pool of Hezekiah, pool of Siloam and other "traditional stations;" we looked over the broken stone walls of the pool of Bethesda, down into its almost dry depths, of seventy-five feet deep, three hundred and sixty feet long, and one hundred and thirty wide.

Another day we passed through the Jaffa gate, down the steep descent

for Bethlehem, and much enjoyed the ride of six miles in two hours over barren hills. At the Greek convent "a depression is shown in the rock, said to be made by the form of Elijah, who here lay, weary and hungry when he was fed by an angel." A good view also of the Dead Sea was obtained. "As we approached Bethlehem, the valleys grew more fertile, sides of the hills were cultivated in terraces which support the olive trees and the vineyards." After passing fields of fig and olive groves, when about a mile from Bethlehem a green valley was pointed out where the shepherds watched their flocks. "A large monastery consisting of the Latin, Greek and Armenian convents surround the church used in common which stands over the cave of the Nativity." After a tiffin at the Latin convent we went to see the sacred sites of stable and manger. "In the aisles of the fine large church, built in shape of a Latin cross, were forty-eight superb marble columns." The star on the marble floor marked the spot over which the heaven's star stood still. Going down a flight of fifteen steps we came to the chapel of the Nativity, it was brilliantly lighted with gold and silver lamps; the floor was inlaid with marble. On the east side was a white marble slab with a silver sun to mark the birth-spot; here were sixteen silver lamps. On the west of it is the manger with a marble floor; over the rock splendid curtains were suspended and the place brilliantly illuminated. As we were passing on, prostrate pilgrims were kissing the silver birth spot with reverential awe and it did not seem unbecoming; far better thus than the levity manifested by the skeptical exceptioner, for it "stands first among the holiest places on earth." There too was the tomb of the 2,000 Innocents massacred by the order of King Herod. "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachael weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not." We procured beautiful crosses of pearl and various sorts of other trinkets of shell work "made from the shell of the pearl oyster." These are the specialty of Bethlehem, which "the purchaser takes with him into the church of the Holy Sepulchre to be blessed by laying on the tomb or in the socket of the cross." We halted at Rachel's Muslim tomb not far from Bethlehem, it is a small, square yellowish house with very ancient looking round dome. Too rapidly came the time for our return, it was a cool, pleasant day and after lingering on a lofty hill to take our last look at the earthly Jerusalem "filled with holy memories," as it was then "glittering in the sun's rays which shone with inconceivable splendor on towers and domes," we proceeded on our way fanned by the exhilarating breezes and much enjoyed our ride. I, as also the majority of the ladies of our party, as a matter of preference, rode in masculine style, cavalier fashion, astride on horseback and found it a much safer mode than riding sideways. We could with greater ease maintain the necessary equilibrium going through those difficult stony ravines, or down the narrow, rough, dangerous precipitous descents and gorges. There was a marked difference returning, both as to our comfort, and ease of management to that of going, quite sufficient to silence any caviling at want of delicacy. Field after field of olive and fig trees gave a freshness and interest to our excursion. We slept again at Ramleh in the Russian convent, and went on the terraced roof for a view of the country; as we stood there the call from the minaret sounded on our ears for it was the hour of prayer.

The following day, after a charming ride, we reached Jaffa in safety and then commenced the usual mishaps: the hotel was full, the Latin

convent was full, but the American Consul as a *dernier resort* kindly escorted us to the Greek monastery and at his request we were accommodated with delightful rooms. We visited the house of Simon the tanner, went out and sat for a long time on the flat roof where Peter had his trance, or had not, it mattered but little as to the exact spot, we could not be far from it. This was a very old building, on part of one roof they have placed a light house for ships at sea. We walked through a few of the many fields of orange and lemon trees, the size of our largest apple trees, all filled with the ripe, delicious golden fruit, such a beautiful sight. It was a privilege to be allowed, in return for a small sum, to select fine twigs with several enormous luscious oranges on them. The trees were much too closely laced together for our comfort as they impeded our locomotion; the heavy fruit weighing the branches to the ground made our progress through the scented groves rather a difficult task. We went outside the gates to visit the Settlement of the American Colony of about fifty families not far from the walls, and found the men occupied in putting up some comfortable frame residences. These travelers had suffered severely from sickness by living in tents; their encampment during the rainy season was on the low ground near the sea. About one-third of the company are dissatisfied, they have "fallen into serious dissensions, and are divided into two factions, one for and the other against Mr. Adams. The practices of the colonists are of the most varied and inharmonious character, "they do not agree even in religious matters. Perhaps the saddest feature of all is, that the great body of those who stand by Mr. Adams are industrious, well-meaning New England men, who sincerely believed that they would better their condition by coming to this land; it has been truly to them a bitter and crushing disappointment." The Consul has written to the United States for a ship to take home such as desire to return and many expect to leave for America. They do not come out as missionaries according to my idea, but believe the *curse* is now to be removed from Palestine and then they would have eligible homes in this country. They are quite a different people from what I expected to welcome on a mission field; there was much to admire and not a little to condemn; "their godlike trust and faith" had too much the semblance of being absorbed in temporal aggrandizement.

Our entire party excepting myself went in the French steamer to Beyrout. My passage was also paid to the same port, but as unfortunately the baggage was left at Alexandria, Emma and myself are necessitated to remain patiently in Jaffa for a return vessel to take us to that place. "Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, rises in the form of an amphitheatre, and is surmounted on the top by a round castle; it contains a population of 5000, of which 1000 are Christians. The port, which is defended by two batteries is so choked up with sand that none but small vessels can approach the shore. The houses are principally built of stone; the streets are narrow, dirty and badly paved. The town, however, looks well at a distance, surrounded as it is by beautiful orchards of orange and lemon trees and tall waving cypresses. "It was from Jaffa Jonah embarked; and here Peter recalled Tabitha to life. It was fortified by Louis IX of France, in the 13th century. In 1799 Jaffa was taken by Napoleon after an obstinate and murderous siege. 4000 Turkish soldiers were inhumanly butchered by the order of Napoleon after they had capitulated with the express understanding that their lives should be spared. Just before his retreat across the Desert to Egypt he ordered 500 disabled soldiers to be poisoned!"

## CHAPTER XXII.

## HOMEWARD ROUTE.

*Messina, Sicily.* We are now snugly domiciled in the hotel "Trinacria," but will if you please retrace our steps to the Greek monastery where we last communed. You remember "Jaffa has no harbor, no safe anchorage, and vessels lie a mile from the shore." It was raining when our friends left for Beyrout, and appearances indicated very threatening weather and soon the heavens were overspread with black clouds. The storm increased and was so violent that for several days after their departure the steamships could not stop. I had the mortification of a much longer detention than was desirable, and tantalized with seeing at intervals one vessel and then another in the horizon, only to have my excess of joy soon changed into despair as it was sailing away. We had a fine, large comfortable room with its pleasant wide terrace facing the Mediterranean, and shall ever bear a grateful remembrance of the courtesy of the good monks. I was, however, very weary remaining so long at the Greek monastery when one morning early, much to my delight a steamship hove in sight. The Consul and his family thought it the height of temerity for me to attempt to go on board. Not a boat put off. I was not to be dissuaded, but decided to make an effort to reach the steamer bound for Alexandria, not sufficiently realizing the inexcusable recklessness of so doing. The Consul kindly sent his clerk as my escort; and after much debate finally succeeded in securing the crew, of one strong, large, open boat willing to make the hazardous experiment, for the storm raged most violently. The monks shook their heads at the audacious attempt and told me even when in the boat, not to go; but tumultuous weather for many more days was predicted and I could not remain.

The stern looking Arab boatmen with their "turbans and dark faces" seated the clerk, Emma and myself at the bottom of the boat with strict directions not to move; and then, with extreme caution, rowed with great speed, and soon we were upon the stormy, perilous sea. The steamer seeing the approach of a boat laid to; yet very faint, I afterwards found, were the expectations of any persons on board that our frail bark could ever reach her. Captain, passengers and crew stood watching, for they saw our critical situation as we were breasting the storm, and shot away through the surging waves, which drenched us with sea water. The gale was fearful, rain falling fast, wind very high and sea boisterous; it was a formidable undertaking, and probably the prime motive inducing these Arabs to take me out, was to show their superior skill over the rival boatmen; for they said truly that no passengers would be allowed to leave the steamer that day to land at Jaffa. The howling of the tempest was terrific; the sea would make seemingly a complete breach over the tiny craft that wretched as if breaking, and several times we were almost swamped as we pitched down with violence into the deep trough or fathomless valleys of the sea. With the high walls of water on either side, it seemed as though we could never rise, and only with the greatest difficulty could these experienced sailors thus "struggling with the merciless elements," guide

her aright to hold against the force of the wave. The foam dashed in our faces; but terror-stricken, in speechless stupor I sat with Emma in my lap, watching the further progress of plunging, tossing and dashing — reflecting on the small chance we had of being saved. The paroxysm of my rash folly in this jeopardy to so many lives was, now when too late, bitterly regretted, causing my heart to go up in supplication to the Great Keeper, who could still the “apparently infuriated elements,” and hold even those raging billows in his hand; and I was peaceful. The rocks were many with the surf breaking over in white foam; the boat-steerer took circuitous routes, and most skillfully avoided the danger of being dashed on the ledge and capsized or our boat stove in. The gale was increasing, but at last we drew near the steamship; I saw the Captain on the wheel-house bridge; orders were given by the officers; the stairs had been lowered, and sailors stationed down the steps to the last one; on the deck stood men holding ropes ready to throw. With tremendous force waves dashed us up against the side of the steamer, and the boat was nearly upset as we reeled with the shock and bounded back far off from the vessel. With the returning wave ropes were thrown but could not be caught; the Arabs tried to hook on with their long implements but all in vain; one man lost his balance and fell into the boisterous sea but held on to his boat-hook and was rescued. In this perilous predicament amid unavailing exertions of aid from the steamer came two or three such fearful thumps in quick succession, “which threatened to dash us into fragments at every shock.”

Then the head boatman—who seemed well fitted for his perilous duty—leaned forward and in Arabic—which was briefly interpreted by the clerk, said: “give me the child,” with a peremptory tone, an unmistakable manner that admitted not a word of remonstrance, for it was our last hope. Whispering a few words to Emma I relinquished my grasp in hopeless agony as the sturdy, powerful Arab took the child in his arms; there was a sublimity in his demeanor as bracing himself firmly, with a gallant bearing he held her aloft. In speechless silence I watched his every movement with a basilisk fascination. Then another furious wave lifted up and dashed the boat towards the steamer; but as we approached—with one strong effort he flung that precious one from him, through the space between the two vessels, over that deep black, foaming abyss! Oh God! What a second! Even now I shudder in nervous horror at the recollection of that thrilling experience; but she went straight as an arrow into the outstretched, brawny arms of the noble seaman who caught the gentle and bewildered child. She was dexterously passed from man to man till placed in the care of one on deck. The dreadful scene, agonizing beyond description, passed like a frightful dream! but I knew *she* was saved and I thanked God for such a relief. I heard a confused noise and shrieks as again with a terrible crash we struck with a force that nearly engulfed us, and our peril was extreme as with a recoil we bounded off. As once more we were raised on another billow and neared the ship, two Arabs resolutely seized and lifting me as though but a feather, said something. I was powerless and stood aghast; there seemed a blank—but amid the din I was conscious of being held by the sailors on the steps; then the cheerful words of an officer: “Now madam, you are safe”—fell like music on my ear as they bore me to the cabin. I was subsequently informed by the Captain and others, that all on board were terrified as the danger was imminent of

being lost, it seemed almost a hopeless case and that our "narrow escape from death was highly providential." When I revive the awe-inspiring memories of that eventful day, and of the portentous dark cloud which loomed up before the "Valley of the Shadow of Death," I feel with gratitude and unspeakable joy that God alone averted the fatal blow that might have proved disastrous to so many. His protecting care was made manifest in relieving of thrilling apprehension, guiding the frail craft "over the foamy crested billows" and then ultimately allowing us to arrive in safety at Alexandria without any untoward accident further than a stormy passage. When the crashing sound of the cannon announced the arrival of our staunch little steamer it brought back the scenes of peaceful life to every heart.

After being snugly settled on board a French steamer of the "Compagnie des Messageries Maritimes," we were pleased to meet with friends from Canton on their homeward route to England. As our fine steamer glided majestically through the blue sparkling water with its musical rippling we were charmed with the changing view, such a diversity of scenery unrivaled in beauty, backed with its mountain range and Mount Etna at a distance. The approach to Messina is very beautiful; the straits in some parts not more than two miles wide, and at times we were quite near the banks covered with luxuriant verdure. The hills are beautifully terraced to the summit with olive and fig trees. It was to us a season of ineffable delight, inhaling the scented breezes from the slopes and valleys of the vine-clad shores of sunny Italy on one side, and the classical islands of beautiful Sicily, separated by only this narrow strait. "Sitting on the upper deck we get a fine view of the scenery along the shores, which is grand and picturesque, consisting of a succession of hills which sweep far back from the water in graceful undulating lines, with occasionally dark ravines nestling between them." We watched a locomotive with its train of cars as it dashed swiftly along through the green meadows. The white stone houses gave a cheerful aspect as we approached the crescent shaped Messina with its exquisite scenery of picturesque views and charming localities; that city soon became the one engrossing object of interest. Presently we were in the friendly shelter of the fine commodious harbor, when the anchor was dropped. It was indeed a relief, when having passed safely from the tender mercy of Custom House officials, unscrupulous boatmen, and the importunity of hackmen we finally were cuscensed in the "Trinaeria" and most refreshing it was to have the luxury of a quiet, comfortable room after our long sea voyage.

How strangely the streets looked, lighted so brilliantly with gas, while the incessant rumbling of carriage wheels over the singular square blocks of lava used as street pavements till the midnight hour, was conclusive evidence we were not then in China. The following day was the Sabbath, but it was far from being a season of rest in Messina. It was the "Carnival" and a gay time they made it, being one of the "out-of-door displays." From the pleasant balconies we had a full view of all the brilliant processions. Such crowds of people in mask, many of them hideous; some elegantly dressed in velvets of the most gorgeous colors dashed past in handsome equipages; rich embroidery and satins covered many forms; and others were decked out grotesquely in all kind of fancy costumes. His Satanic Majesty's horned head was very conspicuous as his cloven foot with demonstrative force succeeded in removing all ob-

structions to his progress, and woe to the luckless sprite who had the temerity to cross his path. Harlequins with their droll buffoonery vigorously vied with each other; indeed the hotel front seemed to be a rendezvous for all the merry-andrews, mountebanks and masquerading, such a motley assemblage I never before beheld. The streets were literally packed, except one line kept open by the constant passing of elegant carriages filled with the nobility, gentry and officials in brilliant court costume. A practice of close espionage and interest for the public welfare was plainly observable, though all seemed in good humor, full of vivacity, and ready participators for any farce, yet a suspicious eye was kept on all movements, nothing, however, marred the mirth, still the carnival proceeded gaily. We were invited to join a party of travelers to make the ascent of Mt. Etna about forty miles distant; the railway was completed to the pretty city of Catania at the base of the mountain, but we declined to make the attempt. The coral ornaments were most exquisite and far more reasonable in regard to price than in Italy. After a reconnoitre of available sites as far as practicable, viewing the curiosities and supplying ourselves abundantly with the delicious fruits of Sicily we prepared without regret to leave the invigorating, salubrious climate of this celebrated island with its volcanic region.

We left Messina one cloudy afternoon at four o'clock in a miserable little steamer that did not present a cheering aspect in case of a gale. Though once or twice I was needlessly alarmed in supposing we were going to the bottom, yet all these imaginary troubles were effaced as in the cool of the early morning we steamed up the lovely Bay of Naples. How forcibly its horse-shoe form reminded me of sunny crescent shaped Macao, and with fresh delight we observed the beautiful approach to this attractive city. The first point of attraction was Mount Vesuvius so conspicuous in its lone sublimity "clothed in its drapery of eternal winter," on which the eye rested with serious perplexity. The pure white snow on its sides presented a singular and welcome sight, not having seen any for years. Emma had never beheld snow and with surprise asked what it was. Then the beds of ashes, and the black streams marking the course taken by the molten lava, in its great current down the craggy descent were topics of wonderful interest. The "magnificent villas" so beautifully embowered in luxuriant groves or fruitful gardens came in for a full share of admiration. In all the surroundings there was a fascinating, a most transcendent beauty. I never wearied of the strikingly beautiful and picturesque scenery; it was well adapted to excite intense emotion as connected with antecedent events of traditional lore. We were gazing in mute awe at the prominent, solitary, mountain citadel in its towering strength and defiance; so commanding in its position and intrenchment over every avenue of approach to the classical Emporium. The luminous blue smoke was curling up in fantastic wreathy convolutions as it issued from the crater at the summit, or open chinks on its abrupt sides. It seemed to be well provided with powerful artillery, and all necessary munitions for destruction within its own strong-hold, for hurling devastation and making desolate those charming environs of luxury and enjoyment. Our temporary resting-place was the Hotel Des Etrangers, beautifully situated on the Bay with Vesuvius in full view directly across the broad expanse of water. The following day Rev. Mr. Buscarlet, Presbyterian clergyman of the Church of Scotland, extended to us the hospitalities of his pleasant, genial Christian home. Here we found not only rest and

shelter, but a beneficial influence was imparted to both mind and wearied body; we also had here the pleasure of meeting the Waldensian pastor, Rev. George Appia and his estimable wife. A day of rich enjoyment was passed at Sorrento; starting in an early train we went by railroad in the luxurious drawing room car to Castellamare, a watering place with its sulphurous springs "beautifully situated on the spacious bay at the foot of a wooded hill." From thence it was a charming carriage drive to "Sorrento the birth-place of Tasso," with its flower scented atmosphere and exquisite pedestrian excursions in the classic neighborhood. It was a treat to ramble through the seductively tempting groves of orange and lemon trees with the ripe, luscious yellow fruits pendant from the overloaded branches, inhaling the grateful and pleasant aromatic odors. The curious specimens of wood work here manufactured for sale, with pleasant excursions to the usually frequented haunts were exceedingly interesting. The houses of Naples, five and six stories in height, having flat roofs covered with boxes of earth or vases containing flowers had a gay aspect. "The streets that lie open to the bay were beautiful and straight, all being paved with square blocks of lava laid in mortar." The picturesque beauty of the fine view from the Castle of St. Elmo on the hill behind the city could scarcely be equaled; the fertile and handsome hills of the environs were covered with rich contents; and visits to the Cathedral with its baptismal font, an antique vase, all were full of interest.

In all the churches we saw very beautiful, rich paintings, frescoes, and precious marbles. It would be difficult to eradicate from mind the exquisitely sculptured white figure, so delicate and life like of Oriental alabaster, designated the *Veiled Christ*, seen in the chapel of Santa Maria by descending a few steps into a lower apartment; it is a remarkable piece of statuary. It requires weeks to go understandingly through the Museo Nazionale at Naples having its many extensive sections filled with ancient treasures, obtained in the excavations from Pompeii and Herculaneum. The large picture gallery; pieces of statuary both of bronze and marble, from colossal size to the most diminutive, were conspicuously arranged; frescoes, mosaics, vases, gems, gold and silver ornaments of all kinds, the utensils of various craft, fruits, nuts, bread and antiquities of every description. In glass cases were the forms of persons exhumed from the ashy ruins. "These ruins possess a peculiar power for the fate of the Pompeians must have been dreadful. Pliny the younger who was an eye-witness of the memorable explosion of Vesuvius by which Pompeii was overwhelmed says: "A darkness suddenly overspread the country, like that of a closed room, in which the light is on a sudden extinguished. Women screamed, children moaned, men cried, a rain of ashes buried them alive by degrees."

The entire day of Friday March 8th was spent at Pompeii, that "City of the Dead" the greater and most splendid part of which still remains buried in ashes at least fifteen feet deep. "The streets which have been uncovered evidently contained the habitations of common citizens" but new excavations discover greater wonders. My mind was thoroughly impressed with the quiet influences of the place, not a sound to break the solemn stillness. A person possessing a nervous temperament might not be materially benefitted, if his summer recreation was to be obtained in the sun-illuminated landscapes of Pompeii. The excavations through ashes and pumice are still going on bringing to light hidden treasures which lay entombed 1600 years. The particular part that is now being opened,

has been inclosed to debar all antiquarians till the relics have been removed. An intelligent soldier-guide escorted us to the various localities, that we could understand the actual mode of life and customs of the inhabitants. We traversed those deserted streets with intense interest; they are well paved with the same kind of stone of which the ancient roads are made, and narrow causeways are raised a foot and a half on each side for the convenience of foot passengers. The street is narrow with houses on each side and the traces of deep ruts in those pavements show what a constant passing of vehicles had once been. Houses were entered unbidden whose floors were paved with mosaics; the walls of many being elegantly adorned with fresco paintings representing ancient scenes. At the doorway was the word "*Salve*" a welcome carved in the mosaic; at the entrance of another residence a caution to beware of the dog: "*Cave Canem*" was inscribed on the floor in mosaic below the figure of a fierce chained dog. We rested on broken pillars of colonnades amid ruins of grand edifices; walked through flower gardens with a tripod here and there; "marble dolphins sending forth clear water from their mouths" into the pretty fountain. With tearful eyes we scanned those skeletons, and forms in various striking attitudes under glass cases, with terror, agony or tragic horror depicted on the countenance. What a day that was to be stamped on the tablets of memory, such a season of gratification with its historical associations, connected with scores of little incidents conspicuous as mental landmarks. At the abrupt termination of a street was a high hill covered with large trees rising from its grassy bed, which I quite naturally supposed was solid ground, but the guide with a stick loosened sufficient of the debris which was at least fifteen feet above my head, to convince me that brick walls and broken columns were there ready for the inspection of government officials; and that massive ruins were still to be uncovered to the development of perhaps increased resources, for probably the most splendid streets are as yet concealed underneath this heavy rain of ashes and fragments of rock.

We roved about as excursionists know how, with a zest and perfect satisfaction in the daring enterprise of inspecting close neighborhoods, free from all bickerings, whose surroundings expressed only sunny cheerfulness till nightfall, when we turned from this quiet tableau. Another day was devoted to Mt. Vesuvius: having eager anticipations and indefatigable perseverance, with a determination of carrying into execution my desire to make the ascent, we were equipped for starting at an early hour. By rail-road to Portici, passing through Resina four miles from Naples *en route* to Vesuvius, we could scarcely realize that this city is built over entombed Herculaneum. Visitors were going and returning at all hours. Rev. A. M. Buscarlet procured me a trustworthy and efficient guide of his acquaintance, and with irrepressible courage I started alone with the Italian guide for the intended goal. "The declivity of Mount Vesuvius towards the sea, is every where planted with vines and fruit trees, and is equally fertile towards the bottom. The south and west sides are covered with black cinders and stones." It was a truly novel horseback ride; through black and dreary fields of lava, with massive blocks piled in your way over which the patient and educated horse must climb or stumble. The peculiar duty of the rider is to maintain a firm seat and hold; but not to guide the horse in his progress over this rough, desolate, chaotic region with dismal blackness on every side as the trained beast well knows the road, and the guide walks by his side. All the valleys were filled by

solid masses of scoria, and beds of lava rocks ejected from the crater which was once a liquid matter, "a fiery tide of lava," flowing from the volcano, that spared nothing in its progress. Sometimes the hoof of the horse would strike the rocks of lava, giving forth a ringing sound of metallic clinking. At ten o'clock I dismounted from my horse and — having neither the strength or inclination to climb — seated myself in one of those mountain chairs always ready at the base of the cone. Four men raised it, and being carried with slow but sure progress, I was safely deposited on the summit of Mt. Vesuvius with its volcano 3948 feet above the level of the sea. It is difficult to account for the unspeakable joy experienced in looking *down* on the beautiful Bay of Naples, those waters of twinkling brightness, while a semblance of sparks floated before my vision as if emitted from its blue bosom. Only a few days previous I had looked *up* to that wonderful conical mount with many apprehensions that I would not accomplish its ascent, but the difficulties were overcome. When the chair was put down, I was soon stepping over ashes, pumice, sandy earth and lava "like the scoria of an iron furnace," in fast progress to the crater investigating its wonders. Leaning over the edge of the yawning chasm, looking down the immense opening of the deep funnel shaped ugly hole, I gazed distrustfully into the aperture or mouth of the volcano, but could only see gray ashes and cinders filled to within a few feet of the surface of this wonderful natural curiosity of Italy, but the hot sulphurous vapor was stifling, bringing on a severe paroxysm of coughing. Close to the crater of half a mile wide which so often had emitted fire, I picked up choice specimens of lava covered with efflorescences of sulphur. The mountain now seemed a thing of life full of mysterious sounds, subterranean thunder and rumbling noises beneath us. The guide said, as the opening was so nearly full, these internal convulsions and subterranean tumults indicated an eruption could not be far distant. [He was correct in his surmise and premonitions of a catastrophe, and his terrifying predictions were verified; for shortly after my return to America, Vesuvius again broke out with accumulated fury and sent forth desolation, in its fearful activity, as a vast quantity of melted matter ran down its sides like a river.] The ground in many places was uncomfortably hot from the hidden fires; in one spot my foot rested for a second to be quickly drawn back, as the heat was intense, causing the leather of my shoe to be quite scorched and drawn up. Hot fumes, sulphurous vapor and smoke constantly issued forth from crevices in every direction; in these small fissures eggs were roasted and paper lighted.

On the apex of this mountain as near to the crater as I could conveniently sit, without increased alarm of peril, I partook with great satisfaction of the bountiful lunch prepared by my kind friends and regaled with bunches of choice luscious grapes. After which I could better appreciate the grand and captivating scene of the splendid panorama of rare loveliness on every side as far as the eye could reach, with its grouping of cities; numerous villages; palatial residences; mountains thrown together, resembling castellated forts; the crescent bay with its silver glitter on the "smooth and glassy surface;" the crystalline rivers in winding course, with every thing to please the eye. Those inward convulsions did not abate, which with the nauseous sulphury fumes and curling up of the smoke, in fleecy clouds from a seam in the crust of the earth close by my side, satisfied me this was not a perfectly safe time for the ascent of Vesuvius. If there was unutterable terror it was hushed into reverence, for it

was a time of anxious experience to be near a *volcano* that dated beyond the reach of history or tradition, whose fatal shocks proved how unstable was the foundation of the neighboring cities. Our *descent* was very rapid. I had declined the use of the chair; and now partly stepping, partly sliding down the precipitous cone, nearly knee deep in the ashes, with the assistance of the guide I was quickly at the base without a single fall or mishap of any kind. A party of travelers who had nearly reached the summit, greeted me with a waving of handkerchiefs. There was considerable of self complacency and rejoicing in having achieved this feat, with a determined cheerfulness that did not allow of "getting flurried, or smothered in the dust of defeat." Mounting my horse for a return over what might be fabled Tartarus domains and shades of Hades, we paused for a time to listen to the witching *echo* near the cone, as the reverberations from the solid hill are very fine. After a rest at the half-way house, we proceeded to Resina and were soon at the entry to Herculaneum where no excavations are now going on but an inexhaustible mine of curiosities is yet to be dug out of these subterranean ruins. We found quite a party ready for the exploration; each traveler being provided with a lighted candle we went down the stone steps under the city into those dark, damp rooms of this wonderful excavation, with the knowledge and peculiar feeling that the debris is eighty feet deep over head. The sombre, glimmering light from the candles overspread with gloom the recesses in this humid, cheerless, subterranean city, that we did not relish traversing the circuitous passage, and were impressed with the death like silence. Herculaneum was destroyed by "torrents of volcanic mud and wet ashes." "The rock in which the ruins are imbedded and buried is indurated ashes," which ran into every crevasse, making all like solid stone; thus rendering it an impossibility to excavate with the expedition displayed at Pompeii, which was only covered by the "showers of dry ashes, pumice and stones, so that only the ground floors of the houses were filled." The circular tiers of the large theatre with adjacent parts and a large deep well are about the extent of the excavations. We saw deeply imbedded in the wall of lava, the perfect cast of a human face most strongly marked. I returned to my friends well satisfied with the exploit in its flashes of adventurousness and never regretting the sacrifice of time or the amount of trouble.

My visit in Naples with its lofty houses, narrow streets and the scenic beauty of its environs was a charming one, replete with pleasant relaxations and many "a vivid picture of perilous times and scenes," are often recalled to mind. I much enjoyed the Sabbath services in the chaste little Chapel in Palazzo 5 bis Chiatamone, and was pleased to see such a goodly number of Americans present to hear that faithful ambassador for Christ expound the truths of the Holy Gospel.

*Naples to Cherry Hill.*

Rome, Italy, March 20, 1867. Gen. Rufus King, our United States Minister, sent me a permit for my luggage to pass the Roman frontier unopened which relieved me from all annoyance on the part of officials.

The whistle of the early train sounded a shrill blast as we bade adieu to our courteous entertainers, and soon we were rapidly leaving the great Emporium of Southern Italy, and passing through a luxuriant land of vineyards, orchards of olives, with many beautiful flowers, catching glimpses of soft Italian views and magnificent scenery. South Italy

seemed to be one great graperly. The cultivation of vegetables and tillage of the earth generally, was apparently the sphere for female labor; the peasants in their picturesque costume drew my attention. As we saw many more women than men engaged in field labor, they probably are supporters of Woman suffrage; and being the representatives of "Woman's Rights" they take precedence, in a life monotonous drudgery of agricultural affairs.

We were looking for the seven hills as we neared the capital of the "Papal States" and the river "Tiber which divides the city into two unequal parts;" the scenery as we went whirling along was lovely and everything seemed fresh. Rome, the "Eternal City" was entered at dusk, but the bright gas light soon revealed to us kind friends who were in waiting. With gratitude we accepted the proffered invitation of Rev. Dr. James Lewis and wife, of the Scotch Presbyterian church, to make their home our abode while we remained in Rome and we again became the recipients of generous hospitality. Gen. and Mrs. King also were not oblivious of early friendship but extended to us much kindness, and every moment of time has been agreeably occupied in "sight seeing," with untiring admiration, till I am perfectly exhausted. The "home letters" which General King handed to us, gave indescribable joy and "brought a great wave of gratitude to my lips."

