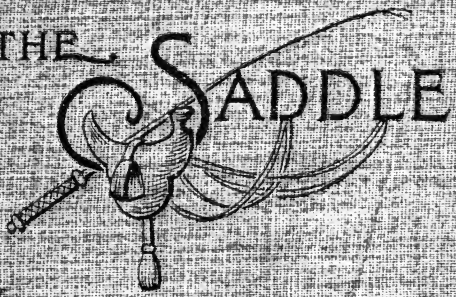
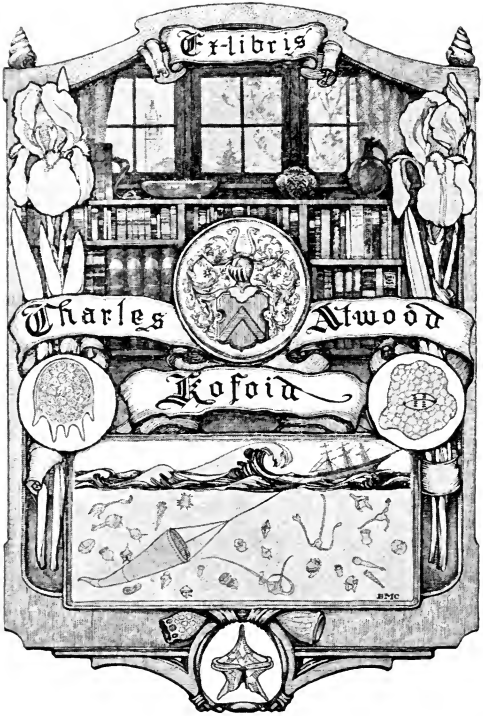
ON AND OFF THE SADDLE



FROM THE GREAT NORTHWEST TO THE ANTILLES

BY

LISPENARD RUTGERS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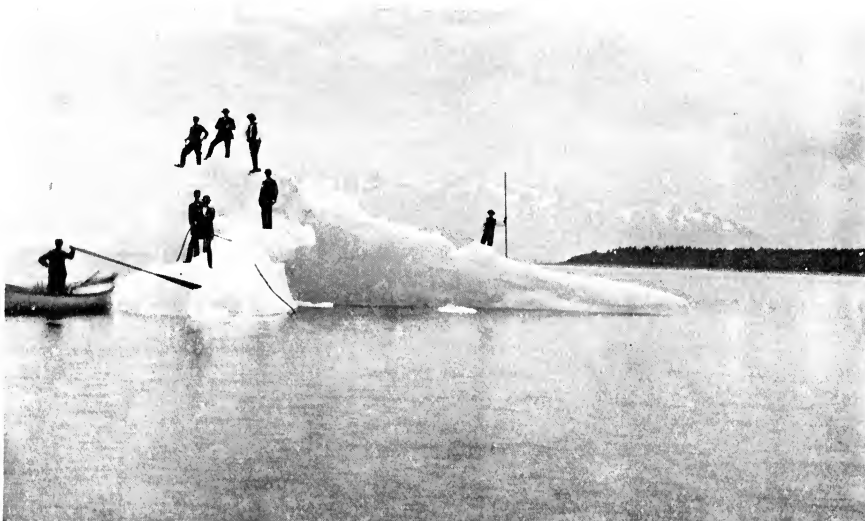

ICEBERGS IN ALASKAN WATERS

(*From Photograph*)

ON AND OFF THE SADDLE

CHARACTERISTIC SIGHTS AND SCENES FROM THE GREAT NORTHWEST TO THE ANTILLES

BY

LISPENARD RUTGERS

"Human nature is fond of novelty"

PLINY

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK
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Contents.

Illustrations.

"The effect of travel on a man, whose heart is in the right place, is that the mind is made more self-reliant: it becomes more confident of its own resources."

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

A STORY is told of a hunting party in a remote part of the Rocky Mountains having met an old French priest, who, with staff in hand and a knapsack, was enjoying a pedestrian tour through the country.

Prompted by curiosity, they inquired of him what brought him to that distant region, when he told them that his home was in a small village in France.

A few years before, he had been laid up seriously ill with a fever. One night, falling into a deep slumber, he dreamed that he had died, and on reaching Paradise the Great Father said to him: "My son, what did you think of the beautiful world I gave you." With bowed head he answered: "I never saw anything of it except my own little native village."

Upon awaking, he determined that, should he recover and circumstances permit, he would see something of the beautiful world.

"And that," answered he, "is how you find me here in these grand mountains."

It has been said that of all natural gifts a love of natural beauty surely brings most happiness to the possessor of it,—happiness altogether unalloyed and unpurchasable, created by the mere rustle of green leaves, the mere ripple of brown waters, alike refreshing as it is to the mind, and strengthening to the body.

"The lightness of spirits accompanying bodily health carry you like wings over the rough places that must be traversed by weary steps, when the wings are not there."

Autumn in the Yellowstone Park.

The Drive in from the West—Scenes in a Wild Country—A Sociable Horse-Thief—Yellowstone Wonders—A Race with a Prairie Fire.

FOUR prancing horses — Peanuts, Antelope, Mag, and Grizzly— none of them having more than two feet at a time on terra firma, so anxious were they to be off; for the morning at Beaver Cañon in northern Idaho, where we had been resting for the night, in a very ancient and airy tent, broke upon us with a crispness that even in autumn brought color to our cheeks and made our very fingers tingle.

All seated in a good spring wagon, our guide and driver Jim, famous for

having been a cowboy in Montana, and for having "killed his man," one of the necessary qualifications to be respected by his comrades, swung aloft his wicked-looking whip, and we were off with a jerk, as though we had been aided by a cannon-ball from the rear.

Our way led over an extended prairie, with sharp mountain peaks visible in the distance; the scene soon changes, and we find ourselves ascending to a high table-land with a beautiful rolling country on either side.

A drive of twenty miles back from the railroad, where the shriek of the locomotive is never heard, we began to see signs of animal life; prairie chickens fly up in front of our horses, alighting fifty feet off, so tame were they, and with our revolvers we secured enough to feed five times our party.

On we plunged, until, when passing over the brow of a hill, we suddenly came upon a herd of antelope, about

two hundred in the band. Dumb with amazement at our sudden intrusion, they raise their pretty heads, and, after a moment's pause, with a graceful bound they fly as though swept by the wind, their delicate limbs hardly seeming to touch the ground.

Our shadows begin to lengthen as we sight in the distance Snake River, where a good game dinner awaits us, and a comfortable, clean tent stands ready to receive us, as we stretch our limbs after our fifty-mile drive.

A row of nightcaps, respectively red, white, and blue, emerged from under as many blankets. Before the rising sun fairly reached the horizon, and after a splash in real ice water, we were ready for food, and then for anything. Our horses, especially Grizzly, seemed quite intoxicated with the exhilarating air, and with a dash we were on our way again.

Plunging into dense forests for many

miles, the monotony was broken by the occasional sight of a flying fox, some Indian hunters, and frequent shots at coyotes. A little episode illustrative of border life occurred during the morning, which assisted in keeping up the excitement. Rounding a turn in the mountain, in a very secluded spot, down in a kind of basin, a strange sight greeted our eyes, quite causing us to forget the dust that had accumulated in them.

A small, rough log hut, surrounded by six horsemen, each with his Winchester levelled at it. "After a horse-thief, you bet," says Jim, as he cracked his whip, and sent his horses flying, to get us out of reach of a possible leaden shower. Hardly had the crack of the whip sounded, before, flash, flash, came a volley from the hut, and as quickly each horseman's trigger was touched, the Winchesters belching forth a dozen or more shots; when a yell of truce

proceeded from the hut, and the battle was over.

All eagerness to see everything, we hastened back to behold, standing in the open doorway the captive, a rough yet handsome fellow, and as cool as, yes, several degrees cooler than, a cucumber, as he sullenly stepped out, saying: "I give up, fellows—got no more lead." Without ceremony they secured his horse, which had been quietly grazing near by during the battle, and securely tying him on the animal with ropes about his body and limbs, leaving his hands free, compelled him to ride about ten feet in front of them, we all following in the rear. His captors had been pursuing him for seventy-five miles.

Soon coming to a stream, we all stopped for luncheon, and a sociable time we had—the prisoner telling how he had evaded his pursuers by short cuts through the mountains, covering

his tracks, etc. Luncheon over, our course lay in different directions, and with a good-by we parted.

The scenery increases in beauty as we advance, our way being through a series of mountain cuts, beautiful valleys, high table-lands, and often fording swift-running streams. Lake Henry, with its grassy shores, lies three thousand feet below the peaks reflected in it, its islands seeming to float on its surface. Cliff Lake, some miles off, with an unknown depth, the plummet finding no bottom at one thousand three hundred feet, is teeming with fish below and ducks above.

After climbing a very steep mountain which made even Grizzly want to stop for breath, the steaming geysers of the Yellowstone National Park burst upon our view, about three hundred feet below us in the valley. A slight shudder at first creeps over us as we descend into the steaming atmosphere, feeling as

though we were entering the crater of a volcano; but the shades of evening were already upon us, and with a few words of encouragement from Jim our horses soon landed us at the hotel at Fire Hole Basin, one hundred miles from Beaver Cañon, our starting-point.

The pen or brush is equally powerless to describe the wonderful geysers of the Park. One must stand in their awful presence, see with his own eyes, feel with his senses, and contemplate with his mind their immensity, and then in vain will he endeavor to solve the great problem,—whence and by what power are they produced? There are numerous theories, but we will pass on for a closer view.

Here we are approaching them; in all directions we see them puffing like so many colossal engines; you hesitate as your guide urges you to follow him. While gazing in one direction, you are startled by one of the smaller geysers

suddenly erupting near by, throwing its boiling contents some twenty feet in the air.

You step about uneasily, threading your way midst hundreds of little geysers, sending their streams about as high as your head. The large geysers erupt at certain and quite frequent intervals, the most regular being "Old Faithful," which spouts every fifty-five minutes, throwing a stream six feet in diameter to the height of one hundred and fifty feet.

Approaching one of the larger geysers just previous to its eruption, the earth seems to tremble, as with a rumbling noise, like smothered thunder, it begins to give vent to its pent-up force. First it shoots up a few modest spurts, then with a rattling roar and terrible groans, dense volumes of steam fill the air; up, up the boiling, seething water is hurled, higher and higher, accompanied by a deafening boom and a sound as of

mighty breakers dashing against a rocky shore, until a column of water, fifteen feet in diameter and two hundred and fifty feet high, stands before you, as a river hurled upwards like a rocket. For twenty minutes its steaming waters shoot upwards, falling in graceful spray, producing an enchanting effect in the dancing sunbeams.

Space will not permit of a detailed description of the attractions of this locality. "Hell's Half-Acre," a lake fairly boiling and steaming with fury; the "Devil's Punch-Bowl," a peculiarly and wonderfully formed bowl some ten feet in diameter, perpetually boiling and bubbling up several feet high; to gaze down the yawning depths some fifty feet into the "Devil's Well," with its clear, transparent, boiling waters, makes the beholder shrink and say: "I have seen enough."

We paid a farewell visit to "Old Faithful" to see it by moonlight: it is

always on time, and with watch in hand we stood waiting.

The night was calm and beautiful, one of those quiet, restful nights the memory of which lingers long after; the great pale moon appeared brighter than usual as it looked down on us through the clear atmosphere while the moments ticked away, when lo! the dismal moan, the nerve-shattering boom announces the time is up, and with a deafening roar a golden lake bounds upwards, sparkling in the moon's rays.

We stood in silence before the entrancing spectacle. Such a sight was worth a lifetime, and it seemed as if nothing of more marvellous beauty could ever greet the human eye.

It has been truly said by those who have seen the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone that no language can do justice to its wonderful grandeur and beauty.

Behold a mighty gorge, carved by

the impetuous waters during countless ages in volcanic rocks, descending gradually until reaching a depth of about two thousand feet.

We were fortunate to have our first view of it on one of those bright, calm days, when, with its own hallowed atmosphere, Heaven seemed to diffuse itself over the earth's face with a solemn smile, no less sweet than solemn.

With each fresh lift on the precipitous terraces the view broadened until the great valley lay unrolled at our feet.

About thirty miles long, the walls, in many cases almost vertical, are eroded into towers, spires, and minarets of colors most brilliant, surpassing all the expectations that were conjured up in our imaginations.

The pure white of the decomposing feldspar, blended with sulphur yellows, intermingled with bright red, colored with iron, the brilliant rainbow hues in rich abundance brought out in strong

relief by the dark green pines along the cliffs serve as a background for the warmer colors,—the whole uniting to form a scene of enchanting splendor.

We look over the dizzy precipice far down to where the river is boiling and surging as it plunges on its way, battling with mighty boulders as though protesting against its imprisonment as it lashes the solid walls. Yet all is silence; distance has swallowed up the sound of its mighty roar.

The Great Falls of the Yellowstone leap over a precipice three hundred and fifty feet high. As we approach we hear the suppressed roar resembling distant thunder; it seemed as though the mountain, unable to support its great weight of waters, shook to its foundation—the cataract became a falling river.

Prodigal nature has here outdone herself. As this mighty play of waters plunges amid the rocks, the dense clouds

of mist and spray produced by the whirling mass as it dashes with the noise of heavy artillery against the resisting rocks produces a rainbow not only richer in color, but grander and clearer than we had ever seen before. The mountains and valley caught and emphasized the golden rays which were flooding the scene.

Truly it has been said that the grand in nature more than in art demands homage.

Our four-in-hand dashed up to receive us at 7 A.M., after a breakfast by candle-light, for our return drive. A hard climb found us at the summit of the mountain near by. In the distance, seemingly fifteen or twenty miles ahead, the view was obscured by smoke, indeed—a prairie fire; not a strange sight to any of us. On we travelled, but the expression and earnest look on Jim's face indicated to us that it might be something serious.