After a little respite, with remarkable buoyancy we take a fresh start to the galleries of Paintings, where we study the great master-pieces in art. The scenes portrayed by Michael Angelo ("who united in his own person painting, sculpture, and architecture,") and his "sublime frescoes" make us stand in awe before them. Raphael's, also, "who from his own ideas struck out a new creation with his pencil, and still stands at the head of the art of painting," together with the efforts of other artists are viewed with pleasurable sensations, and we felt well remunerated for all our toil. At Naples we had been captivated with the rare painting by Guido, of the "famous portrait" of the beautiful Beatrice Cenci, and grieved for her tragical fate in being executed for the murder of her father; and now hours were spent in the extensive galleries of statuary with the Cupids and Psyches and other wonderful productions. "The Italian painters, sculptors, architects, and musicians, are unrivaled, not only in their numbers, but their excellence," and here certainly is the magic place for the artist to receive a finished education of finest culture, with a fair promise of more than ephemeral distinction in the fine arts. "Italy is the native country of all that is stupendous, great or beautiful, either in ancient or modern times." Among the sites innumerable which came in for a full share of inspection were: the Capitol — Palais des Cesars — Forum with the remembrance of the mournful end of the daughter of Virginius — Pantheon now converted into a modern church with its large antique vase of Numidian marble, its immense bronze doors and the burial place of Raphael — Vatican in "its identification with all ecclesiastical history," in its excommunications and anathemas as the "thunder of the Vatican which made emperors and kings tremble on their thrones," palaces — and lavishly decorated churches. Mr. King procured me an order to visit the Mosaic manufactory of the Vatican and Cupola of St. Peters. Emma was much pleased with the different colored enamels, used in mosaic work, of which many specimens were given to her. An interesting spot to me was the COLOSSEUM, an enormous structure, once used as an Amphitheatre, of striking magnificence. "The architecture is perfectly light, and its pro-

portions are so just, that it does not appear near so large as it really is. But it has been stripped of all its magnificent pillars and ornaments at various times, and now one side of it is a heap of ruins. The Romans assembled here to witness public spectacles, such as horse races — combats of wild beasts, &c. Twelve thousand Jewish captives were employed by Vespasian in building the structure which is capable of containing eighty-seven thousand spectators seated, and twenty thousand standing." I sat down on the steps in the arena, and thought of the blood of the martyrs in that soil (when the many tiers in that circular building were filled with delighted gazers, as the "5000 wild animals" were let loose from those deep pits upon the "10,000 captives," who had been confined in similar dark and dismal dens). We traversed those narrow and crooked streets with great diligence, always pleased to come to an open square with its ancient Egyptian obelisks, often covered with hieroglyphics, and splendid "silver fountains, that throw high in the air their glittering showers within the grand colonnade of St. Peters," but fountains less pretending were found in all the squares making the air delightfully cool.

Friday we went to St. Peters; it was the occasion of a solemn fête and there was a large assemblage of dignitaries and worshippers. The infallible Pope Pius IX came into the church exactly at twelve o'clock, he was dressed in white robes with scarlet vestment; his hair is silvery white. He is a fine looking venerable man who seemingly was enjoying a cheerful old age, notwithstanding the trying vicissitudes through which he has passed. When not wearing his red cap it was held on a cushion, by one of the cardinals, as a precious treasure. Our party made at once for the celebrated colossal bronze statue of Saint Peter, sitting with magisterial dignity in a fine marble chair elevated a few feet from the floor, giving me a position close to the image. Presently the Holy Father arrived with all his body guard; the zouaves in their fanciful costume presented a showy appearance. Cardinals with red cassock, short purple mantle and a red hat; Archbishops; Canons in copes and surplices; Acolytes; Military and nobles with spur and swords forming a grand and gorgeous procession. Prayer was offered at one or two of the numerous altars, during which the vast concourse, midst the clattering of swords kneeled on the cold marble floor. His Holiness then proceeded to the bronze statue, removed his cap, wiped off with his vesture "whatever the last worshiper may have left on the foot" and reverently kissed the Apostolic great toe; after which he put his venerable head under the whole foot which projected some little distance. The solemnity of the complete scene was really quite impressive. His march was then resumed to another altar close by, giving me an opportunity of hearing his voice while officiating, as well as the excellent view already obtained when at St. Peter's side. After the ceremonies and exercises were finished, I at once went to inspect and found that "devotees have kissed this foot, and pressed their foreheads on it so much, that the great toe is worn away almost to the first joint." For a long time we watched the surging crowd as it came to the statue; "to one unused to such things, it seems strange to see old men, whose backs are so bent with age that they can barely get their lips and foreheads high enough to reach the saint's toe, come tremblingly up, cane in hand, take their coat-sleeves to wipe off whatever the last worshiper may have left on the foot, and, with an effort, raise their tottering old heads up, and reverently kiss the toe, and tenderly lay their wrinkled foreheads on it. Mothers would lead their little ones up to the place where the bronze

figure sits, kiss and press the toe themselves, and then touch the sinless lips of childhood to the cold metal, honest homage of honest hearts. Even the stalwart soldiers, booted and spurred, with their swords rattling over the marble floor, march up to the old saint's statue, cross themselves, kneel on the hard, cold marble, repeat their prayers, rise up and kiss the venerated old foot most lovingly." All gaze with wonder at such audacious heretics as ourselves who had no homage to bestow, but we found very much to interest us in this "great marvel of Christian Rome," the magnificent tombs and monuments could not fail to please any one. I arrived in the city at the startling and agitating time when the policy of Rome was exhibited by the recent expulsion of Protestant churches from the limits of the Papal capital. The Americans and Scotch Presbyterians had to their surprise, just been prohibited the free exercise of the Protestant Christian religion and had also been sternly warned from holding religious services, within the city, by the infallible "old man of the Vatican" who having a "claim to the whole earth as the Vicar of Christ," manifested the desire to revive the "persecuting spirit of the dark ages." Rev. Dr. James Lewis, minister of the Scotch Free Church received a threatening communication saying, he had placed himself in the Power of the Inquisition. Only a week previous to my visit this earnest standard bearer had hired an unpretending looking house, just outside the city walls, in the street Via de Babuino at the Popolo gate.

On the following Sabbath, I walked with his family through the gate and worshiped with that band of devoted Christians under the care of "that faithful preacher of the Gospel." The two parlors were filled with strangers from the hotels who "resorted to his services, where they found substantial food and a catholic spirit, " in this simple little Chapel. Rome was unusually full of people and this was a Union Church. General King allowed the American Episcopal service to be held at his official residence. It amused us to see the officials of the Church of Rome, engaged in their system of espionage, stationed at the gates asking cognizance of every person who passed to the chapel. [Diphtheria removed this excellent man from his labors a few years subsequently. He was "Taken so suddenly, for only a week before his death, he stood in his pulpit holding forth the word of life." The news of his death saddened many hearts.]

"Rome is a quiet city with very much of a New England look in its order and solemnity. There is little noise, no show of drunkenness or licentiousness, and on Sundays it is very pleasant to see stores shut and the people going to church. Among other singular sights was a large funeral procession," the magnificent hearse was preceded by a number of men in the costume of the Misericordia which aims to make a mere bag of a man, with only his feet appearing, and his eyes peering above through two small holes. Some of the richest and noblest men of Rome belong to this order, and do periodical duty, going about alone asking money for charity, which is given to them. At length satiated with "sight seeing," and anxious to proceed homeward, I bade adieu to the pleasant household circle with their generous hospitality, and departed from the "Holy City" without any Apostolic Benediction from the grand pontiff, who has nearly reached his eightieth year. By railway we journeyed to the celebrated LEANING TOWER of Pisa about sixty-one miles from Florence. "Pisa is one of the most ancient and beautiful cities of Italy, situated in a fertile plain, about five miles from the entrance of the river Arno into the sea. The special object of interest to be found here is the

Tower which was built in the twelfth century; "it is one hundred and ninety feet high, having eight stories, with outside galleries projecting about seven feet. The topmost story, overhanging the base on one side about fifteen feet, is perfectly secure, the centre of gravity being ten feet within the base. The ascent is made by two hundred and ninety-five steps and the view from the top is extensive and beautiful, but awfully grand and terrific. Proceeding onwards, Florence "the fairest city of the earth" with its beautiful gardens and trees full of the "hooting owl" was reached, and we were soon under the loving care of our early friend Rev. Dr. A. R. Van Nest and his estimable wife.

The general aspect of Florence and the remarkable beauty of its site must be seen to be appreciated. We enjoyed our rides over the "excellent pavement, which consists of large square stones fitted together like masonry, with close joints, and the speed with which the carriages whirl through the clean streets" enhanced the gratification. From "the pleasure grounds for riding, we had a fine view of the Appenines, whose snow capped peaks always give a cool breeze even in the warmest days of summer." "In general, the streets are narrow, its palaces are noble in their architectural beauty, grand design and exquisite execution; the picturesque grandeur of its buildings can be seen to great advantage from the Boboli gardens, as also the river Arno sweeping quietly through the fertile plain. We visited the grand old Cathedral, the walls of which are cased with black and white marble; the cupola served Michael Angelo as a model for St. Peter's. The small dimensions of the windows, and the rich colors of the glass cause the interior to look sombre and gloomy. The pavement is tessellated with rich variegated marbles, red, blue and white, disposed in a beautiful manner; and both within and without the walls are adorned with numerous statues." The tomb of Michael Angelo, the library, the gallery in Uffizi, the gallery of the Palazzo Pitti with the wonderful collection of statues and pictures, the richest and most celebrated in the world, all conspire to render Florence a most attractive residence. Dr. Van Nest has charge of the American chapel, the services of which included the Liturgy of the Episcopal church.

Again the "good-bye" was said to valued friends and taking the cars, ere long we arrived at the salubrious town of Leghorn where we found "vessels gay with the flags of almost every nation of the globe lying off in the bay." After admiring the "marble group of statuary on the quay" (and "beautiful marble of all kinds is one of the chief productions of Italy") on the blue waters of the Mediterranean, we richly enjoyed the beauty of an Italian sunset as we went out to the steamer bound for Marseilles. The vessel stopped for a few hours at the "superb city of Genoa which contains some very magnificent palaces," and is the birth place of Christopher Columbus. It is a picturesque port on the Mediterranean sea, the "beautiful villas covering the hills were seen to greatest advantage on entrance to the harbor." The arched promenade along the quay with all its marble was wonderful, as also the truly exquisite filagree silver and gold articles.

The steamer, in safety reached the "astonishing natural and artificial harbor of Marseilles. It is considered one of the finest cities of France, and the various approaches to it are lined with trees and well-built houses." The new Zoological Gardens are among the recent improvements. The journey from Marseilles to Paris was through a most beautiful country embracing the finest scenery in France; there were many vineyards ob-

served as we went whirling along over many bridges and through tunnels. ("Few countries, except Italy, can boast of more valuable remains of antiquity than France; one of which, a round buckler of massy silver, was taken out of the river Rhone in 1665, being twenty inches in diameter, and weighing twenty-one pounds, containing the story of Scipio's contineance, and it is thought to be coëval with that general.")

Stopping at Lyons, the chief manufacturing city of France, pleasantly located at the junction of the Rhone and Saône. One of its magnificent squares is adorned with fine large lime trees and an equestrian statue of Louis XIV. Fontainebleau is forty-two miles from Paris. Its chief object of attraction is its fine château, a palace whose historical interest recommends it to all. The divorce between Napoleon and the Empress Josephine was decided here. In the centre of the floor, next to the throne-room, is the cipher of Marie Antoinette; this boudoir was once occupied by the unfortunate queen. The apartments are very magnificent, and the paintings have all been chosen for the allegorical reference to the life of François I. A military band plays twice a week in the garden during the summer. "The environs of Paris are very pleasant, and contain a number of fine seats; the city itself is said to be the paradise of splendor and dissipation. The cheerful and gay Metropolis, situated on the Seine was finally approached, and glad were we to reach our abiding-place close to the Champs Elysées with its magnificent trees, sumptuous equipages going and coming, with everything to make it enchanting. We often passed the obelisk of Luxor from Egypt which marks the spot of the guillotine on which perished Louis XVI and his unfortunate Marie Antoinette and many others, including Robespierre himself. I am under the greatest obligation to Rev. Dr. Eldridge — of the American Chapel in Paris — for his generous hospitality and unwearied efforts in making my visit pleasant. Versailles is celebrated for its elegant and luxurious palace, fountains of crystal-like water, cascades, the Historical Museum and the many adornments of the pleasure grounds. These have peculiar beauties for entertainment and could be frequented with increasing interest many times, and being only half-an-hour's ride by railway from Paris are constantly visited. The two daughters of our old friend at Macao, Capt. J. B. Endicott, are attending school at Versailles.

The Exposition was inaugurated by the emperor, a few days after my arrival, and the time spent there was one of my grandest fêtes as we always encountered throngs of pleasant people, indeed few places were more attractive. There was something marvelous in such a display of rare specimens of the products, industry, manufactures and enterprise of all nations, in their "cunningly devised wares," which were receiving high encomiums from all. This Exposition of 1867, was of world-wide notoriety, and quite sufficient in itself to satisfy you with Paris; and all strangers considered it a special privilege to be there at that interesting period. In the museum of the Exposition were many "idols from different pagan lands, sent by missionary societies with a condensed table of statistics of the operations furnished by the American Board." Among the enjoyable sites giving pleasure to both Emma and myself was the Jardin des Plantes; the grounds were beautifully decorated with fountains, flower-beds, grass-plots, winding roads and "pretty paths encircling the enclosures, in which animals from all parts of the world are kept, and the little cottages, which are really stables, though you would never suspect it." We were delighted with the aviaries of rare birds — the

exquisite flowers and extensive menagerie, including the family of monkeys very busy with their comical evolutions. One little carriage was filled with grinning children being drawn by a splendid large ostrich, with a man walking at the head of the proud bird to regulate its speed. The beautifully striped Bengal tiger — the leopard with its yellow fur and black clusters of spots, lions and all had a share of attention.

There was a deplorable desecration of the Sabbath, but probably not greater than in other equally large cities. We do *not* class among the "flaw hunters," therefore could not detect any "spots in the sun" of the French metropolis, and every moment of the time was truly enjoyable. Without regard to any expense of money or time, under the guidance of judicious friends, opportunities were afforded me of novel and comprehensive views of this magical city. The many places of historic renown and objects of curiosity which had interested our youthful days, here took a tangible form; and fully appreciating the benefits conferred we made the most of our facilities. The Palace of the Tuileries, was visited, with its pleasant and magnificent garden adorned with statues, vases and superb fountains; the splendid picture gallery of the Louvre in which we found many a copyist, both male and young female artists, industriously at work before some ancient model. After exploring its extensive Museum of Antiquities we went over the Seine to the grand old Cathedral of Notre Dame "where all the Kings of France have been crowned and buried. It has two majestic towers; the floor is of marble and the altar is most magnificently carved. In a niche there is a beautiful marble group, representing the Descent from the cross." The treasure at Notre Dame was opened; and then the costumes and precious jewels of the kings elicited great admiration. Thence to "the church of St. Germain, opposite to the old Louvre, the sounding of whose bell was the preconcerted signal for the indiscriminate massacre of 100,000 unsuspecting Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's eve, when Charles IX, from a window of the Louvre, fired on the victims. The magnificent Tomb of Napoleon I, stands under the beautiful dome of the church near the Hotel des Invalides. "The tomb is one immense pillar of porphyry; the sarcophagus is a single block, twelve feet long and six broad, resting on a pedestal of green granite. "A winding staircase on each side of the high altar in the church leads to the crypt containing this tomb; the pavement of the crypt is beautifully decorated with a crown of laurels in mosaic." In the recess adjoining the crypt stands the statue of the emperor, dressed in his imperial robes. "Here, also, is the crown of gold voted by the town of Cherbourg: the insignia he wore on state occasions, and the sword that he wore at the battle of Austerlitz." In the magnificent court-yard of the Hôtel des Invalides were seen many aged and infirm soldiers surrounded with every comfort; "The object of this vast and splendid establishment is to maintain at the expense of the nation the worn out soldiers of France, giving them the comforts of a home in their declining days."

Another lovely spot was the Place Vendôme with its triumphal column "surmounted by the colossal bronze statue of Napoleon I, eleven feet high." The exquisite Tapestry portraying scenes and Gobelin carpets in the Tuileries, for "fineness and strength of their texture and brilliancy of the colors were unrivaled productions of ingenious dexterity. It was a rich treat to visit the establishment of the Compagnie des Indes inspecting exquisite lace fabrics, and the Cachemire shawls from India, all of which are made from minute pieces neatly joined together. In the American

Chapel on Rue de Berri, we attended the ministrations of Rev. Dr. Eldridge; the building is of Gothic style and the interior was of solid oak carved.

Another season of rare enjoyment awaited me in old London, so full of historical reminiscences; the metropolis of the British empire situated on the banks of the Thames, a river, which though not the largest, is the richest and most commodious for commerce in the world. A day was devoted to the CRYSTAL PALACE, Park and Fountains not far from Sydenham. At this fairy-like structure all the works of different nations were brought in close proximity, every kind of product was here in rich display. We could almost have fancied ourselves once more in China as we felt the tropical heat, and viewed the productions of palms; bananas with their shining, long, broad leaves; gigantic ferns; bamboo with its feathery tufts; sugar cane; bread fruit; with the sacred lotus, all of which were here in great perfection. It was delightful to stroll around and inspect the interesting collection. We entered the avenue of lions to the Egyptian Court with its Colonnade; the Greek court of statues and a model of the Parthenon; the Roman Court having one of its ancient citizens dressed in the Toga; the Colosseum or spacious amphitheatre; the Moorish or Alhambra court in which a sweet bloom is spread over all, its many lovely colors bright and gay were so blended that none predominated; there too were the golden pillars and tiled roofs. The shrubs and flowers of its garden were perfect with its marble fountain. The sixteen-sided dome is formed by gradual transition out of the four-sided room with stalactites, which add much to the beauty of the roof and are peculiar to Mahometan architecture. "The effect on the interior of this dome, when the sun shines through the colored windows in the top is perfectly enchanting." These courts are only a few out of many, each one replete with rare curiosities, having its own peculiar style of architecture, ancient or modern, and ornamented in the richest manner.

The garden with many colored flowers, "water temples with a series of twelve cascades;" groups of marble statuary, urns and flower vases, beside many other special objects. There too was a wonderful island composed of various strata, on each of which was seen the animals peculiar to that stratum. "It was an extremely picturesque panorama of most beautiful rural scenery, foreign productions and an endless variety of artistic combinations, the result of the taste and genius of man." ["Queen Victoria resided at Buckingham, when in town, since 1837, up to the death of the Prince Consort."] The metropolis of Great Britain seemed packed with people intent on business. We were fortunate in having the company of friends well posted in "sight seeing" and for many days we went the round of inspection: to the Thames Tunnel and river "with all its ever changing life," noble parks having close-cut lawn and "turf constantly rolled and kept in the best order," houses of parliament, palaces, blue-coat school, horticultural gardens, and other attractive localities. We attended service in St. Paul's Cathedral with its lofty dome on the summit of which is a gigantic statue of the Apostle Paul; this edifice was interesting for its vast interior capable of seating 14000 persons, and its marvel of a whispering gallery. Emma was delighted also with the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's park, seeing the unrivaled collection of rare animals and those sharp-eyed little monkeys who were teasing each other in their spacious wire chamber. Then a tremendous affair was her ride, seated in a howdah (a small car or pavilion with crimson trappings on the back

of a huge elephant) with other merry little ones who mounted to their lofty seat by means of a ladder. "The fat, clumsy bears came in for a large share of attention. In the centre of their domain was a high pole. Three or four bears were tumbling about on the pavement in rough, good natured play, keeping each an eye on the parapet above to see if there was any chance for buns; and the minute they spy a visitor it is a race which shall get to the pole first, and then the lucky one climbs up, and, drawing his four feet together, plants himself on the ball at the top, and stretches his head out as far as possible with wide open mouth, ready to catch the bun or cake, which somebody on the parapet holds out temptingly over the railing." We passed a happy day in that garden.

It was my privilege to hear Rev. Mr. Spurgeon preach to a crowd of five thousand people, but I was in a state of fear and trepidation from the excessively crowded galleries in the hall, well knowing if a panic should arise there would be a great sacrifice of life. When the doors were opened the patient crowd that had waited for hours, made a terrific rush with overwhelming pressure up the grand walk to the body of the hall, others ascended the circular stair-case to the galleries if happily they could obtain a seat. All were soon tranquilized with the solemnity of the opening services and the exquisite choral chants. The thrilling effect of congregational singing of the hymn, as chanted by that vast multitude in the union of full chorus, was overpowering and impressive, far more to my taste than the artistic performances of the most elaborate choir. With the most intense interest all were soon eagerly hanging upon the lucid and powerful statements of the great, celebrated and impressive preacher. One of the pleasing incidents connected with London was the generous and noble conduct of an old friend of my deceased husband which affected me much. Learning from Rev. Mr. Beauscarlet of Naples my arrival in the city, Hon. Hugh Matheson, M.P., with a delicacy that admitted of no refusal presented Emma and myself "tickets for the steamer Cuba." To hear the words: "he considered it a great privilege to be permitted to do this little for the widow of such a faithful, devoted missionary" was to me a "cup of cold water" from a Christian gentleman and a pleasing, grateful and precious tribute to the memory of a just man. We enjoyed all the facilities of speed and comfort as the train almost flew over the fine road to Liverpool; passing many country seats of England's nobility and gentry with the perfectly trimmed hedge-rows intersecting rich corn fields, a magnificent expanse of dark green foliage, and velvety meadows filled with herds of fine cattle. Then a rapid transit through the long tunnel till finally we were stationary in the depôt and soon comfortably settled at the Queen's Hotel. After a few pleasant days in Liverpool we embarked one cloudless morning on board the "Cuba" for "the land of the free." We were detained some hours when near the rock bound coast of New Foundland by a very heavy fog, and our joy at nearing home was suddenly dampened. It was not satisfactory to know there was occasion for the steam-whistle constantly sounding its warning note, and the bell tolling its lulling monotone which might be a sad dirge; for a thick curtain of mist veiled from us the region beyond and enveloped the steamer. Not far from here the "Arctic" with its precious freight of human beings, among whom were valued personal friends, went down to the bottom of the ocean. Those were to all the excited passengers shadowy hours for a great calamity was feared, but "God's sovereignty controls," and there

was no terrible collision with vessels, or crashing on rocks, no stupendous catastrophe followed ; but after several successive attempts to advance we at last were safely anchored at the dock in Halifax, and then enjoying a trip on solid land. In due time our splendid vessel entered Massachusetts Bay and after a brief sojourn in Boston, proceeded along as fast as the iron horse would take us till we came in sight of our native hills, and the climax of joy was reached when clasped in the arms of "loved ones" at the Old Homestead, Cherry Hill.

May 25, 1868. Another citizen of Albany has been called away by the summons of death whose loss is deeply lamented in this community, and by his bereaved domestic circle. GENERAL STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER, (the Young Patroon as he was designated to distinguish him from his father) married Harriet E. Bayard. "The entail of the manorial property ceased with the death of his father, and is now divided among his widow and surviving six children. The Manor House was always the home of an elegant and refined hospitality ; he was liberal in his benefactions, and dispensed his wealth freely to all charitable objects, also to the church of which he was for many years a prominent member and officer.

"Gen. Van Rensselaer never sought official honors, but lived a quiet and unobtrusive life ; he leaves behind him an enviable reputation for the sterling virtues which distinguished the race from which he was descended. The remains were enclosed in a solid mahogany casket, covered with black broadcloth, ornamented with a narrow silver band forming a panel on each side, end and top. The plate was in solid silver in the form of a shield, bears the following inscription in old English : Stephen Van Rensselaer, born March 27th, 1789, died May 25th, 1868. The remains were conveyed to the family plot in the Albany Rural Cemetery. The attendants filled thirty carriages.

"This closes the authentic register of the last of the Patroons, having held that title in America for two hundred and thirty-eight years, with all the appliances of wealth to gratify his own tastes and feelings."

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE SECOND DECAMPMENT FOR CHINA.

After a year occupied in teaching young ladies at Bedford, Pennsylvania, the call as an aid in mission work for China met a ready response and I cheerfully engaged as a teacher for heathen lands, under the auspices of the "Women's Union Missionary Society."

A special request having been made that I should visit a few designated cities previous to sailing, it gave me sincere pleasure to accede to this expression of desire, willing to further any plan that was deemed advisable for an increased interest in the Cause of Christ. One of the places visited was Binghamton, N. Y.

## "WOMAN'S MISSION TO WOMAN."

"A very interesting meeting was held in the prayer room of the Centenary Methodist E. Church, yesterday afternoon. The meeting was especially a Woman's Meeting, the work in which it was called being woman's work — yet gentlemen were not debarred, and quite a number were present. The meeting was opened with prayer, by Rev. Dr. Boardman, after which he read a letter from the officers of the Woman's Mission Band — the 'Lily of the Valley' — stating the objects of the association fully and containing endorsements of their work by Rev. Dr. Storrs, Rev. Dr. Scudder and other eminent clergymen. Dr. Boardman then presented little Emma Catharine Bonney, who recited the Lord's Prayer in the Chinese language. The peculiar sing-song intonation, was given with a very natural effect.

"Mrs. Bonney, who has spent a great many years in China as a missionary among the Chinese women, addressed the meeting for about half an hour. Her address alluded to the Woman's Missionary Society, its objects and the measures that have been used in reaching it, and besides contained an extensive account of her own ten years' experience as a missionary among the women of China. The address was exceedingly interesting, and contained not only a narrative of Mrs. Bonney's experience as a teacher among the neglected women of China, but also many interesting facts concerning the customs of that wonderful people. The work in which Mrs. Bonney and the ladies of the several mission bands are engaged, is one of the greatest importance, and should receive the aid of all persons."

Having been requested to give a little sketch of my mission work, I think a summary from my private daily journal written in China will be most effective: I have frequently been asked "Are missionaries happy?" Those missionaries who do their work heartily, I would venture to say are as happy as any persons, supporters of good works, can be. If God, Christ and the holy angels are happy, then surely those who are engaged in the same employment that God is doing on earth may "sing for joy." If they go out with the determination to be happy and contented, it is not unsafe to predict they will not fall far short, and yet there is no romance in the minutiae of every day missionary life. "The emotional nature of woman is swayed by the great events which take place around her, and she comes forward among the noblest advocates of good will to mankind." She is still a missionary whether her beneficiary resides near, or at a great distance, whether she goes to those in her native land or in a foreign land, and it is the duty of every person to labor in their own peculiar mission field as much as to be a Christian. One who goes as a messenger for God and Christ to give the Gospel to those who are destitute of it and by a thousand little incidents manifest the perfect satisfaction derived by making others the recipients of sunny cheerfulness occupies an exalted station. It is woman's province and her special privilege to preach that blessed doctrine by her *Christian example* of patience and forbearance, nor need she apprehend any impeachment if inducted into *this* branch of "Woman's Rights," for her benevolent and high-minded position in filling this office will be unexceptionable. We want American girls to realize *their* honored position their exalted privileges; that no obstacles are placed in the way of *their* high preferment to "cultivate moral advancement." We want them with grateful, willing hearts to show the potency of woman to extend the same, and as friends of the great model missionary when their path of duty is

made plain, to circulate the blessed effects of Gospel teaching and Christian example among the less favored heathen sisters in their severe privations. It will be a happy resolve if the women of America persevere heroically and cheerfully to obtain "moral emancipation," and thus labor for God in *woman's department*. Our kindness should begin and be nourished at home, but it should not stay there, "but develop as a *true* missionary under the right kind of surroundings." Some years ago feeling as I do now the need of *single woman's agency*, I applied to the American Board for permission to go out as a teacher to one of our foreign mission stations, but *then* it was not deemed advisable to send unmarried ladies; *now* however the aspect of affairs is entirely altered. God's hand has cleared the way and the Christian church have still a work to do.

It is now sixteen years since I began my missionary work, it was immediately after the death of my dear and honored father in 1852, my mother then being dead twelve years. I was one of the principal teachers four and one-half years in the "Ohio Female College" near Cincinnati on College Hill. Teachers were greatly needed among the Choctaw Indians and the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign missions, would have sent me there, but I was reserved for another field. It was my happy privilege to labor on mission ground in China for ten years, and my husband for nearly twenty years, before he went to his reward on high. Twelve of my own immediate family went to New York to be present at my departure. As the steam-tug was floating our vessel down the beautiful bay, and my own heart nearly bursting with anguish, I was startled by hearing my husband say, "I am thankful this is all over, for I am so glad to return to my Chinese home.

'Home! the Missionary's home  
Is where the fields are white.'

"Those lines speak with force to me, my home is there till labor on earth shall be exchanged for praise in heaven." He was an only son and had just parted with his aged widowed mother and sisters never to meet again on earth. I can *now* fully understand and appreciate the feelings of that faithful missionary. After a short passage of one hundred and nineteen days around the Cape of Good Hope, we safely reached Hongkong. It was the first day of the month, and my first evening in China was at the monthly concert. My heart was throbbing to hear the voices of twenty-four boys and girls singing the praises of Jesus. The first Sabbath in China, I had the happiness of partaking of the Lord's Supper with the foreign residents, missionaries and *thirty* Chinese in the "upper room" of the London Mission House. The services being conducted by Rev. Dr. Legge who welcomed the three missionaries, arrived that day: Rev. David Sandeman from England, Rev. S. W. Bonney and myself.

The Tai-ping rebellion was causing great consternation; \$150 was offered by the government for every foreigner's head; the foreign residences at Canton were burned a few days after my arrival; all the mission schools broken up and foreigners compelled to seek safety in Macao and Hongkong. A blockade was placed in the river of Canton and bombarded by the English; "fully half a million of Chinese perished. This fearful rebellion was only quelled after 80,000 were beheaded" or cut in thirty-six pieces in the city, on the execution ground not far from our house. The Chinese insurrection lessened the contempt of government for foreigners. We were obliged to remain two years in Macao. Two and

one-half months from the day of landing, I began my "Chinese girl's boarding school," with the full consent and approbation of Mr. Bonney, though the other missionaries thought it unwise, as we were likely any moment to be driven from Macao. The first year my school of nine girls was supported entirely from our own private resources, with the exception of such donations as generous friends sometimes contributed. The girls were all from the poorer classes; we clothed, fed and educated them free of all expense to themselves; they lived in our house and were my children.

When received they were poorly clad, and we were often very glad to throw the filthy clothes away. Two pieces of fine shirting brought from America for my own use were made into under garments for them. We were very economical, but once when the rice was nearly gone and our quarterly allowance not yet due, scarcely knowing how to obtain relief I went and told Jesus. I now fortunately remembered among my bridal presents were three or four elegantly embroidered handkerchiefs, two of them valued gifts from dear Albany friends. I wrote a note to the wife of an English merchant, and she gladly took all of them, paying me an equivalent sum. Thus the cloud was dispelled, the rice bought and I never gave the handkerchiefs another thought, except to fear the *donors* might not have been pleased, had they known I had so disposed of their tribute of affection, but the act brought sunshine in that missionary household.

One day when calling to see a friend about returning to England, at the door we were greeted by a pleasant looking Chinese girl of ten years; she had been bought for the sum of ten dollars from very poor parents, to play with the child of this merchant. The lady was a Christian woman, and felt anxious as to the future fate of the girl, for several Chinese wished to purchase her; but as soon as she knew that I intended to have a school, she gave the girl to me, with a complete outfit for a year, and every succeeding year sent me thirty-five dollars in gold. We were living in a part of the town called the "Dove's Nest," and Akce-ue was my "nest-egg." In after years she became a sincere Christian, was baptized by Mr. Bonney and admitted a communicant to the Lord's Supper. At nineteen years of age she was married to the native preacher, by Rev. C. C. Baldwin of the American Board of Foreign Missions at Foochow; has now two children, assists in the mission school, and is loved by all. When I was coming home, she and her husband sent me a family photograph, and also a pair of very handsome, large, soapstone Pagodas as a token of their love and gratitude. Two years after I had taken Akce-ue, her mother, living many miles away in the country, having heard she was in school at Canton; brought the only remaining daughter, a bright sunny face, the image of her sister, and urged me to buy this child. Missionaries are under certain restrictions and do not traffic in human beings; but though we endeavored in every consistent manner to obtain possession of the girl for our school the efforts were fruitless. Earnestness of appeal, in this case, availed nothing, that heathen mother was obdurate, and for a few dollars sold the dear child to a Chinese man. Ah! what a very different complexion would her lot have assumed had she been given in our custody.

While in Macao a wild looking, ragged, filthy child in boy's clothes, came with the mother, which I declined to receive, as the school was not for boys. The poor woman explained the matter: she went out for daily work, and dressed her only daughter in this style, to play in the streets

till her return at night. After much solicitation I took this unpromising specimen of humanity, which proved a rich investment in the Bank of Heaven and repayment was made with compound interest. She turned out a superior girl, joined the band of Christians, and at eighteen years of age was married by Rev. S. L. Baldwin of the American Methodist Episcopal Mission at Foochow, to his native pastor, Hū Sing Mee.

My school prospered; we had applications constantly to receive girls. I took from time to time more scholars than my funds from the Board would warrant, it was so hard to refuse, but I worked by faith; often donations came in just when most needed, from sources not expected. I remember when speaking to Mr. Bonney if we should not try to lay by a little of our small pittance for Emma, he replied, with that beautiful spirit of self-denial so proverbially his, "we have as many if not more calls for objects of charity, than in America — have more trust, that God will provide for her;" and so I increased my girls, and he the boy's school at his chapel. For our process of moulding we invariably selected the brightest specimens of the crude material as the recipients of gratuitous preferment, those free from all disease. We had to be very careful and judicious in our "patronizing," that no lepers were admitted into our little community; for the loathsome disease frequently does not show itself till the child is twelve or thirteen years of age. My heart often ached in passing the leper village between the city walls and rural cemetery, when the crowds of out-cast children, in the various stages of the disgusting distemper, flocked down to see the foreign lady and child. We were not annoyed by coming in contact with the curious crowd, they could not touch us as we were in a covered sedan carried by three men. The Chinese law requires lepers to live in a separate locality by themselves, for it is a horrible spectacle, to see the bloated, disfigured, miserable objects, causing a nervous shudder. I had a very fine school of forty-three Chinese girls; but sixty-seven have been under my instruction. To develop the faculties and prepare my pupils for future usefulness on their own responsibility, I required the advanced class to assist in the instruction of the day scholars. Each one labored in turn for a month and I paid them for this extra service, the two schools being in separate buildings, but both under my own supervision. The pupils of the boarding school, forty-three in number, were bound to me for a term of years, according to their age, and never went home unless for a death or marriage, when I always accompanied them and brought them back. I have the gratification of knowing that a missionary of another denomination wrote to our Board at Boston that Mrs. Bonney had one of the best schools in China. The Chinese method of learning was to me at first, very singular and amusing, as in studying all the scholars read aloud at the same time in a humdrum, monotonous tone, as this is to them the easiest method to commit their lessons to memory. One pupil at a time comes up to recite or *back* his lesson; he makes his obeisance, then *turns his back* to the teacher and repeats his lesson; this behavior, though unpleasant to us, is here considered perfectly respectful.

*Explanation of Photograph.*

Beginning at the left hand.

Canton, July 22, 1861.

No. 1. *Akee ue* or Miss *Beautiful*, standing with a fan in her hand and cue thrown over her left shoulder. She was Mrs. Bonney's first scholar in February 1857. Her parents were very poor and had sold her to be

a servant maid for ten dollars. An English lady redeemed her, and when returning to England gave her to Mrs. Bouney as her daughter to educate. She is a little mother to the other girls.

No. 2. *Ayow*, Miss *Have*, standing next, her hands folded, a well behaved girl, but dull in mind and slow in feeling.

No. 3. *Achüne*, Miss *Revolution*, sitting on the floor with a palm leaf fan laying in front of her. A quick moving, sprightly, good natured, frank little girl.

No. 4. *Aoot*, Miss *Life*, standing in the rear, her head and dark face only seen. An ingenious and witty little girl, the only daughter of her widowed mother.

No. 5. *Layung Seen Sháng*. The Chinese female teacher of the school, with a fan in her hand and wearing the grave expression of a Chinese schoolmistress. She is fifty years of age and a grandmother. The "golden lillies" on which she slowly totters about, are visible.

No. 6. Standing behind the teacher is a middle aged woman, who has been Freddie's nurse for two and a half years. We call her "Amah." She is a trusty woman, but rarely laughs and never eats beef or butter.

No. 7. *Apo*, Miss *Precious*, standing in the rear between the female teacher and a foreign lady. A precious little girl of very tender feelings, nice perceptions, superior intellect and superior memory. Her mother is a widow and lives in Hongkong.

No. 8. A lady in European dress, who needs no introduction or commendation from me. She is a woman who "feareth the Lord" and "her own works praise her in the gates." She remembers too the motto on the escutcheon of her ancestors who came from Holland. "*Niemand Zonder*."

No. 9. *Fok kwi*, Miss *Happy Honorable*, sitting on the floor at the feet of the lady in European dress. She has a fan in her hand and is a nice little girl. She came to the school with bound and cramped feet, but her mother removed the bands a few months since, and now she rejoices in wearing heavy Chinese clumpers.

No. 10. *Aha*, Miss *Summer* standing in the rear, between the foreign gentleman and lady. She holds a fan in her hand and wears a sunny, summery expression. A noble girl, she is sixteen summers. Her father is a sedan bearer.

No. 11. A gentleman in European dress. If you recognize him, no description is needed; if you don't, I will merely say that he is a highly esteemed friend of the lady at his right hand.

No. 12. *Sootsoy*, Miss *Agreeable Elegance*, sitting on the floor between the gentleman's feet. She is the youngest girl of the company. Her poor father sold her last year (August, 1860), for \$5.00 to be a house-maid servant, he being in extreme poverty. A Chinese woman redeemed her and put her in Mrs. Bouney's school for eight years.

No. 13. A bright little boy sitting on the gentleman's knee. His name is Freddie Bouney for the present. When his own parents return to China, his name will be changed to Freddie Williams. A bonnie little fellow, he is of three and a half years of age.

No. 14. *Atsoy*, Miss *Wealth*, an orphan girl of sixteen years. She was cast out of house and home into the street in the city of Futshan, by those who should have been her protectors. Her inability to do much house-work on account of lameness, caused the cruel treatment. She is a modest, tender-hearted girl.

No. 15. *Aho*, Miss *Good*, lower of stature than No. 14, with an open fan in her hand, lips compressed. A stout, hearty girl of medium mental faculties, but dutiful and obedient.

No. 16. *Apa*, Miss *Guitar*. Sitting with a fan in her hand and white kerchief in her left. A graceful little lady, with an expression similar to some of the engraved likenesses I have seen of Mrs. H. B. Stowe. She is the daughter of Freddie's nurse.

No. 17. *Ashum*, the school girl's matron, standing in the rear, dark face and African look.

No. 18. *Aoy*, Miss *Love*, standing in front of the African looking woman. The most tender hearted girl of the group. She has a loving and pleasant disposition.

No. 19. *Ashay-ung*, Miss *Twin*, sitting on the floor in front of No. 18, and a younger sister of Miss *Love*. A short sturdy little girl. Her head-dress is a bouquet of flowers, according to Chinese fashion.

No. 20. *Koonho*, Miss *Goodlooking*, sitting on a chair on the extreme right, a fan in her hand, long face, but pleasant expression.

No. 21. *Aee*, Miss *Thoughtful* standing behind with a head-dress of flowers, plump cheeks and the fattest, most contented, self-satisfied of the group. She is the daughter of a poor widow in Macao. Last spring her mother wished to take her out of the school and sell her for \$30.00 but Mrs. Bonney would not allow her to sacrifice the girl. These are only a part of the school, but we pray that they all may be gathered into the fold of Christ and drink of living waters. Now here goes your "Aunt Cuy" with all her little ones and large ones back to Cherry Hill. Can you find room for them all? Have you *rice* and *chop sticks* for them all? Have you Chinese books and pens for each? They can't speak English, can you speak with them in Chinese? I don't doubt your hospitality, but fear that they would not feel at home on Cherry Hill. Their shadows must be sent as substitutes and their Shepherdess must remain with her little flock of lambs. Daily Christian instruction in the school cannot fail to produce large and good results sooner or later. The portions of Scripture and the Christian hymns committed to memory cannot be forgotten.

Yours most truly,

S. W. BONNEY.

Mothers were allowed to come once a month to visit their children and welcomed every week to the precious prayer-meeting. During the time of their engagement to me if I could betroth them to any Christian Chinese, it was my conceded right to do so; but the day their time of pupilage expired, the power of making the marriage contract was alone in the parent's hands. Consequently it occasioned great anxiety, watchfulness and circumspection to the missionary "as the office of matchmaker is considered honorable in nuptial negotiations," that the Christian pupils should be provided for in due season. Children have no voice in the matter. A girl never sees the groom till after the marriage rite, and it is to them a hazardous lottery as, notwithstanding the rich, gorgeous apparel, she is too often a most unhappy creature. When betrothed by missionaries we bring the parties together, if practicable, previous to that ceremony. We desire that our pupils should marry the young men educated in mission schools.

Daughters are considered as belonging to the families into which they marry. One of Rev. S. L. Baldwin's native preachers desired to have

MRS. BONNEY'S CHINESE BOARDING SCHOOL  
CANTON, CHINA.



AM PHOTOGRAPHIC CO. 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100



for his wife my bright eyed, smiling "Aee," aged sixteen years, who had been with me for nine years. As her time of indenture had unfortunately expired some months previous, her mother came up from Macao, and absolutely objected; she now intended to betroth Aee to a friend who had loaned her thirty-five dollars. Once before she tried to sell her daughter for thirty dollars, but I would not give her up, and now this obstreperous woman was bent on having her own way. Rev. Mr. Baldwin sent down from Foochow an order for the thirty-five dollars to pay the debt; but no, the debt had increased to over fifty dollars, the interest had been forgotten! The poor girl cried bitterly as she wished to marry the Christian man. We all interceded with the heathen mother — but in vain! My gentle pupil was subsequently married to the creditor, to the deep regret of all; this was a grievous heart trial, difficult to varnish over.

Chinese parents are anxious to have children to leave behind them to worship at their graves that their ghosts may not be utterly destitute, for "filial respect and devotion is the great Chinese virtue and religious precept, in which they rarely fail." This ancestral worship prevails through all classes. "The hall of ancestors is always found in the house of the eldest son. In rich families it is a separate building; in others a room set apart for the purpose, and in many a mere shelf or shrine." Once a year during the spring months, the old and young repair to the tombs or graves of their deceased ancestors for worship and offering prayer to them. Various kinds of food are spread out before the tomb with lighted tapers. I have seen them take large hogs roasted whole. Clothing and household furniture made of paper and beautifully decorated with gilt, and gayly-colored papers are burnt at the tomb, as also paper money. The worshipers suppose that they certainly go into the world of spirits, and are used by their ancestors. This popular custom is a convincing proof that the Chinese believe in the existence of the human spirit after its separation from the body, although not made certain to them by a divine written revelation.

With the poor, marriage is a measure of prudence, because the children, and especially the sons, are bound to maintain, or invariably help to support their parents. Families live together in clans, and the younger members owe subjection to the head, and they rule over youthful wives with inflexible rigor.

The lady teacher and twelve of my girls became Christians. Ahá, one of this number, was married to a native assistant of the English Wesleyan Mission at Canton. All my older pupils are married, four of them to Christian pastors; these are, we hope, triumphs of grace and they are putting in practice the instructions received. Thus we educate the mothers of China, and with God's blessing the leaven of Christianity permeates the family circle. A Chinese writer says: "No one teaches like a mother," and in educating the girls of the present generation we are securing the best teachers for the next. On our way to evening service we often saw a mother in the street at one of the shrines; arranged in a niche of a stone wall, with red candles lighted and burning three incense sticks, teaching her little son, of four or five years, to worship with many protestations and bowings, the gaudy idol with its gilded trappings; while not unfrequently several little dishes of candied fruits and cakes would be placed as an offering. How sad to us were all these idolatrous ceremonies.

Only two deaths and one dismissal for improper conduct have occurred in the school. One Chinese infant only just born, was picked up not far from my house, which had been deposited in one of the deep, dry and dilapidated drains. It was a bleak day in March, and the child had taken cold from exposure. The Chinese women thought there was no use to try to save it, "for parents will destroy their offspring in times of famine and great distress rather than allow them to suffer." So I washed and dressed it in foreign clothes, brought it up with a bottle and it slept in my bosom. We called it "Sarah" after Mr. Bonney's mother. It was a dear little winning thing and lived several months, paying with love for all the assiduous care bestowed on it. We placed the little coffin on the melodeon and put sweet flowers around it. The missionaries came to the funeral, and Mr. Bonney with two of the English police as his guard took the little body beyond the city walls and gave it a Christian burial. At that time it was unsafe to go around without an armed escort, but often since then have I been over the same ground with only my little Emma, and never molested. A poor Chinese woman nearly starved came for me to take her almost famishing daughter of ten years in the school, which of course I did. Her baby girl of six months she begged me to accept; she said she must give it to some one, could not support it, and did not want it, for her husband was sick and blind. To save the infant's life I took it, and engaged the mother as wet nurse and to assist in keeping my many girls clean. When leaving China I gave her back the two children and procured a good home for them. Many of the mothers came each Wednesday morning to the girl's prayer meeting, they were always attentive and asked many questions. The Christian girls and Chinese lady teacher never refused to pray when I called on them. It was deeply affecting to hear them sing so sweetly the same little songs so familiar to all our Sabbath scholars; such as "Happy Land," "I want to be like Jesus." Mr. Bonney translated for the use of my school forty-seven hymns. When the girls were ranged around the melodeon, I often wished our Sabbath schools could see them. It was a pretty sight, their ages varied from seven to twenty-three years. About half of my girls had little feet; the lady teacher, a grandmother of sixty-five, had feet only a little over two inches in length. "They appear as if the fore-part of the foot had been accidentally cut off. The bandages are generally put on as soon as the child is able to walk, but sometimes not-till five or six years old, and then they suffer intensely, yet, "these compresses are constantly and carefully kept on." The feet are put in very hot water, a piece of burnt linen is placed on the sole to prevent mortification; then the four toes on each foot are bent completely under, as if buried in the sole, leaving only the big toe. "After which a long fold of bandage is put on, which is tightened every three or four days till the pain is very severe." This is continued for three years when the bones have become dislocated, producing a distorted foot, which when walking gives the possessor a singular *waddling* gait. Still there is always a rivalry as to this fashionable deformity, for the smallest feet are considered a mark of high social position and a standard of beauty. The great reason why this practice is continued rests upon the fact, that a *small footed* girl is always selected for the *first* wife by the go-between. They wear no stockings, but bind the thick, swelled ankle with a colored bandage; green, purple or crimson crape are the favored selections, and blue or white for mourning badges. The great toe enters the little shoe while the remainder of

the foot rests where the heel should have been. The ladies spend much time in embroidering little shoes, playing cards and smoking; the blessed effects of early culture to restrain and guide are not visible in them. I have frequently seen the ladies at the public gardens, carried from their boats on the Amāh or nurse's back. Only three of my pupils could be prevailed upon to unbind their feet; one of these became a Christian and developed into a noble woman.

At Dr. Kerr's hospital, on his prescribing days, the rooms are filled with the maimed, ophthalmic cases, and others waiting their turn for medical relief which is gratuitously bestowed by the skillful doctor. On one occasion, when the patients had all gone, they found a girl of five or six years lying on the stone floor abandoned by her friends, she seemed in great agony and complained of her feet. The good doctor unbound the bandages, when one foot fell off on the floor, and the other hung by a tendon; they had been bound too tightly and from need of proper care had rotted off. After the feet stumps were healed Mrs. Kerr wished me to take the poor child in my school, but this humane appeal met with no generous response for I could not do that. She would have been too great a care for me, for my vocation was to educate girls to fill spheres of usefulness; she was still in the hospital when I left.

One day an old woman came with three intelligent looking girls, two of them cousins of fifteen and sixteen years of age, the other about fourteen years old. There was no misunderstanding the anxious, speaking expression, the pleading look of mute entreaty! I knew part of their errand ere a word was spoken, and my heart was at ease with a latent joy, for I pictured a warm welcome would soon bring sunny smiles to their glad faces, and it was a sweet solace. They were from one of the adjacent provinces. The rebels had been in a large body to their native village and relentlessly slaughtered all the men, boys and old women. The young girls over fourteen were reserved for the soldiers and to sell; these poor children saw all their friends and kindred killed! What a terrific scene! how horror-stricken they must have been, and for what were they saved! The husband of this old woman was near the place and as a matter of speculation bought these three captives from the robbers. The price they wished me to pay was forty dollars for the younger, and sixty dollars for each of the older ones. My larger pupils who knew what would be the sad fate of these pretty girls, entreated me to buy. I endeavored to prevail on the woman to let me have them, pointed out the beneficial results, the happiness conferred, but all in vain she spurned every offer.

I then sent for Rev. C. F. Preston and Dr. Kerr, of the Presbyterian Board, and asked them if in this trying emergency it would be wrong to purchase these girls. If they could only consent, I should immediately send to our consul, Oliver H. Perry, Esqr., or to some of our generous and noble hearted merchants for the money; but with tears in their eyes they said it would never do, they were consistent Christian men and they remained firm in their strict view of duty. They told me what I well knew, that Mr. Bonney if living, and none of the American Boards would *allow* me to buy them. That the American and English churches would consider it only slavery, they might not fully understand the peculiar circumstances. They sent for the husband and did all they could to make the man and woman leave the girls with me. I would clothe, feed and educate them; but no, in vain were all our united appeals; they had paid money, and *money* they *would* have. It was agonizing to see the glisten-

ing eyes, that had been beaming with pleasure and relief at their surroundings, now clouded with sorrow and disappointment; the change was not only manifested in the three victims but also my own girls were sadly disquieted. What a contrast! They being led to the Saviour, and these poor children to be worse than slaves. Oh, how I wished that I was rich, for money of my own. I would have taken the responsibility and bought those bright, pretty girls and placed them in an enjoyable atmosphere not as slaves, but to make them free for Jesus. I gave them a "cup of cold water" in the shape of their dinner and warm tea; and when after further unavailing, strenuous exertions in their behalf, I saw them led off by the man and woman, I wept like a child. They were sold before night to one of the disreputable boats, and I never saw them more. They were our sisters and such might have been the fate of our own sex in this happy, highly favored land but for the Gospel, and yet I have heard there is *work enough in our own country!*

I went to China with a heart consecrated to do God's work as a *life work*; not to repine and sigh for the loved ones in my early home, no thought of regret to nullify my happiness. There was enough to do also in China with its population of 400,000,000, and I had no time to be lonesome. Could I live my life over would this still be our path? oh yes, but I would go in the freshness of youth with greater energy and perseverance to achieve much in the foreign department of Christian effort. Whatever good I may have been permitted to accomplish, to God alone belong all the praises, it was not of myself. I have labored with the pupils and women under my care assiduously, earnestly, and feel sure that God's blessing has certainly been on those feeble efforts, and "some droppings of His grace fell on me, even me." Mr. Bonney said "those girls are all in His hand, never fear, trust in God; those prayers, instructions, and godly example for these many years, will not be lost; they can never be forgotten even when the girls return to their own native homes; leave all with God" and so I do. Strikingly pleasant has been my sojourn in China, very sweet and cheerful has been the inner circle of my mission life. True, bitter very bitter crushing trials, wailing in spirit, and the sorrows of a blighted home have been mine; but not one too many — not half what I deserve. God's hand held the key and he locked out chastisement and admitted succor when he saw best:

"After a while earth's rush will cease.  
And a wearied heart find sweet release."

All my life has been crowned with mercies; for one hour of sickness or heavy woe I have enjoyed days of unclouded bliss and happiness. During the ten years it was my privilege to have a residence in China, God saw fit to call me to "pass under the rod." Mr. Bonney's aged mother, two of my cherished sisters, a darling niece, and my own idolized husband, were removed from earth to heavenly mansions in the new Jerusalem. But with loving obedience I kept on with my boarding school of forty-three girls, two years and a half after Mr. Bonney's decease. I was the only foreigner in my household of fifty-six Chinese; and as Rev. D. Vrooman was in California, it left me for one year and a half, the only and last member on the field of the Canton mission, belonging to the American Board of Foreign Missions.

The day I left China, the physicians thought it doubtful if I ever reached America alive. I am now fully restored. It was two years the

26th of December since I left Hongkong, and with God's blessing and grace to sustain me in my work for Christ, I trust the coming March will find me again on mission ground. I go out under the auspices of the "Woman's Union Missionary Society." In the first pamphlet issued by them called "Woman's Mission to Woman" is found the promise: "Wherever God in his providence opens to them a door they will seek to enter and do his work." For eight years they have earnestly and faithfully labored for India and now comes the call from China, which thirty-eight years ago was started by the Rev. Dr. Abel and I go out as your representative to establish a "Home" in China similar to the one in India. We desire if possible to labor among the higher classes, and have chosen Peking the Capital of China as the most eligible location. It is very desirable for the "Home," as being even more healthy than at Canton; it is said to be the most healthy mission field in Eastern Asia. I spent one summer in Peking, the latitude is the same as Philadelphia, and the weather is much like that of Boston; while Canton temperature more nearly resembles that of New Orleans. The thermometer in Canton stands on an average in July and August at 80° and 88°; in January and February 50° to 60°. At Peking from 10° to 25° in December or March, but in summer usually from 75° to 90°.

Ours is a *Union Society* to labor for the amelioration and elevation of woman; we belong to all evangelical denominations and we all rejoice as with one heart that our China mission is re-consecrated during this Week of Prayer. Though we are feeble and weak, the prayers of Christians will prevail with God to make us more worthy of our high vocation and instrumental in accomplishing much good. Christian women in every land should feel an interest in China. "*Future work* must be left to Christ the First Missionary and Chief Director of all missionary labor; it will take shape from our surroundings and will rapidly develop as it is pursued under God's blessing."

If God permits an American lady to establish this much wished for "Home" in China, the American churches should earnestly with pride and pleasure be more than willing to stand by her.

In almost every particular "the Chinese custom is the very reverse of that which prevails amongst ourselves," but in nothing is it more lamentably manifested than in regard to the female sex.

The women of China are not sunk as low, not as degraded as their sisters in many heathen lands. They are always cheerful and courteous in their manners, glad to welcome any of our sex as visitors, and as soon as their childish curiosity is gratified ready to listen respectfully to any thing we may wish to say. I have occasionally visited some of the higher classes in Canton and was always well received. There are at least 200,000,000 women and girls in China, and they can be ever reached *only* by female agency. One of the worst features of the Chinese system is the degraded condition which it assigns to woman. Confucius says: "woman is not a free agent." Indeed, "women are hardly accounted of in China until they become mothers, but from that time they are supposed to exercise in their peculiar relation great influence on the welfare of the state; and so they do, if not always *living*, at least when dead." The Chinese court regime makes it imperative even for a high officer to retire from public life for three years at the decease of an aged mother. It is God alone makes us to differ; the brightest intellect, youth, beauty is not *too costly* a gift for God's altar.

The higher class of females are not often met excepting on festival seasons when visiting the Ancestral Hall, or public gardens. Canton, Peking and other places in China seem to be "cities of men," occasionally you meet a woman, but she is of the lower class, very few of them can read. Yet with all this multitude there is no confusion about relationship, for it is a "rule in China that persons of the same clan name shall not intermarry; Miss Lee cannot become the wife of any man bearing the name of Lee. The missionary can never reach the secluded women, and the missionary wife has sufficient cares, her first duty is to her husband to render her own home happy, and she must be ten times more a mother in China than here if she would keep her children pure. *She* should not be trammelled with these extra toils; already too many of our devoted missionary wives are quietly resting in their graves simply from over exertion. There is not a missionary wife in China but feels anxious to reach her own sex, and they greet with great delight the "Woman's Mission" to China. It is the one missing link so much needed to facilitate the missionary operations. The language need not be such an obstacle; "where there is the will there is a way." True, there are about 80,000 characters, 4,000 in the Bible, but we do not need to study all the written characters before we can impart instruction, we can soon pick up sufficient of the colloquial to make ourselves understood. People die *here* as well as *there*, none are exempt, but heaven is as near China as America.

One thing strikingly suggestive of success in China is the beautiful trait of *union* Christians, we all labor for the same great object; denominational differences are but little observed. There is no time for those minor distinctions, and the energetic effort of concentrated work for Jesus forms a closer union among the various sects, thus giving greater efficiency to woman's assistance at work which can be fitly accomplished only by *her*. We will never regret either giving ourselves or our money to advance the heathen woman to the high privileges and elevated position we occupy; the more we give for Jesus, the more we are sure to receive. When I left China in 1866 the statistics of the stations showed in *Pekin* of all Societies nine missionaries and ten missionary ladies. In *Canton* were thirteen missionaries, ten missionary ladies, twenty-eight native helpers, two hundred and twenty-eight Chinese members. *Total in China*: ordained missionaries, 97; lay missionaries, 14; missionary ladies, 93; whole number of missionaries, 204; number native helpers, 206; number of members received in 1865, 282. Whole number of the natives members, 3142.

"Notice. A public meeting for the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, will be held Sabbath night Jan. 3, at the Reformed Church on the Heights, (Dr. Eddy's). Additional interest will be given to the meeting as it will be a farewell for three ladies who will sail for China Jan. 9, as missionaries under the auspices of the Society. Addresses by Rev. Dr. Storrs, Dr. N. Schenck and others. Services will commence at 7½ o'clock." On *January* 9, 1869, Emma and I with two young ladies sailed from New York for China in the California steamship "Alaska." January 29 The passage thus far has been charming, although our party has more or less succumbed to sea-sickness. On the Atlantic side we had a rough but not boisterous passage, and were able to have service on Sabbath, which was conducted by Rev. Mr. Williams of San Francisco in the Episcopal form. Two clergymen are with us from that city and one from Oregon, Rev. Dr. Atkinson; the captain has allowed us to have

evening prayers in the saloon, which many passengers attend. One of our young ladies makes herself useful in leading our singing on the piano. "We passed in sight of the green hills of Cuba and Hayti and the blue mountains of Jamaica." As we approached Aspinwall, the foliage on the beautiful hills looked quite refreshing. We anchored on Sabbath afternoon at four o'clock "at the dock of Aspinwall the Atlantic terminus of the Panama Railway." There were a few scattered buildings gay with white paint and green blinds. "Many negroes were sitting smoking their pipes while half naked, grinning, coal-black negresses were hucksters with baskets of fruits and small wares on their heads; all of them were most loosely attired in white muslin or calico with short sleeves and very low necks."

The following morning by six o'clock all the passengers were seated in the cars. Our ride of forty-nine miles across the Isthmus of Panama from ocean to ocean was very pleasant. "Here, rising in all their stateliness, the classic sheaves of the royal palm shed an air of oriental beauty over the landscape." Then too the cocoanut and orange trees loaded with fruit, together with the "graceful bamboo waving over the water its feathery top" reminded me of my Eastern home. "The road passes through a deep marsh, built on piles driven down firmly into the spongy soil and the foundation covered with earth. There were dense groves of high shrubs and Mangroves rising out of the almost unfathomable marshes with other gigantic trees." We were not so fortunate, while crossing the Mindee river as to see any of its enormous aligators, but the iron bridge over the Chagres was greatly admired. "To the west looms up the Cierro Gigante, the loftiest summit upon the Isthmus whence Balboa saw at a glance the bright waters of the two oceans. The summit of the line is two hundred and fifty feet above the Pacific." We passed many native settlements from the thatched huts of which the ladies issued and gathered in groups; the gentlemen in the cars acknowledged the compliment of their presence by a wave of the hand or a handkerchief. Although there were several hours to spare at Panama before the steamer "Colorado" left, but few persons ventured to visit the old Spanish town as small-pox and yellow-fever were at this time quite prevalent. We therefore contented ourselves with looking at the beautiful harbor, having also a fine view of the old ramparts, the cathedral and houses. They have taken on board a number of "huge green turtle weighing not less than two hundred or three hundred pounds; they are held in high repute by epicures and are found in great numbers along the coast." The weather has been fine, the bay of Tehuantepec was crossed without much disturbance. The steamer was detained four or five hours at Acapulco "for the purpose of coaling." The scenery around this Mexican port was diversified: the low sandy sea coast, the splendid harbor and the great chain of the Sierra Madre Mountains with its lofty peaks and "hills that smoke." "Acapulco is the chief city of Mexico on the Pacific coast." On Monday we were three or four hours at Manzanillo, at which place three men were put ashore in irons, they had secreted themselves on the vessel. There had previously to this been quite an exciting time, doors were locked and each passenger required to show his ticket. It was rather rough crossing the gulf of California but when past Cape St. Lucas there was a sudden and perceptible change in the weather; our tropical clothing was gladly changed for the thick garments with which we left New York. Our sail up the Pacific has been delightful, the shore in

sight most of the way with ranges of the Coast mountains interspersed occasionally with a volcano smoking in the distance. The "Colorado" steamed proudly from the ocean through "Golden Gate" entrance into San Francisco Bay, and safely anchored on February 1st soon after daylight close to the steamship "Japan" which is to sail on Thursday noon. After placing all my baggage in my state room on the "Japan" we went to the Occidental hotel which is "one of the finest buildings in the city." The first person I saw on alighting from the coach was Bishop Kip; it was a happy meeting with himself and family.

In our rambles over this beautiful city we saw the effects of the late earthquake, many houses were being repaired. The leading thoroughfares were thronged with pedestrians, we passed many fine gardens with flowers in full bloom. Oakland, where Mrs. Vrooman died, "lies across the bay eight miles distant" and has many elegant residences. Throughout our journey we have received much kindness, and have reason for gratitude to God for the manifestations of his goodness. The prayers which we are sure have been offered for us have been abundantly answered, and we feel greatly refreshed in this climate which is "unsurpassed for salubrity." Taking up one of the papers I found this: "Mrs. Bonney, widow of the late Rev. S. W. Bonney, of the A. B. C. F. Mission at Canton, returns to China in the service of the 'Ladies' Union Missionary Society,' to labor chiefly among and for females. It is to establish the 'Zenaua' work in China, which has been so successful in India. Miss Douw and Miss Adams are to be associated as helpers or teachers with Mrs. Bonney. Peking is to be their present field of labor. This missionary band have won the love of Christians and the esteem of all classes on the voyage thus far, and they are cordially commended to the Divine care as they embark on the *Japan* for their voyage across the Pacific."