About noon, as we were emerging from a dark, wild, narrow cañon in cutting our way through the mountains, we were confronted with three prairie wolves, who were just entering the cañon we were leaving. They were fleeing with desperate speed, and seeing us they stopped short, gazing about them with a petrified stare, uncertain as to which course to take, but they quickly dashed by us, within twenty feet, and soon disappeared. "A danger signal," said Jim, as he took an extra grip on his reins and stretched his neck. "A big fire we 've got about us."

True enough, for as we passed out into the open prairie we beheld a sight which sent a thrill of horror through us when we comprehended the situation.

We had been travelling westward, while the fire had been travelling in an easterly direction, and had already passed to the left of us and apparently

closed up our rear retreat. The horses sniffed the air excitedly, looking about them in a wild, uneasy manner, their ears moving to and fro, as they nervously neighed to each other.

Away in the distance, where the prairie met the sky, a heated, quivering line arose, surmounted by a dark, wavering cloud. It was the prairie on fire! The wind was blowing almost a gale, directly towards us, and the long dead grass was as dry as tinder; the fire was plainly spreading rapidly, and, with a wild shout to the horses, Jim showed the stuff of which he was made.

Off to the right we shot at a furious speed, leaving the road and taking to the pathless prairie; a band of antelope, with eyes like fire, came rushing past us, adding to the excitement and fury of our horses. A glance to the left showed that the fire was gaining on us, as, with a horrible crackling sound, we could see the bright flames, twenty feet

high, shooting upwards, and tongues of fire leaping ten yards at a time before the gale.

The fire was fast overhauling us. The dark rolling smoke soon overcast the sky above our heads, seeming to imprison us. Jim muttered something, and his face grew ashen, as the flecks of foam from our wild horses flew over his breast. It seemed as if our hour had come.

On we went, the fire momentarily drawing nearer, the billows of smoke each instant growing denser and the heat more suffocating, at times seeming as though it would blister our faces. Should we throw out our guns and traps and lighten the wagon? Not a word from Jim, but his strong arm and steady eye were intent on saving us, as we thundered on at terrific speed.

Shall we ever forget that moment when for an instant the smoke cleared, and we realized we were being literally

encircled by the raging fire—caused by contrary and varying winds,—only about a quarter of a mile ahead, there was an opening of several hundred feet for our escape! Could we reach it before the gap closed?

Again the smoke wreaths whirled around us; our eyes were smarting from the heat; the panting horses, mad with terror, blindly rushed through the darkness, as we yelled words of encouragement to them. Could they hold out? It was a race for life! A few moments and we dashed through the opening, then not one hundred feet wide, and were safe!

We reined up in a short time, after fording a stream, and with deep-drawn sighs of relief, bounded out of the wagon.

Our noble horses, our preservers, were trembling with excitement, reeking with perspiration, and almost white with foam. We all set to work

to rub and dry them, while soothing and quieting them with words of praise, for we owed our lives to these four noble fellows.

An hour's rest and rearranging found us ready to resume our journey, with a determination to complete our entire trip of one hundred miles without stopping for the night if it were possible.

We soon left the ugly smoke behind us, and set our eyes and minds to enjoy the loveliness of the scene which lay ahead of us; indeed, we were now more than ever sensible to the charms of nature. The gale soon ceased, leaving only as a remembrance a soft zephyr to fan our cheeks; the sun was bright and nature was all smiles.

Our eyes soon regained their wonted clearness, and as we passed on in our journey, leaving the wild, open prairie for the mountains and valleys where the quivering aspen gave life to the

solitude, the whole country about us seemed illuminated with its varied colors, for autumn had come with her magic touch and transformed it into a mammoth bouquet.

The sun was slowly sinking as we drew beside a pretty stream, where we dismounted to take supper—one of those lovely secluded spots that nature sometimes kindly furnishes.

The placid waters reflected the heavens, the weeping willows kissed the ripple, the humble flowerets grew unbidden within the sacred precincts, and tranquil as eternity lay in the breathless skies the forms of the mighty hills about us.

After supper, just before leaving, as we quietly smoked our pipes around the crackling camp fire, the stillness of the scene, in contrast with that of the morning, lulled us into silent meditation.

There are dark shadows on the earth, but its lights are stronger in contrast.

Alaska and its Islands.

I.

Along the Coast—Waters Alive with Salmon and Other Fish—Appearance of the Natives—Their Peculiar Habits and Customs—An Indian Wake.

HANDKERCHIEFS were waving, and our restless little boat gave great puffs of satisfaction and fairly screamed as the cable that had restrained her of her liberty splashed into the blue water and she glided smoothly away from a crowd of sad-looking upturned faces out into the pretty harbor of Victoria.

The city of Victoria, the seat of government of British Columbia, situated at the southeastern extremity of Vancouver Island, occupies a commanding com-

mercial position. Its many handsome buildings present a pleasing picture as viewed from the harbor. The solid red brick government buildings, in the Swiss style of architecture, are especially imposing. The broad drives and general attractiveness of this little city of some ten thousand souls engender a slight feeling of homesickness, as we start on our lonely journey northward for Alaska, conscious of the fact that soon we shall be almost one thousand miles from the reach of the telegraph and of the civilized world.

Before introducing my readers to Alaska, a few words as to its extent may be of interest. The name Alaska is a corruption of *Al-ay-ek-sa*, the name given by the native islanders to the main land, and signifies "great country." In this respect it is well named.

Bounded on the north by the Arctic Ocean, east by the Northwest Territory of Canada, south and west by the Paci-

fic Ocean, Behring's Sea and Strait, it contains about 531,400 square miles. All the other States and Territories of the United States combined contain 2,970,000 square miles; hence Alaska is nearly one fifth the size of all these. Its vast area can thus be conceived.

Our first stop was at Port Townsend, the port of entry for Puget Sound. It lies at the entrance to that magnificent body of water. The place is of small consequence, but situated as it is in a pretty bay, with some cosy residences scattered on the hills and bluff overlooking the beautiful still water, it is very attractive to the eye.

Our vessel now points her bow due north, and threads her way among numerous islands. To the left of us rises the Olympian range of mountains in the distance; to the right of us, solitary and alone, and enveloped seemingly in a golden vapor, rises the lordly Mount Baker, one of nature's own

grand monuments, stretching its head some 10,600 feet above us.

We turn into our bunks at an early hour anticipating an early breakfast. Awaking from a refreshing sleep we find ourselves at Nanaimo, the great coaling station at Vancouver Island; all hands spend the day fishing and visiting the coal-mines. Another night of sound sleep prepares us for our long journey, Nanaimo being the last stopping-place before reaching Alaska.

Our route lies along the eastern coast of Vancouver Island. The mountains border closely upon the water's edge, the shore is indented by numerous bays and tiny inlets, and innumerable islands are scattered in our pathway.

For days we thread our way midst these countless islands, through narrow watery lanes that wind among them. One hour our craft will be ploughing her way through a fierce, swift-running current, soon to find herself in calm,

blue, deep waters, troubled only by a gentle breeze encompassed all the time by an ever-shifting panorama of rock, verdure, thick forest, and picturesque mountains.

Protected as we are by Vancouver Island, no motion is felt from the Pacific until we reach Queen Charlotte's Sound, at the upper end of the island, when the long swells come rolling in upon us, and we are awakened at midnight by being tossed about in our berths.

Early morning on deck presents to us a beautiful scene. To our left the great ocean reaches far away to the horizon, not a sail or even a bird in sight. It is a calm, restful picture. On our right lies the main shore of British Columbia, fringed by countless islands, heavily timbered with spruce, the Cascade range of mountains in the background. Queen's Sound, also Fitzhugh and Smith's Sounds, into which flow the Bella Coola, Salmon, and other rivers of

less note, are before us, great flocks of wild fowl frolicking in their waters. At the head of these streams are located some of the important posts of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Our next point of interest is Cape St. James, the most southerly point of Queen Charlotte's Islands. These islands lie some seventy-five miles out in the Pacific, from the main land. The mountainous ones are clothed with dense forests of cedar, spruce, and hemlock, stretching down to the water's edge, so dense in many places that it seems as though there was barely room for a single person to gain a foothold.

The Hydah Indians, numbering about six hundred, live on these islands. With the aid of our field glasses we can discern them on the shore and in their canoes paddling along the coast. They live by hunting and trapping mink, bear, and other game. Their origin, in the absence of

any record, can only be surmised, but from their features, legends, and carvings, it seems probable that they are castaways from eastern Asia.

Our journey northward partakes of the character of usual sea-voyages: the days pass with the regulation tramp about the deck, stray whales occasionally announce their presence by squirting aloft and bellowing their adieux as they toss their tails heavenward and dive into deeper waters.

Each one is now intent on catching a glimpse of Cape Fox, the first point visible of Alaska, that great territory which in 1867 cost the United States $7,200,000, a seemingly large sum at the time, for what was generally considered a huge iceberg, but the revenue now derived from its possession, and its prospective revenue, must convince the most incredulous of the wisdom of the purchase.

We are now entering the waters of

Alaska. After journeying northward some two hundred and fifty miles, passing the Prince of Wales Island to our left, we reach our first stopping-place, Fort Wrangel.

Clustered on the shore to greet and stare at us are the native men, women, and children, and an odd-looking lot they are. The men as a general thing are offensive in their appearance, with great, large, broad heads, and heavy, sullen countenances.

The women, as a rule, are homely, with here and there an attractive face, most of them arrayed in brilliant-colored blankets and gaudy petticoats, trimmed with a fringe of deer-skin, just long enough to conceal partly the bare feet and ankles. From the wrists is suspended a string of shells or pebbles, a species of Alaska bangle; from the lower lips of many of the women a silver pin protrudes, called a *labrette*,—some, however, are made of wood.

Many of the younger women have their faces blackened. In some cases this is done to preserve the complexion which, strange to say, is even valued among such a barbarous tribe, while in other cases it is done as a mark of mourning for the dead. The blackening is done with seal oil and soot.

In front of the native huts are erected "totem sticks," which are large poles standing up some thirty to sixty feet high; they are really an Indian coat-of-arms. Each family of any account has its own "totem stick" erected in front of the house of the head of the family, the size of the stick and the amount of carving indicating the wealth and position of the possessor.

The figures most generally carved on the poles represent eagles, alligators, and fish, also heads of men and beasts. The hieroglyphic carvings on the poles are said to portray the curious legends

of the far distant tribes and many of their strange customs. In the song of "Hiawatha" Longfellow says:

> And they painted on the grave posts,
> On the graves yet unforgotten,
> Each his own ancestral totem,
> Each the symbol of his household,
> Figures of the bear and reindeer,
> Of the turtle, crane, and beaver.

The peculiar usages of these people may be imagined, when it is stated that when a chief dies his wives all pass to his next heir; in many cases they frequently fall to the lot of the son, grandson, or nephew, as the case may be; the curious state of the family circle is thus evident. In some instances these widows purchase their freedom by giving blankets, but this is done chiefly only among the rich.

A study of their habits is most interesting. They do not seem to understand comfort, or else do not desire it. As is well known, it rains in this region about three hundred days

in the year. The natives naturally become accustomed to being rained upon, and probably inherit a love of moisture.

During our day at Fort Wrangel, while the sun was shining, a family of Thlinket Indians a short distance back in the country were huddled together in their hut; but as soon as it commenced to rain, one and all emerged, sat around on logs and chatted, seeming to enjoy it. The natives take little account of time; they paddle along the coast for hundreds of miles on the most trivial of errands, the question as to where they stay or sleep apparently being of small consequence.

The fish stories as told by those who have visited Alaska might seem to be greatly exaggerated, but such is probably not the case. The fish supply here is apparently inexhaustible. Salmon appear in solid schools six and eight feet deep.

The Strickeen River back of Fort Wrangel and the outlets of some of the inland waters to the salt water are at certain seasons actually choked with squirming salmon, causing them, in their eagerness to pass through, to crowd each other above the surface of the water, thus creating for the time a solid bank of fish. Smaller fish are also to be found in surprising quantities. Herring swarm in the channels. The candle fish, about six inches long, which is delicious eating, can be caught by the million. A pailful can be had from a native for the merest trifle. A host of other varieties abound until the lover of fishing here, tires of the sport.

Leaving Fort Wrangel, we continue our journey northward, the scenery increasing in its beauty. The timbered shores, to which we had by this time become so accustomed, do not grow monotonous, but rather seem to increase in grandeur. The endless brill-

iant green of these mountainous islands, kept verdant by the almost continuous rains, lend a peculiar charm. Our vessel steams through channels so narrow at times that the rushing waters seem to bear us onward without any effort on our part.

The entire country through which we wind our way is so abundantly timbered that one feels almost bold enough to assert that no such wooded region exists elsewhere on the globe; from the highest mountain peaks to the water's edge great mammoth trees stand like a compact army.

Early morning found us approaching Juneau, opposite Douglas Island. The boom of our little cannon, echoing all around us through the mountains, awakens the inhabitants, who stand idly staring at us as we throw ashore our cable. Here are located the great mines and a large stamp mill.

The usual modes of amusement com-

mon in all mining camps are resorted to —gambling, drinking, and its accompaniments. During the night the dance-houses are alive. At the most prominent one, the owner and fiddler, who acts in the capacity of orchestra and general manager, informed us that he came to Alaska intending to give his attention to missionary work, but finding a good opening to coin money in this line of business, he could not make up his mind to leave it.

Indian girls to the number of twenty-five to thirty, ranging in age from twelve to sixteen years, were the bait to attract customers, and well they served their purpose. White men largely outnumbered the Indians, the latter being rather shy about displaying their terpsichorean powers. After each of the dances, chewing-gum and apples are presented to the girls, while the men drink "hoochinoo," a drink distilled by the Indians, made from molasses or

sugar, with flour, potatoes, and yeast, altogether the vilest and most powerful of spirits.