Leaving San Francisco Thursday February 4th, sailing down the unrivaled harbor and through the Golden Gate we were once more launched on the great ocean. Under the skillful guidance of a Divine Pilot with unlimited power we were taken safely over the blue Pacific, though it was not then Pacific but very restless and turbulent with its "foam crested billows." There was an ever unfailing source of delight in watching the "night brilliants" above us which sparkled in unequalled luster, or the rolling beneath us of the fathomless ocean, these never could satiate or weary. An incident of great interest was our losing a precious day on our way; "the shadow of the dial seemed to be going backward," and we could exclaim as once did a noble Roman "I have lost a day." It seemed a singular paradox to go to bed Saturday night and rise up the next morning to find we had no Sunday; it was Monday February 22d, "Washington's Birthday." The splendid "Japan" had during the night passed the 180° of longitude the top of the hill opposite Greenwich, and was then going down the contrary side dropping a day to be picked up when the steamer returned. In traveling westward the entire time has really been consumed in the increased lengthening of each consecutive day. In order to regulate which nautical men have agreed to make the necessary change at the prime meridian of 180°. The dinner table that day was decorated with "American flags;" several tiny ones were floating emblems over the salt cellars. After a boisterous passage it was a welcome event to the tempest-tossed when we anchored at Yokohama, Japan, on March 4th. Since our visit in 1862 a new conveyance has been started called *Ginrackashas* — "they are like baby carriages on a large scale,

each is drawn by a half-naked Japanese." On March 14th we safely arrived at Shanghai, making just nine weeks since we left New York city, and were received by Rev. E. W. Syle. Emma and I had a charming visit of a few days in Canton which was truly refreshing and comforting as with all my "feelings on tiptoe I reveled in all the rewards of the meritoriousness of absence." The bright smiles and glad words and strong grasp of welcome from so many assured me I was not forgotten but held in affectionate remembrance by those beloved friends. "After a thousand questions are asked on both sides, delightful memories brought up, and others that will not bear touching upon spared, the most good natured person in the company exclaims; 'Bless me! you are not at all changed.'" We were guests of Rev. C. F. Preston the tried friend of other days. The cordial greetings and courtesies of social life were not confined to missionary families and other foreigners, but the crowning act of kindness and a greater surprise was the grateful memory of the Chinese. The Chinese lady teacher formerly connected with my school together with many of my old pupils came, bringing their husbands and babies, to see me, with joy depicted on their countenance. The meeting with Anna, now the wife of Rev. D. Vrooman with her three children; and Ahá wife of a native assistant belonging to the English Wesleyan Mission with her husband and chubby boy were charming re-unions. The whole visit was fruitful with unexpected testimonials of esteem and affection for one who "had been in the furnace of affliction." This was the beautiful season of green leaves, violets and daisies; and the morning sun poured brightness over the landscape as we stood near the fresh bamboo groves and saw many more death-rows and grassy mounds within the cemetery grounds than when we last stood there. The grave under the small cluster of waving bamboo was in perfect order and the country had lost none of its pristine beauty. And now again our home letters bring the sad tidings of the death of another "loved one," Mrs. Sherwood, the eldest sister of Mr. Bonney.

*Establishment of the Peking Home.*

April 9th, Pichu River. We are now anchored close to the "Bar" waiting for the tide to carry us over, when we enter the river and after sailing sixty-two miles hope to reach Tientsin this afternoon. "The banks present no striking scenery, being an uninterrupted plain, but the many peach and apple orchards, each tree loaded with its delicate blossoms, presents a refreshing sight to the eye. At the south of China they have a superstitious notion that the blossoming of the peach tree, at the time of their New Year festival, betokens good luck and prosperity for the coming year, and they have a way of forcing that tree to bloom for the occasion, and then have a branch of it in their houses brilliant with flowers. Paddy and grain abound, as in other cultivated parts of China, and several magnificent trees are to be seen on both sides of the river. The large number of junks hinder the navigation of our bulky steamers. The most difficult portion of the passage is about twenty miles below Tientsin, vessels are often stuck fast and frequently have to discharge the cargo to lighten the vessel." This stage completes our voyages of three months since we left New York. What abundant reason we have for thanksgiving: we have been kept from serious ill; no accident has befallen us these many thousand miles, for God's tender care has been over us until we have in safety nearly reached the end of our journey. There are no rail roads

in China, and to proceed to the capital of the "Celestial Empire" after leaving steamers we took two clumsy old native craft which travel at canal boat speed. They have a narrow space on both sides the length of boat for the men when poling, with movable masts to be put up or taken down as required. These boats are destitute of every comfort, and if you would not perish with hunger, ham-sandwiches for food, and blankets for chilly nights must not be forgotten as each traveler provides his own rations and other requisites. These boats have no windows or doors only movable partitions; one long narrow room with a raised platform which answers for bed and seats; boards are taken out for windows to suit your convenience. One smaller room in the rear is for the boatmen. There was a primitive simplicity in all our surroundings; but there was a luxury in the quiet rest and short respite from all care, recruiting exhausted energies which would not allow us to call it a tedious passage. Sometimes there was a hard pull against wind and current when a number of men were employed tracking the boat; they were on shore tugging at a tow-rope, while three or four on board are pushing with bamboo poles to make headway. The water being at a low stage we were several times aground. "The salt-mounds on the right bank of the river are like a range of low hills; immense mounds of salt are stored by government under mat coverings, and Tientsin is perhaps the largest storehouse of this commodity in the empire. The salt trade is strictly a government monopoly. The French consulate is situated on the bank of the river opposite the town, just at its junction with the grand canal. It was formerly one of the imperial resting places, and is perhaps the most picturesque and striking looking building in the neighborhood. One half of the original enclosure is now occupied by the Roman Catholic Mission."

Notwithstanding the slowness of our progress after being accustomed to be carried along on steamers and rail cars, it was counterbalanced by many objects of interest which well repaid and served to vary the monotony although it required "roughing it in a healthy way on board a Chinese boat" four days. "Millet is very extensively cultivated in this district and the poor people live on it to a large extent." The hamlets seen were few and those of the poorer sort, with mud walled houses. In passing any village, men, women, children and barking curs came out in crowds to see the novel sight of foreign ladies. Our boats anchored at night when the two were lashed together that we could easily step from one to the other; it was a pleasant re-union as the two young ladies occupied one vessel, Emma and myself the other. When within thirteen miles of the Imperial city, at Tung-chow, boats are left for the famous two wheeled carts which must be tried before they can be duly estimated. They are oblong boxes about "two and a half feet wide, four feet high and three and a half feet long, covered over by a frame work with cloth to protect from the sun and dust; an open space of a foot square is left at each side for windows. You crawl in and out from the front, there are no seats; you make yourself as comfortable as you can in a cramped position of body" seated on a matted floor, guarded at either side by innumerable bundles and cushions to save a fractured head or arm over these notable roads. The carters who ply between Tientsin and Peking are a distinct class of men, somewhat like the carriers in remote parts of England in the good old times, before steam had rendered communication between various parts of the country so easy as we find it at present. "On meeting another vehicle he turns to the *left* instead of

*right*, sometimes jumping down and running by the side of the cart for a few paces to show particular respect to his acquaintance. There are *no springs* which with cramped position and constant jolting over large stones was something fearful. The roads often pass through fields of grain and corn where "an ordinary street carter would probably lose his way." A few years previous when passing over this same road at a later season, I saw boys, women and girls busily engaged picking cotton and filling their baskets with the beautifully white down. The same field having the pretty, showy yellow flower, the pure white cotton bursting forth from the ripe pods, and the seeds involved in the cotton. "Oil is expressed from the seeds of the cotton plant; and the capsules or pods, being hard they burn as fire-wood, while the leaves are given to their cattle. The roads are really intolerable "badly constructed, in fact the high road between Tientsin and Peking is after all only a wide track, having numerous ruts and deep holes made by the sharp wheeled native carts, and after a few hours rain the road becomes all but impassable. When you arrive at your journey's end you feel very much as if you had been tossed up in a blanket faced with deal boards." The fatigue incurred ascending Cheops or the Great Pyramid is not an instance compared to this, joints are nearly dislocated, yet we may chance to survive the contusions which are the luck of all. The climax is reached in passing the gates of Peking; the roads here have massive blocks of granite which by the immense travel have in many places holes worn two feet deep. Cushions avail not then, and in vigilant silence the wary traveler's great aim is to guard the head as much as possible from these terrible thumps, by the tossing first on one side then the other. He remembers the old adage "a burnt child dreads the fire" and a fractured skull or serious contusions will certainly be the result of a moment's inattention. These are the only vehicles used in Peking, carriages are never seen and sedans but seldom; the mandarin's carts, however, are handsome and well padded but without springs or seats; though the wheels being placed farther back, than in the ordinary carts, make a more comfortable conveyance.

"The approach to Peking for two miles outside the city walls is a fine road one hundred yards wide, paved with granite stones from six to sixteen feet in length, with shops on both sides of the spacious avenue. You have no distant view of the city as it is situated on a large sandy plain and presents no imposing appearance, so that the traveler finds himself within five hundred yards of the southern wall with only a glimpse of the gate pagoda of the Tartar city. The houses are all one story, having no cellars or attics; there are no spires of any kind; "towers, domes or great public buildings towering above the rest" only the pagodas. There is "not even a chimney to break the uniformity of the house-tops, which being nearly uniform in height, and the streets laid out in straight lines, give the city the appearance of a vast encampment or assemblage of canvas-tents, which would be complete if the roofs were painted white instead of red, blue and other colors." These many colored, thin brick tiles with which roofs of houses are covered give it a gay aspect at sunset from the city walls.

Our "passports" were taken at the city gates by a ragged looking official, but we were subjected to a second and third stoppage or examination. We were struck with the deep, high arches at all the gates and double gateways, the arches were built of marble; these gates are closed at sunset, and if unfortunate enough to arrive after that time you must spend the

night in your cart outside the walls which would not be at all very desirable. "These walls are built of sun dried large brick of a blue color, cemented with excellent mortar, resting on a foundation of blocks of granite;" these solid massive walls, which hide the whole city, are fifty feet high, from forty to fifty-five feet wide, wider than many streets, with a parapet on the top and nicely paved. "The earth to fill in the wall was taken from the deep ditch which surrounds the city. Over each gateway is a long, three-storied pagoda built of wood, and owning an infinitude of port holes for cannon, through which (in peace time at all events) a lot of wooden guns, quakers, bid a very mild defiance to anybody who might take a fancy to attack one of the pagodas." Foreigners are allowed to promenade on the walls, though doing so does not give satisfaction, it is a grudging toleration; few Chinese men presume to venture there and a Chinese woman is not permitted to go on the wall. The avenues across from one gate to the other are more than one hundred feet wide, all unpaved and in rainy weather almost impassable. We heard of two or three deaths of Chinese drowning in these very avenues from the capsizing of their carts into those deep ruts on either side. "Now and then a child is deposited by poor people in one of the deep, dry and dilapidated drains which are seen every where in the city, and there we occasionally find dogs and swine."

We arrived at Peking, April 16th; for a few days we were most hospitably entertained by Dr. and Mrs. S. Wells Williams, until the "Home" was arranged for our comfort. Our healthful location is a short distance from the U. S. Legation which will be a protection to us should such be needed. The wall of the city is near us which is a suitable place for exercise. Our separate verandas have mat awnings, suspended from the roofs, which are lowered during the heat of the day, these I have had put up. The fronts of our buildings are similar to all Chinese houses having a fanciful net-work of wood covered with a peculiar kind of white paper which is impervious to wind. The lower section in the houses of foreigners has given place to glass; as the cold weather approached I had an extra thickness of paper put on. Our ceilings are not plastered as at home, but white paper is pasted over the lathing of reeds through which the rain and rats frequently make large holes. I have had some of the bricks removed from our spacious court yards to make place for pretty flower beds to cheer us with their charming associations, and we now have the pomegranate with its "burning scarlet blossom," and other choice flowers which dazzle with their brilliancy. We all have commenced the study of the language, while I have just finished reading the Gospel of St. John, and find my acquaintance with the written character is a great help to me. In a conversation lately held with the missionary physician of the English Hospital, I have been confirmed in my opinion of the importance of securing suitable lady physicians for our work. A medical man is often called in to prescribe for Chinese women, though is never allowed to see the patient; but a woman fully educated for this department of usefulness would have incalculable advantages. To her services there could be no practical objection, to her might be assigned the medical care of the sick poor of her own sex, and then she soon would have access to the women even of higher classes. When once known, there would be for her such a welcome as none other could expect, and "it is hoped that the benevolent healing of the sick, will, in many cases, recommend the Christian religion to such as are brought under its influence by the desire of

being relieved of some troublesome disease." Our custom is to have evening worship immediately after tea. One evening a servant came in as I was reading. As we knelt in prayer, feeling that one was present who could not understand, I concluded by repeating for the first time in the Peking colloquial the "Lord's Prayer." When I rose from my knees, I saw the woman, after walking the whole length of the large room, had of her own accord knelt down by Emma's side, taking that child's hand and clasping it close in her own and thus remained on her knees till the end. After rising up she came to me and asked if I would teach her that prayer. My heart almost stopped beating with gratitude. I did teach her and she continued to attend our family devotions. [Subsequently this Amah was baptized by Rev. C. Goodrich, of the American Board, and I had the privilege of sitting next to her at the Lord's table.] I have great faith in teaching the "Lord's Prayer" to those who come under our care. Another incident in connection with this was observed in the Chinese female prayer meeting, at Canton, to which many of the mothers and friends of the pupils came. The lady teacher, a woman of sixty-five years, and four of the scholars had for some time been deeply impressed with the wickedness of idolatry and wished to serve Jesus.

One morning just at the hour of meeting, I was talking with them about their duty of public prayer. They seemed willing to testify for Jesus, but did not know what to say. I replied, "You all know the *Lord's Prayer*, God wants nothing better." During the meeting, at which there were about *forty* persons from outside, I called on the teacher to pray. We all knelt; and she *did* repeat with deep solemnity that very prayer. The four girls with trembling voices, followed her example. It brought tears to my eyes. That prayer repeated *five times* was not tedious. Their open testimony before their heathen friends did much good. Mr. Bonney then prepared Chinese prayers for them which I subsequently revised for the Peking colloquial.

Glad tidings have been received of the completion of the Pacific railway. "A rail road across the continent, to unite the Atlantic and Pacific coast, to open more rapid means of communication. The construction of such a line was so vast an undertaking, and the difficulties connected with it so great, that even the most sanguine, hardly expected it would be completed in their day. An act was passed by Congress, and approved by President Lincoln on the 1st day of July 1862, sanctioning the undertaking. The work of construction did not actually commence till the 8th of January, 1863, when the ground was first broken at Sacramento, California. The laying of the last rail on the 10th of May 1869, was celebrated with imposing ceremonies in the presence of an assemblage of thousands of persons. It was a scene of thrilling interest, made glad by the enthusiastic people who were jubilant at the completion of the great railroad enterprise, and made the grand old mountains ring with shouts of triumph and hymns of joy. The east and west shook hands, where the junction between the roads was effected, where the last tie was laid, and from which, as a centre, the telegraph wires communicated the great intelligence that the last spike was driven, and the American continent was girdled with an iron band. After fitting acknowledgments by Governor Stanford of presents received: as laurel tie, gold and silver spikes, &c., the crowd falls back, and there is an open space with two engines confronting each other. The last blow is now about to be struck, they uncover their heads, and a venerable man stands forward and in an impressive voice offers up

an earnest prayer. After which the sledge descends, once, twice, thrice! The intelligence is transmitted, when the alarm bells of all the principal cities and the crash of cannon announce the tidings *It is done!* The two locomotives move up till their pilots (guards) rub together, as if to greet each other in a lasting friendship. The chimes of Old Trinity, in New York city, rang cheerily as though rejoicing, while the church beneath was filled with a multitude who rendered thanks to God for the completion of this gigantic work."

At the united Missionary Conference, recently held, I was much gratified by some remarks of Rev. L. N. Wheeler of the American Methodist Episcopal Mission who formerly resided in Foochow. Allusion was made to one of my former scholars at Canton, "*Aoot*," who was married to a native preacher at Foochow, "*Hu Sing Mee*," as an "interesting Christian woman who was doing a good work for the Master." When the proposition was made that she and her husband should join the Rev. O. Gibson in his missionary work at San Francisco, she meekly replied, she "would take three days to pray over it." This was done, and the young couple are now laboring at that place. Such news is encouraging to any heart and if we as teachers earnestly endeavor to do our entire duty God will bless our labors and class us among the *greatest*. Dr. Channing says: "The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and from without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is the calmest in storms and, most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God is most unfaltering."

There are *three* cities within Peking: the Chinese, Tartar, and Prohibited city, each with its own glazed walls thirty feet high all enclosed by outer walls. In the Chinese city a few inns are to be found "consisting of one or two wretched rooms furnished with a matted kang or stove-bed, a chair and table, but peopled with an infinity of fleas, &c. The Prohibited city in which the emperor resides is never entered by foreigners, it is two miles in circumference. From the outer wall you have a distant view of a few of the royal residences, the roofs of which are all covered with yellow varnished tiles, as is also the wall of the Prohibited city. Foreigners mostly live in the Tartar city. "This oblong square of Peking was formerly divided only into *two* cities: That which contains the emperor's palace is called the Tartar city, because the houses were given to the Tartars when the present family came to the throne; and they refusing to suffer the Chinese to inhabit it, forced them to live without the walls, where they in a short time built a new city; which by being joined to the other, renders the whole of an irregular form." Subsequently *part* of the Tartar was made the Prohibited city. Our residence, which was obtained through the kind services of Dr. Williams, is close to an esplanade of the city wall and near the south gate. ("These slopes within the city are of considerable length, by which horsemen may ascend the walls.") This gate "is larger than any of the other nine gates, and is the only one with *three* entrances, the central gate being for the use of the Emperor, or his family alone. "These gates are neither embellished with statues, nor other carving, all their beauty consisting in their prodigious height, which at a great distance gives them a noble appearance." There are also walls around the better class of residences with a very unpretending looking gate-way always guarded, having a small wall or screen before the portal inside, which completely shuts out a survey of

the premises if the gate is inadvertently left open for a moment. The Chinese have many things strikingly curious. "The gay shops have their wares displayed in full view with splendid sign-posts standing before them ornamented with painted and gilded inscriptions, also entwined with silken ribbons and flags or streamers of every possible color from top to bottom. These boards are about twenty-feet high and brightly varnished (on which are the large characters telling of the several commodities for sale) raised on a small kind of pedestal placed in the street before his door. All shops are closed at night. Even the streets are not lighted, and no person ventures out after dark but carries a lantern. It is an odd sight to see these paper lanterns of different sizes and shapes gorgeously painted fastened to the shaft of each cart. There is also the greatest show of coffins for the dead exposed for sale. "The Chinese often expend large sums in the purchase and preparation of a coffin during their lifetime: the cheapest are from five to ten dollars, and upwards to five hundred dollars, and even one or two thousand according to the materials and ornamenting. In 1835, at Canton the coffin used for Mowqua cost three hundred and seventy dollars. The form of a Chinese coffin resembles the trunk of a tree; the boards are three or four inches thick, and rounded on top. The bier in their funeral processions is covered with canopies of silk and form a splendid portion of the moving picture, then too the sumptuous gilded sedan chairs have their canopies of embroideries and silk."

One singular contrivance in general use at the North of China is their conspicuous "*Káng*" or stove-bed, which contributes not a little to their happiness and they would hoot at any thought of innovation. It is built the width of the room, of brick, is two feet high and six feet wide; on the top large bricks a foot or more square are masoned making an even surface, eight persons can easily sleep on the smaller size, it is the only bed for a whole family. From a small opening below in which the fire is placed are flues as a passage for smoke and heat under the upper brick floor; the bamboo pillow and the bedding is placed on this matted warm platform. Accidents occasionally occur from heating with charcoal; the fuel used is Millet or Sorghum stalks dried, coal and weeds. School rooms are also heated in the same manner, the "*kang*" being used as seats for the pupils. I have seen no chimneys in Peking with the exception of the residences of foreigners.

There is also a queer looking kind of stove without pipe, that can be placed in any part of the room giving you the full benefit of smoke as well as heat, and not at all desirable as I soon found out the other day when on a visit to one of the mission schools; the room was so full of smoke I could scarcely breath. Emma wants me to tell you about the "CAMELS" which interest her greatly. It is a striking and novel sight to see troops of Dromedaries having occasionally quite a young one in their company, every day passing through the streets laden with bags of coal from the mines. We counted two hundred and ten within the distance of half a mile which passed us, and more were in sight, there are generally ten or more in separate companies. They have a sort of tweak passed through the nose with a thin string attached connecting one to the other in Indian file; the first animal is led and the last is honored with a tinkling bell which reminds you of the cows going home at sun-down. These camels are dirty looking in their shaggy coat, which with their monotonous, awkward, shambling gait soon cease to excite your wonder and admiration. We constantly see — and at first thought it very comical — eight or ten

of these meek-eyed creatures lying down quietly chewing their cud waiting for their return load of produce ; almost blocking up the passage, and looking with perfect indifference at the passers by. When their burden is ready and strapped on, then being required to rise, these camels give the most discontented, distressing groanings, and grumble the most unutterable reproaches imaginable. You would really suppose they were being injured, but all go through the same exercise, even if a person is on their back without any other burden. These animals are indeed appropriately called "the ship of the desert," and are used in great numbers for crossing the Desert of Gobi from Kalgan to Kiakhta en route to Russia. They not only carry great weight, but can sustain much fatigue.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

### TIENTSIN TRAGEDY.

My native school for girls is now well started, oh that it may grow and develop under the fostering care of the Great Teacher, and that the leaven of Christian truth which we try to impart, may pervade the hearts of many children and families. I feel so happy in my work, and my great anxiety is to bring the pupils and all my household to the feet of Jesus. We are not, however, without occasions of great rejoicing, one of which was the decision of my Amah to come out on the Lord's side. When she came to me not a single character did she know, but now reads her verse at prayers, and can repeat also the Lord's Prayer, Ten Commandments and Creed which is very gratifying. What a joyless life the Chinese girls do have. No education for *them* and consequently no aspiring youth ; it is only a period of bondage with a hungry striving for human gain, early marriage and frittering away of time in tedious ceremonials ! It is very difficult readily to gain access to these northern Chinese homes which are so sedulously guarded from intrusion. We do not, however, look upon the "shady side" for our Jesus is ever with us and we have a sunshine of soul that makes a Christian happy anywhere if he can labor for his Master. In God's own time the barriers to religious instruction for Chinese females, will all be removed. In the meanwhile let us labor feeling "the conscious presence of God ; having *faith* in his interest in us ; confidence that he so administers the world that it is not a vain thing to pray to him ; and that when cares and troubles come we need not be overwhelmed or discouraged." "The sedentary habits of the Pekinese women, the small and badly ventilated houses make many invalids," but we trust yet to reach them in their impoverished home-prisons with the assistance of our female physicians, who will not be out of place for they are greatly needed. With these harmonious influences we will sow the seed of social reform, relieve much of their sufferings, and alleviate their burdens of life by "the great teachings of Jesus." Not long since there was a public

execution of thirty-six Chinese. A missionary who was present was telling me of the perfect indifference manifested. The prisoners were bound, kneeling with face towards the Emperor's palace as if to thank him for his clemency, one behind the other, thus having a full view as the head in front of him, with a single blow is struck off and falls on one side. "All these executions take place in the street which is quite narrow, swarming with life, the ever passing crowd seem totally unconscious of what is being enacted close by them. Outside the Western South gate of the Tartar city, you will come across a number of wooden cages, containing human heads in a more or less advanced state of decomposition, elevated a few feet from the street; they remain there for a couple of months when the cage is broken, and the head rolls out for the hungry dogs."

The Chinese have a strong national feeling that the body must not be disfigured, but buried complete, no mutilations; to injure intentionally their own persons or allow others to maim it, is considered one of the sins of filial impiety. It is thought dishonorable to be beheaded therefore when not designed for the cage, often the executioner is bribed to have the head sewed to the body; which is actually done by stitching the head to the neck in three places, with the face backwards; it is then twisted round and remains in its place and is then buried by friends. In the case of the condemned to suffer 'cutting into ten thousand pieces,' a rude cross is erected and the unhappy object is firmly lashed thereto, his pigtail being used to draw his head into an upright position; but strangling or poison is preferred as the most honorable."

On January 17, 1870, we had an eclipse of the moon. The Chinese made a fearful noise with their gongs, kettles, crackers, drums and pans "to raise a din and frighten away the dragon of the sky from his hideous feast." It was certainly a "most heathenish racket" for even Chinese worship, and as a fortunate result the moon was not demolished by the heavenly serpent. The festivities of the Chinese New Year are just over, their New Year's day was our thirty-first of January. On the evening of which one of the English missionary ladies, who had just received a box from England for that purpose, gladdened the hearts of many by a very beautiful "Christmas Tree." Forty Chinese girls from the mission schools, native-helpers, teachers and most of the missionary families were present. The singing by the native girls was very sweet and effective, they received pretty gifts to take to their homes during the vacation and the occasion passed off pleasantly giving general satisfaction.

All necessary provisions must previously be procured as on that day not an article can be bought; it is a season of general holiday to all classes; business is entirely suspended for a week or more, and if obliged to hire you are expected to pay two or three times the usual sum. When in Canton, Mr. Bonney after much trouble and at an exorbitant price obtained a sedan chair, and took me around through the principal thoroughfares, that I might see the customary festivities of our adopted nation. A few days previous there is a general washing and scrubbing of every thing; red and gilt papers are pasted anew on doors, boats and signposts; if there has been a death in the family during the year instead of red and scarlet sprinkled with gilt, you will see *blue* paper on the door and blue lanterns. One of my scholars in mourning for her mother wore shoes covered with white cloth, white cord to tie and braid in her cue

with white ear-rings. The same detail is observable in the streets of Peking as in Canton; they were crowded with people in richest attire, garments of fur and embroidery — attending with punctilious decorum to that most important item, making New Years calls. "The wealthy Oriental comes out in his best and stands upon ceremony, his dress is gorgeous, his salutation such as none but an Oriental can give." It is funny to see them "ko-tow," shaking their own clasped hands in front of their breasts with a peculiar shaky motion, and bowing profoundly nearly to the ground. One was "dressed in robes or long tunics of blue silk gauze; another had a long tunic of rich stiff silk embroidered with the insignia of his office, belted at the waist and buckled in with costly morsels of sculptured jade — their handsomely embroidered facings indicative of rank, with their neat accoutrements of fan, pipe and watch-cases dependent from their belts. One wore a cap with the single peacock's feather and a red coral button as a mandarin of the second rank, and "robe embroidered with a golden pheasant. Gentlemen of high position were being carried in handsome SEDANS, with their clerk by the side of the chair carrying the scarlet visiting cards. In Peking, however, the mandarins are not allowed to use sedan-chairs without a special permit from the Emperor. "The choicest flowers are profusely displayed at their residences, and on those occasions the Chinese appear to move with peculiar ease and dignity." The most fearful discordant noises in their religious exercises of firing crackers, cannon, and sending up rockets is the order of the evenings and night. Red candles are used in common; tea, cakes, candies, tobacco, and water-melon seeds are never forgotten being one of the luxuries of the season; and all all is hilarity and amusement. "The Chinese have a praise worthy custom at this season of settling accounts and paying debts."

The Mongolians with their fur caps and sheep-skin coats arrived late in the autumn, as also the Coreans, being the annual embassy bearing tribute to the Emperor in the shape of paper, ginseng, cloths, satin and medicines. The dress of the Coreans, which is usually white or pale blue, with their very peculiar hats, long-pipes, and top knotted hair renders them very conspicuous objects when met in the streets. We went this morning through the Mongolian market, it presented a gay scene. The sun was shining on the brilliant plumage of great quantities of pheasants hung up along the stalls, the lustre of their plumage which gleams with green and blue and gold; together with the golden pheasant delighted us with the richness of their yellow and red tints, which contrast admirably with each other. "The females were attired in a sober dress of brown exquisitely penciled with spots and zigzag lines but totally destitute of the brilliant hues which glisten in the males." There were partridges in large heaps and venison enough to supply all the epicures of Albany. The Mongolians were full of child-like curiosity in crowding close to us, but very courteous; the women were masculine looking and decorated with silver ear-rings and other ornaments. I have not yet become accustomed to a singular musical invention, which the fanciful Chinese have "had in operation for a thousand years," of fastening a peculiar light reed whistle near the tail, "to the two central feathers" of a few of their numerous ring-doves and pigeons, to protect these and smaller birds from their large persecutors, the voracious vultures, "which swoop in ominous flocks around." This contrivance is like "a tiny Æolian harp hardly heavier than a soap bubble, but beautifully worked; as the birds strike the air, it resounds through their harps, loudly or pathetically, according

to the speed of their flight." From early in the morning a shrill whistle, like the steam-pipe on a boat or the cars, startles you as the birds fly over your head high up in the air, and naturally looking around, or up you see, not a train of cars, but a large flock of birds enjoying the pleasant morning air, secured from the hooked claws (by the shrieking noise) of the frightened rapacious enemies, hovering around, to whom otherwise they would fall a prey. The large *crows* are very tame, and, not being disliked, take especial delight in remaining near residences; caw, caw, caw! is the almost incessant din that reaches our ears; the young ladies insist they talk Chinese and are solemnly conning over "the tones." I saw one fly down and take a drink of water while the flowers were being watered. The other day two crows attacked a large cat on the roof which had evidently been too near their nest in the high tree and drove her from their domain. Another crow stands every Sabbath on the roof of the English Legation Chapel and acts as "clerk," for he certainly responds in a croaking and most sonorous manner during the service, they are really provokingly bold.

March 30th, was just one year since one of our "loved ones," sister Lucy, went to heaven. What an experience has been hers *at home* in the regions of Eternity, no more partings, no heart strings are broken there, all is peace and joy for ever, face to face with her Saviour in absolute certainty. More than a year has passed into the abyss of Eternity since we parted, and from this far off stand point in regions of the "flowery land" I send you my affectionate greeting redolent with pleasant reminiscences of the two years sojourn in America. I linger lovingly over those home-scenes, and the heart truly throbs with warmest appreciation of those "sweet influences." These life trials matter little, we take them with us while we "go and tell Jesus" and then we are no longer encumbered by them, passing all over to *His* keeping, therefore we are not dependent upon extraneous circumstances, as our Saviour is ever enshrined in our hearts. Each of us have a life-work which we can make a congenial pursuit, if with a quiet tenacity we take a "sunward sweep, caroling of patient continuance in well doing." A transition state is passing over the Empire and we *work* or *wait* as God directs. May our Lord and Master show each of us what we can do to aid in making China a Christian nation and give us willing hearts to do it with zeal and perseverance. We do not expect that America will at present be electrified by missionary success in China, but there is an under-current, strong but silent that works an essential change. Let our activity, pious zeal and liberality only be commensurate with the widening sphere for Christian influence and soon the idolatrous Chinese will see they can have no other Guide to Heaven but the Holy Bible and no other Redeemer but Jesus. We with other missionaries have been "working in the sterile soil of heathen homes, on a compact mass of idolatry and paganism that does not yield to any soft or light strokes." We by our silent influence in conjunction with the preacher, are undermining an Empire of mental and moral darkness, by sending streams of light and truth around it and through it. Assisted by your kindness we show them the beauty of a Christian Home and you work through us. It is only eight years since mission work in Peking was commenced, and although progress has been slow in appearance, it is not really so when we look at the obstacles in our way. Idolatry, ignorance and superstition have grown mountain high in China, by centuries of habit and cherished veneration for antiquity. The Chinese do not dis-

like us as missionaries, as foreigners we come in for a full share of their enmity, but we are to live down their prejudice, while with steady purpose we teach them the new religion which will alone make them happy. If in improving their social condition we succeed in impressing on their minds that the luxury of cleanliness is next to godliness we will have made a great advance.

You must not be disheartened because we cannot at once send you "good tidings," you must "hold up our hands" by your prayers and beneficence; faint not for God means what he says "oh woman great is thy faith be it even as thou wilt" Yes, the women of China *will yet praise God* and then when you and I have gone to our rest, some one else will send to America the "photographs of Pekin Bible Readers, which I can not do at present simply because there are none. We are to labor, sow the seed with diligence, God stands close behind us *He* will do the watering. He does not need our help, but having sent us to work in his vineyard he will bless even *our* feeble efforts and great will be the result. I cannot even at this late date gladden your heart by details of any unwonted event. We have had no stirring scenes to encounter, but in all the rollings and pitchings of life have ever clung to the "Strong Arm" and we fully concur in saying that "the best way to bear even little crosses is to consecrate them all to God." Our heaviest cross of course is in common with all missionaries that we see so little fruit as yet after all our toil. The record of our vigilance is kept on high, and the sphere of usefulness now open to us is conclusive proof that we are to persevere in fearless reliance on God. We are convinced your fervent prayers will constantly ascend that our hearts may never play truant, but with unwearied zeal press steadily forward toward the "glimmer of light," and labor earnestly with the rainbow on our hearts till we realize that the Sun of Righteousness will flood even China with His Glory.

The impression at home seems to be, it is only necessary to raise money, send the missionary and immediately expect the cheering news of "*Veni, vidi, vici*," "I came, I saw, I conquered." Our Leader and Captain is Almighty, but he will have the co-operation of his army in the conquest of these nations to himself, and we are not to advance faster than he sees fit, it is "not *my* will but thine O God be done." It is only by "line upon line," "precept upon precept" that we proceed. Within a short period missionary zeal in China has had a few rebuffs, but adverse circumstances seem only to carry them cheerfully onward conscious all is of God or they would not occur. The controlling motive, is to be serviceable to this deluded people and lead them to the cross of our Redeemer the magnet to Christians of all denominations. "There had been considerable sickness in the foundling hospital of the Romish Mission in Yanchow; and many of the children had died. A man having been detected at one of the City gates, in carrying out a child covered up in a basket, to bury it in the Roman Catholic burying ground, so great an excitement was awakened that the district Magistrate of Yanchow caused some eighteen of the graves of the little children who had died in the hospital to be opened and their corpses examined, to ascertain whether they had been mutilated or not. The scooping out of the eyes and lungs and livers for medicine was and still is the standing charge against Missionaries.

In August, 1868, two foreigners from Chinkiang, one of these a United States Consul, paid a visit to Yanchow passing quietly through the streets looking at any curiosity they might find, and also called on the

Missionaries. In the afternoon they returned to Chiukiang. Immediately the report was circulated that "twenty children were missing, who were taken away to be cooked and eaten;" upon this the excitement burst into a flame, the mob was called out, to the serious injury of Rev. Mr. Taylor and party. The Chinese officials secretly connived at their proceedings. Last December 3d, there was another disturbance. "The Missionaries at Gan King the capital of Gan Hwng province had their property and Mission premises totally destroyed. Rev. Mr. Meadows and Rev. Mr. Williamson barely escaped with their lives. Mrs. Meadows' little baby's glass tube for receiving nourishment was taken from it. Mrs. Meadows' wedding ring torn off, and nearly every thing about her person stolen. She had no covering for her head and no proper clothing for her infant; for nearly six days the entire party were in native boats going to Kinkiang, and the weather exceedingly cold. When Mrs. Meadows escaped from the mission, their house was being torn down by the mob." Now, these are a few pictures of the darker shading, it is not often thus. You would have been greatly interested could you have been present at our last Monthly Concert. These social gatherings have always seemed to me next to the Sabbath in importance, but especially is the monthly concert of missionaries intensely impressive to me, there is a sunshine of hearts at their union meetings. "Nothing in missionary life is more delightful or so prophetic of the everlasting home as the way in which the rivalry and war of sects is forgotten." Each of those earnest devoted men from all denominations and countries, after exhausting labors day by day in their respective chapels with the benighted souls, gathered to worship in the evening harmoniously, as one family, in the missionary's little parlor prostrate before one common altar. An account was given of the baptism of the Queen of Madagascar by a native preacher and the burning of all the idols at her command. Also of the Japanese Christians menaced by storms that will but usher in brighter days, for they were equal to the emergency and prove them the brave pioneers of Christian liberty. It created intense feeling and drew us very near the throne of the God of gods, for we felt *we* could not be passed by without a blessing. If Christians at home would only realize how the missionary heart is strengthened by the thought that on the first Monday evening of each month, while they are low before the mercy seat the churches at home are not forgetting the absent ones, but that earnest prayer is at the same moment spanning the globe, it would cause a deeper interest to be taken in the home monthly concert. Torpor would yield to quickening influences; as a sequence probably "the windows of Heaven would be opened" for a copious rain of heavenly blessing on China.

The natives suppose that their country is situated in the middle of the world and having this notion they call it the "Middle Kingdom." During a residence of nearly sixteen months in Peking, I was enabled at different times and seasons, as opportunities presented, to visit the temples, "chiefly remarkable for the disagreeable taste in which they are built, for their capaciousness, their whimsical ornaments, and the ugliness of the idols they contain"—old Portuguese burying ground, and other sites. The *Great Bell Temple*, is situated three miles north of the city gate, and we were nearly smothered with dust before arriving at the building. "The bell whence the temple derives its name and fame is said to be the largest hung in existence, being eighteen feet in height and about fifteen in diameter. It weighs 112,000 pounds and is covered, both *within* and *without*,

with perfectly formed Chinese characters. In the top is a round hole and standing on a gallery, which surrounds the huge casting, visitors amuse themselves with pitching down copper cash to the ragged crowd below which never fails to collect when 'foreign devils' (who are free with their cash) are present. It was a saying that those who really succeeded in throwing their coins through the orifice would certainly succeed in their pursuits in life. A large number of the coin was lying about on the ground under the wonderful bell, the top of which was reached by a staircase; it was made before 1643; the coin is considered as belonging to the temple, to be spent in buying incense and candles for use in it. "The priests who are as ragged as the others generally speaking, have a dislike to allowing the bell to be struck as the attention of the rain-god is supposed to be attracted thereby. A few *tias*, however, generally overcome their scruples, though a remarkable coincidence occurred not long since; some Europeans being requested to desist as they would bring down rain, pooh poohed the idea and let fly the immense battering ram, used to strike the bell, heedless of the priest's remonstrances. The moment it was struck, a sharp shower of rain came down, and the party had to acknowledge for once that Buddhism was triumphant." The *Lama temples* were erected when "the Power of the Grand Lama of Thibet had reached an extent which made him a formidable rival." In one of these beautiful temples is an immense image of Buddha, some sixty feet in height, which is composed of wood and clay, and has an elegantly smooth bronzed surface; it is the largest idol in China, perhaps in the world. The priests wore very ample breeches of a deep red color, and instead of a coat, had something like a red blanket thrown over their shoulders. Some of them were engaged in gambling with the large Peking cash. Many of the Mongol priests had on ash-colored clothing. It is currently believed that these Lama establishments are principally supported by moneys received from government. One of the Lama temples contains a colossal monument made out of white marble and is covered with images of Buddha; at its four corners are four white marble pagodas, one pagoda at each corner, four or five stories high, having also carved upon them numerous images of Buddha." "In the *Confucian temple*, the Emperor worships the great sage once a year, without the medium of paintings or images, only a tablet to represent him. The temple proper is not very large, but the abundance of gilding, imperial yellow tiling, yellow painting and yellow bricks connected with it, the pavilions and the out buildings combine to give the premises, devoted to the worship and honor of Confucius, a splendid and magnificent appearance. In the court yard there are a number of pine trees, said to have been planted during the reign of the Mongol dynasty, more than five hundred years ago. The yard is adorned by a variety of stone sculptures, the gifts of successive emperors and dynasties. The temple contains a number of stone tablets, on which are engraved the records of honors conferred on literary men, and to obtain a place here is the acme of the ambition of Chinese scholars. There are also some very curious old stones, drumshaped, dated from 800 years B. C., the writing is mostly obliterated. In the imperial pavilion is a throne from which the emperor is accustomed to confer certain honors upon certain competitors who have successfully striven for literary rank and fame. The table before the throne was covered with dust nearly one-eighth of an inch. At a little distance from the pavilion stands a trium-

phal arch, massive and elegant. The marble terrace is broad, with very handsome balustrades of the same material."

Our party were detained for a long time at the entrance gate to the "TEMPLE OF HEAVEN" but finally, to our great delight, succeeded in gaining admission and spent several hours there. The walk of three miles through the beautiful park filled with venerable trees did not weary. The buildings are situated in this spacious oval enclosure of upwards of two miles in circumference. The central building or pavilion to Heaven which no one *has been* allowed to enter except those who are of royal blood or do duty within the enclosure, has a lofty circular dome in imitation of the vault of Heaven is ninety-nine feet high, consisting of three stories. It is roofed with blue tiles, surmounted with a gilt ball; and is one of the most beautiful specimens of native architecture in the North of China. In the interior of this pavilion a small tablet having inscriptions upon it in large gilt characters is placed in a chair standing on a throne erected at the north end. On the right and on the left sides of the room are placed seven or eight large and elegantly carved chairs which are used to hold tablets representing the deceased emperors. In these chairs and seated on the throne we rested ourselves for some little time without any opposition to our quiet enjoyment. This circular building is erected on the centre of a magnificent platform, constructed of white marble, thirty feet high, surrounded by three terraces, each about ten feet high and respectively one hundred and twenty, ninety and sixty feet in diameter. "The top of the platform is reached by ascending three flights of marble steps from any one of four sides, corresponding to the four cardinal points and protected by balustrades of the same material elaborately if not elegantly carved." When the Emperor visits the temple his carriage is drawn by white elephants when they can be obtained. After burning incense in the chapel with the usual prostrations, he kneels on the upper platform with his officers according to their rank kneeling on the steps and terraces around him. At the conclusion of the exercises his prayer which is written on yellow silk is burnt in one of the open iron urns. The outside of the pavilion and the tiling on its top, of a deep blue color aiming at resemblance of the azure arched expanse above, are inimitably beautiful. Various other buildings surround this, some of which are devoted to lodging the Emperor and his retinue when the annual visit is paid for sacrificing on the altar which gives its name to the place; there is also the palace of abstinence, where he fasts three days preparatory to offering the annual sacrifice.

"The yearly immolation consists of eleven bullocks, twelve rams, three swine, two deer, and twelve hares; these are fed in the spacious park. Near by is an immense furnace, in which the carcass of a bullock is consumed as a kind of burnt offering while the others are being offered whole as sacrifices. There are ten immense iron open-work censers or furnaces, each large enough to hold several barrels, where mock money was burnt in large quantities. The *Altar* to Heaven is located some little distance to the south of the Blue Dome. It is also circular, having two terraces, each reached by flights of nine marble steps, and surrounded by white marble balustrades. There is, however, no pavilion or building on its top; it is level and entirely open to the heavens; this platform is smaller than the other. Near it is an immense furnace for consuming a whole bullock, and twelve large, coarsely-made, open-work iron censers for holding mock money while burning. There are also several magnificent

large copper censers, used for containing incense. We went through the arched passages to the paved, walled vaults in which all the victims for immolation are kept and slaughtered. The altar is surrounded by four walls; the innermost one is circular and the others square surmounted by blue tiles. In the openings of the inner walls there is a splendid lofty arch or portal of white marble, elaborately carved, making twenty-four arches in all. "The bricks used about the altar and the walls are glazed and colored; the *yellow* color predominates." No priests live in the enclosure, only the keepers; the whole place including the extensive park is kept in very good repair.

The other great altar next in magnificence to the Altar of Heaven is located not far from one of the gates of the *northern* wall called the "ALTAR TO EARTH." It consists of two terraces, one built upon the other. The topmost one is reached by two flights of steps, each flight is about six feet high. "The terraces are faced on the sides with yellow glazed brick." This altar or temple outside of the north wall has spacious premises, and is kept in good order; there are many large trees planted in regular rows. Sacrifices to earth are made once a year by the emperor, using one deer, two hares, nine bullocks, six sheep, and six swine.

"The TEMPLE OF AGRICULTURE is situated opposite to the Temple of Heaven in the southwestern portion of the *southern* city. This altar stands in an enclosure about two miles in circumference, and has four separate altars; it is square and one story. On it and near by are eight immense brazen censers, of most excellent workmanship. There too was the butchery, where six bullocks, six swine and five sheep are slaughtered. The Imperial plow, seed-planter, rake and bucket, implements actually devoted to the exclusive use of the emperor himself, were of a bright *yellow color*, while those used by the princes of the empire on the occasion were of a bright *red* color. The two plots of ground where the emperor and his princes engage in the rural employments of plowing, planting, sowing in the presence of the *grandees* of the empire are situated near to the altar of Agriculture, where sacrifices are offered. The worship at this altar is performed at the vernal equinox at which time after a solemn offering to the God of Heaven and Earth, the ceremony of plowing a few ridges of land in the enclosure, and casting in the fructifying seed is performed by the Emperor assisted by members of the Board of Rites."

In the Tartar city is the *Astronomical Observatory* of Peking; we ascend one of the slopes leading from the roadway within the walls to the summit; it is a square tower abutting on the inner face of the wall and some twelve feet higher. "This observatory, built by Kanghsi and furnished with instruments constructed under the direction of Ricci and other Roman Catholic Missionaries, is a stone building of two stories. The upper and exposed portion, contains the frame works of the magnificent instruments originally placed there. The courtyard attached to the observatory contains two planispheres, each supported on cast bronze dragons of exquisite workmanship, inferior to nothing producible in Europe. The instruments on the summit consist of a celestial globe, on which are laid down all the principal stars visible in the latitude of Peking. The globe is made of copper, and is about seven feet in diameter, and is mounted on a fine standard or frame work of copper. There are also various quadrants, and other instruments for determining altitudes with a species of transit instrument. The growth of weeds and the dilapida-

tion caused by time show great want of care. Near to the observatory is the *Examination Hall* of the vast number of the literary candidates who resort to the annual examination. It contains an enormous number of cells, ten thousand is the usual Chinese statement." We often crossed the magnificent white marble bridge of nine arches elaborately ornamented over a stream with its banks shaded by groves of trees, under which are paved walks. This bridge of extraordinary beauty is the only public road for crossing the Imperial grounds when desirous of passing from one side of the city to the other. Standing on this bridge, we see the beautiful artificial lakes two and a half miles in circumference, which surface is overspread with the large green leaves of the lotus resembling our broad leaved water lily. This splendid flower is celebrated for its beauty by the Chinese poets; its tulip-like blossoms of many petals, tinted with the most delicate rose pink, hung over its fan-like leaves floating on the surface of the water. We have here a charming view of pagodas and temples whose brightly colored roofs set off by the endless tints of the surrounding foliage, present on a sunny day, an appearance more resembling the dreams of the oriental splendor, which those who have never left their own homes are apt to form than a sober reality, you can scarcely conceive the beautiful effect produced. On the eastern bank of the lake is a large white Pagoda, built in Indian style and strongly resembling an inverted pepper-box. It is said to be built on the hill where the last of the Ming Emperors, with the flames of his burning palace in view hanged himself to avoid the degradation of falling alive into the hands of his conquerors. In full view is the artificial mountain composed of coal brought from the mines to the northward of the province. This remarkable mound is one hundred and fifty feet high and is covered with earth, in which a number of trees and shrubs are planted, which line the paths to the summit and border the base of the hill. The top is crowned with several pavillions at different elevations, presenting a most picturesque view, while animals and birds in great numbers occupy and enliven the whole enclosure. Its height allows the spectator to overlook the whole city while, too, it is itself a conspicuous object from every direction. The earth and stone to erect this mountain were taken from the ditches and pools dug in and around the city, and near the base are many tanks of picturesque shape and appearance, so that altogether it forms a great ornament to the city."

We passed to the French Ecclesiastical Mission grounds within the walls of the Imperial City; they have a fine new Cathedral, "its spire overtops the loftiest of the palaces which stand at no great distance from it, separated by another wall." A valuable museum belongs to it, containing specimens of the natural history and geology of Peichili. We remained a long time looking with deep interest at this superb collection, assisted in our researches by a gentlemanly priest in his church robes, but his long cue and black silk shoes with thick felt shoes (the head being shaved to the crown and the braided plait behind) were in Chinese style. Our visit to the convent near by was very pleasant; the sisters of charity among whom was an English nun, Sister Louise, received us kindly, showing us over their fine large establishment. The children were all busily occupied with weaving, knitting and embroidery. "The excitement which culminated in the shocking massacre at Tientsin began at Canton many months previous, when inflammatory placards were posted

throughout the whole region about that city stating that foreigners, among whom the French were named, had imported a large quantity of *Shan-sin-fan*, which was a subtle poison. That the 'foreign devils' with 'sly venom' had hired vagabond Chinese to distribute it among the people to ruin them; that only foreigners knew the antidote to this poison and that they would give it only for large sums of money, or to converts to their religion, and if these were women, only for the vilest purposes. These placards produced intense excitement among the natives of the Canton district. Thence it spread to other places, three-fourths of the people believed these statements. The indignation against foreigners and native Christians was such that mobs gathered, strangers were arrested as prisoners, Chinese converts and preachers were beaten, lives in danger, and whole communities were in secret terror. In some places wells were fenced in, and put under lock and cover; and water buckets when carried in the streets, were covered to guard against the dreaded poison being thrown into them by skillful hands. The consequences were most appalling and there arose such a mingled tempest of alarm and rage as has not before occurred within the experience of the oldest missionaries in China. Some desperate fellows, who were willing to sell their lives for money paid to their families, had even been detected throwing *Shan-sin-fan* into wells. This atrocious movement is traceable directly to the mandarins, and was fostered by the treachery of Chinese diplomacy, it was first occasioned by a retrograde policy of the imperial government in regard to all foreigners, and not by the hostility to missions alone. Their troubles arose and their hostility was also greatly stimulated by the knowledge that foreigners would soon claim a revision of the treaty."

"In June, 1870, the foreign communities in China were startled by the news of unparalleled atrocities committed by officially organized bands at Tientsin, on the persons of twenty-one Europeans: French, Belgian, Italian, Russian, and at least one British. There is good reason to believe that the Tientsin tragedy is part of a general plan for the expulsion of all foreigners from the country, a plan which has been frustrated in other places. The causes of the recent outbreak and the Tientsin massacre, which occurred about two o'clock on the afternoon of June 21, 1870, are found to be connected with outrages in other parts of the Empire. The same preliminary troubles as moved the populace of Nankin, vague but horrible suspicions about foreigners had taken possession of the minds of the ignorant people; of kidnapping children, of the missionaries purchasing them and taking out their eyes for medicine, &c.; the same knowledge of the authorities of what was going on, the same apparent indifference on their part to the probable consequences were conspicuously displayed in Tientsin some time before the massacre, while the mandarins and the literati committed the wrong of spreading these calumnies, instead of opposing to them from the first a formal denial. The evidences of hostility towards foreigners acquired such a marked virulence that Mr. Lay, the British Consul felt called on to bring the threatening aspect of affairs under the notice of Chung How, who, as superintendent of the Northern Ports, having been ten years at the head of the executive, civil and military has, nominally at least, almost absolute control over Tientsin and its neighborhood. But with an indifference which is equally inexcusable and suspicious, his Excellency paid no attention to Mr. Lay's thrice-repeated representations, the last made only two hours before the attack. The apparent failure in Nankin was due to the defective organization of

the conspirators and the vigor of the responsible authorities. The notorious Cheng-Kwo-shwai after this tumult was quelled, formed a pretext for his journey to visit the grave of his great foster-father the noted Sanko-lin-Siu, whose grave is at Tientsin. His incendiary effusions fanned the popular excitement. A clue to the origin of the troubles is found in the fact that before the riot there had been a meeting of some literary men, at the yamên connected with the temple of Confucius, when a paper was prepared having reference to the yamên, and presented to the mandarins. The Roman Catholics had erected their large cathedral and hospital upon sites the most conspicuous to be found about the city — the buildings themselves towering above, and far surpassing any native structure seemed as a triumph over the ancient and revered system of China. The people felt it deeply. When the severe drought came, they were easily made the dupes of designing men, and led to ascribe this, with the crimes of sorcery and diabolical cruelty, to the representatives of the new religion. Threatenings of evil had become so frequent that to a certain extent, they came to be treated like the cry of Wolf! Wolf! in the fable, so that when the sad reality did come, no one was at all prepared. The first intimation we had of trouble to our friends in the city, was the sight of fire, which proved to be caused by the burning of the French Cathedral and Consulate adjoining, and the premises of the Sisters of Mercy, some half mile nearer the foreign settlement. Almost immediately after, news reached us of the cruel and barbarous murder of three foreigners. The organized band of the fire guilds, headed by their well known registered officials, and assisted by many regular Chinese troops (and in one part of their deadly work led on by the notorious Chen-Kwo-shwai), rose in thousands against the French Cathedral and Consulate, and murdered their inmates. Soon we heard of the terrible deaths of no less than nineteen Europeans, including the French Consul M. Fontanier; Mons. and Madame Thomassin, who had only arrived the day previous in the steamer from Shanghai; the Chancellor, M. Simon; a Jesuit father, M. Chevrier, and saddest of all, the cruel butchery of the poor sisters of mercy, nine in number. To them indeed no mercy was shown; they were cut to pieces by a fanatical mob, who not content to kill and destroy, wished, if possible, to add to the enormity of their crime by venting their fury on dead bodies. The cruel outrages upon them are horrible even to relate: their clothing was torn off them and they were ravished; then impaled alive with heads downwards; their bodies stabbed and ripped open; their breasts cut off; hands cut off; and thrown into the fire their eyes dug out; while some were *still alive*. All that is left of those devoted women are two charred masses, some distance apart, and quite impossible to be recognized! Truly a crown of martyrdom have they received from the ungrateful people in whose service, and for whose welfare their lives were being spent here. Three Russian subjects Mr. and Mrs. Protopopoff whose wedding had been celebrated less than a week ago, amid great rejoicings, and Mr. Basoff, were taken out of the river quite fresh. The bodies had been stripped and the young wife, only about sixteen, had her arm broken, cuts on face, and her body literally covered with sword cuts and spear wounds; three fingers cut off apparently for the sake of the rings. The freshness of these bodies is supposed to be due to their contact with the salt stacks where they were killed. These were in sedan-chairs being hurriedly borne in the direction of the foreign settlement, when the mob

madly rushing towards the three chairs with the deafening cry 'Here are foreigners! kill the foreigners!' The rabble began to strike the chairs, and the poor Russians, who were the occupants, jumped out exclaiming 'We are not French, we are English.' The reply was 'That does not matter, we will kill you.' The rioters seized the foreign lady, and struck her with their swords, the two foreign gentlemen attempted to rescue her, but they were immediately struck down with swords and spears being instantly killed. The lady was then subjected to brutal indignities, her person also was mutilated and all three were thrown into the river.

M. Thomassin of the French-legation who with his young wife had only just arrived from France came up in the steamer 'Manchu' from Shanghai *en route* for Peking and were to be the guests a short time of the French Consul, they were killed inside of the consulate. M. Chalmaison was killed in his door way as he was coming out. Madame Chalmaison got on her horse and escaped, but she returned to the house in the evening in Chinese dress, but it seems the omission to change her foreign boots led to her detection, and she was slaughtered in the street. Most of the bodies were in an advanced stage of decomposition, having been probably a good deal exposed to the sun on the banks of the river, other bodies taken from the water could not be recognized. "When the attack was commenced the French Consul, M. Fontanier, with his guests were seated at breakfast; he rose from the table, arrayed himself in his full dress Consular uniform and then went with his chancellor M. Simon to Chung-How's Yamên to seek assistance and protection; he sought in vain to induce Chung How to accompany him to the consulate. He might perhaps have been able to save his life, but preferred to die in the place where his duty called him. When the French Consul was leaving Chunghow's Yamên to meet his death at his post, the Chih sien excited the people against him, crying 'Pursue him, pursue him.' It was then that the unfortunate M. Fontanier, already wounded, fired a shot from his revolver which did not reach the one for whom it was intended. A new disturbance arose close to the Cathedral when the mob rose and cut the Consul down killing him on the spot, his body was recovered from the river, stripped of his consular uniform, his head and face cloven to pieces with sword cuts, one spear wound through the chest with part of one hand cut off, but his socks were on and bore the initials H. F. When taken out of the water, it with seven other bodies rescued at the same time, were put in coffins to be kept until the arrival of the French authorities from Peking, expected soon. Mr. Simon was so savagely hacked as to be hardly recognizable. The whole transaction was disgraceful in the extreme and would have been dishonorable and base even in the most savage country on earth. During the whole continuance of the riot, the mob were engaged in robbing while the authorities witnessed the pillage and destruction going on, without making an effort to prevent it. It was an indiscriminate massacre and pillage of defenceless strangers and helpless women, who received no mercy but were murdered in cold blood even while on their knees supplicating for clemency. The Chinese government will be held responsible for the murders and outrages committed on this occasion. It matters not whether the disturbance originated with one party or the other, it is sufficient that a serious disturbance existed, and it became the duty of the authorities to exert their influence to quell it." One of the murdered Sisters of Mercy was a British subject. Sister Louise was a very lovely being, in gentleness of disposition; only a few weeks previous she left her post at Peking

to engage in like charitable employment at the Tientsin convent where she met her horrible fate. On his return to his Yamên, the Chih sien found there the children collected by the Sisters. Shortly afterwards bleeding trophies were brought on the points of pikes. Among these trophies were the hands of one of the Sisters; under the eyes of the Chih sien, one of the satellites struck with them the cheek of one of the children saying 'There's a box on the ear from your aunt!' "The Chih sein appeared to enjoy this spectacle, and listened complacently to the recital of violation, torture and mutilations, on which the soldiers were glorifying themselves. About thirty children, who in their fright at the bloody sight and fire, ran down to hide themselves in the vaults, were found smothered; about fifty or sixty people must have perished in the Sisters places alone.

"The Sisters of Mercy were often among us and were highly respected by all who knew them for their good deeds and self sacrificing labors; much deep sympathy is felt for them and for their friends; we have always revered their beneficent activity and their zeal, regardless of sacrifice. The native Christian converts, received most cruel treatment from the Mandarins at Tientsin, being tortured in prison; they presented a ghastly spectacle when released from imprisonment. Their ears squeezed to pieces between slips of bamboo; beards plucked out, their eyelashes cut off, their knees dislocated; their whole body bearing evidence of the fiendish ingenuity and cruelty that had been used to wring from them something to support the anti-foreign mania of their persecutors. The gate-keeper of the Sisters, was badly beaten, dragged through the dirt, and flung into the river, whence he was taken to the Yamên and put in irons without respect to his old age. After the lapse of a month, running sores were caused by the chains. A Christian from the country, who had arrived on the morning of the 21st of June, having boldly confessed his faith, was put on the rack, made to kneel on chains, received two hundred blows of the bamboo and was finally burnt on the back with red hot irons.

A widow of thirty-five was cruelly beaten and thrown into a dungeon. Five young native Christian girls of eighteen to twenty-two years, were led to another place called Shoo-fan. Alas! it is known too surely that place had more horrors for them than the prison itself, and that they there, lost by force what was dearer to them than life itself.

"At the request of the French Minister four Roman Catholic converts have been removed from the Yamên to the foreign settlement. One is an old man over sixty years. They have all been more or less tortured in various ways, and present a perfectly horrible appearance; their bodies fearfully emaciated and covered with gangrenous sores, filled with maggots. One man has been placed on a rack, and all his joints cracked. Another has been beaten so severely on the hands and feet that the tendons are exposed. One of the female converts has had needles driven underneath her finger nails, and her body sprinkled over with drops of boiling oil. Another, a young girl aged sixteen years, has had all her fingers chopped off by small pieces. As to the practice of the Sisters of Mercy in regard to receiving children, three foreign gentlemen who had visited the Sister's establishment only a few days before the massacre report the Sisters informed them, they never paid a cash for a child, and that they could fill their place twice over with children that were offered to them. Another Sister mentioned that parents frequently brought children declaring that if the Sisters would not receive them, it would be necessary

to drown them, as the parents were too poor to support them. The Sisters had often taken in children under such circumstances even when properly they had no room for them. The parents of the children had always access to them, and the Sisters had occasionally given a few cash to support the parents when poor. The gentlemen saw the children at play, neat and clean, apparently as happy and contented as most children generally are. One gentleman had also frequently seen as many as forty or fifty women there on Sunday, the mothers of the children who had come to visit them. The sisters allowed men from the turbulent crowd the week before the dreadful massacre, to enter the premises and examine for themselves; the French Consul, M. Fontanier, rebuked the Sisters for it, and expelled the Chih-hsien and the Fu on Monday when they called at the Consulate and demanded an official examination.

“There had been many rumors that the Catholic premises were to be burnt and the foreigners slain, but on Saturday afternoon Sister Lousia said she did not believe a word of it. However, the fire guilds banded together for mischief were called together by the sound of gongs all over the city. On arriving at the bridge of boats they were met by the Hsien, who under orders from Chung-How endeavored to prevent the guilds south of the river from crossing, and the bridge began to be opened, just as General Cheng-kwo-Shwai — a military officer, came up, made himself known and wished to pass. According to Chinese custom this was at once permitted, on his own private authority, and the guilds crossed with the officers, the general shouting ‘Good young folks, be brave and pass on.’ ‘Burn, burn, I am with you, let us destroy the foreigners and their establishments!’ The guilds north of the river had, however, finished the work of slaughter, and nothing remained but to fire the buildings. Returning, the mob rushed off to the convent and began their diabolical work on the helpless and devoted Sisters. The Fire Brigade are the parties who had the management of setting the buildings on fire having the mob perfectly under control, calling them away when finished by the sound of a bell.

“On the first news of the massacre reaching Peking, the ministers from Foreign Courts wrote to the *Tsung-li-yamên* (Board of Foreign Affairs) that they would bring foreign troops into the city: they were implored not to do so, and a guarantee given that all would be settled; so they promised that no troops should be landed. Couriers with despatches for Foreign Ministers at Peking were not allowed to enter the city for many hours after the occurrence. Sinister rumors were current in the capital immediately after the massacre of Tientsin, but the appearance of the Imperial Edict ordering an investigation into the Tientsin business had a great effect in allaying public anxiety. The copious rain that had fallen is also supposed to have had a great effect on the native mind. There appears to be a deep rooted superstition among the Pekingese that the spires of Pe-tang (Catholic church) being higher than the Imperial palace and all the temples, draws away the luck from the Chinese to foreigners, and is a great cause of drought and famine, also that the beneficial courses of the ‘Foong Shoo-e’ are seriously obstructed by its existence. This idea is said to have gained a certain currency in the neighboring provinces. The populace of Peking, though free from any ill-feeling against foreigners, might easily be excited to commit atrocities by a judicious use being made of these superstitions by the authorities. The many rumors current in Peking, however absurd in themselves, are important as showing

the way the wind blows. The idea that runs through the minds of the Chinese is that foreigners are to be got rid of, by craft and force. I am not an alarmist, but I do now most deliberately say that things are about as gloomy as they can well be. Our native helpers are much alarmed. The Roman Catholic priests are believed to have left town. The children have left the Sisters in Peking, but the Mandarins have assured the Sisters that they are specially charged to keep them safe from harm and that they *are safe*.