At midnight, we were present at a kind of "wake" over the daughter of an Indian chief, who had suddenly died and was to be cremated the following day. Clad in high top-boots, each person carrying a lantern, we tramped over a pathless bit of country some distance back from the coast, through a muddy, slimy soil. Some time before we reached the spot the groans and shrieks of the mourners could be heard. Arriving at the chief's hut, our guide first crawls in, crouching low, and disappears. Soon emerging, he leads us in single file through the opening, only two feet high.

A weird sight presents itself. In the centre is a fire of loose logs and brush; the smoke, after filling the hut as well as the lungs of the occupants, passes out through a hole in the roof. Seated

around the fire on the ground are the wives and relatives of the chief. At the farther end, on a kind of bed, lie the remains of the chief's pretty daughter, a girl of eighteen. Her black hair lay loosely over the pillow. A tiny red handkerchief encircled her pretty throat; a deer-skin was laid over her body, and over it her exquisitely moulded arms were gracefully crossed; at the head and foot of the body a pine knot was burning, sending flashes of light over the scene.

All was silent as we advanced to view the remains, the wind whispered mournfully without, and she looked indeed as though she but slept. The chief stood at the head; a huge fellow, with a hard, villainous countenance; he embraced us warmly, much to our discomfort. After this ceremony we all squatted about the fire, enlarging the circle of mourners, and fell in with the general chorus as best we could.

II.

Glaciers—A Tramp through Inland Forests —Game, etc.—Sitka Waters by Moonlight.

OUR next objective point is Chilcat, in latitude 59° 13′, being nearly the same latitude as Cape Farewell, at the southern extremity of Greenland. Bundled in our warmest clothes, we were on deck to welcome the rising sun, a sight of rare beauty at this high latitude. The morning star stood over the tops of the mountains, growing fainter and fainter, proclaiming in her silent way that the gates of day were unclosing.

The rainy mists of the morning rolled away, and quickly the scene of a moment ago was changed to one of rare beauty. The morning was superb.

The blue waves danced and sparkled in the sunlight; a fresh, cold breeze blew from the north, and our little vessel, seemingly inspired with the gorgeous scene, ploughed her way right merrily through the clear waters.

Chilcat is of small interest. It is inhabited by the Chilcat Indians, a small tribe. A few miserable dwellings are scattered along the shore. An establishment is located there in which they extract oil from herring, which are found in the waters near at hand in countless numbers. Steamers rarely penetrate farther north in the inland waters than this place. It is about two hundred miles in a direct line from Mount St. Elias, which rears its head 19,500 feet above sea-level.

We took on board at this place two prospectors, who had just arrived from the Yukon region, after an absence of two years. Almost every vestige of clothing with which they had started

had gone the way of all material things, and from their feet up they were clad in skins, reminding one much of the pictures of Robinson Crusoe. Besides venison and fowl, they had subsisted largely on berries, crab-apples, and fish. In their wanderings, as they informed us, they discovered that the Indian tribes in the interior live largely independent of each other, and at distances of about two hundred miles, and generally speak different languages.

The afternoon found us steaming in a southerly direction for Sitka. Notwithstanding the fact that our eyes and senses had from the beginning of our trip been charmed with the scenery, the route from Chilcat to and around Baranoff Island to Sitka fairly surpassed anything yet experienced in point of variety and beauty.

Although during our journeyings we had encountered, as all travellers to Alaska must expect, abundance of rain

(at Fort Tongass the rainfall was reported as 118.30 inches for the year), we were now favored with perfect weather. The deep clear waters were as calm as an inland lake. Around us, here and there, floated icebergs as blue as the purest indigo, while gigantic glaciers like frozen fortresses look down upon us,—amid such varied, rapturous scenes the eye almost aches, and the spirit inclines to weary.

For reasons best known to our pilot, we anchored for the night. It was a superb night. The moon, three-quarters full, tinged everything with a brilliant hue. About us was a fleet of icebergs. The snow upon the mountain peaks glistened like polished silver as the moon rose in the heavens. Great schools of whales, snorting monsters, gambolled about us. The silvery water lay rising and falling, a picture never for a moment the same, yet every moment more beautiful.

The following day brought us to Sitka, the capital and chief city of Alaska, on the west coast of Baranoff Island. Under the name of New Archangel, it was formerly the capital of Russian America.

As our vessel approached its moorings, native men, women, and tiny children came paddling out to meet us in their canoes, some to pick up any cast-off articles from tin cans to cigar stumps; some to sell us fur caps, baskets, and various useless articles, and others, by smiling glances or mournful appeals, to win from us our loose change or anything we had to give.

A view of Mt. Edgecomb, with its pointed snow-capped summit, is obtained from Sitka. Looking seaward, "Sitka's Thousand Isles" arrest the eye.

The city itself is old and dilapidated; the most conspicuous structure is the Greek church, built in the form of a Greek cross, with a green dome in the

centre. It contains a curious font, and a fine painting of the Virgin and Child, a copy of the celebrated one in Moscow. The drapery of the figure is silver, the halo around the head being of gold, leaving nothing of the original painting to be seen but the faces and background. The church is reached by three broad steps leading to four doors. No woman can pass the threshold of these doors, but the sterner sex can enter and view the gorgeous vestments, and bishop's crown loaded with pearls and amethysts.

On the edge of the city the Sitka Indians have their huts, some of them being quite comfortable and warm. As usual, the fires are built in the centre of the room, the smoke finding its way out by a hole in the roof. They usually consist of one apartment, the various members of the family distributing themselves on an elevated platform around the edge of the room.

The natives have the large head and broad face, a distinctive feature of all the Indians we observed in Alaska. As is well known, large heads are found in cold regions, and smaller-sized in warmer ones. It is argued that men with large heads endure cold better than those with small ones. More vitality being required to sustain life in cold climates, nature gives largest heads in colder regions.

The Lapps have the largest heads in Europe in proportion to their size. Then come the Norwegians, Swedes, Danes, Germans, French, Italians, the Arabs having the smallest heads of all men in Europe.

The climate of this part of Alaska is by no means severe. The Japan current, the " Kuro-Siwo," a black stream of warm water flowing northward from the coast of Japan, tempers the atmosphere, bringing fogs and mists that envelop the mountains and valleys.

Space will permit but the briefest mention of many other interesting features of this great country. As to vegetables, fine potatoes are raised in certain sections, onions, and a great variety of berries, as well as crab apples, many of them in a wild state.

Among the interesting sights are the numerous seals which are constantly seen gliding swiftly through the water, their black heads and large shining eyes just peeping above the surface.

On account of the mass of accumulated timber of ages, fallen trees, stumps, limbs, and entangled underbrush, together with the marshy softness of the ground, step after step your foot sinks into great sods of reeking moss, and pedestrianism is by no means rendered easy.

After careful preparation we sallied forth on a tramp back in the country. The vast forests of gigantic fir, cypress, and hemlock trees, by which we were

soon surrounded, fairly bewildered us; many of them measuring over thirty feet in circumference. It is fair to assume that, while there are larger trees in the world than are found in this distant country, there does not exist on the globe trees of equal magnitude in such vast numbers.

The trunk of one huge king of the forest lay prostrate across our path like a great wall some ten or more feet high. Other large trees had taken root from the top of the prostrate trunk, drawing nourishment from the fallen monarch, and tossed their proud heads a hundred feet in the air.

From the large trees the "sons of nature" make their canoes, some of them seventy feet long, very wide and deep, and with a capacity for a hundred or more warriors.

Around, and all about us, as we pull our now heavy limbs after us, our long walking poles sinking deep in the mire,

crawling animals with glassy eyes and slimy coats come out of their holes and gaze at us as we unconsciously intrude upon their domains; possibly humanity had never before trespassed upon them.

Returning, we pass near the spot where it is said that "all the good Indians live"—the Indian bury-ground.

The hunter and trapper can find here abundant game. Bear, deer, wolf, fox, beaver, ermine, marten, and other small game are prolific. The feathered tribe are also well represented. Flocks of sea-gulls float over the water, or crowd the projecting rocks; ducks, geese, and snipe fly hither and thither; the king-fisher, with its peculiar lonely whistle, and the eagle perch themselves on dizzy cliffs, and look down contentedly on the animated scene.

The shadows were commencing to lengthen as we returned to Sitka. After our fatiguing but interesting tramp, our vessel was preparing for her

start homeward during the early morning hours.

We mount the deck of our "floating castle" and clamber into the rigging and watch the retiring sun with an indescribable sense of pleasure. Before us lay the island-studded sea enshrouded in a soft golden haze; the heavens were divinely painted, the distant waters reflecting its gorgeous colors, as the red disc sank from view; gleaming bars of light shot over the scene, the waters blazing back a crimson greeting.

The night wore on; beneath the shadow of those mighty hills lay the black deep waters, until the heavens sow it with stars and transform it into a fairy scene. The full moon rose calmly in the dark blue vault of the night sky. It is the same old moon greeting us here in this region far away, that from childhood we have gazed upon and wondered at, in places far remote.

The ship's bell tolls,—how the hours have sped! It is midnight,—the matchless moonlight for which this latitude is noted, with its softest beams bathes the slumbering city. It is nature's holiest hour. The music of the rippling water falls gently on our ears. Never did sound so sweetly harmonize with scene as on this night when in my rapture I said to the passing hour, "Stay, for thou art fair."

Camping in the Yosemite.

Autumn Days and Nights in Famous Scenes—A Welcome Camp-Fire—Among the Big Trees.

THE smile of the rising sun was just waking the earth, the glow of the morning was speeding down the mountain side, announcing to the valley below the advent of another day, as we emerged from our tent at the edge of the valley, where we had camped late on the previous night. In thirsty draughts we drink the freshness of the hour, and in the glow of enthusiasm eagerly seek our first view of the great valley.

Before us is a scene such as a flying bird has, bewildering and dizzy to our

untutored eyes. The whole panorama of mountain, valley, and sky was magnificent; the night vapors were rolling away; far down in the valley, the dark green pines fringed the base of the stupendous perpendicular rocky walls. Midway up, the thick white mist veiled from view the rugged rocks, above which arose, in strong relief against the clear autumnal sky, the "cathedral spires," seemingly to rise from some floating château in the air.

Saddling our ponies, we prepared to explore the yawning gulf below us; the clear invigorating air stimulates our ponies to hilarious activity, rendering useless the clanking steel at our heels. Following the zigzag road down the mountain side, views of rare beauty and impressive grandeur present themselves at almost every turn.

Like a glittering wire of steel, the Merced River, resembling a tiny brook, gleams so far down in the valley that

the murmur of its waters is not heard. The "Bridal Veil" Falls, so appropriately named, throw a gauzy sheet of sparkling water from the dizzy rocks nine hundred and forty feet above the valley.

Gazing up from the bed of the valley, one is dwarfed by nature and abashed by her grandeur. Great walls of rock imprison us on every side. "El Capitan," called by the Indians *To-tock-a-nu-la*, "great chief of the valley," an almost perpendicular mass of solid rock rising three thousand three hundred feet above the valley, is on one side. "South Dome," the Indian name being *Tis-sa-ack*, "goddess of the valley," touches the hurrying clouds five thousand feet above us. "Round Tower," prettily entitled by the "sons of the forest" *Hun-to*, meaning the "watching eye," two thousand four hundred feet high, lies as an infant among its companions. On every side we are en-

compassed by noble mountains of magnificent proportions, the highest being "Cloud's Rest," towering six thousand one hundred and fifty feet above the valley, crowned with dainty pink clouds breaking and floating about its brow.

Mirror Lake, calm and restful, reflecting minutely the bold rocky walls above it, as well as the tiny twig that has sprung into life far up on a ledge on the mountain, presents a picture of surpassing beauty; the essential stillness of the scene seemed to attune our souls to musing, as in silence we contemplated the placid water. All was still save a passing flock of wild doves, their silky breasts reflected in dazzling rays on the bosom of the lake, the mighty walls of rock throwing back the echo of their plaintive cooings.

Vernal, Nevada, and Yosemite Falls pitch their foaming waters over the rocky cliffs, the latter two thousand six

hundred feet above us. Clambering up the trail to Glacier Point, we firmly grip our long poles as we gaze down a precipitous cliff, three thousand two hundred feet, into the valley below.

The cunning hand of art has not marked the course of these cooling streams that fall so gracefully to make green the valley below, or piled up these mighty rocks, but all about us we are made to realize the marvellous work of "The Great Architect"!

Midst the varied scenes the hours quickly pass, the declining sun bidding us hie to our camp. The higher mountain peaks, like monarchs mighty in their superiority looking down on their fellows, now send the shadows of their greatness upon them. Our feelings as we wander over the mountains at this twilight hour are quite untranslatable.

Long before reaching camp the sun had sunk behind the great hills and the dull, gray sky warns us to hasten on

our way—as the moon on which we had counted to light our returning trail would be obscured. A gentle wind arose, gradually increasing into a gale, until at every opening in the mountains it rushed upon us with increasing force.

Darkness was slowly gathering over the world and folding it out of sight; cold winds swept down through the gloomy gorges, shaking and bending low the trees, showers of dead leaves raining about us; high up in the peaks, mingled with the hoarse winds howling tempestuously, could be heard the crackle of dead limbs, and now and then the crash of some mighty tree, uprooted and hurled prostrate among its fellows.

Reaching camp, located in a cove sheltered from the wind, a steaming supper around a brilliant camp-fire soon makes us oblivious to the roaring winds about us; a pleasurable sense of lassitude seems to render our Havanas

more fragrant as, seated in this temple of nature, we watch the fantastic wreaths of red fire dance in the air against the pitchy darkness of the heavens, rising and falling in such graceful forms that the eye is riveted in admiration.

The morning dawned in all its autumnal splendor—one of those fair mornings when the air is laden with a subtle, dainty gladness, and every pulse within us seems to throb with new life; the rude winds had robbed many of the trees of much of their foliage, leaving the bare limbs like a network on the skies, and the ground illuminated with golden leaves.

We rode forth elated with the scene; the mode of movement was exhilarating, and all was brightness and splendor; the little squirrels wait for us in the trees and perk their heads from their safe retreat as we pass under, the music of the mountain stream blend-

ing harmoniously with the rustling dead leaves.

The pen can but inadequately convey an idea in any way realistic of the mammoth trees—*Sequoia gigantea*—located some distance from the valley. One must stand in their presence and gaze upon them, so straight and tall, as in their silent majesty they sway their heads three hundred feet above you, and wander around their huge trunks, measuring from eighty to one hundred feet in circumference, and ride through a miniature tunnel, cut through one of the larger trees, capable of permitting the passage of a large mountain coach; while another giant of the forest, measuring some thirty to forty feet in diameter, can shelter in its hollow burned-out trunk over a dozen equestrians, still having walls sufficiently thick to sustain the huge tree above!

We pitched our camp in the afternoon near a mountain stream, where

its waters, having overflowed its boundaries, had formed a beautiful sheet. The sun, like a weary traveller, was sinking in the western sky, stretching its crimson rays across the scene, the waters flashing back the brilliant colors; the mountains are painted in golden tints, and the trees, seeming all ablaze, sway to and fro like mammoth torches.

Softly the twilight fades into night. One by one the silvery points of light break out of the darkened heavens, and the great red moon, like a ruby in the sky, slowly rises seemingly from its nest in the distant mountains, sending her salutations across the tremulous wavelets of the water in a golden shaft of light. The odor of decaying leaves perfumes the air, as we close our eyes on this beautiful Indian summer night, wondering if such a day will ever dawn again.

IN THE HEART OF THE ROCKIES
(*From Photograph*)

A Mid-Winter Excursion in the Rocky Mountains.

A Mining-Camp Hotel—Miners at Work and Play—Thirteen Thousand Feet in the Air—Scenes and Incidents of the Trip—An Encounter with a Bear.

A HEARTY breakfast over, we stepped out into the crisp, invigorating air, so familiar to those who have wintered in a high altitude. Our shaggy, rough-coated ponies were awaiting us, each surmounted with a huge Mexican saddle—as comfortable as an old-fashioned arm-chair.

In full flush of morning enthusiasm, we started—our party of three and a guide. We had our chaplain, full six feet two, and thin—well, to use his own words, he had not enough flesh on his bones to catch a shrimp. He was al-

ways hungry, but he was capital company and venerably interesting.

Our professor was a rotund, jolly fellow, whose face had expanded under the influence of good living, until his second chin had extended beyond the limits originally assigned for it; he was plumply serene and ponderously gracious, fond of society, a lawyer by profession, one of that tribe who fatten on the disputes of mankind, with gold-rimmed spectacles and a very red nose—(a red nose has always been presumptive evidence of overwork at the bar!),—entertaining and full of anecdote.

As for the writer, he was "an every-day young man," devoted to travel, fond of studying the world and its people, possessing a passionate love for fine scenery and the beautiful things in nature.

Our guide sitting erect on his pony was an ideal figure of a Rocky Mountain pioneer—tall, erect, and muscular,

tanned by the storms and exposure of many years—the picture of health; a frame on whose close-woven fibres disease could find no space to enter; his broad-brimmed hat, buckskin suit, and spurs with rowels like miniature windmills, all combining to render the scene complete.

Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm and we all soon caught the complaint.

Our start was made from an altitude of over ten thousand feet above sea-level, yet the mountain peaks towered well above us, glittering brightly in the early morning sun. The way at first led along the bleak mountain side, with deep snow-drifts all about us; for a long distance we rode in almost silence, enjoying the luxury of breathing such air, the mere smell of which seemed to kill twenty years. On one side, as far as our theatre of vision reached, was one unbroken plain of snow; on the other,

the eye was untrammelled, with nothing to mark the view save the strangely chiselled peaks that stood like sentinels above us — the ensemble forming a wilderness of solitude.

Our course soon changed, and, entering a gorge, we plunged deeper into the heart of the mountains. Striking a narrow trail, we passed huge boulders scattered here and there, dropped by the glaciers in their migrations in ages long ago. Crystal streams, foaming madly, work their way down the mountain side, some starting from a dizzy height and, dashing against the ragged rocks, reach the pool below in finest spray; others come thundering down in all their might, rush on in their course, and are lost in the river below. With the aid of our field-glass we could discern, thousands of feet below us, the silent flowing stream, born among the snows of the high mountains.

For many miles we continued our

way amid these ravishing scenes and enchanting sounds, each one wrapped in a glow of imagination. The snow, which had for some time been falling, now increased in violence, until we found ourselves in the midst of a raging storm, accompanied by a furious wind, which howled about us wildly, at times rendering our progress difficult. We soon, however, discerned in the distance a collection of tents—the mining camp, which was our intended haven for the night.

Shortly before reaching the camp, our attention was attracted to a small procession coming toward us. Approaching nearer, we perceived a poorly clad miner bearing on his shoulder a tiny coffin of plainest construction, behind him his weeping wife and a few followers. The little one, as we afterward learned, had fallen down the shaft. We drew up our ponies to one side, and raised our hats as the little procession

silently passed on its way—the wind sighing a requiem and the snow furnishing a pall.

Reaching the camp after our long day's ride, we were not reluctant to dismount and stretch our limbs. We halted in front of one of the larger tents, on which was a rough sign, "Bordin and Login." A small boy with an ancient, shiny suit of clothes and danger-signal hair, stood within, staring at us; in the corner of the "parlor," squatted on the floor close to the stove, was a little girl, who did not notice our entrance. After our repeatedly inquiring of her if we could see the proprietor, she yelled, "Mamma!" when we were startled by seeing a woman's head suddenly appear in a forest of curl papers! Meekly inquiring if she could accommodate us, and receiving an affirmative answer, we seated ourselves.

The landlady shortly made her ap-

pearance, fixed up in the latest style, eyed us all separately, and evidently satisfying herself that we were all right, gave a grunt. She was a woman of fickle temper, and ample avoirdupois—full of business and not bad-looking—so thought our professor! Did we want supper? If so, what? Our chaplain suggested mountain trout or any kind of fish; he was awful hungry, and could eat anything, from a shark to a bathing suit. He liked fish because he believed it to be the restorer of youth, the fountain of perennial previousness. If she had no fish, well, then, anything would do.

We took our seats and awaited developments. First came soup in large tin pans—true, it was hot, but our landlady had attempted too much in trying to make a five-cent bone furnish soup for a dozen hungry boarders! Next we had some fine venison and potatoes, which we were voraciously

devouring in silence, when, looking up, there stood our hostess with arms a-kimbo, who, gazing at us with apparent astonishment, said: "Well, you ain't a crowd I 'd like to grub by contract."

Supper over, we sat around the big stove and listened with interest to the stories of the miners, of the ups and downs of their lives, their hopes and anticipations, all of them being prospectively rich; this it is that stimulates them to cling to the hard life they have selected.

A stroll through the camp was suggested, the whole party joining. There were two rows of tents, about twenty-five feet between them, constituting the so-called street. Most of the tents were well lighted. Peeping in at the windows or doors, we found the occupants chiefly engaged in playing cards. A number of the tents were exclusively drinking saloons.

About midway down was a large tent with an American flag waving over it—a red sign reading "*The Home*" being swung to the breeze. This appeared to be the main rendezvous of the miner. The painful strains of an accordion were audible, and here gambling in its various forms was in full blast.

Here was seen the anxious and worn faces of those who were risking their hard-earned wages. "Gaming, hot fever of hope and fear,"—a pitiable sight indeed!

Many were sitting about asleep, drowsy from drink; others riotous and boisterous in behavior. No law was here to restrain or check the human passions. Here was an opportunity to study human nature—one side of human nature. It has been said that the face is the soul translated into flesh; if such is the case, what must be the condition of these souls?

Returning to our tent, thinking over the strange scenes, we found our cots arranged about the stove, ready for us, and each one rolling himself in one of those marvellously made Navajo blankets, made by the Indian tribe of that name,—blankets which seem to defy the tooth of time,—we were soon in dreams.

The gray dawn had only just peeped through the windows, when the camp was astir. A refreshing sleep had renewed our appetites. Our chaplain said that a few Sundays previous, after walking two miles to Sunday-school one afternoon, he was so hungry he came very near eating the infant-class, and this morning he was equally hungry, and the manner in which he attacked an elk steak gave evidence of his veracity.

During the morning we descended into a mine several hundred feet. The night's revelry was over, the men

had slept off the effects of their dissipation, and the sound of the pick and shovel was heard on every side ; all in utter darkness, save the tiny candles in their queer-shaped iron candlesticks, stuck here and there. The superintendent informed us that with a few exceptions the miners were constantly changing from one mine to another, as the fancy struck them. We stood gazing on the active scene and could not help thinking what a busy world this is ; the workers are always changing, but the work goes on and will go on forever.

It is said that the Greenlanders live in the hope of a warm heaven and in fear of a cold hell! We should think that miners would live in the hope of fresh air in heaven, for on our arrival at the top of the shaft the ecstasy we experienced at again inhaling the fresh air was beyond description, and we gave ourselves up to the full enjoy-

ment of filling our lungs with all they could hold.

A steaming cup of coffee, a word of thanks and remuneration to our landlady, and we were ready for our return trip. The professor lingered for just a quiet word with our fickle hostess,—a whisper—after which he took off his spectacles on purpose to wink at her and then put them on again.

We took another course returning, passing over some high ridges at an altitude of over thirteen thousand feet. Further than a slight quickening of the pulse, no unpleasant sensations were experienced in consequence of the rarefied air. Those who admire the grand in nature can see it in perfection here. We follow our guide as he slowly and cautiously picks his way on the lofty and precipitous cliff, along whose side a narrow shelf has been cut, from which the descent is perpendicular for one thousand feet or more.

We crawl through gorges with walls of supreme height on either side, and emerging are presented with a diversity of fine views. The pen is powerless to describe adequately the splendor of the scenery that breaks upon our view at every turn. We undertook to reach the summit of one of the high peaks; a narrow trail led by steep grades, following a part of the way the banks of a mountain stream and affording extended views through the clefts in the mountain.

Dismounting within about a hundred feet of the top, we found it a hazardous pastime for the bridge of the nose to clamber up, but we succeeded, until we stood seemingly to touch the hurrying clouds. On one side stretched a plain like the illimitable sea, without a bound, rolling silent and white; in the other direction, irregular peaks in wild confusion bewildered the eye. Nothing in this world could surpass the

grandeur of this scene. We all stood in silence, each one surrendering himself to his thoughts, and a glow of enthusiasm was lighted within us.

It has been questioned if a fulfilled desire is ever as perfect as we anticipate it! To us it seemed as if these scenes must be the summit of earthly magnificence, and we felt as though—

> "'T were worth ten years of peaceful life,
> One glance at that array."

Remounting, we continued our course, gradually descending, and soon the first exciting incident occurred.

Our guide, a man of few words, rode about twenty feet in advance of us. He suddenly reined up, looking intently on the ground. On reaching him we learned the cause—the snow was falling, and the fresh footprints of a bear were clearly visible. In an instant every one had his rifle in hand ready,—for what? Before we had time to exchange a word

the black form of a huge beast was visible on the white snow on a rock below us not over 100 feet distant.

Our dog "Wanda," a big fellow, a cross between a mastiff and a bull-dog, darted down the rocks after the beast, seizing him by the hind foot. The bear quickly wheeled about and with a slap of his paw drove him off. The dog, not a novice at hunting this kind of game, quickly let go his hold, only retreating however, far enough to keep out of reach of the bear, but ready to spring at him again.

Quickly dismounting, we threw the reins over the heads of our ponies, letting them drag on the ground, a custom of the cowboys when leaving their ponies, trained as they are to remain thus where left, unless something of an unusual nature disturbs them, when they, of course, may wander off.

The bear, with a growling dog behind him, and we in front of him, snarled

and snapped viciously at the air, evidently maddened at the intrusion, tossed his head from side to side, uncertain which way to go, apparently, however, not anxious to leave, as we looked at him over the barrels of our Winchesters,—when flash! a ball from one of our rifles crashed into his breast. Seemingly as with one bound he was on us; our ponies plunged wildly, the hanging reins entangling their feet; two of them fell over in a heap, while each of us seized our knives, ready for close work if necessary.

Wanda, appearing to realize our danger, again sent his teeth deep into the bear's hind leg, and as he turned to shake him off another ball was sent into his fat side, but it seemed to have no effect except as a stimulant for renewed activity.

We all kept close together lest in the fight, now getting rather hot, we might shoot each other; the bear, at times,

being at very close quarters, should we surround him we could not shoot except at great risk to ourselves.

The snow was now sprinkled with blood flowing from the wounded beast, when with a desperate rush and a bound like that of a wild cat he leaped forward, Wanda hanging to his leg, and before we could fire again his great ugly paw, with distended claws, struck the professor, reeling him over as though he were an infant.

A moment's delay on our part and he would have crushed out his life. Too close to fire, we plunged our knives into the hind quarters of the bear to draw him off, when the professor, with a torn jacket, but uninjured, sprang to his feet, full of pluck and courage, to fight for his life.

The bear had turned on us, and with our faithful dog still getting in his work, which seemed to bewilder the beast, he paused as if not knowing what next

to do. Our knives had sunk deep into him, and loss of blood was evidently making him dizzy; that moment's pause gave us our chance.