“Let the panic become a little stronger and all the missionary ladies and children will be sent to Tientsin. The excitement among the people in Peking on Monday 27, was increasing but no immediate danger was apprehended. The Chinese ministers say there is nothing to fear; 2000 troops were reported to be in the neighborhood of the Cathedral as a guard, though we believe that the arch-conspirator Chun-kwo-jue brought them

north as his escort for our extermination. All the foreign ministers in town have sent a note to PRINCE KUNG, the Regent, declaring that this Tientsin massacre will outrage the whole civilized world. While the excitement was highest many children were taken from Protestant schools in fright, several teachers ran away and rumors were rife that the English legation was *sealed up* by the officials. Stones were flung at one foreign lady; another was detained by a crowd in front of the Cathedral and refused passage except on payment of cash, and then was followed with hootings. We came very near repeating the sad Tientsin programme. 6000 troops



PRINCE KUNG.

have returned from the camp a few miles out of the city, and are now in their homes, subject to the call of the moment. A well known Englishman was accosted the other day by the soldiers on their camp-ground outside the west gate: ‘We are going to kill you,’ said they. ‘Why don’t you begin then?’ replied English pluck. As an incitement to co-operation, the braves remind the people that the deeds of the 21st of June were followed by needed and abundant rain, and that this circumstance clearly indicates the will of Heaven to have them prosecute to its consummation the object on which they have set their hearts. The Chinese believe that France will be afraid to declare war on account of the risk in which it would involve the 300 French priests in China. A friend was nearly involved in serious consequences; he was passing quietly along the street when a child accidentally followed in his track, which being observed by the natives, they made a tumultuous rush to the child’s rescue, believing he was to be kidnapped, ‘led away’ by the foreigners. For to the disturbed imaginations of an ignorant people, plied with mischievous

rumors, and proclamations, the sight near a foreign quarter, of a foreigner closely followed by a Chinese young person, is proof positive of a case of kidnapping. Yesterday a boy belonging to Rev. Mr. Edkin's mission was taken to the Yamèn as a kidnapper. Mr. Welmann went to watch the case. After a night's detention he was released, it being found that his crime had consisted in *playing* at kidnapping with another child in a mud puddle, with a basket of tea in his hand to represent the dreaded philter! Fresh excitement was caused about July 25th by the insertion in the *Peking Gazette* of a new case of kidnapping, and proclamations founded thereon have been circulated widely, though not generally placarded in the street. These proclamations call on the people to 'seize the kidnappers at sight' or as the natives say 'let not the kidnappers still remain in the city.' The interest we have in all this is that it is foreigners who are really aimed at over the shoulders of the alleged native kidnappers. On the 25th July the English cemetery was visited by officials in the same way as another Protestant Chapel had been. This also is attributed to over anxiety of the authorities for the safety of foreigners and there are now night watchmen to protect them. Disquieting rumors are still very prevalent, one was to the effect that the 25th July, was the day fixed by a band of cut-throats for exterminating the foreigners in Peking. This had been talked of for weeks previously and the Imperial Edict of the 24th was instrumental in preventing the outbreak. A native assistant is fearfully excited by the threats of the troops just outside the east gate of the Tartar city who have been bragging of what they will do. A singular body of troops they truly are. With their uniforms on they are brave enough to attack defenceless women. Stripped of their uniforms they are vile cut-throat brigands along the river, such as murdered the missionary, poor Rev. James Williamson, at midnight on board his boat on the Grand Canal near Tientsin.

There are present here some of the 'T'on Muh' 'heads and eyes' of the Tientsin massacre who are now in the outer city close to where Chun-kwo-jue or Cheng-kwo-Shwai is residing, where they are displaying as a trophy a fine linen table cloth clotted with blood and boasting of their exploits in connection with it. This they do openly, yet while the mandarins, and the foreign ministers who support them, declare their desire to punish those who *are proved* to have taken part in the bloody outrage, no one seizes these men, or even tries. They also assert that the Tientsin magistrates guaranteed their safety, and even promised them promotion if they managed the massacre adroitly and successfully. Contemporary with their arrival and no doubt, as a consequence of it, new rumors have now arisen of a design to destroy the Catholic establishments here for alleged complicity in child-stealing. There are no doubt plenty of the 'long knife in strong sleeve' bravos here in the Chinese and Tartar quarters, quite ready to carry out with cruel deliberations such a design, if the public sentiment can only be lashed up to the requisite pitch of superstitious apprehension, and great efforts are being made to accomplish their wished for malignant desires. The numbering of each house in Peking is actually going on to see where there are Christians to be killed, this is certainly not a very pleasant item of intelligence, but the 'Angel of the Covenant' was near. The French have issued a proclamation declaring that such menaces must be aimed only at *them* as they alone here take care of children, and giving an utter denial to their alleged ill-treatment of children. The country people argue that the massacre must have

been an official affair as no one was punished for it; 'let us therefore follow out the imperial will and kill all Christians.'

At Shanghai an address of sympathy was sent to the reverend fathers of the society of Jesus, of the order of Lazarus, and of the Board of Foreign Missions, by the Protestant Clergy and Missionaries residing in the settlement. A reply was also addressed by the French Missionaries to the letter of condolence. "The funeral service, at Shanghai, for the victims of the Tientsin massacre was held on the morning of the 8th of July at nine o'clock in the French church. The building was hung with black and a large catafalque draped with crape erected in the centre isle. The regular church service was preformed: High mass for the dead with the absolution. It began with the '*Dies irae dies illa*;' after mass a procession was formed round the catafalque after which were sung as is customary *Libera nos Domine de morte octerna* and the *Kyrie Eleison*. On the black hanging in front of the organ gallery was the motto *Hodie Mihi Cras Tibi*. The only specialties were the catafalque and black. The priest who said mass was Father Della Cortes, Superior General of the mission of Kiangnan. A body of sailors from the French men-of-war now in the harbor were drawn up in the centre isle, and were supported by a large detachment of Mounted Police. The attendance on this occasion was very numerous, and indicated unmistakably the very deep sympathy which the tragical event has called forth in men of all creeds and nationalities. Nearly all the consuls for the various European nations and the acting consul for the United States, [Consul George F. Seward was in the United States] the Assistant Judge of the Supreme Court and other officials were present. The Municipal Council attended in a body, and several of the resident Protestant Clergy, testified their respect for the outraged feelings of their Roman Catholic brethren by being in attendance, and all were sorrowful. The flags of all the ships in harbor and also of the various consulates were half mast high."

"A Protestant Mission Chapel outside the Ping-tzû-men was, about midnight August 1st, assailed by Chinese soldiers searching for foreigners. The commanding officer explained that he did so in obedience to orders from the Ti-tu's yamen. On investigation the explanation given was that the search was with a view to the foreigner's safety! The progress of the Mahomedan rebellion is causing some anxiety and may be a check on further hostile movements from the Chinese upon foreigners. The Mahomedans are fighting and slaughtering fearfully in the west. From a late arrival we hear of cities taken and put to the sword, soldiers and rebels sometimes forced to feed on their mules, and, when mule's flesh fails, to kill their adversaries or prisoners and eat them. For drink extremity drives them to even more disgusting expedients. Mutilations of the body are said to be fearfully prevalent. The rebels are eight-tenths Mahomedans, and two-tenths 'Chang-maon-tsei.' They are reported to have many foreign arms, and to number 300,000. They force into their ranks those who prefer that to death. They are making for the east and south-east, that is advancing on Chih-li, and the Imperialists have their hands full in keeping them at bay. Daily fights occur." [Chung How has been acquitted of all complicity in the Tientsin tragedy and has been appointed on a mission to Europe as Ambassador to France to which the Chamber of Commerce at Shanghai took exception and sent a letter to the Home Government disapproving of the appointment. Some of the accused were banished for life.]

## CHAPTER XXV.

## DECORATION DAY FOR OUR "LOVED ONES."

Notwithstanding passing events showed every indication that the people were ripe for commencing another general war, I determined to profit by the present cessation from school duties and missionary labor, to put into execution the long purposed plan of a visit to the Great Wall and Ming Tombs or the Imperial Cemetery. Friends endeavored to dissuade against the undertaking, "it was rash," "the acmé of temerity," but "pinning my faith to the sleeve of Minister Low and Dr. Williams" I was brave enough to have blind confidence in Chinese friendship. Moreover I had no idea of returning to the south of China without that end being achieved. The weather was very warm but though "the heat is great in the summer months, it is not so difficult to bear as the same degree of heat in a moist climate for it is here dry in the extreme." Accordingly having made the preliminary arrangements and provided all the necessaries for our comfort, with Emma and one intelligent Chinese servant, the "head boy" of our establishment, as my trustworthy escort, we started from Peking on Monday afternoon July 4th, in two native springless carts. We were scarcely fairly on our way when the unpropitious drizzling rain made the prospect of not very pleasant weather, rather discouraging to the maturing of my present scheme. However we were ready to endure discomforts, and exerted our energies to meet whatever might be before us. "The principal rains fall in Peking during the summer months, then we have very heavy showers, but not long storms and misty weather." Before reaching Sha-ho, twenty miles distant, the rain had ceased and after our simple evening meal we enjoyed refreshing sleep on the "matted kang or stove-bed" notwithstanding its being "peopled with an infinity of fleas." The early morning found us traversing the exceedingly rough and stony road to Nankow but soon we crossed "a bridge of stately dimensions constructed of granite most beautifully hewn, its splendid arches, seventeen in number are almost perfectly level.

The people of this district are mainly employed in agricultural pursuits; there were no manufactures, trees very scarce, cultivation disappeared rapidly, plenty of rocks, and the population very poor. The day was beautifully clear and after innumerable severe thumps, bruises and "distressing concussions from which no amount of cushions could save us" we were comfortably lodged in a native Inn at Nankow — the entrance to the Southern pass — the small apartment of which had a table, stools and broken window. Leaving the carts and mounting mules, we rode *en Cavalier* style five miles to the triumphal arch a "quaint old structure covered with carved Indian figures" and inscriptions in Chinese, as also other characters. Near by was a spur of the great wall which we climbed to gather a few flowers from its jagged clefts, and viewed with delight the magnificent scenery of this wild defile. We saw several of these spurs built along the edges of steep precipices, rising from peak to peak "built in most useless situations as neither horseman nor foot soldiers on the march could possibly manage to get over the precipices they guard. The wall

appears to be about thirty-two feet in height at the level parts, decreasing to ten or twelve feet when fronting a precipice. The further entrance to the pass is composed of lower cherty limestone strata which form the eastern declivity of these mountains and dip towards the plain of Peking; this continues till we come to this great arch outlying a spur of the great wall. "Here it is succeeded by the axial granite which continues to the end of the pass at Shatow. The rise from Nankow is very gradual, the whole length of the pass being about fifteen miles, at that point we emerge upon a large alluvial plain which is about 1,500 feet above the level of Peking." We could find no date on the mysterious great arch as many of the characters were obliterated by age, and about dusk we returned to the inn quite tired. Our bedding was again spread on our stone dais in close proximity to the restless, neighing donkeys and fractious mules. We were soon regaled with the "smoking draughts of the fragrant herb" and viands served up by the invaluable *chef de cuisine*, while a host of men, women and children peered curiously through the broken panes. They were very peaceable and amused as between their smoking and chattering we finally distributed Chinese books and the Lord's Prayer, happy in being privileged to speak a few words for Jesus and sow the "mustard seed" even in that sterile soil. Presently the landlord at the suggestion of the "Boy" dispersed the loiterers by mildness and suavity; thus we found that the old adage "civility begets civility" was true there as elsewhere, and soon we were enjoying sweet slumbers. There is no doubt but that crowd were well posted as to the late events at Tientsin; our servant was also questioned as to our intentions regarding this excursion, but I did not observe one dark look or hostile action, neither did I feel particularly timid. The following morning, mounted on mules with an extra guide, we took an early start for the "Shin-san-ling" or thirteen tombs of the Ming Emperors, situated about ten miles from the walls of Peking. These thirteen gigantic tombs, surrounded by ever-greens, form a semi-circle at the feet of an amphitheatre of high mountains by which the long sandy valley is encircled. Our road lay through a very pleasant country but over rough ground. "Each tomb is a temple of vast size, built of red and white marble or porphyry. The largest and most celebrated of the sepulchral monuments is that of Tsu-wen. The shrine is in the centre of an immense hall two hundred and twenty feet long, and ninety-three feet broad, supported by thirty-two teak-wood pillars, nine centuries old (exclusive of those in the walls). Each pillar is nearly twelve feet in circumference and the centre ones are about sixty feet high to the ceiling which is in good preservation.

"A second building containing the coffin of the deceased Emperor stands behind the great hall; it is built on an immense brick mound pierced by a long slanting tunnel which has a most remarkable echo and is moreover a 'whispering gallery.'" After an inspection of the hall, courts of various dimensions, three-storied pagoda and altars, we went up an inclined plane to the second story of the splendid mausoleum and sitting down on the upper open portico enjoyed our tiffin under the shade of ancient trees.

"Thus in solitary and solemn magnificence the thirteen emperors of the 'bright' Ming dynasty sleep in their grand palaces of death." These tombs were repaired by Chien Lung, and an inscription near the entrance states the fact; they are well worth a visit. The white marble gateway, of five divisions with its many squares of elaborately carved flowers, was an imposing entrance to the long, broad avenue two-thirds of a mile in

length formed with white marble columns. There are two lines of sculptured figures of colossal size cut from a whitish blue marble about fifty yards distance from each other; near the opening were gigantic statues of twelve emperors three time the size of life in full oriental robes wearing helmet and cuirass; six being arranged standing on either side of the avenue vis-a-vis to each other; then two pairs of huge horses, one pair frisky the other pair half erect; two pairs of bulky elephants more than twelve feet high and seven feet broad, upright and recumbent; two pairs of immense camels standing and resting; four majestic lions, one pair proudly erect and the other pair sleeping; buffalos; mules; and rhinoceros or the one horned unicorn; each kind of animal in two pairs erect or sitting on either side of the spacious road with handsome arches at the end of it. From the entrance gate of the valley to the tomb of the first emperor is a distance of about three miles and there are three detached gateways.

Returning to Nankow by a different route from that taken in the morning, our landlord informed us that Rev. John T. Gulick and his wife with their little Chinese girl — whom we left in Peking — had rested at the inn for two or three hours and then proceeded on their way to resume work in Kalgan, their mission station. It was quite a disappointment that we should have missed seeing each other.

The following morning before break of day we were fully equipped for the serious work to go through this defile which the waters of many ages have cut through high granite mountains. It is quite "surrounded with a continuous line of fortifications in all directions, but now going to decay, which climbs from peak to peak till it traverses the whole length of the range, through a circuit of thousands of miles for protection against the Tartars. We well knew it would be impossible to make a rapid transit, and wishing to see the country had declined the easy mule-litter as being too much closed up for my present purpose. A side-saddle here would have been very unsafe, for it required a strong grip to maintain your seat even when riding astride. Our mules were very sure-footed, and selected their own path between huge boulders, and through mountain streams, leaping over rocky beds with an easy motion while the tinkling of their bells gave a pleasant sound. The scenery is very magnificent to look at but the road is entirely impracticable for any wheeled vehicle. Carts are passed over by having their wheels taken off, and being then slung between two mules." We again paused to have another look at the triumphal arch and wondered about the inscription in an ancient alphabetic character now entirely lost; but we left this behind and soon passed several spurs of the inner wall as we progressed over the rocky pass.

My trusty servant's mule, after scrambling over the scraggy pointed rocks, fell on the slippery stones sending the rider over his head, which was the only mishap. We met several times a company of well laden camels, with produce from Russia via the Desert of Kobi, pacing steadily and softly along each one as "the ship of the desert." Then came droves of shaggy sheep, unnumbered mules or donkeys with paniers filled with various kinds of productions, and quite a number of peculiar looking black hogs. The grand and sublime scenery was a constant changing panorama in our onward route on the ascent. The wild flowers in crevices of rocks and sides of the mountain pass were in great numbers and very beautiful; in our mammoth bouquet was a commingling of many varieties and colors, some of which would have proved choice gems for a

home conservatory. The rarefied condition of the atmosphere was indeed refreshing, and we inhaled the pure mountain air, as our patient animals were slowly climbing the rocky height, with eye ever wandering to that splendid gigantic wall "separating China from Tartary, to prevent the incursions of the Tartars." It is one of the stupendous artificial curiosities of China. "The beginning of this wall is a large bulwark of stone raised in the sea, in the province of Petcheli, to the east of Peking." In many places it is carried over the tops of the highest and most rugged rock; "it seems incomprehensible to understand how bricks and stones could be taken to such places reaching to the sky as it crosses the lofty mountain ridges and up their crests, and is indeed an extraordinary achievement of human skill. The average height is about thirty feet with a crenate parapet on the top; the breadth from fifteen to twenty-five feet, paved wide enough for six horsemen to travel abreast with ease. At different intervals are brick towers forty feet high, and forty feet square at the base, diminishing to thirty at the top, not built upon the wall but independent structures; some are two stories and fifty feet high. The Great Wall was begun by the first Emperor of China about B. C. 220 and completed in ten years, is upwards of 3000 miles in length. Every sixth man was obliged to engage in its erection or send a substitute. This wall is composed of a mound of earth and pebbles faced with masonry supported on a coping of stone. Away from the neighborhood of the passes, the proper Great Wall is simply a huge rubble fence about sixteen feet high by twelve feet in width at the bottom, sloping up to two or three feet at the top. The wall could keep black cattle out of China indifferently well, but it never could keep and never has kept the Tartars out. Nevertheless the wall is venerable, even in its dilapidated state, standing alone on its stern granite hills, gray with the hoar of twenty centuries. Its age touches our sympathies, and blinds our eyes to its essential paltriness and inutility, yet it is but little decayed for such a long period."

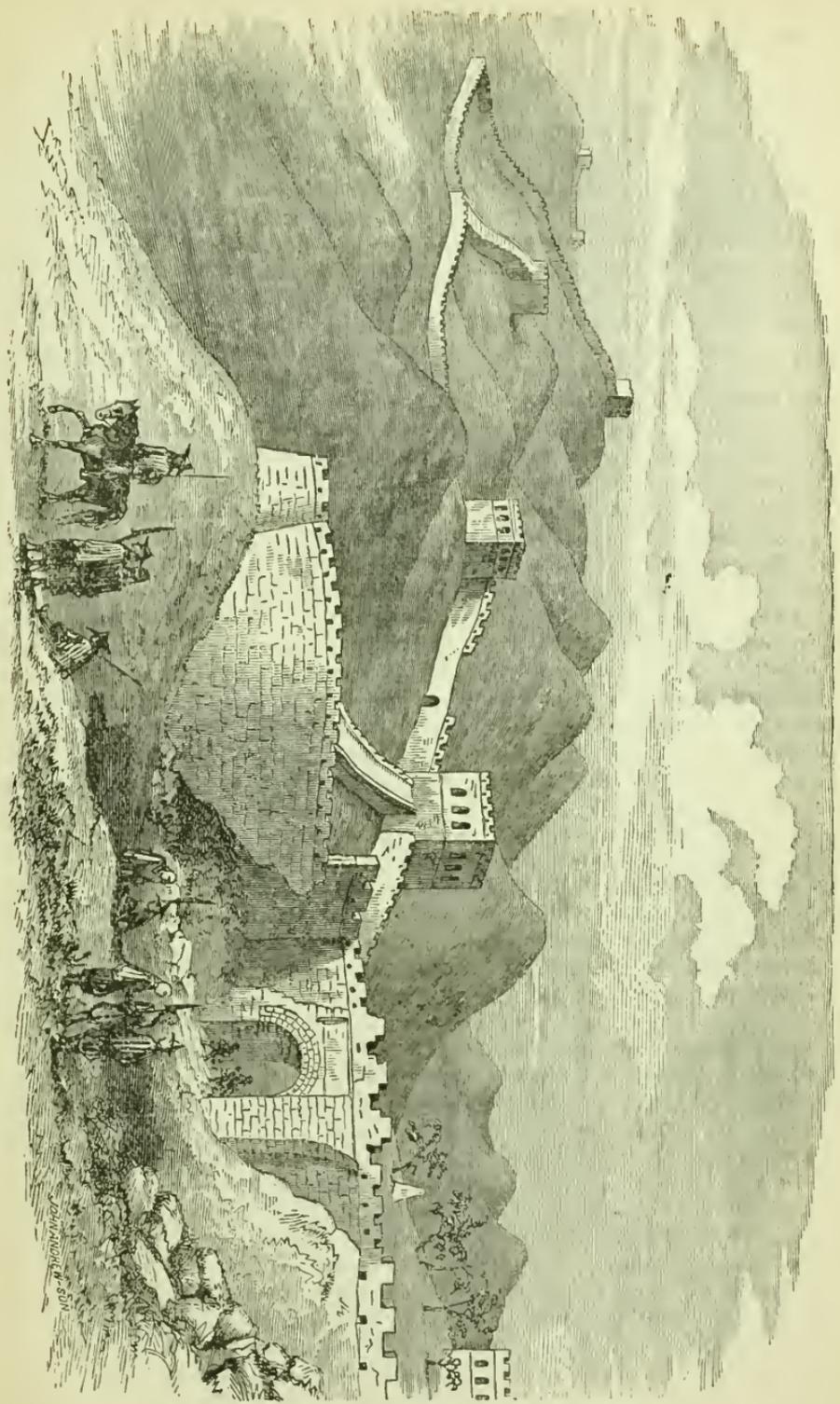
On the top of a mountain, standing at the gate of a small building was a little Chinese girl whom Emma immediately recognized as the protégée of Mrs. Gulick. The cheerful voice of Rev. Mr. Gulick responded to our call; he soon dismounted the weary travelers and the meeting was a mutual surprise and pleasure to all parties. Mrs. Gulick was not well and had decided to stay until the following day in the odd but quiet hut. After tiffin we parted from our kind entertainers and continued our route greatly exhilarated by the singular encounter on the rocky and desolate looking mountain peak. It was an event second only to the refreshing sound of "Ship ahoy!" when two steamers meet on the broad Pacific, and was a particularly bright oasis to be remembered with pleasure. At last we came to the great arched double gateway, gloomy looking "through which passes the traffic constantly going on with Russia, and a large part of that with Mongolia and Manchuria."

Dismounting from our animals we climbed up over broken stones and fragments of rock, till finally, despite all danger, the "end achieved" was to me a sincere gratification. We walked on the top of the Great Wall, from one tower to another, plucking the little daisy which grew on the rampart, and collecting specimens of wall-brick to carry away among our curios. We stood and looked upon Mongolia utterly isolated, then seated ourselves and enjoyed our lunch with much gusto, on top of the Great Wall of China. This finished, we proceeded through the gate into Mongolia, to add more trophies to our collection. "There are numerous coal mines be-

yond the inner Great Wall, the coal is of a very fair quality, but the mining operations are conducted very sluggishly and unscientifically." On our return over the plain towards Peking, we encountered one of those fearful dust storms, the "sand penetrated into our hair, eyes and mouth. These sand storms are most violent in March and April, the dust pervades every thing. The natives retire before it as before a storm of rain. Cases of death of persons overtaken in the open sandy plain by dust storms are not infrequent. Vast mounds of sand are piled up against the city wall on the outside, whose tops are only some twenty feet below the wall." "At the entrance gate of the Yuen Ming Yuen park, six miles from the city, were two magnificent bronze lions, perfectly polished, but beyond that all had been successfully shorn of its grandeur. The far-famed Summer Palace of the emperor is now a heap of ruins, but enough is left to show what must have been the magnificence of those now desolate halls. Over the large extent of ground, about twelve square miles, were a succession of palaces, the various imperial residences with yellow tiled roofs; temples and pagodas, on artificial hills, some of them three hundred or four hundred feet in height; its noble park full of artificial lakes, canals, an elegant bridge and fairy-like summer houses, with its marble halls and terraces, magnificent even in their ruin, its gorgeous furniture, elaborate carvings, all had been totally destroyed, and the palace burned, as being the spot where the cruelties to the prisoners first commenced. This retaliatory measure was taken in October, 1860, by the French and English "to avenge the death by torture of so many British officers and soldiers captured by the Manchus, in the Peking campaign." These prisoners were captured at the ambuscade, laid for Lord Elgin and all his staff. Mr. Harry Parkes, Mr. Bowlby, the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Loch, Lord Elgin's private secretary, Capt. Brabazon of the Royal Artillery, Sikhs and others were all treated with the utmost barbarity. They were taken tightly bound hand and foot, from village to village; in some cases put through the ceremony of mock decapitation for the amusement of the assembled crowds. Were made to kneel before every Mandarin, however petty, their faces rubbed in the dust and beaten. Capt. Brabazon and Mr. Bowlby were beheaded and the rest placed in a dungeon. Messrs. Parkes and Loch, were given up after a few days of cruel treatment, and restored to their friends, the Mandarins in the city being induced thereto by a threat of sack and pillage of the city and palace of Peking, after which the palace of Yuen-ming-Yuen was destroyed.

When in Canton I saw many valuable articles, and antique curios in possession of both officers and soldiers after their return from the north; it is reported that they pillaged valuables to the amount of ten millions of dollars. I heard them recount with evident satisfaction, that when they had secured all the trophies that were desired, the men were allowed to go around smashing mirrors, windows, breaking up furniture and doing all the mischief they possibly could to avenge their comrades. The British and French had fought their way to the capital, but valuable lives were lost and this beautiful palace sacked; but the Plenipotentiaries could not gain admission to the presence of the "Supreme Sovereign of the Earth" without the indispensable homage of "*Ko-tow*." [Since that time "the youthful Emperor of China actually consented, in the summer of 1873, to receive the Foreign Ministers at a special audience, *without* exacting the performance of the usual ceremony of '*Ko-tow*.' This is really much more surprising than the late reception by the Tycoon and his bride of

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.



W. & A. NICHOLS & SON



the wives of the American and Russian Ambassadors. The formal waiving of 'Ko-tow' is an act of great importance." In the cemetery at Peking "a small plain monument" tells the tale. "*Sacred to the memory*" of Captain Brabazon, Lieutenant Anderson, and eleven others, who, with a number of soldiers, were treacherously taken prisoners by the Chinese while under the protection of a flag of truce, on the 18th day of September, 1860. "These subsequently sank under the cruel tortures to which they were subjected by the native authorities into whose hands they fell. In front of the monument are five small mounds, which indicate the graves of those whose bodies were recovered after the surrender of Peking to the allied English and French forces." The thorough demolition effected by the troops impresses you painfully as you witness this gigantic memorial of Chinese perfidy. It will require the work of a lifetime to restore this once magnificent palace to its former grandeur. "The Coup d'oeil however, from the top of the hill is perhaps as beautiful as ever, and is well worth the toil of the ascent. The road from Yuen Ming Yuen is very pleasant but the whole neighborhood teems with the ruins of what formerly were temples, palaces, and villages. Nothing has been done towards rebuilding and all stands as melancholy examples of the devastating influence of war." We passed over solid slabs of granite, each slab fully ten feet long with which the highway is paved to Peking. The impressions received throughout this entire trip have been decidedly pleasing, and I am thankful for the courage that would not allow me to shrink from the undertaking, which has resulted so successfully in the prosecution of a desirable wish to visit the various places of interest, in the neighborhood of the capital. I can now modestly tell the story of my heroic endeavors for out-of-door delights without troubling others. It is needless to say how warmly my safe return was welcomed as a triumphal arch was almost reared for me to pass under.

The "PEKING HOME" was with God's blessing now firmly established on as good a basis as any other society in the capital and recognized by them as their compeer. All mission work in these localities was for the present interrupted as there seemed no prospect of a temporary cessation of hostilities; and having dissolved my connection with the "Woman's Union Missionary Society," I decided to return to the south of China. I desired no disruption of friendly relations, it was therefore fully my intention to have remained at my post as guard to the premises, till the arrival of the young ladies to take possession of the "home," but some new phases were developed that could not be ignored. It is a good rule never to say anything which afterward we may wish unsaid; therefore having in my hand the sacred calumet of peace I forbear making strictures, and without controversy or chronic exasperation yield the necessary deference to suitable authority and arbitrary decisions, because there is far more true dignity in forbearance than in defiance. The heart, however, has a secret treasury and the latent joy garnered there is, that in all things I have struggled successfully and faithfully, conscientiously as in God's immediate presence; truly endeavored to discharge my duty to the society and advance their best interests in every possible way. My sympathy and interest in the "Peking Home" has not abated in its intensity, the current of kind feeling will ever flow to the good cause in which I so cheerfully enlisted, and I sincerely trust God's richest blessing may ever follow the efforts made to advance his cause in this "Home" making them eminently successful in winning souls to Jesus.

Last Saturday, July 23, I gave over all the keys to the lady delegated to receive them; then went the round with *Inventory of Home*, and "list of my outfit" in hand to count, and gave them over in her charge. Besides the "outfit," among my own private effects which I voluntarily left for the "Home" were Grover and Baker's sewing machine, melodeon and stool, and camphor-wood bureau. From recent letters we find that Shanghai friends think it very unwise for the ladies lately arrived from America, to come north during the present disturbances and probably they now would remain all winter in Shanghai. For greater protection the remaining lady member was to reside at the mission premises of the American board, closing up the "Home" till re-inforced by the arrival of the others with safer times. The society *had* sent the re-enforcement, but on account of troublous times it would not be in Peking for months. Measureless mischief might be the result at any attempt, of "effort however slight and unsatisfactory," to persist in teaching, for prudence required us to desist, and with this enforced inaction there was now really nothing to detain me at the "Peking Home." "The thread, from the spools and flosses of sorrows, burdens, disappointments and chagrins, was spun and had been woven into the very fabric of my life," yet the texture formed by the intermixture of these threads was firm, therefore with nerve and stout heartedness I had almost definitively decided to have proceeded in an adventurous march from Asia to Europe via the Siberian overland route. We are not inclined to cast our eyes upon the dark side of a picture and keep them there, but "looking at the different phases of experience" we see the bright light that shines beyond all, and can face the storms. By mule-litters we should have gone to Kalgan to remain a short time with friends of the American board at this place. My revered friend Rev. J. T. Gulick, for the long journey, had provided me with a very trusty escort in the person of his native helper, who would accompany Emma and myself across the plains of Mongolia and desert of Gobi to Kiaхта in carts drawn by camels. A letter recently received from Captain Grant, an English resident in the "hospitable east," invites me to remain some weeks in Kiaхта with Mrs. Grant and himself, after which he will find me proper protection to Nijni Novgorod and thence by rail-road to Moscow and St. Petersburg.