The professor drew his revolver, and before the bear again had a chance to turn about, he put a ball between the two eyes of the wounded animal, and the huge monster dropped on his knees; almost simultaneously, each of us sent a ball crashing into his head from our revolvers, and he sank to the earth to rise no more.

> "When he hits 't is history,
> When he misses 't is mystery."

We soon "pulled ourselves together," remounted our ponies, after loading up to be ready for any other emergency, leaving our bear to enjoy his long sleep.

At noon we arrived at a small cabin occupied by some prospectors, rough, uncouth fellows. Halting for rest and

lunch we entered. One man was making coffee, in which he was boiling some eggs, "to save time," as he said. The most talkative of the party wrestled hard with English. He said: "I ain't much on English, but I can talk Spanish powerful." He and the rest of the party did not seem unfamiliar with the perils of the bottle, for drink was visible on every face. He said "he could drink whiskey in ten different languages."

One of the men had an ugly wound on his nose, which was much swollen. He was busily occupied in one corner bathing it. In reply to our inquiry, he said "he had bumped against the business end of a six-shooter the previous week; hoped soon to be all right again." With his injured nose we thought it must have shut out the landscape a great deal.

Chinamen are generally not numerous around or near mining camps, being in ill favor with the miners. Here was

the only one we saw, a seemingly bright fellow, who said he was naturalized, and with a smile said: "Me pliceman on my mother's side and washwoman on my father's side." He was chattering to himself in his "tea-box" language, when one of the miners, with an oath, informed him "that if he did n't make less noise, he 'd start a lead mine in him." It had its effect.

Off again, we enjoyed the ever-changing scenery. The sun was about sinking in the west as we neared our journey's end. We drew up on a projecting cliff and paused. The storm had cleared and the skies were bright. As the light of declining day seemed to mingle earth and heaven, blending the harsh mountain tops with the sky, it seemed as though here was everything to awaken the soul and inspire the mind: the music of the dashing waters, the mountains, the skies, the outstretched world below.

Our jolly host came out to greet us, and a blazing fire awaited us. Without ceremony we were soon seated at a well-laden table generously supplied with the choicest of game. Our gracious host soon appeard with two bottles of "extra dry"—just off the snow—would we accept them with his compliments? Our chaplain arose and with a beaming smile, addressed him, saying, that as we were all extra dry too, he would accept them on behalf of the company! Our professor, who, with the aid of his spectacles, had espied the pretty daughter of the host, remarked that he had some good qualities in his cellar and some charming ones in his daughter!

A good dinner and a quiet evening over some choice cigars which our chaplain discovered in one of his deep pockets, during which we talked over our pleasant winter's picnic in the Rockies, and watched the dying embers in the big wood fire until their bright-

ness had all but faded, brought to a conclusion one of the most enjoyable trips of our lives.

We had studied both nature and human nature; we had seen varied characters strongly marked and broadly colored; we had viewed the noblest and wildest of scenery in the dreary solitude of mid-winter, and in the midst of raging storm. Truly, indeed, pleasure delights in contrasts; it is from excitement we learn to enjoy solitude, and from solitude excitement.

It was one of those enjoyable episodes in life which linger in the memory like a charming landscape.

Southern California and its Attractions.

Southern California, its Many Attractions—A Night in Chinatown—A Ride through the Santa Clara Valley—Fine Ranches—A Visit to the Home of "Ramona"—Beautiful Sunsets—A Mining Camp in Old Mexico.

TRAVELLING southward from San Francisco we pay flying visits to San José and Santa Cruz, the former a beautiful city surrounded by orange groves and attractive gardens; the latter, a city of about ten thousand people, including the suburbs, beautifully situated on the bay of Monterey.

It has a fine climate throughout the year and one of the best beaches for surf bathing in this country; many pretty "flower-embosomed" homes, with rose-crowned gardens, are scattered

through the city, making it a favorite resort.

Across the bay is the well-advertised and justly celebrated resort, Hotel del Monte, at Monterey, surpassing, in beauty anything of its kind on the Pacific coast, situated in a grove of live oaks and pines of great size, while on all sides the grounds are alive with blooming roses, pansies, callas, and heliotropes, as well as countless other varieties of flowers, interspersed with rare and beautiful tropical plants growing in rampant luxuriousness.

Continuing our journey some four hundred miles in a southerly direction, we reach Los Angeles, "Puebla de la Reina de los Angeles" (Town of the Queen of the Angels). It has a climate almost perfect, there being but a difference of about fifteen degrees in the mean temperature during the year.

The society is most attractive, many of our brilliant men and women having

gathered here seeking an equable climate, and one can here surround themselves with genial companions drawn from the ranks of the clergy, the legal profession, artists, men of leisure, etc., while a warm greeting generally awaits the stranger.

The immediate surrounding neighborhood is simply enchanting; as we extend our walk to the upper end of the city, we find some of the most charming residences, being, in many cases, the homes of wealthy merchants.

Here and there, dotted along the fine wide road, are pretty villas embowered in perfume-laden and ever green orchards of semi-tropical fruits and plants. A hammock gracefully swings in the soft breeze, whilst its occupant lays aside her book to reach for an orange which hangs from the tree sustaining her airy couch. Farther on we find some handsome and costly villas, encompassed on all sides by fruitful vineyards, and we

pause for a moment as our eyes rest on luscious bunches of grapes, and trees heavily laden with lemons, oranges, or olives, while under the large long leaves near by, we see peeping out a huge bunch of bananas.

Strolling off to the side streets, we still find ourselves amidst pretty cottages of modern architecture, mostly surrounded by luxuriant fruit trees, many of the orange trees being strongly propped up, to help sustain the great weight of their abundant fruit.

The Sierra Madre mountains are seen in looking eastward from Los Angeles, and serve as a beautiful background as one approaches the city. The wild scenery in these mountains is celebrated. Saddling our ponies, we penetrated into some of the wildernesses; the scenery being of the grandest. We gave our ponies their heads as they picked their way along the narrow cliffs, stepping carefully here and there,

sometimes almost jumping from rock to rock. As we looked down into the yawning chasm, we sat in silence, feeling our own insignificance amidst these grand works of nature.

As we were about to return, assembled on a high cliff, the sun was just setting, and as our eyes wandered off into distance, the fleecy clouds were lighted up with the grandest of crimson and golden colors. No wonder the Persians worship the sun; so we thought, as its last rays shed a delicate light on the golden valley of orchards and vineyards at our feet.

The Chinese, in Los Angeles, are quite numerous and almost monopolize a certain portion of the city; they are quiet and orderly as a class, attentively minding their own business, but, nevertheless, always a target for the ever present hoodlum.

Through the kindness of one of the city officials—a courteous lawyer and

gentleman—we were escorted on a most interesting tour through "China-town," as it is called. Starting out at eight o'clock one pleasant evening, we called first at some of their stores; business being about over for the day, we found them in clusters, old and young, eagerly gathered about the counter, at their greatest of amusements—gambling. Not a word was uttered by any, so absorbed were they in their game, and, after casting a hasty and wondering glance at us, they ignored us entirely.

Passing on, and visiting many stores, we came to a restaurant, about 10 P.M. First entering a small office we passed in at a door to find ourselves in the dining-room; here seated at tables are several Celestials, quietly but hard at work on a dish of thick kind of soup, which they caused to disappear rapidly by throwing into their mouths with chopsticks.

A fat cook busy at the stove is

seen in the rear humming a dismal air. The man who does the waiting, being considered quite a musician, is called upon for music and favors us with a series of howls and groans which he calls a song; and then on his one-stringed instrument he makes us feel generally uncomfortable. As the music progresses and the musician seems to warm up to his work he howls like a dog and rolls his eyes wildly.

A movement is heard above, and, on looking around for the cause, we find dozens of pairs of sharp eyes looking down at us from above; thus, while supposing ourselves in the company of two or three Chinamen, we realize that a score or more of them are about us, and we find that the apartment is, as it were, cut in two, thus giving two floors to an ordinary-sized room, a ladder being used to ascend to the sleeping apartment above. Thus one fair-sized room can be used for a restaurant

below, and lodge twenty persons or more on the shelves above; but they seem happy and contented.

As they are packed together in such a state, we wonder how they can emerge looking so cleanly each day; but they are particular about their appearance generally, and carefully bathe every morning.

The night is wearing on, and midnight brings us to a dark, dreary spot, where, hand in hand, we are wonderingly led through passage after passage, first up, then down, until our leader knocks at a door, being answered by a Chinaman, who, after a glance, recognizes one in authority, and quietly ushers us in. We find ourselves in a dimly lighted temple, a weird, strange looking place with an altar. We are conducted to an apartment in the rear, behind the altar, and there we find a singular scene.

Reclining on couches, smoking

opium, are the priests, who at first look amazed at the intrusion, but soon relapse into their stolid, fixed expression. One of the priests, by request, kept telling us his feelings as the smoking gradually affected him, and if he told the truth, as he probably did, he soon became too happy to talk, and the expression on his face certainly denoted intense and almost supreme happiness.

We accepted an invitation to take some tea, which was very hot and without sugar. The custom of offering hot tea to all visitors is a universal one among the Chinese, the omission of the courtesy being considered extremely ill-mannered.

Near the city are some of the finest ranches in the State; one notably large ranch, producing oranges, lemons, olives, figs, limes, almonds, walnuts, pineapples, bananas, and a great variety of tropical and semi-tropical fruits.

A short ride out of the city brings one to the San Gabriel Mission, founded in 1771. The walls are dilapidated, as are all these old Spanish missions, but the ancient bells still hang in their belfry, and a piece of the worn-out rope hangs from the bell, the monks who handled it having long since been laid away in the dust.

The valley called the San Gabriel is considered, by many who have visited it, the most perfect spot on the face of the globe. Shielded from the north wind by mountains, everything unites to make it all that the heart could wish for.

There are innumerable charming rides and drives in and about Los Angeles. Pasadena, a perfect garden of a settlement, is near at hand, and some lovely rides extending a few miles into the mountains near-by bring us to some most attractive ranches.

We greatly enjoyed a ride to Santa Barbara, about 150 miles to the north-

west, passing through the Santa Clara Valley. The road is sandy, and at times very dusty; but the noble mountains on either side make it most enchanting. The last part of the ride for some miles is on the beautiful hard, white beach, and the breakers roll up at times to the horses' feet. For quite a distance the mountains rise abruptly from within twenty feet of the shore, hence the roadway at high tide is but a few feet wide. We find good use for our guns, as ducks, geese, and snipe are plentiful, and we land in Santa Barbara with a bag full.

Many invalids in search of a salubrious climate find their way to this place and derive benefit from its genial atmosphere. The heavy night fogs keep the soil damp, making the city a veritable flower garden.

On our return trip we stopped at some of the large ranches, notably that one rendered famous by "H. H.," the

home of "*Ramona*," where we remained and were delightfully entertained for several days.

Our next point was Coronado Beach about 125 miles south of Los Angeles, one of the most attractive places on the California coast. As yet it may not quite compare with Monterey as to the extent of its cultivated and beautiful grounds, but nature has favored it in point of situation, and time will make it the most delightful resort in this country.

The Hotel del Coronado in spacious elegance surpasses any hotel in this country. The blue waves of the ocean roll up to its very doors, a magnificent beach stretches away in the distance, and bathing, fishing, sailing, and shooting offer inducements to the robust, while invalids can rest on its sunny glass enclosed corridors. It is one of those rare spots on earth where nature seems to have lavished all her charms.

Southern California

The days pass swiftly to a sojourner in Southern California. The easy, loafing life is delicious, and so varied and far from monotonous that as the time comes for us to leave we wonder if we shall ever find anything so perfect again!

When we took our seats in the cars, late one afternoon, we gave long, lingering looks behind, regretting to leave the most attractive place we had seen in the West, and some of the most charming people. As we moved off, the picture was a gorgeous one. As the sun sank from skies as mild and soft as Italy can boast, we gazed out of the window of the car to take in the panorama of loveliness till day had deepened into night.

Our trip eastward took us through Southern Arizona, interesting without being attractive. From a small way station we branched off to visit a new mining camp in the northern part of Old Mexico, a wild, untamed part of

the country. The scenes at night in this camping village were interesting.

The light of the fires was reflected on the white tents, flickering on the faces of the groups sitting about them in careless attitudes, and on the moving forms of the tall, gaunt Mexicans as they passed from tent to tent. Inside some of the larger tents parties of hilarious miners and pretty black-eyed girls sat around. On entering one we found the whiskey bottle playing an important part, and another white liquor, of Mexican manufacture, which we were informed was deadly in its effects. They were gambling, and money seemed abundant.

While very picturesque in the distance and from without, we found the young girls of the most degraded kind, drinking and gambling the same as the men, and were glad to leave tent life in Mexico and resume our journey.

We stopped at Las Vegas, in New

Mexico—6400 feet elevation,—a lovely spot with a fine hotel, famous for its hot springs. Remaining a few days, we rode up "Old Baldy," some 11,000 feet high, the view from the summit being superbly fine. At Santa Fé, the most ancient of cities in this country, we found much to interest us.

One must travel through the Great West to conceive of its vastness, and one must go to Southern California to see the beauties of America. A wealthy resident of Los Angeles informed us that he had travelled over almost the whole world; had tried innumerable climates, "but *here*," said he, "I find the brightest and loveliest spot on earth, wildness and beauty, surrounded by mountains and hills; here I have decided to make my home, and here I shall remain until I die; and, when Death shall come, I wish to take my long sleep in this sunny valley, until I awake in the '*City of the Angels.*'"

En Route to the City of Mexico.

A Rapid View of El Paso and Northern Mexico—The City of Chihuahua—Picturesque Scenes—Its Ancient Cathedral.