We had promised ourselves much pleasure in traversing this unfrequented route of countless leagues, but earth is full of disappointments, there were new complications in an unexpected quarter. The Mahomedans and Chinese have assumed belligerent positions towards each other and from their predatory invasions making it extremely hazardous for travelers by that route, and subsequent events altered my plan from this cherished purpose. The propitious season in which to leave Peking for this northern journey is as early as the month of May, the time for richest verdure. Then the sand hills are covered, for a wide circuit with a luxuriant flora of gorgeous colors, and the landscapes are embellished with enchanting beauty; then too you avoid the intense cold of Siberia and dangerous traveling at this late season of the year. The American Minister, Mr. Low, and Dr. Williams considered it "perfectly safe" for me to go South; all necessary arrangements were completed for an early start on the following morning, when much to my chagrin I received a note from R. Conolly, Esq., Secretary of the English Legation, regarding this ideal tranquility — that Mr. Wade the acting British Minister had information which called him immediately to Tientsin, that he considered

it very unsafe for me to proceed thither at present, and "in the absence of the United States Minister at the Hills" he directed me to remain in Peking till I heard further from him, and ended with the intelligence that my conveyance had been countermanded! I regretted exceedingly to trespass any longer on the aggressor's premises, but there was simply nothing for me to do but obey the mandate received from the Legation. There are many rumors afloat of new troubles and further outrages, but while we all feel a little shaky, it is beautiful to see the trust and composure of the missionaries, who go on preaching in their chapels as though there was no danger. Only yesterday one of the native preachers was often interrupted during service, and a man in the crowd with hostile intent said the preacher's head was not safe on his shoulders, as they meant to exterminate all foreigners. On the 27th our next neighbor Rev. J. S. Burdon, came in to tell me he has opened a private door that we may get to his house without going into the street. The Belgium minister resides next to Mr. Burdon, he is wide awake and well posted in passing events; in case of necessity he will inform in time, and then we are to make a precipitate flight taking refuge at the English Legation near by. The general impression is that in case of further trouble, foreigners will either be held as hostages, or else will be sent under a Chinese escort to Tientsin. The gentlemen say, in that case a "bee-line out of Peking" will be formed and a halt made outside the city walls till they are sure every foreign man, woman and child are among the number. My servants are all faithful, but they will share our fate if there is a rising in the capital. You must not feel troubled about us. God has our lives in *his* keeping and we are safe if *He* sees best. At the expiration of a week a note from Mr. Conolly gave the desired information that all was quiet at Tientsin and I might proceed on my journey without any further delay. I left Peking on Tuesday August 2, 1870, with Emma in a "mule-litter," which is a kind of covered sedan-chair about five feet long carried by two mules; one is harnessed before the litter between bamboo shafts, and the other behind. Two of my faithful men servants accompanied us. The motion of our vehicle was not unpleasant though the progress made was not more than three miles an hour. We met a large number of Chinese troops dribbling along the road, also many heavy packages from the Arsenal for the capital. At Tung-Chow we embarked on board a native boat, surrounded of course by a crowd but met with no impediments, and in passing villages the servants were very careful to keep the foreign lady entirely out of sight. At the notable "bridge of boats" they refused to let us pass, and we were detained more than two long, anxious, weary hours. Sad recollections obtruded as the dense crowd packed closely around, asking many questions in a loud and violent manner regarding the occupants of the boat. The captain, however, was friendly and favored me all in his power; the evident anxiety of the two men-servants as they firmly stood outside the slight barrier — a thick curtain which they had closely drawn across the opening — conspired to make me feel how insecure was my position. During the entire route these servants had faithfully followed the instructions given them at Peking by Rev. Dr. W. A. P. Martin, Rev. J. S. Burdon and others. As I sat on that dais in the dark cabin, with Emma on my lap, close to to the boarded window, our situation was both painful and dangerous; but I felt safe under the protecting care of an ever present Heavenly Father. Between the cracks I could see those blood-thirsty, ferocious men in their blind credulity close to the boards and

once or twice my heart beat very quickly. How they settled matters I scarcely knew for there were many searching enquiries, but after much noisy dispute and perverseness which I feared would foment trouble, the bridge began slowly to open and I drew a sigh of relief as one of my men cautiously drew back the curtain a little space to whisper there was now no fear. Ah! what a sad spectacle was presented as we passed close by the site of the fearful massacre! "The walls and tower of the Cathedral were standing as also the *Cross* at the apex of the roof," but only a blackened mass of broken bricks and ruins marked the Consulate and Convent. I fervently rejoiced as we anchored close to a French man-of-war, and one of the French officers sent a note to the house of Messrs. Russell & Co. Mr. Charles G. Beebe immediately came down with sedans and soon we were comfortably housed under that hospitable roof having arrived safely at Tientsin eighty miles south-east of Peking. It was a pleasant re-union also with our missionary friends, and with them we lived over again our sorrow as they related anew the acts in the terrible drama of June 21st.

*Funeral of the Tientsin Victims.*

August 6th, 1870. The event of the week has been the removal of the bodies of the French victims in the late massacre to their final resting-place, within the grounds of the site of the former old French Consulate in the city. The corpses recovered subsequently to the terrible 21st of June, were taken charge of by H. B. M. Consul, W. H. Lay, Esqr., who saw that they were properly coffined and buried provisionally in the cemetery at Tsz-chu-lin. Not a few of our little community would have been pleased to hear that they were not to be again disturbed. Englishmen everywhere would have felt pride in learning that the honored homes of these martyred victims of political fanaticism and bigotry, lay side by side with those of many of their own countrymen. The French judged it best to take another course. It seemed fitting that the scenes of the outrage on their national honor should become, in some sense at least, memorable as the scene of its vindication. It was evident that the sacred duty to honor the memory of the faithful dead could be discharged nowhere so impressively, as upon the spot where some of them fell, and it was plainly a righteous, however severe and cutting a retribution, to require that the nation which had slain them should itself prepare their sepulchres and erect over their remains a monument which should, to all coming time, proclaim their innocence and the perfidious cruelty of their murderers. Still, there were those who doubted whether the time had come for such a ceremonial. In accordance with native custom, the burial of the dead is always the last act in such a drama as that which is now being enacted in this city. The judicial investigation, the punishment of the offenders, and the compensation of survivors, ought all to be secured before the silent, but eloquent, witnesses, who were the victims of the crime, are consigned to the darkness of the tomb. Otherwise the matter is considered to be at an end: justice will rarely be obtained afterwards, the immunity which attended the perpetrators of such unexampled outrages, causes the feeling among the natives that such violence upon Europeans would not meet with prompt retribution, and were calculated to invite further attacks of the anti-foreign party and give rise to much uneasiness. After the murder of the Rev. James Williamson last year, it was found to be impossible to yield to the urgent entreaties of the native Christians, who knew the customs of their country, that his body should remain unburied

until the murderers had been secured. But the sequel proved that they were right, for to this day his murderers are at large, and thus the lives of foreigners are felt to be of little value. However all these considerations had been weighed by His Excellency the Count Rochechouart and his advisers. The presence of H. B. M. Chargé d'Affaires, and of the English and French Admirals, appeared to render the present opportunity to have a grand ceremony a suitable one for the performance of those last sad rites in which they, in common with all feeling Christian hearts, must have felt an overwhelming interest. Accordingly on Tuesday, the 2d August the mournful preparations began. The strong coffins previously used, some of which are nine feet long and four feet broad and high, were encased in boxes of still greater strength and thickness. These were therefore provided by the native authorities, and sent down to the foreign cemetery at Tsz-chu-lin. The task of disinterment, the enclosure in these huge wooden shells, and their transportation to the river must have been one of no ordinary difficulty. It proceeded all through the night, and the noise made by the large number of men employed reminded us only too vividly of the howling shouts, which but a few short weeks since, proclaimed the near presence of a blood thirsty mob. As they successively reached the jetty they were placed upon separate lighters and sent up the river. It was about 5 A.M. when in company with other residents we found our way to the bund. It had been arranged that the French gunboat, 'Aspic' should convey the Ministers and Naval and Consular staffs, while the steamer 'Scorpion' was kindly placed at the disposal of foreigners generally. Mr. Wade, the English Chargé d'Affaires, however, preferred to ride. As we passed up the well known banks of the river, the scene was sufficiently exciting. As usual, at this season, there were a considerable number of junks at anchor, and the deck of each was covered as soon as the steamers appeared, with groups of eager gazers. All were quiet enough, for of course, strict orders had been issued by the mandarins to prevent disturbance, and it would have been madness to act otherwise. I did not hear a single offensive word, but there was no mistaking the expression of many a face, with such a number of repulsive, hate-speaking countenances, and it would be hard to describe the sickened feeling with which we looked upon some, of whose share in the late atrocities there could be no rational doubt. The Hwen-hsing-tsz were there in great strength, and are the dread, not merely of foreigners, but of their more peaceable neighbors.

There is an open expanse of water at the point of junction of the Peiho and the Grand canal. The two streams do not form an angle, but actually meet, their united stream then flowing at right angles to both of them towards the sea. The French Consulate and Cathedral occupied a commanding position, looking straight down the river. Upon the memorable 21st of June, the spectacle from this point must have been fearfully impressive. From this, the centre of the converging lines, the banks of all three streams are visible for a considerable distance, and they were then crowded, far as the eye could reach, by countless thousands, while from every voice there rose the cry of 'Kill.' But now, as we neared the neat stone bund in front of the Consulate, the banks were all but deserted. On one side, Chung-how's foreign drilled troops were placed as guards, at intervals of two or three yards apart. On the other, Tseng-kwo-fan's wild-looking spear-men, most of them probably old rebels, did similar duty. Here and there curious spectators were seen peering over a wall, or round

some street corner, but they were urged back, and in no sense could it be said that the ceremonial was witnessed by the people. There was a curious mingling of the foreign and Chinese formalities usual on such occasions. A number of mat sheds were ranged upon the bund, and here, separated one from the other, lay the coffins. Each was covered with a large, plain black pall, to which a white cross was loosely attached. Close by the doorway stood a native hearse, gorgeous in green and gold embroidery; while scattered over the ground in groups, were numbers of the strange wild men and boys with their conical scarlet caps always seen at native funerals, each bearing some fantastic gaudy emblem. The vessels were hardly moored before Chung-how and his brother officials appeared. They had probably been waiting some time. Their presence was not demanded, but they had been invited by the priests, and doubtless thought it best to put in an appearance. Their plain undress contrasted strongly with the brilliant uniforms of the foreign officials, and were the subject of some adverse comment; but it must not be forgotten that no Chinese would wear official robes at such a time, and that their dress was therefore in accordance with national usage. The mandarins mustered in force, the only one of rank absent was Tseng-kwo-fan, who was reported to be sick.

On entering the Consular garden, the arrangements in progress for carrying out the idea of a memorial were easily understood. The ground had been carefully leveled, and prepared for its new use by laying out a broad path from end to end. On either side of this path were the graves, large brick vaults thirteen in number, over which it is intended to place suitable stones, while at the further end stood a mat pavilion, to be replaced hereafter by a monument in the clear open space which may be seen in all coming time and which shall tell to future ages the story of the tragedy. It was said that the general plan had been copied from the Jesuits' cemetery in Peking and that it would be completed in a similar manner. After a few minutes delay, during which several of the bodies were deposited in the vaults and other preliminaries adjusted, the religious portion of the ceremonial began. This was conducted in the absence of the Bishop, who is now at Rome, by M. Thierry, the Vicar Apostolic, assisted by two others and attended also by one or two natives, one of whom carried a large silver crucifix. At this moment, and while the fathers passed from grave to grave, incensing each in turn and chanting the service of their church, the *coup d'oeil* was very striking. The open space with its gaping sepulchres, the glittering uniforms of the Consular and Naval officers, the more sober but not less effective robes of the ecclesiastics, the little group of eager and sympathizing foreigners and curiously impassive Chinese, the singular native ornaments in the background, with the charred ruins of the cathedral wall, tower and cross, towering over all, made up a scene, which, aided by the recollections filling the minds of all present, will never be forgotten.

The graves were sprinkled with holy water and incense burned over them. The religious service over, feeling addresses were delivered by the French Minister Comte Rochechouart, who spoke low, with deep sorrowful tones; the vibratory motion of which touched every heart; Admiral Dupre's was bold and war-like, full of sad regrets with a leaning towards retributive justice: The Bishop M. Thierry discoursed on religion; while Mr. Wade, English Chargé d'Affaires, who spoke with deep emotion, more especially addressed his own countrymen. The addresses produced a profound sensation among those who heard them; but the unyielding

Celestials still felt "that Christianity was not their best guide and help in all the relations of life, and that such daring innovators ought to be promptly resisted and put down."

Pathetic remonstrance avails not with this irrepressible people, nothing but the strong arm of power keeps them from outbreaks. Soldiers guarded both banks of the river and of the Grand Canal, which were crowded with people. Mow-chang-shi, a member of the Great Council and spokesman of the war, or anti-foreign, party is in Tientsin for the purpose of assisting Tseng-kwo-fan who keeps out of the way. Count Rochechouart stated, returning from the funeral in the steamer, that the Central government had promised the heads of the mandarins he had asked for, and he thought the matter might be got over without fighting, though it would be wise to be prepared for any emergency; as the literati, husbandmen, tradesmen and others were ever ready to draw the sword against the so styled common enemy.

*Count Rochechouart's Address.*

Gentlemen,—One in vain searches history to find occurrences so execrable, as those of which this city was the scene on the 21st June, last. Seventeen French subjects, twelve of them ill-fated women, were massacred — what do I say? were cut to pieces, by a fanatical mob, who not content to kill and to destroy, wished, if possible, to add to the enormity of their crime, by venting their fury on the dead bodies. My tongue refuses to recite the details of these horrors, but I cannot pass over in silence the sublime behaviour of the Sister Elizabeth. A crowd, vast, hideous, bloody, has already surrounded the Convent, beats in the gates, and prepares to glut its hatred; then does that saintly woman come forward to the front of her offices:

"You wish to kill the Europeans," she says; "there are ten of us: my companions are in the Chapel ready like me for the sacrifice; come then, but spare the Chinese who surround us."

Thus indeed it well became those women to die, whose charity, devotion and piety are known to all. Who among us, gentlemen, condemned to live away from our own country, far from the domestic hearth, has not been glad to experience in times of sickness, the care and the consolations of these holy ladies who seem to know only the sorrows of others. You have been good enough, in two addresses, to express to me the sympathy with which these noble victims have inspired you, and to pronounce deserved praises on the courage of our unfortunate Consul, who perhaps might have been able to save his life, but who preferred to die in the place where his duty called him. Thanks, gentlemen, for that sympathy; thanks also for that claim to unity with us which you make; in China foreigners all are one family.

The forwardness of the Chinese authorities to be present at this sad ceremony, is to me a sure guarantee (at least I wish to believe it so), of the good faith of Prince Kung. When His Imperial Highness has written me "the guilty, whatever their rank, will be punished," it is impossible to forget these words after they have been written, and for myself in spite of sad forebodings I wish to believe them; for the interest of the Chinese Government which would not wish by a culpable leniency, to expose itself to the just resentment of a nation like France. In the presence of these still open graves, enclosing the friends, the colleagues of yesterday, full of the future and of health, and some of whom had known only the roses of life; I feel emotion overpowering me and sobs

stifling my voice. Farewell then, my friends; you have given us good examples to follow in the performance of our duty. May we be able like you to die without weakness, surrounded by regrets and regards.

*Address of the Admiral of the Imperial Navy.*

*Gentlemen*,— Afflicting as may be the sad ceremony which has brought us together around these coffins, I congratulate myself that I am able to be present, and to say boldly on this the very theatre of the massacre, that my entire sympathy is for those who have been the innocent victims of it; that my utter horror is for the sanguinary beasts who have even its instruments, and above all, for the wretches who have been its cowardly instigators.

These sentiments are shared by my brave comrades, the sailors of Great Britain and of the American Union, whom I thank for their kindness in joining us in this demonstration of our sad regret; of our intense indignation.

The remains of these unfortunate victims of duty and of charity, still, gentlemen, call for justice. The forwardness of the Chinese Government to render them the last honors should make us hope that, yielding to the counsels of reason and of justice, it will make haste to chastise the principal instigators and agents of this unexampled outrage, and to give, by its firm decision, guarantees which have become indispensable to all the foreign communities without distinction.

I cannot believe that it will be so ill-disposed or advised as to refuse to chastise those who, before God and man, are responsible for the blood shed; that it will cast itself violently back from the paths (of progress) on which it had entered; that it will give way to barbarism; that it will wantonly summon against its multitudinous subjects innocent of this crime, foreign arms which have already proved so fatal to it.

But I can assure you that if, which God forbid, the terrible duty of chastisement is imposed on us by France, shuddering at the sight of one of her Consuls murdered, of her priests murdered, of her holy daughters, of all these defenseless women cowardly murdered, we shall know, my companions and I, to fulfill it, without cruelty, I hope, but with all the energy, and with all the severity which the failure to punish such a ghastly atrocity would demand.

*Address of M. Thierry, Apostolic pro-Vicar, Superior of the Peking Mission.*

*Gentlemen*. In the addresses which you have just heard, the kindness of the Chargé d'Affaires and of the Admiral has led them to dwell especially on the horrible massacre of the Sisters of Charity. For us, Gentlemen, their death cannot be regarded as a subject of sorrow. They and our lamented fellow-laborers have reaped in heaven what they had sown on earth; so far as they are concerned, their death is gain. Coming to China with the hope of the martyr, they have obtained their dearest wish, to give their life for Christ.

Permit us rather to deplore with you the death of our much loved Consul, M. Fontanier, defender of Missionaries, protector of the Christian religion, he has died nobly at his post, for it and for us. Permit us also to join in the general grief in regard to M. Thomassin; he came to China for the same object, with his young wife, and so prematurely elevated now to universal affection and esteem.

It is these and the other Frenchmen fallen victims to the impious hatred of the Chinese against religion; it is these gentlemen, who should be mourned over. For ours, no tears, no vengeance; the Missionaries, servants of the God of Peace; the Sisters, daughters of the Charity of Jesus Christ, can do nothing but pardon their enemies and pray for God's mercy on their persecutors.

*Mr. Wade's Address.*

Mr. Wade said that he spoke only in answer to an appeal. It was scarcely necessary to assure those more directly interested in the sad spectacle at which they were assisting, of his own sympathy and that of his countrymen, of the sincerity of their compassion for the fate of their fellow-Christians, whom they were met to honor; in particular for the fate of the unfortunate Sisters of Charity. One of these was his own country-woman. He had seen her but a few months past at Peking, engaged in her charitable work. It was indeed fearful to think that women whose lives were thus devoted to the best of good works, should have fallen victims to brutal ignorance. They had been happily reminded by the Abbé Thierry that to the Sisters at least, to die as they had died "was gain." It was Mr. Wade's humble conviction that no one who succumbed in the honest discharge of duty would fail to gain a reward.

Beyond the necessary punishment he would not speak of vengeance. He would but add, what he believed and trusted, as he could not doubt, every Christian present wished, that out of this great calamity great good would be produced.

"It seems likely that Rochechouart's visit to Tientsin has quickened Tseng-kwo-fan's Report. He has written a letter to Chung-How expressing in the strongest manner his belief that the Missionaries were innocent of the charges laid against them, and that the Magistrates were guilty in not restraining the outbreak. He had thoroughly investigated the matter and found it so. In effect he says that there is not a shadow of a foundation for the stories injurious to the Catholics, and that as the Chifu and the Chi-hsien (Chang-Kwang-Tsa and Liu-Chieh) did not show proper diligence in repressing the disturbance, they should be stripped of rank and handed over to the Hsing pu (Board of Punishments) to be dealt with as they deserve. Possibly now the people will leave off maintaining that some children's bodies *were* found with hearts plucked away and eyes gouged out. Cheng-Kuo-Shwai's motive is clearer now. He is no Mohamedan, but he *is* the mandarin whom Rochechouart procured to be degraded on the Yangtse, last winter. Tseng has written to the Emperor to the effect that the French are implacable, and that there is no chance of getting on with them, by any peaceable means, as they are evidently determined to have war. The Emperor's reply has come holding Tseng responsible for the situation. Most of the Chinese agree that Cheng-Kwo-Shwai for one *cannot* be touched, without creating war. All the better say I. Off with his head then, French Provost Marshal, and give him the due attendance of those mandarins, whatever their rank, who executed his bloody work, while they still kept up towards foreigners the same kitten and lamb-like demeanor as did our boys in Hongkong when they were conspiring to poison us. And when this act of justice has been done, we may begin to look for a regenerated China."

"There can be no doubt at all about the connivance of the authorities

at this dreadful massacre, for even if it did not originate with them, it was perfectly within their power to put down all display of bad feeling when they were first requested to do so. They did not choose to move a finger in this direction, but treated the urgent appeals of the British Consul with supercilious contempt. Eight Protestant Chapels, in and about the city were looted, sixteen places of worship in all have been destroyed." Among the rest are the premises of the American Board in the native city, where Emma and I spent a few pleasant days both with Rev. Charles A. Stanley and wife and Rev. L. D. Chapin and wife. It was indeed a most fortunate circumstance that subsequently Rev. Mr. Chapin moved his family to Tung Chow, and Rev. Mr. Stanley resided at the time of the outbreak not in the native city, but in the foreign settlement. "Many Roman Catholic Christians were murdered and thrown into the river; we have seen a good many bodies floating down with the tide. No Protestant converts have been killed, but tortured and badly beaten. Of course no one here, native or foreigner, believes the officials will be given up or punished for the massacre. [The Chinese Government subsequently beheaded eighteen persons and paid six hundred thousand taels as an indemnity fund.] An ex-official, who is considered to be a reliable man, states that a general rising against foreigners is being planned throughout the Empire without distinction of nationality. This is from a man who has no particular connection with foreigners." Later in the season the Imperial proclamation, announcing the settlement of the Tientsin difficulty, had been received in Shanghai through the present Acting Viceroy, and made public by the Toutai. Copies estimated at about four hundred in number, are now posted on every gate, street and lane, and every effort seems to have been used at this place to give it the greatest circulation. "The Emperor calls upon the people to tremble and obey, and emphasizes the order by threatening disobedience with a fate similar to that of the actors in the tragedy at Tientsin. The past year has been an eventful one in China from the unfriendly bearing of the governing class of the country towards foreigners."

When a guest at the residence of J. G. Purdon, Esq., at Shaughai, through the persuasions of Mrs. E. J. Bridgman, and Rev. E. W. Syle I was induced to accede to the request of many friends to start a school for Eurasian children, which accordingly I did and it was eminently successful as also widely welcomed. The *North China Herald* says: "We are glad to point to an advertisement on our front page announcing the institution of a school which has been long wanted in Shanghai. The only means of education for Eurasian children in China have been, hitherto, the mission schools in Hongkong. For many reasons, these had not been largely availed of in China; and we believe the school which Mrs. Bonney has now opened, in Hongkew, will give great satisfaction. We have strong hopes of seeing the school shortly with a habitation of its own, like the large Eurasian schools of Calcutta and Lucknow." "We had much pleasure on Friday, December 23d, instant, in hearing an examination of the pupils attending Mrs. Bonney's Eurasian school in Hongkew previous to breaking up for Christmas holidays. It will be remembered that this school has been in existence now only about four months, hardly more than enough, we should have thought, for Mrs. Bonney to introduce some order and organization among her pupils. It is creditable to both teacher and her pupils, that their progress has been such during this short space of time, as to surprise as much as gratify the parents and friends of

the children attending the institution. We were pleased to find that even those who had come there not knowing a word of English, had surmounted the first difficulties of reading and writing, and were able to speak a little with a very fair accent, and to understand a great deal. And, what is quite as important, all seemed to be happy, and on a thoroughly good understanding with their 'mamma.' The care and attention displayed in the management of the institution seems all that could be desired. The distribution of gifts from a 'Christmas tree,' at the close of the examination, sent all the little folks away for their holidays, burdened with treasures, and looking happy as only children know how to look. We very warmly repeat the congratulations which were addressed to Mrs. Bonney by the ladies and gentlemen who were present, and are more than ever confirmed in the opinion we expressed at the outset that the utility and success of the school will increase, as its existence and its character become more widely known to the community at large. An event of unusual interest to the native Christians transpired not long since, viz: The marriage of Mr. E. C. Marshall, alias Dzan-tsg seh, a student helper in connection with the American Methodist Church, to Miss Yen, sister of Rev. Mr. Yen Yung-King of the American Protestant Episcopal Mission. The ceremony was performed in the Honkew Church by the Rev. R. Nelson, the pastor who used the foreign service translated into Chinese. Both the parties were brought up under foreign influence, the young man having been educated in America, and the young lady at one of the mission schools. The most interesting scene perhaps was that of the *unveiling*, for up to that moment the bridegroom, though in possession of a wife, had never seen her face, but thanks to photography he had not made a leap altogether in the dark. The public attendance at church, both foreign and native friends, was very large on the occasion. After the marriage a reception was held and a feast prepared for the specially invited."

"The great event of the past month has certainly been the visit at Peking of the Hon. W. H. Seward and Admiral John Rodgers; the former of whom came all the way from Auburn N. Y., to look at this Chinese puzzle of ours, while the latter, not to be behind hand in doing the honors of his China station to the venerable and historic old statesman of America, rendered such valuable aid in the way of an escort, as to put the visit on a semi-official footing, and caused it to be long remembered by the thousand and one Chinese who daily thronged the approaches to the American and Russian Legations. 'Music by the band' might have been item No. 1 for those who had ears to hear, but the gay and festive array of gold lace and blue jackets gathered under the banners of the two most powerful and independent powers in the world, must have awakened some strange and odd conceits in the *wise* heads of the Tsung-le-Yamên. Prince Kung had a colic of course and could not see China's best friend and treaty-maker, W. H. Seward; so the party of Americans went their way to the Great Wall, and drew higher inspirations from that limitless work of ages, than from the confined halls of the Yamên. On the ground that this was a surprise party, Prince Kung might well have pleaded illness; however, when next the slippery, sloppy and slimy streets of Peking were re-entered, and the most hospitable mansion of Minister Low again received his august friends, the Chinese minister and his coadjutants were only too happy to make Mr. Seward and Admiral Rodgers welcome to Peking. A note from Prince Kung expressed his intention of calling on Mr. Seward which he did, in company with other officials at the United States Lega-

tion, and very valuable gifts were sent to the honored guest. A regular Chinese banquet was also given him, by the mandarins, even to shark's fins, bird's nest, &c. &c. Mr. Seward and party left Shanghai, Dec. 22; a public reception was given at Hongkong."

*First Yearly Report of the Shanghai Eurasian School.*

There are many reasons for dealing with Eurasian children as a class by themselves, at least during the earlier years of their education; and it has always been felt that, wherever such children exist in considerable numbers, schools for them are a necessity. The splendid charities at Calcutta and Lucknow, founded by and named after General Martin, are the most prominent instances in point. Hongkong possesses more than one school at which education is given, free, or at a small charge to Eurasians; and very recently a movement has been made to establish a school for the same purpose in Japan. It is consistent, therefore, with what has taken place in India and elsewhere, that a school of the kind should be wanted in Shanghai; and the need has been keenly felt for some years past. Two difficulties occur in founding such an institution; one the need for charitable aid, as it is unlikely to prove self-supporting at the onset; another, the difficulty of meeting with a suitable person, willing to undertake the great trouble of commencing it, of gathering the children, and making preliminary arrangements. It was not till the summer of last year, 1870, that Mrs. Bonney's consent to undertake the management, the task of forming a school, encouraged a serious attempt for its inauguration; when it was understood that this obstacle had been overcome, a few gentlemen willingly responded to applications made to them by a member of the present Committee, and subscribed an amount sufficient to justify a commencement being made. Mr. John G. Purdon kindly acted as Treasurer for the sum thus raised, and Mr. Hanbury gave most effective aid by providing a house, rent free. The success which attended this experiment; the readiness with which it was availed of, and the progress made during the year, encouraged a further effort in the spring of this year, to place the institution on a permanent basis; and the Committee have pleasure in saying that this object has been fairly attained. A wider appeal for subscriptions was made; and the same gentleman who had given house room at the outset generously undertook to build new premises especially for its accommodation; sufficient has been raised to defray the cost of furniture and other incidental expenses; and the new house, which is situated near the Hongkew church, is all but completed, and will be ready for occupation by the first of November. Looking over the brief record of what has been done thus far, we find that the first boarder entered the school on the 19th of September, 1870; and from that time continuously, pupils were added from week to week, until there have been in all twelve boarders and twenty day scholars placed under the care of Mrs. Bonney; and the committee feel constrained to say that care more unremitting, attention more devoted, they have never witnessed, and we can personally testify to the care and success with which they have been instructed. The consequent progress of the children as shown at the examination, has been very satisfactory, indeed surprising if we consider the great difficulties which attended the first attempts at instruction. And in paying this tribute to the care shown by Mrs. Bonney for the welfare of the children placed under her care, the Committee must add that it has been given, hitherto entirely without remuneration. \* \* \* \* Looking to the future

there [is a reasonable prospect that, in due time, the school will be self-supporting, as will appear from the statement of income and outlay. \* \* \* The Committee cannot conclude their report without expressing their warm acknowledgments to Dr. A. Jamieson, who has gratuitously given his professional advice and care to the children, during the year under review. \* \* \* The Trustees regret very much to say that sudden and severe illness has made it necessary for Mrs. Bonney to return at once to the United States; and has laid on them the obligation of providing a successor to her, in the management of the Institution which she has so successfully inaugurated. \* \* \* A very satisfactory arrangement has been made, under which the services of Mrs. Gill have been secured; so that the work of the school will be continued without delay.

*Trustees and Committee.*—John Markham, Esq., H. B. M. Consul, Chairman; R. S. Gundry, Esq., Secretary; E. Iveson, Esq., Treasurer; Rev. E. W. Syle, A. J. Little, Esq.”

*R. S. Gundry to Mrs. Bonney.*

My dear Mrs. Bonney, Shanghai, September 19, '71.

The Trustees of the Eurasian School desire me to express to you the very great regret with which they have learned that your health obliges you to give up charge of the school at a time when the difficulties attending its foundation have been successfully overcome and its future appears so promising.

The Trustees cannot allow you to leave without expressing their warm acknowledgment of the care and success with which you have managed the school during the past year; and wish me to convey to you their sincere good wishes for your renewed health, and that you may have a pleasant and prosperous voyage home. It will be gratifying to you to know that the school in which you have taken so much interest will fall into good hands, Mrs. Gill having kindly consented to assume the management until permanent arrangements can be made.

With Very kind regards, Believe me, My dear Mrs. Bonney,

Yours Sincerely,

R. S. GUNDRY,

Mrs. Bonney, Shanghai.

*Hon. Sec. Eur. Sch. Committee.*

Having been prostrated for many weeks with serious illness, the physicians considered the only hope of restoration of strength lay in a sea-voyage: friends packed my trunks and from what had well high proved a bed of death, I was removed on October 12, 1871, to the Pacific mail steamer “New York,” Captain Furber, and with my little Emma once more bade adieu to the “Flowery Land” so full of eventful recollections. Though confined to my berth during the entire route I could occasionally catch a glimpse of the green shores and steep mountain slopes with all the chromatic beauties, while passing through the charming inland sea, and I was slowly improving. But being obliged so unexpectedly to leave my school, now nicely started, was a sore grievance to me, and most mysterious did the workings of God’s providence appear in this event. I had *not* however, “lost my reckoning,” for though the cloud was dark I well knew God’s sunshine was behind it, and in His own good time all would be made clear. Friends came on board at Nagasaki, Hioga, and Yokohama wishing to remove me to their houses on the shore. I much regretted it was not practicable to accept the kind hospitality proffered by

Mrs. Pruyn who was one of the considerate number, but when finally at rest on the stately steamer "Japan" as she moved grandly on her way, there was a material change for the better. ["The steamer Japan was burned at midnight on December 17th, 1874, when about one hundred and fifty miles from Hong Kong. The fire was discovered over the boilers, at eleven o'clock Thursday evening. After two hours spent in fruitless efforts to get the fire under control, Capt. Freeman abandoned the steamer at one o'clock."] Invigorated by the "health-inspiring breezes and fresh sights of the deep blue Pacific," before we passed through the "Golden gate" into the beautiful bay of San Francisco I had recruited wonderfully. And now the soft and soothing echoes of "Home sweet Home" came in gentle whispers from beyond the towering precipices of the Rocky mountains. There were on board, as first class passengers, a number of young Japanese; part of the tourists to remain in America and the residue bound for London to engage in a course of study preparatory for college or business life. Rev. I. M. Condit telegraphed to my sisters of our safe arrival at San Francisco; it was to them a pleasant surprise as they were daily expecting to hear of my decease. We remained some days at the "Lick House" to recruit, and gain a greater power of endurance by the bracing, fresh, balmy air of California with its serene sky of beauty.