TWO HUNDRED bright-colored lanterns swung gayly in the breeze, their cheery light flashing out into the gloom, like so many flying meteors. The regimental band was blowing itself into wrinkles, keeping the merry dancers hard at work.

A few hundred feet away lazily flowed the Rio Grande, of small consequence at this point, save that it divides the sister republics, both of which contributed their quota to the farewell ball tendered by the officers of the cavalry regiment stationed on the border at El Paso, Texas. The Mexican beauties from across the river,

with their rich olive complexions, showed in pleasing contrast to the unusual number of blonde American ladies present, and with the glittering uniforms of the military the scene was a charmingly brilliant one.

The gayety of the evening was tempered, however, by a feeling of sadness, for early on the morrow the regiment was to break camp, being under marching orders to leave for Arizona, to pit their lives against the roving Indians, to fight them in their fastnesses, while our party were to leave for a pleasure trip through old Mexico.

The morning broke dark and threatening, but found us brimming over with enthusiasm for our journey, snuggled in our cosy seats in the car, facing due south, behind a panting engine. "All aboard!"—and we smoothly glide forth on our way.

Our eyes wander off into the distance, and 'midst great clouds of dust

we discern the cavalry, thirteen hundred strong, on their way over the barren, trackless prairie to hunt their hidden foe. A feeling of melancholy creeps over us as we watch them disappearing in the distance, until they appear as a mere speck on the edge of the horizon. The gentle rain commenced to fall, as though nature itself wept in sympathy.

El Paso del Norte (meaning the northern pass), just over the river on the Mexican side, is a sleepy old Mexican town, the main points of interest being a musty and very ancient cathedral, doubtless grand in its day, a well-patronized cock-pit, and skating-rink. It is the gateway to Mexico, possesses a salubrious climate, and some pretty gardens, which are visible here and there. The first glimpse of Mexican life is here seen, but not of sufficient interest to detain the traveller, who anticipates penetrating farther into the

country. An indifferent examination of baggage here occurs by the custom officials, and we are off again.

A ride of 255 miles over a country possessing nothing of special interest brings us to the city of Chihuahua (pronounced She-wah-wah), capital of the state of the same name, a city of 17,000 inhabitants. The houses are mostly built of adobe, generally in one story, and the long, straight streets, flanked on either side by these low, whitish-colored houses, soon become monotonous to the eye.

The Grand Plaza, in the centre of which a handsome fountain is situated, is the lounging place of the citizens of all grades, and their characteristic indolence is strongly impressed upon the stranger as he sees them sunning themselves by day and contemplating or gossiping at night with the ever-present cigarette, as they stroll hither and thither. The crowds as they saunter

about in their native costumes present a scene pleasingly picturesque, the *sombrero*, the *serape*, and the *reboso* in varied colors rendering it a pretty sight. Here we see an *aquadore* with a large jug of water on his back, suspended by a leather band about his forehead; in front of him hangs his smaller jug, sustained by a band passing around the back of his head.

Again, those of the wealthy class with their elegantly silver-trimmed *sombreros*, heavily braided short jackets, tight-fitting trousers, studded down the sides with buttons of silver. Mingling with the crowd are also the poorer classes, with their gaudy *serapes* loosely thrown over their shoulders, and wearing *huaraches* (leather sandals, fastened with straps over the instep and across the ball of the foot), a close inspection often revealing the fact that the blanket is the sole covering to the upper part of the body.

The pretty *señora,* poorly clad, without even a sandal, is lounging at the fountain, her shabbiness concealed by the usual black shawl gracefully thrown over her head and shoulders, extending well down the body, showing bronzed feet and ankles, well modelled and graceful, though neither small nor soft in appearance; the ever feminine characteristic is not wanting even here, for, conscious of her beauty, she lifts her water-jug from her shoulder, and resting it on the edge of the fountain glances about with her brilliant black eyes; her soft olive complexion, beautifully chiselled features, and regular white teeth render her a fascinating picture.

The Church of Parroquia, called the Cathedral, is an imposing edifice, facing the Plaza, said to have cost $1,000,000 —erected by levying a tax of one real (12½ cents) on every mark ($8) of silver obtained from the mines near by.

We visit it toward evening; it is twilight as we enter. We seat ourselves on one side to observe the service, which, being a feast day, brings together a large number of worshippers —the rich and the poor, the high and the low, jostle each other for a place on which to kneel, but all is quiet when the service begins.

The choir, without organ, renders the most enchanting music; the charm of the twilight hour, the stillness of the multitude, as in their varied costumes they devoutly kneel, the great dome throwing back the echoes of the softest melodies, above which, at times, we can catch the twitter of birds as they fly from arch to arch, into which is mingled the soft sounds of the cooing pigeons in the towers, producing for the moment a sweet confusion—all these combine to present a scene that does not seem of earth and that will never fade from memory.

A Mexican Cock-Fight.

AT the urgent request of a prominent citizen, we were prevailed upon to remain over and witness a "*Peleas de gallos*" (cock-fight), with the assurance that it would not last longer than five hours. We noticed bills posted about the streets, with illustrations suggestive of such an event, and our curiosity being aroused, we concluded to avail ourselves of the opportunity to see the great battle.

At ten o'clock in the morning, seated in a very antiquated vehicle, drawn by a pair of mules, we found ourselves being slowly dragged through the long, narrow, monotonous streets, the rate of speed being far from exhilarating, as they scrambled along with the aid of language prepared expressly

for them—it is an undisputed fact that a mule is never fresh or in good spirits when there is any work to be done.

Approaching the suburbs we enter a beautiful, well-shaded avenue, over which the stately cottonwood trees nod their shadowy crests, breaking the rays of the morning sun; a glistening stream of purest water, creeping its way through the winding road, glides at our side.

A sudden branch off from this pleasing grove brings us to an unattractive collection of buildings, many of them seemingly deserted dwellings.

In various directions we see approaching *galleros* (cock-fighters), each carrying a gamecock with a string and a small bit of wood attached to his leg. Alighting, we are ushered into a small adobe building, having no windows, the open door admitting the necessary light. Here were dispensed a variety of decoctions, *pulque*, the

favorite drink of the Mexicans, predominating, made from the century plant. Here were gathered those interested in the approaching event; earnest discussions regarding the relative merits of the birds were indulged in, and a bedlam indeed it was, 'midst clouds of cigarette-smoke enough to smother any one but a Mexican.

Passing through a narrow passage, we each pay one peseta (twenty-five cents), and enter the place where the fighting is to occur. A large high tent is here erected, covering some 200 feet square. Around, close to the sides, are perhaps a couple of hundred coops, inside of which can be seen the game creatures, each crowing lustily, as if he had just won a battle.

The *galleros* are flocking in, many of them, after entering, squatting on the ground, holding in front of them their birds, hoping some Mexican "sport" may purchase. Many Mexicans on

entering carefully inspect the various birds and after selecting their favorites, strike a trade with the owner, after which they go around offering to back them against others. Frequently the cocks will push their way out between the bars of the coop, and, although tied, make frantic efforts to reach another bird, displaying great ferocity; often fights occur when two neighbors thus secure their limited freedom.

In the centre of the tent is something similar to a large tub in shape, a round enclosure some twenty-five feet in diameter, sides three feet high, the bottom, of dirt, being smooth as a floor. This is the cock-pit; arranged around this are rows of seats snug up to the pit, ascending as in a circus.

The audience, a large one, is a study. The dignified, handsomely dressed Spaniard, with small piercing eyes like jet, standing in the pit, is the manager and is said to make a handsome income

from the business; being a good judge of the staying and fighting qualities of gamecocks, his bets are apt to show up on the credit side, and his advice is eagerly sought for, but he is a man of few words.

Seated 'midst the crowd on the opposite side is a Mexican dude, wearing a collar that raises his ears, trousers that fit like skin, a roundabout jacket braided in yellow, and a *sombrero* with a silver band; near him a forlorn specimen of a Mexican tramp, a man with a dirty complexion and handkerchief to match around his neck, insubordinate hair, standing on end; he thrusts his hands into the place where his trousers' pockets used to be, as though he were chilly.

Two picturesquely dressed Spanish girls just beyond, with blackest of hair, over which is carelessly thrown a black lace scarf, dressed in garments of brilliant colors, displaying on their well-

turned wrists broad gold (or gilt?) bracelets, and innumerable rings on their delicate fingers, as they listlessly elevate to their lips sweet-scented cigarettes, clasped by silver holders; the smoke curls lazily about their heads, as they languidly converse, seemingly unconscious of the delicately pointed high-heeled French shoes just peeping from beneath their rustling silks! Again, the humble daughter of the *peon*, almost in rags, is an earnest spectator, perhaps accompanied by her father and mother. All sorts and conditions of people are here.

While the spectators are gathering, the birds are being prepared; here is a Mexican looking more like the father of a family than one interested in cock-fighting; he has a sharpening stone, and is hard at work sharpening the spur for his pet, like the delicate blade of a knife sharpened like a razor on the outer edge, curving the reverse of a

sickle, so that when the bird jumps upward and strikes, it will cut rather than penetrate like an ordinary spur; the cock is held, and he carefully binds the spur on his right leg, only one spur being used. The comb and wattle of the bird has been cut close to the head, to prevent an opponent from catching hold; the tail is cut short—the whole bird, in fact, being trimmed down to as fine a point as possible.

He carries him to the pit; his opponent is already there; both are handled as carefully as though they were tender children, the owners fondly stroking them, examining their eyes, legs, etc. The birds are then weighed, the rule being that they must weigh within a few ounces of each other.

Two men in red shirts, professional cock-fighters, then each take a bird; going to opposite sides of the pit, they fill their mouths with cold water, and spray it over their birds; advancing at

the signal of the manager, they hold the birds beak to beak; they snap and bite as their eyes flash like fire—they are famous Spanish gamecocks, the greatest fighters in the world; with this breed, when once the fight begins, death alone on one side will end the battle.

At another signal the men step back and drop the cocks to the ground—one is a dark red, the other a lighter shade; both are strong-looking birds; they stand and look around a moment, walk by each other, and then turn with a rush and clash like two bulls.

The dark red springs up, bringing his spur over the other's head, too high; by the time he reaches the ground, the other springs at him, sending his spur clean into his eye; a shout ascends from the backers of the light red, and a dismal silence hangs over the friends of the dark red.

As the fight grows more exciting the

dude emerges from his altitudinous collar, excitedly waves his *sombrero*, offering odds on the light red; in a moment the Spanish young lady is on her feet, shaking her bracelet in response to his wager. A few words in Spanish, and the bet is made.

On goes the battle, the chickens leaping and lunging at each other with their razor-like spurs; men and women are wild with excitement, yelling strange words of joy or disappointment as the battle progresses. The cock-fighters creep around the ring, each following his bird, but never being permitted to touch them; they yell to their pets in wild Spanish oaths.

In five minutes the two birds are so covered with blood about their heads that it is evident they cannot see, but still they fight, until a lunge from the light red lays his antagonist on the ground; he still plunges and fights as he lies on his side, until at a signal the

birds are seized by the *galleros* and taken to their respective corners.

One grasps his bird, opens its mouth, and, finding it full of blood, he puts his own mouth to that of the bird, and sucks it out, also breathes into its nostrils, again he sprays the bird with cold water from his own mouth—both sides again are ready, and the birds fight more vigorously than before.

For fifteen minutes they cut and slash, the light red with his two eyes seeming to have an advantage over his antagonist with but one. He makes a desperate dash, sending his spur seemingly through the brain of the other. The dude cannot contain himself. He rises, mingling his voice with the yells of the multitude, then seats himself with a nine-inch smile settled on his countenance.

The dark red still fights, showing wonderful endurance and pluck. It is evident that both his eyes are gone,

but his legs are strong. He plunges about at times, vainly trying to reach his foe. Blood is flowing from the mouths of both chickens, but the light red, with the advantage of his eyesight, sends his bloody steel, cutting away every feather from about the head of his blind opponent; both look very weak; a moment's pause, and the light red, with desperate energy, sends his spur crashing into the head of the other, rolling him over on the ground.

The dude, all smiles and shirt collar, wildly yells his joy; the light red, weak and shaky, attempts to crow; but before he had finished the final note, the dark red jumped to his feet and leaped into the air, sending his spur clean into the brain of the light red, dropping him at his feet—death, the great peacemaker, had parted them forever. Then, although a victor, he sank to the ground, and in two minutes was dead also. The dude took a reef in

his smile; the young lady beamed as a gold coin landed in her lap, thrown by the bony fingers of the man with the collar. The excitement was intense, and a jabbering of voices filled the air.

We waited to see a few more battles, but were glad to leave, happy to think that such exhibitions were not permitted in the States.

Cock-fighting was fashionable in Greece some 500 years before Christ, and in England for a long period it was a favorite sport. The Briton practised "cocking" before the landing of Cæsar. Henry VIII. established the Royal Cockpit at Westminster, and even during the present century some "mains" have been fought in it. A writer on poultry mentions a cock-fight in India for a lac of rupees (£10,000), but England in olden times was the headquarters of cock-fighting.

After dinner at a Mexican restaurant composed of very unpalatable stuff,

"very little to eat and a good deal of tablecloth," we started homeward by a circuitous route to see the city. It presents but little variety—a bull-ring in the distance was shown as one of the sights.

Along the roads burro trains were slowly moving, carrying every conceivable thing, from potatoes to a stove; men and women sauntering along as though they had eternity to do it in; some of them bearing immense packages on their heads, all of them possessing that peculiar gliding hip motion which characterizes the gait of those accustomed to carry heavy weights on their heads.

It was nearly twilight when we reached the plaza. The usual evening crowd was gathering there; the gay cavaliers on their handsome horses pranced about; the poorer citizens chatted and smoked; the fountain splashed in the softened sunbeams;

strains of sweetest music were in the air, and all the world seemed happy.

Early morning finds us on our way. Passing southward, the country traversed is generally barren and sterile. Through the States of Chihuahua, Durango, and Zacatecas (in the first two of which garnets and rubies are found), there is little of interest save here and there some towns which owe their existence to the rich mines; lack of water and fuel being a great barrier to the growth and progress of the country.

At these towns the extreme poverty of the people is sadly apparent, many of them existing in "dug-outs," and many of them in the open air, without shelter, the naked bodies of both men and women of all ages being visible under the filthy strips of rags that hang about their bodies, some of the professional beggars having nothing but a loose skirt about their loins.

A Mexican Cock-Fight

The main place of interest is the city of Zacatecas, one of the oldest mining towns in Mexico, being the richest in mineral wealth. It has an elevation of 8000 feet. A view from a hill near by presents a superb landscape of the surrounding country, the spurs of the Cordilleras adding much to the beauty of the scene.

We pass Agua Calientes (meaning hot water) noted for its hot springs, Silao, Queretaro, the latter founded by the Aztecs about the middle of the fifteenth century (opals are found here); its imposing and shapely bright-colored domes and towers are prominent; the palm, banana, and other tropical trees add to its attraction. Leon, a large city of 80,000 souls, claims attention, next in size to the City of Mexico, celebrated for its manufacture of leather goods.

Passing on we enter a cultivated valley, dotted with fields of corn and

wheat; the *peon* with his primitive plough toils in his sleepy way; soon the tropical climate commences to show its effects in the arid soil, that stretches as far as the vision reaches, possessing a climate warm in winter and almost unbearable in summer; the country seems deserted by man and beast.

In this desolate region vegetation assumes its wildest forms; the pear cactus grows to large proportions, bearing a fruit called "*terna*," eaten by the natives; the Spanish bayonet, with its slender green leaves, reaches a height of twenty-five feet or more; the *napal* or cactus tree assumes the strangest of forms; the *maguey* or aloe, often called the "century plant," covers thousands of acres, attaining a height of from ten to fifteen feet. From this is made the national drink, "*pulque*," the fermented sap of the plant. It has a milkish appearance, and possesses an agreeable flavor resembling lemonade.

Mescal is also made from the same plant.

Nearing the City of Mexico, we see the pack trains of the ever-faithful burro —that little animal without which, it is said, Mexico could hardly exist—loaded down with live chickens and vegetables for the city markets.

In the fields a dozen yoke of oxen, attached to a single plough, are lazily driven by a sleepy *peon*, his shining body naked save for a small cloth suspended from the waist, glistening in the sun. Great herds of goats, highly valued for their hides, graze in the fields.

It is early morning as we approach the city, and through the clear atmosphere can be seen the celebrated volcano, Popocatapetl, 17,700 feet high, being the highest mountain but one in North America.

Seated at the open window, the velvety softness of the morning air gave

us new life; we saw arise that ball of gold so soon to illuminate yonder valley. The city allured us on, its towers and domes glittering as the last star faded from view and the morning rays broke forth, presenting a scene of striking beauty.

The City of Mexico.

A Morning Entry—Street Scenes—Flower Girls and Beggars—A Favorite Drive—Night Aspects—The Paseo and Canal—A Passion Play—Guadalupe.

THE rosy morning was just stealing forth as we entered the City of Mexico; the morning star, with its solemn eye of light, looked down from out the brightening sky on the great slumbering city—its many pinnacles and domes standing out in strong relief against the glowing heavens. Strange thoughts, that always fill one's mind on entering an old city—a city steeped in the lore of history and traditions, and brimming over with legends—crowded upon us.

Our feelings and fancies are enveloped in an atmosphere of poetry and

romance as we gaze about us—the old, odd buildings seemed to speak to us of ages and a tribe long since passed away, and make us feel that this world can go on without us if we would but think so.

We had hardly stepped forth into the street when there fell on our ear the shuffling tramp of a body of marching men; we turned, only to behold a band of professional convicts—desperate characters, so we were told—guarded by officers with drawn revolvers; a more hardened, desperate-looking set, it has never been our lot to see; their iron bracelets clanked a dismal tune as they sullenly went their way; such filth and degradation can hardly be conceived. We carried away with us a lasting souvenir of the stench-laden atmosphere. And yet there was a horrible fascination in closely observing them, as a study of morbid mental anatomy,—the anatomy of a being

whose mental constitution is so depraved, so lost to all sense of honor as to seemingly take delight in deeds of crime.

Our sympathies always have been with the poor, helpless worm that the ever-glorified early bird captures, and, notwithstanding the hour, we were captured by the ever-present cabman, who bore down upon us, overpowering us with his wild gestures and torrent of Spanish overflow, not one word of which could we understand, in spite of the careful study of our phrase-books for two whole days before.

An informal inspection of our baggage by the customs, over, found us whirling in one of the noisest of cabs to the hotel. All cabs are required by law to display on a flag-pole, about six inches high, erected by the side of the driver, a green, blue, red, or white flag, the color designating the grade of the cab and the price per hour; a green flag being

first-class, and so on; when engaged the flag is hauled down.

After being carefully delivered at the hotel, we mount to our rooms, phrase-book in hand. Desiring some creature comforts which were wanting in our rooms, we lustily called, "*Camarista*"—(chambermaid)—when a little sallow-faced fellow, who looked as though he had just dropped from a Christmas-tree, came running to us, and, with the regulation gestures and antics, persuaded us that *he* was the chambermaid! And throughout our travels in Mexico we found men generally serving in that capacity.

The City of Mexico, capital of the republic, with a population of about a quarter of a million, as is well known, is situated on ground that was formerly an island in Lake Texcoco. The name is derived from Mexitli, the Aztec war-god.

In brief, the story of its origin runs

thus: The Aztecs, while wandering about the country, met a rival tribe, the Colhuans; being defeated in battle and pursued, they marched to the valley of Mexico. An oracle had commanded them not to found a city until they had come to a spot where an eagle should be seen standing on a rock. They shortly after beheld, in their wanderings, an eagle perched on a cactus growing out of a rock; hence they founded a city, calling it Tenochtitlan—meaning "cactus upon a rock." Under this name it was the capital of the old empire of Anahuac.

Hence on the national flag, as also on some of the coins, will be seen the device of an eagle with a serpent in its beak, perched on a cactus protruding from a rock. The city has an elevation of 7400 feet above the sea level, and a mean temperature of 60° Fahr.

A stroll through the streets reminds one, in some respects, of portions of

Paris. They are straight, many of them broad and attractive. French-looking shops adorn the principal street, which leads from the Plaza Mayor to the Alemada, the favorite rendezvous of the citizens. The former is situated opposite the great Cathedral, the largest in North America, an edifice begun in 1573, and completed in 1667, at a cost of $1,800,000.

It covers a space of about 400 x 200 feet. The architecture is an irregular mixture of Gothic and Italian styles. Two majestic ornamented towers with statues, stand some two hundred feet high. The interior is rich with superb paintings and numerous crucifixes and candlesticks of gold and silver, adorned with jewels.

Here one sees gathered, at almost any time of day or night, the scantily clad *peon*, bending low in prayer, never for one moment, however, unmindful of his cigarette, which still smokes

from his sallow, bony fingers. Again the richly costumed Spanish beauty, with languishing manner, kneels near by, her beautiful hair artistically "disarranged" over her shapely head.

On another side of the Plaza Mayor is the palace, the largest building in Mexico, measuring nearly six hundred and eighty feet. Many rare paintings are here found, and the celebrated Maximilian coach. In the centre of the Plaza is the Zocalo, where concerts are given on certain days. This is the place to see a most picturesque gathering of the natives of all grades and classes, many of them in striking and attractive costumes, strolling, lolling, and chatting, while listening to the music, which is of a high order, generally performed by the military band.

A select party of gentlemen, standing near by, probably men of leisure, are arrayed for an afternoon stroll, each

with a handsome sombrero of light gray color, made of felt, having a very wide brim, the crown trimmed with silver braid, the brim heavily embroidered with silver thread; a short jacket trimmed with braid, and tight-fitting trousers, studded down the side with glittering silver buttons.

Within a few feet comes the ever-present beggar, one of the pests of Mexico, bareheaded, with trousers that have existed through unnumbered generations, the remnant of which is hardly sufficient to cover one limb, the only other covering to his body consisting of a shirt so tattered as to reveal beneath his dark scaly skin.

The foreigner is a favorite mark for a beggar. He crawls up to you with a groan that would break the heart of a paving-stone, crosses himself, and looks unutterable things. You gladly toss him a *medio* (6¼ cents), and quickly seek a purer atmosphere.

A little farther on a young Mexican girl, whose parents have a stand at the flower-market near by, where the choicest and most exquisitely arranged bouquets can be had at absurdly low prices, stands drinking in the music, while plying her trade among the throng. She well understands the art of selling, in her simple, pretty costume, rather *décolleté*, her head uncovered, her bodice fitting closely to her pretty figure, the short skirt girded closely to the limbs. She was a picture there, with a bunch of crimson and white flowers in her hand, which seemed to blend their delicate tints with her pretty olive complexion—the gentle breeze softly stirring her loosely arranged hair, catching the last brightness of the sun's rays.

We stand admiring the scene, much of which was beautiful, and all was striking and interesting, when our meditation is interrupted by a hollow

whisper in our ear, and, turning, behold another beggar, an old woman. A rapid inventory of her features made our blood stand on end (let us say). Such a countenance, such rags we had never seen. Another *medio*, and we quickly escape.

Sauntering behind come a quartette of Spanish ladies, doubtless of the higher order—the elderly ladies dignified and haughty; the younger ones pretty and graceful. Not all Mexican women are pretty, but certainly many of them render themselves attractive by means best known to themselves. The delicate and refined outlines of their features, the soft tint of their rich complexions, the dreamy expression of their large, dark, quiet eyes, added to great symmetry of form, make them strangely fascinating.

One of the most attractive drives is the Paseo de la Reforma, or Calzada de Chapultepec, laid out under the su-

pervision of Maximilian. It is a spacious avenue, several miles in length, adorned with monuments and statues of high merit; an imposing monument of marble and bronze erected in honor of Christopher Columbus stands out in bold relief against the sky, being one of the most attractive.

At certain distances circular spaces some three hundred feet in diameter, called *Glorietas*, are devoted to monuments. This grand drive leads to the celebrated grove and castle of Chapultepec. The grove, once a swamp, is now overgrown with cedars of magnificent proportions, some of them attaining a size of forty feet in circumference, their mighty limbs fringed with beautiful gray Spanish moss, so abundant there.

The castle occupies a commanding position on a rocky hill considerably above the plain. The President of the republic resides here in princely style, and the National Military School has

its quarters within the walls of the structure. The view from the castle is one of unsurpassed beauty; the city below, the mountains in the distance, the cultivated fields, all aiding to create a panorama of rare beauty.

The return drive late in the afternoon through the noble avenue of trees was most charming. The soft air, fragrant with the breath of the mountain and plain, served to fit us still more to enjoy the scene; the gentle breezes fanned our cheeks, after the heat of the day; the coolness and the twilight seemed to descend like a benediction upon the earth.

Showy equipages, with pretty, laughing women, dashed past us; officers in their gold-braided uniforms and with clanking spurs, riding handsome horses, accompanied by prancing ponies lashed by delicate hands, passed in quick succession. In the distance, reaching up into the skies, stood grave and wor-

shipful the grand volcanoes Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, the former about 17,000 feet high.

Reaching the city by twilight, we enter one of the fashionable restaurants, where are gathered the wealthier Mexicans for dinner. Near at hand are palms and pretty plants, from the midst of which rises a cooling fountain, its sprays of sparkling waters serving to refresh the evening air. Many of the ladies, while sipping their *Media taza café*, gracefully puff sweetly-scented cigarettes held in pretty silver holders.

A walk about the city at night presents many odd scenes; the narrow, crooked streets, with beautiful old balconies overhanging the way, on which whole families assemble clad in airy, light-colored garments, is one of the interesting characteristics. The houses are built of heavy masonry, with stairways of stone, everything being fireproof.

Entering one of them, we find an open courtyard or *patio,* adorned in the centre with statuary, flowers, and a fountain; passing on, we look into the wide-open doorway of another house, occupied by those of the poorer classes. A few earthern pots, two or three large stones on which to grind their corn are visible; near the door is a woman on her knees, grinding corn for *tortillas.* A young girl mixes it with water, pats it into flat, round cakes, and puts it to bake on a stove. We invested in a few, but did not repeat the purchase.

The streets are well guarded at night by police; at the intersection of the streets there stands in the centre a *guardia civil* with a lantern; hence in a sudden emergency, an officer is readily found. In the centre of the city is the Alemada, a beautiful park, with fountains, and walks, and abundant growth of trees and plants. In many parts of the city, even in the better localities,

an unpleasant and unhealthy odor arises. There being no sewers, it is what might be expected.

Churches abound, and we pass them seemingly on every side; their towers and domes clearly outlined against the sky, assist in rendering the scene impressive.

The city was once a collection of nunneries and monasteries, and, while the large gloomy buildings still exist, they are now used for schools and other purposes.

The evening air is soft and pleasant, and we linger in the streets until the clocks notify us that the small hours are near at hand; but this season of the year, called *el extio*—the dry season—makes us feel as though we were sacrificing much to go in-doors and shut out such lovely air. The other season, *la estacion de las aquas*, or the rainy season, comprising the months of June, July, August, and September, is damp and consequently less agreeable.