One day much to my great delight, *Hu Sing Mee* and his wife *Aoot* came to see us and a happy meeting it was. *Hu Sing Mee* is a native preacher connected with the Rev. Otis Gibson's Methodist Episcopal Mission at San Francisco, and *Aoot* was the second scholar received in my school in 1857 at Macao, China. In her case at least the "eastern problem" is solved for the "patient waiting and perseverance" is now meeting with success in this native Christian woman. The hours of one entire day were profitably and pleasantly spent at Woodward's Gardens, as we sauntered leisurely along. The birds were chirping and singing, full of happiness in the cheerful sunshine that flooded the landscape with its golden light; a little grey rabbit squatted on his hind legs holding a nut gracefully in its fore feet and at our approach bounded away into the thick bushes; butterflies skimming from flower to flower; dogs frisking around; flowers in open beds unsurpassed either for brilliancy or diversity of colors; ornamental climbers; conservatories filled with fragrant flowered species of superb plants, unrivaled for richness of color and delicious perfume; the menagerie composed of rare animals; with a fine museum. Another day was devoted to the "Cliff House," built on the edge of rugged, almost perpendicular cliffs with its noted "Seal Rock," seven miles from the "Metropolis of the Pacific Coast," inhaling the balmy breeze of the ocean, and seeing the seals gambling in the surf and on the rocks. We could distinctly hear their fierce growls and barks, and remained for hours watching the climbing. "About three hundred yards from the land two rugged rocks rise abruptly out of the water, to the height of seventy-five feet, covering an area of perhaps an acre each. These rocks are the property and the habitations of an immense colony of sea-lions, as they are called, or seals, who hold undisturbed possession, and who are protected in their right of property and from all injury by statute law. Some of these sea-lions are of enormous size; and it is an amusing sight which never loses its interest, to watch them in their clumsy efforts to climb to the very pinnacles of the rocks by means of their fins and tails."

We richly enjoyed every moment of time while passing over the Central

and Union Pacific Railroad with its rapidly shifting scene. The "tiffin basket" was well supplied with varieties of delicious fruits, and in the luxurious "Palace Sleeping Car" we had "every appliance for comfort." The snow sheds, with long icicles suspended from them, were truly an annoyance shutting out the charming views for about forty miles. We could, however, "catch occasional glimpses of the scenery that is at once grand and beautiful" notwithstanding the long tunnels and snow-sheds. We were just in season for snow blockades; our train was detained twice, the snow shovelers were working vigorously in the coldest weather day and night. We met one snow bound train which had been delayed twenty-seven hours behind time, away from any station. Their "Express ear" was opened and oysters furnished to the passengers. The difficulty and delay was caused by the drifting snow; the snow fences afforded no protection being insufficient to arrest the shifting mass, and snow-ploughs were in constant use. Passenger trains had to be preceded by a snow train to insure safety.

We were not sorry when we had safely passed "Cape Horn" with the road on the verge of the precipice, looking down on the magnificence of the valley scene 2000 feet below, and now we come to another startling feature of the route. The gigantic walls of rock called the Palisades were very wonderful, "rising on both sides of the Humboldt river to a height of about 1,500 feet, and only three hundred and fifty feet apart." When we look at their overhanging and seemingly shattered cliffs with the cracks and fissures in the masses of rock high above us, our minds are inspired with awe, and we wonder the shaking of the ground by the passing train does not hurl them down on our defenceless head. "There were gigantic rocks rising abruptly from their beds without a particle of soil adhering to their almost perpendicular sides, or a spear of grass adorning them; but now the aspect of the country has completely changed. Instead of black frowning cliffs, whose rugged sides spoke of sterility and barrenness we came to the rolling prairie bedecked with many flowers in summer time. Nine miles from Antelope for miles along the line of the railroad, cities or settlements of the lively little *prairie dog* were seen on both sides of the road, and he standing up at the mouth of his burrow to gaze on us as we passed. It is about the size of a guinea pig, is of a light brown color, being very active in its habits, and graceful in appearance. When it is alarmed it immediately scampers off to its burrow. Here it stops, perches itself upon its hind quarters, and awaits further developments. Its burrow is dug in a spiral form of about three inches in diameter. Owls and rattle-snakes are their close companions, almost every burrow is occupied by a prairie dog, an owl, and a rattle snake. They do not quarrel, and are really a happy family. Their cities frequently cover a space of from two to three miles square, these singular burrows have subterranean connections." At other points we had seen droves of the huge buffalo pacing up and down on their wide domain of American prairie, or grazing in their boundless freedom quietly along the grassy slopes. Then again the graceful antelope cropping the herbage, in peaceful serenity, would scamper away, or standing at a safe distance herds of them would be seen watching our progress. These gentle creatures were a striking contrast to the fierce and ugly-looking wild bison bellowing with such a hollow, roaring sound as it tossed up its short black rounded horns.

At Omaha we were detained many hours by the floating ice in the

Missouri river, but at last the steamer safely crossed the "rapid, turbid stream." Leaving Council Bluffs, on the east side of the Missouri, we had a fine view of the pneumatic bridge now building, and soon we were ascending the Missouri slope of Iowa where the prairies roll in every curve of beauty. The streams — one of which we cross six times — are numerous, meandering and all skirted by trees. At Burlington we crossed the Iowa Draw Bridge over the Mississippi river, 2,200 feet long, with a draw 360 feet open and shut by steam; crosses the river on nine piers and cost a million and a half. Now we enter the garden of Illinois, and through Riverside with its suburban residences, are quickly at rest in the famed city of Chicago. There was no depot for that, with many of the palatial mansions, dry goods palaces, banks, churches, hotels and whose tokens of magnificent edifices have fallen a prey to the Fire King; sad devastation on every side, blackened ruins!

On the Michigan Central and Great Western rail road, we continued our route to Detroit; through part of Canada, across the Suspension Bridge to the Empire State. Before long the "iron horse" entered the Albany Depot and from thence "loved ones," in waiting, carried us to the dear "Old Homestead" at Cherry Hill.

#### *A Casual Fracas.*

In 1801 Dr. George Cook, the celebrated surgeon of the British man-of-war "Becket," which was cruising off the Tonga islands, went ashore with twelve of the crew to gather herbs for medical purposes. They were all captured by the natives, who proved to be cannibals. They were immediately bound with strips of bark and thrown into a sort of hole or cave in the side of a hill and kept there until the next morning. During the night the unfortunate victims heard the hellish yells of the savages, who were preparing for the horrible feast of the morrow. In the morning they were brought out into the light, unbound, stripped entirely naked, again firmly bandaged, trussed and laid upon their faces on the ground in two rows and about four feet apart. The male savages, who had assembled from the surrounding islands in large numbers, formed a circle, the inner diameter of which was about sixty feet, and the women and children were placed inside the circle. The latter beat tom-toms and yelled in frenzied chorus, while the males performed a devil's dance for fully an hour. This done, twenty-six rawny and naked savages — the whole gathering of demons, old and young, male and female were perfectly nude — twenty-six powerful savages advanced, two of whom seized each of the victims by the hair and dragged them about two thousand feet to a sandy beach, upon which the copper colored sun sent down its fierce, quivering, blazing and unobscured rays. Here was gathered wood in thirteen piles — one for each victim — and the savages were seating themselves in groups around each pile. Another ray was formed around Dr. Cook and his companions and a short dance was performed, when at some signal from the chief — a magnificent drum, nearly eight feet tall and made in proportion — there was dead silence. The hungry looking savages sank on their haunches upon the sand, looking their deep like famished wolves. The chief then approached the helpless victims, and began a critical examination of the physical condition of each. He lifted their upper and lower lips — examined their teeth, drew the powerful thumb into their armpits, pressed his hand upon their ribs, felt of their legs and arms, all the while wearing the expression of a blasted opeera. During the progress of this examination, the

thirteen fires were lighted and added their heat to that of the relentless sun. The chief finally approached Dr. Cooke, turned him upon his back, wrenched his hand into his hair, and lifted him upon his feet. The savage marked with his finger upon the hair of the trembling doctor the portion of the carcass he had selected for himself. As he did this, the eyes of the savage and his dinner met. The doctor inadvertently, and more by a spasmodic action of the muscles than otherwise, gave a semi-masonic sign. The chief started and gazed fixedly upon the doctor's face. The doctor repeated the sign. The chief answered it, and immediately uttered a cry of amazement followed by some gibberish, which was received with a yell of disappointment from the whole gathering of demons, who sprang to their feet and rushed upon the pale Christians. The chief swung his tremendous war club and splattered the bound bodies of the Englishmen with the brains of a score of the heathen devils, before you could articulate Jack Robinson. He then gave a command to a subordinate, who came up and with a sharp flint cut the bonds of the white men, and they were free to their unspeakable delights. The bodies of the savages just killed were stowed down in six potash kettles which had been cast ashore from a wrecked vessel in 1804, and the horrible wretches glutted themselves upon the bodies of their late comrades. Dr. Cooke and his man stayed upon the island four days, during which time they were guarded with great care by the chief whom the doctor christened Chul Chug, which is cannibal for life preserver. They were treated with great hospitality, and escorted by a long procession of savages to the beach where their boat lay when they took their departure." "It seems that some five years before the date of this narrative, an English captain was cast ashore from a wreck, he being the only soul saved. He managed to get into the good graces of Chul Chug, and gave him the first two degrees of Masonry. During the four days that Dr. Cooke remained on the island he gave 'Chul' five more degrees in consideration of which the 'heathen savage' was overcome with gratitude. The doctor returned to the island in 1809 and found there a large and flourishing Masonic lodge. Dr. George Cooke was born in 1781; he came to this country in 1812, as surgeon of a British war ship; he attained both wealth and fame, and died in Albany January 12, 1873. He was a very eccentric person, and being possessed of a fine wardrobe, he was seen every day walking on Broadway attired in knee breeches, silk stockings and shoes with gold buckles, his hair white and flowing, the observed of all observers. His last attack of chronic rheumatism was brought on by an attempt of the old man to assume his former gorgeousness of apparel and appear on the street in silk breeches and low shoes. The old gentleman of 92 years said whenever his mind recurred to that fearful scene on the sandy beach, he could feel the stubby finger of the giant savage tracing the choice parts on his body. At the battle of the Cedars in 1776, Capt. McKinstry, of Livingston's Manor was rescued from the stake by the personal exertions of the Indian Chief, Brant, who found out he was a Freemason.

"It is now nearly three thousand years since the foundation of MASONRY, and as yet, it has resisted the destroying hand of Time, and is gaining new strength every day, not only in America, but in every quarter of the globe. In Shanghai, China, Masonic Lodges are also to be found, and an instance of the universal kindness of the Masons came under my own observation, which was only one out of many similar acts: one of the Shanghai Pilots

who was a mason, had been ill for months and finally died, leaving a young wife totally destitute of means for subsistence, without a single relative in that far off land. The fraternity had not only secured the best medical attendance for the invalid during his long sickness; alleviating his distress by providing every available luxury; assuming all the funeral expenses; liquidating other debts, but furthermore paid the board of this lone widow in one of the mission families, and after the birth of her child, she was made the recipient of a very handsome sum of money and a free passage to her childhood's home in the West Indies. The workings of masonry in such cases could be open to no theoretical objection, it is a useful bond between men who might, without its friendly offices, continue strangers all their lives." Nobles, princes and kings were initiated into the mysteries of the order, and paid allegiance to its authority as early as in the 8th century and from that time to the present, the proudest names adorn the masonic annals. The following tribute of respect is conferred on Major Killian H. Van Rensselaer son of Gen. Henry Van Rensselaer of revolutionary renown who was an active master mason, and a member of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Masonic Rite of 1769, as also his son Solomon who was a worthy member of the Order during life. Major Killian H. Van Rensselaer was made a mason in 1822, and now fills with honor stations in the several bodies of the order, from the lowest to that of sovereign Inspector General of the 33d Degree, and Most Pious Sovereign Grand Commander of the Supreme Council of Sovereign Inspector General of the (Northern Jurisdiction) of the United States of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite. The proceedings of the Supreme Council when Major Van Rensselaer resigned his office were very interesting. It was voted that an elegant sword "be presented to Illustrious Brother Van, and a committee waited on him to request him to sit for a portrait to be taken by one of the first artists of the day." "Father Van Rensselaer, or 'Brother Van,' as he is familiarly called by his companions in the rite, the venerable patriarch of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite in the Northern Jurisdiction of the United States, while on his way from his home to Chicago, received the attentions of an enterprising pickpocket who relieved him of his watch. His friends here, having learned of this fact volunteered to make up the loss, and a costly, handsome gold watch, appropriately inscribed, with a rich gold chain attached was presented to him by the Sublime Princes of Occidental Sovereign Consistory with many complimentary remarks. In response 'Brother Van' made a few appropriate and feeling observations and concluded by saying: 'The toils and cares of life, the wars through which we have passed, the whirlwind of Anti-Masonic fanaticism, although they have temporarily retarded, have not prevented the spread, continued prosperity and increase of the Rite.'"

The ANNUAL DECORATION OF SOLDIERS' GRAVES has again come round and FLOWERS FOR THE BRAVE will be brought by stricken hearts and loving hands. "There is no need to recount the causes of the war in which many loved ones fell. If our fathers erred, as err they sadly did in their oppression of the lowly; if they erred, as err they weakly did, in sorry compromises of the right for sake of gain or ease of power, they and we have sorely paid the inevitable penalty. Standing among the graves of our heroes, with bowed heads, we can recall the unselfish devotion of the men who fell that liberty might live, and that the government, bequeathed as a heritage by our patriot fathers, might not perish from the

earth. When from out the Southern sky flashed the red flames of civil war, we shuddered at the perils which threatened the 'Land of the Free.' The Old Flag had been fired upon. Fratricidal hands sought to pull down the emblem of the Nation's sovereignty and power. It could not be. It had been borne to triumph by stout hearts and willing hands, on many a bloody field. It had waved the banner of the free in every clime. Stricken and down-trodden men, in every land, had turned to its bright stars and gleaming stripes, as the symbols of a new life and a political salvation. And so it was that the laborer paused in his toil; the farmer left the plough in the furrow; the artizan laid down his tools; the merchant closed his ledger; the lawyer left the scenes of legal strife, and the student cast down his books, to take up arms for freedom and for the Union. Four long and tedious years, the tide of battle surged backward and forward, with its alternated gloom and brightness, until, under the blessing of God, victory rested with the old flag, and the nation arose from its baptism of blood, in the resurrection of a new life. But by what sufferings and perils it was won!! In every grave-yard throughout our Northern States, lie the dead heroes of America, who perished in the contest. Then too with a splendid courage and endurance the South followed their disunion flag to wounds and death. We are one race and strew the graves of all with choicest flowers."

*Albany, May 30, 1874.* On this "Decoration Day" while "from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts, thousands will wend their way to the quiet city of the dead, and in accordance with a time honored custom decorate the graves of those brave soldiers now calmly sleeping the sleep that knows no waking;" we bring garlands as a Tribute of Respect for other departed friends who have "passed away" and now come in for a full share of our remembrance. "We can tender sympathies, but they are always inadequate to express our sorrow for the vacancy which the death of 'loved ones' make in the social circle. The 'Old Mansion' on the bank of the Hudson at Greenbush which dates from the earliest period of our national history and thus has been a silent witness of varying human events for more than two hundred years," has the flag of mourning, waving over its ancient embrasures. "Within its time honored walls" was the birth place of noble hearts — brothers and sisters of the Van Rensselaer family. "In childhood and youth they walked side by side, and waked life's early morn together, but one by one they all have gone [the three brothers in quick succession during the year 1871,] borne on the resistless waves of the voiceless stream, they have reached that mysterious shore whence are echoed no tidings." Shortly after our return a letter from China was freighted with the sad intelligence: "Mrs. E. J. Bridgman rests from her faithful labors. She died at Shanghai November 10, 1871. Her mind seemed clear, she spoke collectedly of death, and her last connected sentence was: 'Yes, I will cling to the Saviour.' With this on her lips she passed into the land where 'the day dawns and the shadows flee away,' and her body rests by the side of her husband in the old cemetery." The Hon. William H. Seward, too, having successfully completed his tour round the world and given a record of the wonderful journey was soon after prostrated by disease and died at Auburn, N. Y., October 10, 1872.

There are precious and holy memories connected with the early departure of a dear niece, Mary Pratt, while attending to her academical studies; and many hopes were quenched in the unexpected blighting of other early cherished blossoms, leaving a sad void in loving hearts. The

great Gleaner has gathered another and still another valuable trophy to his harvest home. In one case a mother and daughter with but a short interval completed an entire family in Heaven! He touched many "Men of Mark" who have greatly benefited mankind either as discoverers or inventors and whose loss has been mourned in every quarter of the globe. He has thrilled communities by the harrowing and distressing accounts of the many ocean disasters, nor did he forget either the great Statesmen or the devoted Clergymen gone to their rest as a shock of corn fully ripe, and leaving behind the fragrance of a good name and the example of a long and useful life. Slowly but surely our beautiful and attractive Rural Cemeteries are being filled by "the reaper whose name is DEATH." His sharp and busy scythe is ever swinging to advantage; in some victims the chord snapped suddenly and then came the repose of the silent grave. "One after another of the ancient men who are associated in the memories of past generations as the standard bearers of science — the venerated and eloquent preachers — pure patriots — the blossoms of many a home — the young and old are garnered in the great charnel house. All are reposing among the crags — woods — meadows and valleys where the happy birds twine their cheerful lays, while the lark and nightingale have both a morning carol and a vesper song which trills with amazing sweetness, a requiem for our entombed ones — loved but not lost even though that requiem is chaunted by the moaning billows — for we are assured that our separation from those we hold most dear is but short and that those whom the great 'I AM' loveth he chasteneth."

Having now brought the Biographical Gleanings of our "Loved Ones," who have passed on to the Spirit Land, to a close, we would desire to be invested with the power of ubiquity that after placing sweet floral offerings, our memorial tribute, on the unpretending grassy mounds of *Christian heroes on heathen soil*, who laid down their lives in the Master's cause, we might again be permitted to fall in these ranks to day. As the marching lines passed Grace church, in New York city, the chimes rang out "America 'tis of thee." When the grand procession reached old St. Paul's, a stoppage was made for the purpose of placing a beautiful wreath of flowers a present from a lady of that city — on the grave of Maj. Gen. Montgomery who fell leading an assault upon Quebec. The Montgomery monument, and also the Warth monument on Madison square were beautifully decorated by sunrise. Lincoln's monument in Union square was most gorgeously decorated, one side having a floral inscription of "Charity to all." Another stoppage was made at Trinity church yard, where a number of graves also were profusely decorated. True it is that loving hearts would hold these dead heroes in affectionate remembrance, and that friendly hands would decorate their graves even if those who were their comrades in the field were to forget them. But it is impossible to forget those who were brave in a noble cause, and whose deeds will be emblazoned on the historic page causing them to be revered by all. Our deceased *heroes of Albany* — the soldiers as well as the officer — who fell in defense of his country and his country's flag — were not forgotten. Their comrades came freighted with rare tributes of respect and affection, and faithfully discharged a sacred duty to the memory of those brave men whose lives were offered up as an atonement for national sin. To day the nation's annual floral offering has been laid upon the thousands of green-sward altars, beneath which repose as consecrated relics the remains of those of her sons who with heroic fortitude, and instigated by the highest sense of patriot-

ism laid down their lives that they might preserve to us and posterity the union of these states, a sacred heritage received as a priceless gift from our revolutionary sires."

Those Revolutionary patriarchs too were properly cared for in the truly "sad but grateful duty of the year;" and there was a *special charm* connected with the act of strewing fragrant flowers over the graves of our "home circle" in that sequestered "Albany Rural Cemetery."

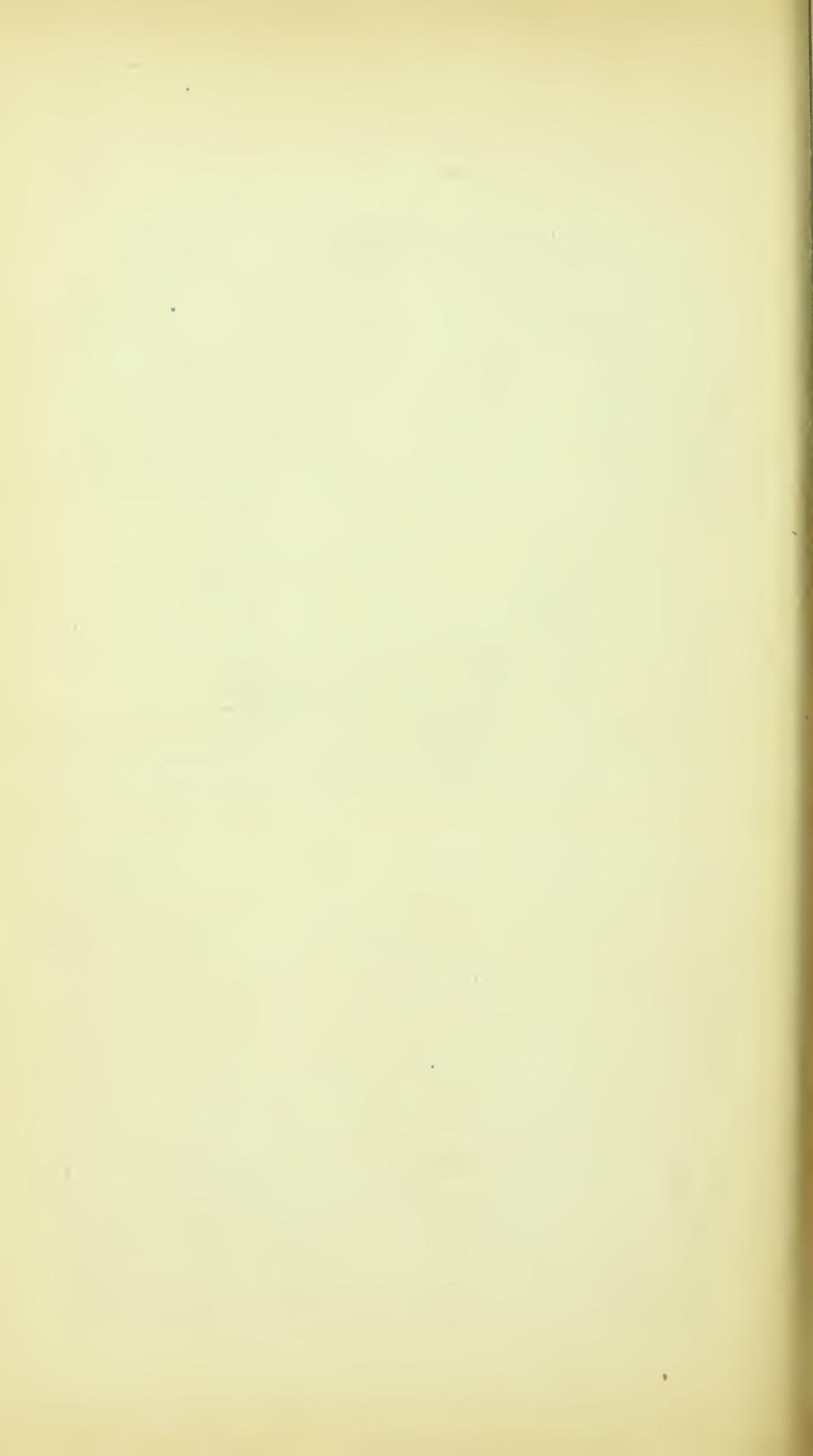
While standing by our honored dead, I saw you, Dear Hattie, draw forth two pretty flags of "stars and stripes," placing one on the grave of your *Great Grandfather*, Major General Henry K. Van Rensselaer, and the other floating over the precious dust of his equally valorous son, Major General Solomon Van Rensselaer. It was a fitting homage: crowning with high honor, and wreathing fresh laurels to adorn the cherished memory of those intrepid warriors.

It was also a peculiarly appropriate finale to the Historical Legacy and Memorial of Loved Ones which I now bequeath to your loving care.

#### "OUR SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

"Twine lovely wreaths to deck the honored graves  
 Where sleep the ashes of our noble dead;  
 Wreath the dark laurel, green as ocean waves,  
 With reverence place them o'er each patriot's head.  
 Bring our loved ensign, o'er them let it wave,  
 The dear 'old flag' beneath whose folds they fell;  
 Long may the nation live they died to save,  
 Bright be their memory who died so well.  
 Rest, saviour patriots, in your narrow beds,  
 While all around you Nature's voices ring,  
 Far brighter crowns await your noble heads  
 Than the sweet tributes which we hither bring."

END.



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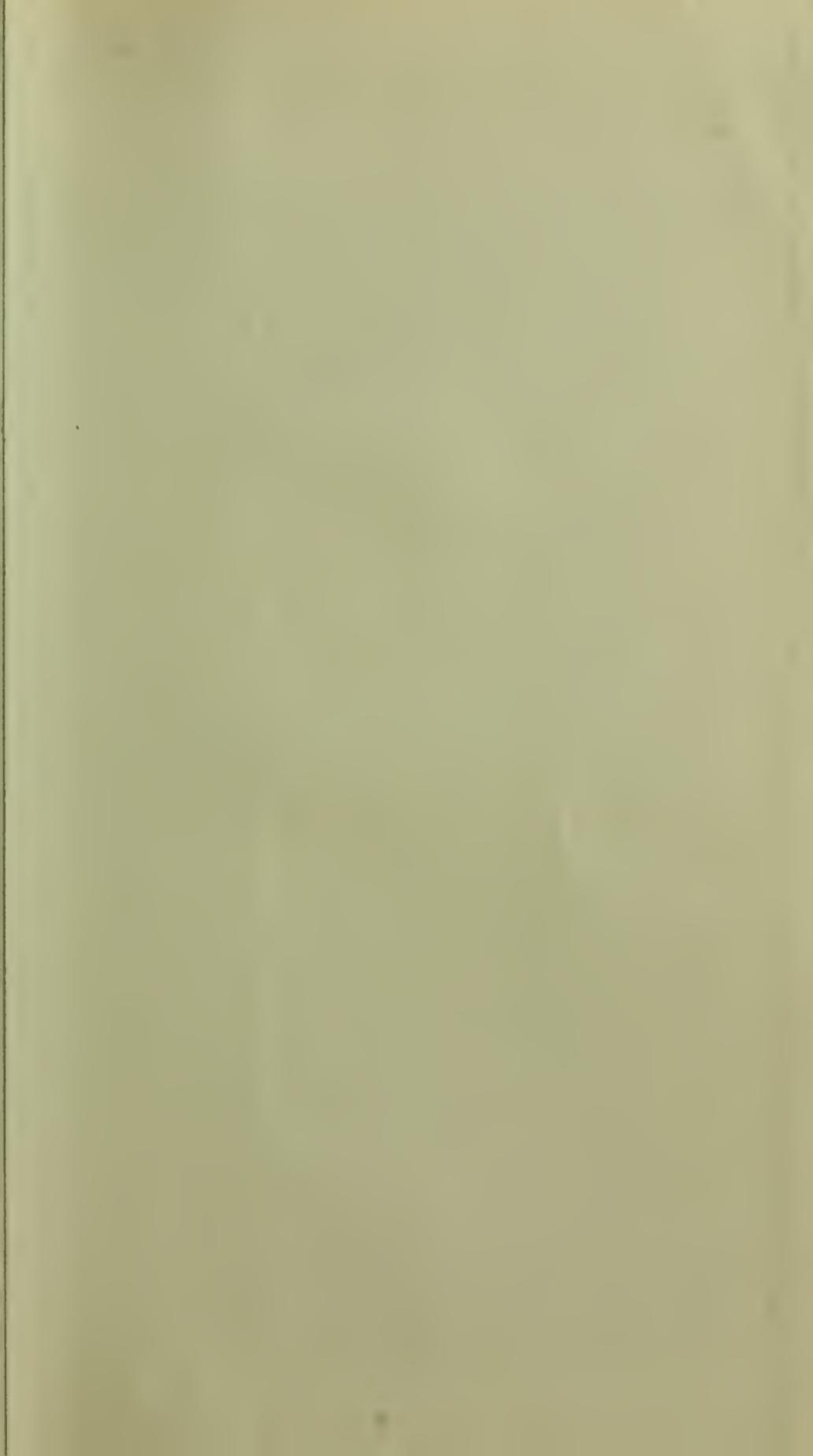
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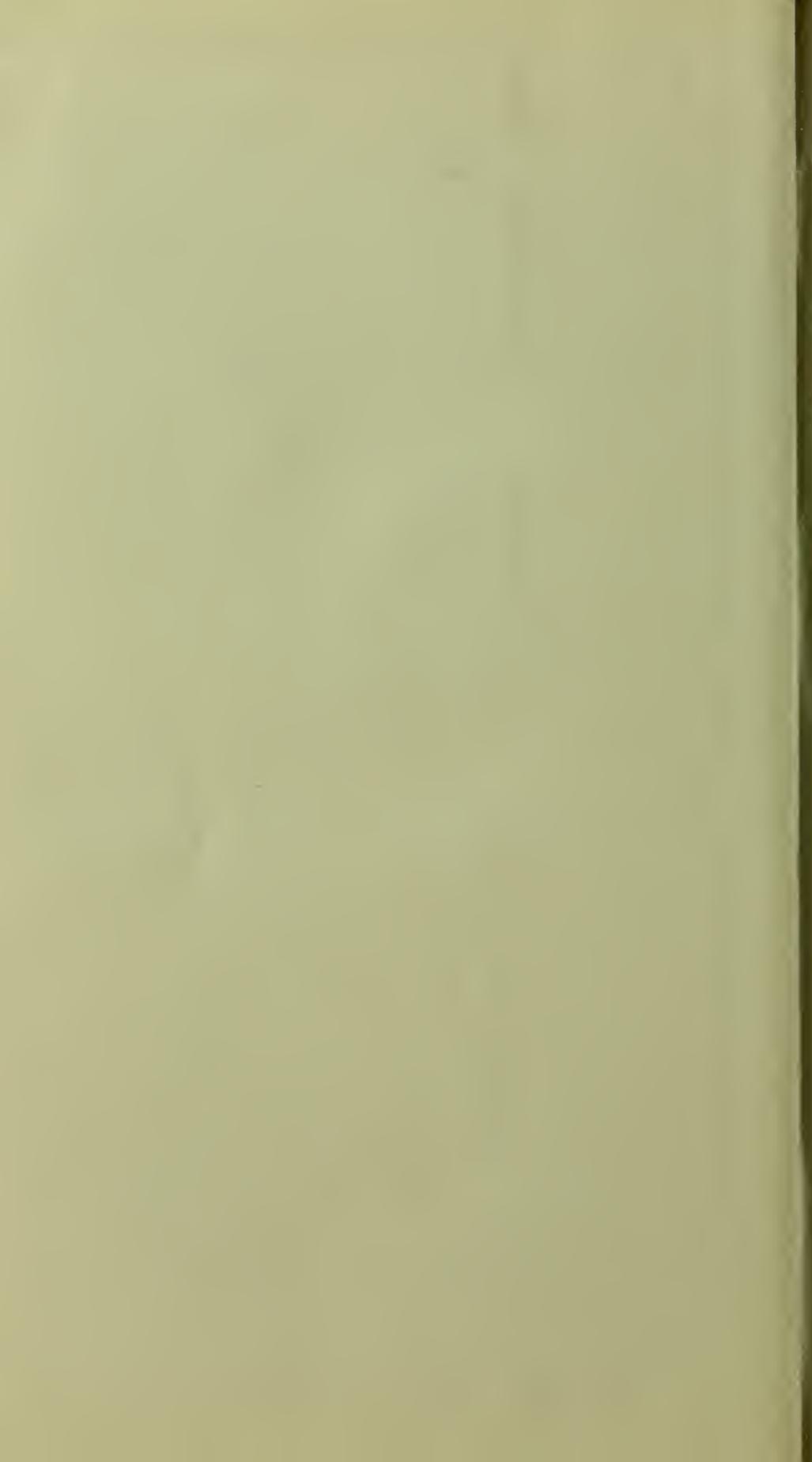
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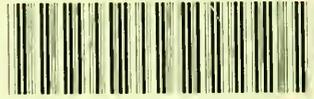








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