The City of Mexico

An early morning start brings us first to the flower-market. Whole families seated about are busily engaged in arranging flowers of rare beauty and fragrance. Such a wealth of roses! Their sweet breath has a language more eloquent than words. The flower-girls, with their olive complexions and brilliant eyes of jet, their white teeth, beautiful hair in long braids carelessly swung over well-rounded shoulders, with skirts gathered short to the uncorseted waist, nimbly ply their delicate fingers so rapidly that they weave bouquets as it were by magic, the roses, the lilies, and the forget-me-nots dropping into their places, and forming garlands and wreaths of endless variety.

Then to the market square, near the palace, where a throng of lazy men and loosely-dressed women, with robust voices, implore you to purchase almost every article of household necessity, including fruits and vegetables. Water-

carriers, with their earthen jars slung over their heads, are passing to and fro, delivering the morning supply of water from house to house.

The little burro, that tiny quadruped so necessary to Mexicans, hardly yet awake, is pushed along by his master. The little fellows, in groups of a dozen or more, are loaded down with everything from a chicken to a stove. The slightest laxity on the part of his master, and he stops short to nibble at the nearest thing at hand, be it an old shoe or a tin can. The question was once asked, "Can a burro driver be a Christian?" the answer being, "He might if he tried very hard, but he would have to give up driving burros."

Mexico presents few scenes of intenser interest than the Paseo de la Viga and the canal adjoining it; it is well worth the ride in the horse-cars to visit it, especially during Holy Week. The journey is one of unbroken interest.

The dignified Mexican lady and her two daughters opposite to us in the cars puff their cigarettes with an air of elegance as though they knew they were doing the correct thing; the Mexican gentleman near by holds his pretty baby as she plays with and pulls at the vicious-looking revolver suspended at his side; while his well-powdered wife chats with a bedecked officer.

Following us, on the same track, comes an open car, painted black and hung with mourning; in the centre, elevated on a narrow platform, in full view, is a coffin—a hearse, indeed, on its sad errand.

Approaching the more sparsely settled districts, bands of goats are seen nibbling among cacti and thorny plants. These animals are reared in large numbers through the whole country for their tallow, the milk being little used; a good fat goat yielding about ten pounds of tallow; hence the poorer

classes derive a revenue of some consequence from breeding the animal.

On the larger estates—*haciendas*—these animals, as well as sheep, which are also largely bred for their tallow, rather than the wool, which is inferior, are reared in immense herds; also cattle, mules, and horses; herds of 8000 and 10,000 are often seen on one estate. The *vaqueros*, or herdsmen, who live among the herds, are probably the most daring horsemen in the world.

We have now arrived at the Paseo de la Viga and the canal of the same name running parallel with it. The scene is a busy one. The Aztec boatmen are bringing in on their flat-bottomed boats or canoes, from the so-called floating islands, the vegetables for the market.

Scores of Indians are there, with rafts on which is constructed an awning. We hire one; and reclining on the bottom, the Indian skilfully "poles"

it up the stream as he chants a tune, doubtless of his own composition. Canoes are shooting in every direction, some loaded with vegetables, others with human freight.

The *chinampas* or floating islands are really a thing of the past, but the sail through the narrow canals cut in the marshy soil, where fruits, vegetables, and flowers grow abundantly, is enchanting. Some of the canoes are gaily ornamented, some have mandolin players, the delicate music blending sweetly with the ripple of the water as the canoes dart back and forth.

Along the banks the natives in their picturesque costumes are gathered in large numbers. It is Holy Week, and many are making a holiday of it; some are indulging in their favorite drink, *pulque*, others in *orchata*, *chia*, and other Mexican beverages; all are smoking as usual; the lottery-ticket vender pleadingly urges you to buy, as he or

she thrusts a ticket into your face; the children are assisting in the babel by vigorously twirling the *matracas*, a rattle producing a shrill sound intended to represent and ridicule the cries of the Jews, "Crucify Him," as they followed Christ to His death.

Beyond is the *Euramada*, a long arbor-like summer-house, under which is playing the military band, the music being of rare excellence. The technical brilliancy, the deft gradation of tonal coloring, the intensity of feeling with which it was rendered was indeed alluring.

The spacious avenue, bordered with trees, presented a scene that few cities can surpass in point of brilliancy; elegant carriages of every variety, drawn by spirited horses in richest harness, rolled briskly along; equestrians of all ages, seated on saddles, which in many cases are studded with buttons of gold, dash past, a glistening

revolver being in most cases a conspicuous part of their "get-up." With hardly an exception all are superior riders, possessing grace and dash rarely seen elsewhere.

We return by another route, driving over a shaded road, the fierce rays of the sun at times, however, penetrating the abundant foliage, scorching us in spots. The adobe one-story houses of the poorer classes were dotted along the roadside; the laborers were having their usual midday *siesta* of about three hours, and few were visible. By the roadside flowed a stream—careless and indolent, it seemed to love the country and was in no haste to reach its destination; a few children were wading and playing in the cool water, while seated on the bank, about preparing for a bath, and engaged in earnest conversation, were two women in nature's broadcloth; they seemed quite indifferent to our presence.

During the afternoon we witnessed one of the strangest customs of this strange country—the burning of the *Judases*; figures as large as life, representing Judas Iscariot, were perched up on poles, and in many instances strung across the street from house to house, filled with firecrackers and other noisy explosives, and amid the shouts of the people and the ear-piercing rattle of the *matracas*, these images are exploded and burned, creating a wild scene.

The theatres are more numerous than attractive. We sat for ten hours witnessing the celebrated "Passion Play." Families having boxes brought along the babies as well as the family dogs. They had their lunch-baskets, and parents as well as the older children smoked cigarettes, all the while witnessing the play, which certainly was most impressive and solemn, and a large number were seemingly deeply affected by it.

The suburb of Guadalupe contains the most celebrated sanctuary in the republic, built in 1622, costing some $800,000; the railing extending from the choir to the altar is of pure solid silver. The origin of its erection was told us by an aged Mexican, who smiled as though he mistrusted our believing it.

"An old Indian, named Juan Diego, once saw in a rainbow the figure of a woman; she told him she was the Virgin, and that he must go to the Bishop, state what he had seen, and say that she desired a temple built on the hill near by; she ordered him to pluck some flowers from a barren rock, where none had previously grown; he did as he was commanded, but at first the Bishop paid no heed to him, and in turning away the Indian dropped the flowers, when the Bishop suddenly fell prostrate on seeing the image of the blessed Virgin seemingly painted on

the cloak of the Indian." This cloak, with the image of the Virgin, is seen in the temple; ribbons, showing the size of the Virgin's head, are sold at the door.

The small chapel in the rear, and the cemetery are full of interest. Our antiquated informant solemnly ushered us around the cemetery, explaining points of interest. On some tombstones was carved the word "*Perpetuidad.*" These, he explained, meant that the families owned the plot and the monuments for ever, paying for such the sum of $250. A payment of $100 secured the plot and monument to the purchaser for a period of six years, after which time the plot as well as the monument or tombstone could be resold to others. Small altars, candles, lamps, and trinkets adorn many of the graves.

We do not attempt a description of the museum, where pictures of rare

merit of the old masters can be seen. Again the *Sacrificial stone*, on which thousands and tens of thousands of human beings have been sacrificed, their still pulsating hearts being cut out, while the red blood of the victims streamed down the deep gutters cut in the stone for that purpose.

Our last evening was devoted to a ride in the country. The warm though beautiful day had a fit closing in one of the most glowing sunsets that ever brightened earth. We rode away over the roads that had grown hard under the tread of generations, leaving behind us the throngs that hasten endlessly through the crowded city. The busy crowds—what restlessness, what fruitless ambitions, fainting hopes, desperate despair, hold the brains of these creatures.

The fresh, green fields of nature seem to rest us. The broad expanse of country, the sweep of mountains

wrought in noble beauty, made harmony for the soul. The crescent moon was set like a silver signet in the sky, and shadows lay minutely pencilled on the turf below. There was a transparent stillness in the air which it seemed unholy to disturb, guarded as we were by the ever-living stars, which were twinkling high in the sky.

Bull-Fighting in Mexico.

An Unnatural and Degrading Amusement —Morbid Blood thirstiness of Spectators —Sickening Sights—An Illustration of the Power of Kindness.

BULL-FIGHTING, a remnant of barbarism, still exists in Mexico. Not being permitted within the city proper, the bull-ring has been placed just six feet outside the city limits, and here is the Plaza de Toros del Huisachal, where the best bull-fighting occurs.

The drive out through the beautiful avenue, Paseo de la Reforma, presents an opportunity to study the various grades of the Mexican populace. Few private equipages were visible, but hired cabs, hacks, and every kind of vehicle were brought into requisition, while the

roads and pathways were crowded with throngs of the lowest and dirtiest of pedestrians, from the ten-year-old boy and girl to the infirm and aged, all hurrying breathless and perspiring to the exciting scene. Arriving at the Plaza de Toros, a struggling mass of humanity is excitedly rushing for tickets and seats.

The bull-ring is a large, circular, wooden building, roofless, with seats arranged like an amphitheatre, the rear ones and most elevated being private boxes—*lumbreras*—the prices for them ranging from four to eight dollars; the seats are classified according to their relative position to the sun—the *entrada general á sombra*, or general admission to the shady side, being one dollar, and the *entrada general á sol* to the sunny side being thirty-seven and a half cents. The arena is large, nearly twice the size of an ordinary circus-ring.

Outside of the arena, and extending

the entire distance around, is a strong board fence some six feet in height, creating a space of some five feet between the ring and the front or lowest row of seats. This is necessary as a protection to the spectators, should the bull leap over the side of the ring, which he frequently does. Inside the ring, at equal distances, are placed screens, leaving sufficient space only for the body of a man between them and the side wall of the ring ; these are resorted to as places of refuge by the bull-fighters, when too closely pursued by the bull in his madness. The amphitheatre is said to hold about twelve thousand people.

The crowd, to the number of at least ten thousand, soon fill the amphitheatre ; yells and shouts and the jabbering of the mixed crowd fill the air, and "Toros," "Toros," is heard on every side. A wilder and more restless assemblage can hardly be conceived.

We were allowed a private view of the bulls before the fighting began, and we bravely looked through the cracks of the enclosure in which they were separately corralled. They were huge creatures, with restless, sullen eyes, and horns of ugly preportions, seemingly shaped for the purposes of goring. Returning to our *lumbrera*, situated next to the judge's, we seated ourselves as the time approached.

The band strikes up a stirring march at the blast of a bugle from the judge's box, the heavy gates are thrown open —all eyes are turned—here come the *toreadores*, bull-fighters, in the *Salida de la Quadrilla*, dressed in fancy brilliant-colored costumes, spangles glittering in the sun, like so many diamonds.

All are bareheaded, with the exception of the *matadores*; they wear short round-about velvet jackets, some black, some of crimson and other glaring colors, knee-breeches, white stockings,

and low shoes or slippers. Short cloaks, trimmed with gold lace and braid, carelessly thrown over their shoulders, complete their costumes.

They march forward to the time of a quickstep, foremost being the *matadores*, those who kill the bull with a sword, the heroes of the day, then the *banderilleros*, who thrust the cruel iron-barbed darts into the neck of the animal; next the *capas*, who tease the bull with gayly colored cloths, followed by the *picadores* riding on horses, spear in hand, with which to torture the maddened beast, the horses being blindfolded to prevent their fleeing when the bull charges them; finally come six richly harnessed mules, three abreast, with jingling bells; these are to drag out the carcasses of the dead.

They march around the ring to the cheers of the multitude, and, halting before the judge's box, the *matador* looks up to receive his orders. A few

words in Spanish, and the bull-fighters distribute themselves around the ring, while the mules are conducted back to their quarters. A pause here occurs, the previously tumultuous crowd settling into silence.

The exciting moment has arrived. All eyes turn to the judge's stand—he rises, and blows a shrill blast on the bugle. The creaking sound of the rusty hinges alone breaks the silence, as the heavy gates swing open—ten thousand pairs of eyes are fixed on that spot.

A hasty glance at that sea of faces revealed a sight never to be forgotten; nervous expectant excitement was depicted on every face, some pale, others flushed, but all intent on one thing. Another moment's delay, and in dashed a huge black bull, his head high in the air, his eyes flashing fire. He pauses a moment, lashing his sides in fury with his tail, while pawing the ground as he

looks about him, seemingly puzzled at the sight, as the red cloths are tauntingly shaken at him.

From his back gay-colored streamers are flying to the breeze; these are a portion of a huge rosette which is attached to a large hook, and as the bull enters the arena a man reaches over the side fence and plunges the hook into the animal's back, the pain caused thereby serving to increase the fury of the already excited beast.

The band strikes up a brilliant waltz, silence gives place to intense excitement, and amid the urgent yells and calls of the crowd to the *capas*, they menacingly run forward, and, as the breeze catches the bright-colored cloths, the bull lowers his head, and tossing his tail wildly in the air, he charges on the nearest one at hand—the *capa* skilfully jumps to one side, leaving the cloth suspended on the horns of the bull. Tossing it off, he makes a rush

for another of his tormentors in the centre of the ring; so quick was he, however, that the fleeing bull-fighter reached the screen a few inches only ahead of the infuriated beast, and saved himself by taking refuge behind it.

The other *capas*, seeing the peril of their fellow, rushed after the bull, yelling and waving their cloaks to distract him; the animal, quickly turning, and seeing himself encircled, made a desperate charge, chasing them pell-mell across the ring, most of them clambering desperately and ungracefully over the side; but one fellow, less agile than the rest, was caught on the horns of the bull and hurled violently over into the front row of the audience, the small boys scrambling away vigorously to make room as they beheld the new arrival approaching. The fellow, being caught in his side, was badly injured.

While being carried out amidst the cheers of the crowd, a number of silver

dollars and smaller bits of money were thrown to him.

A moment later a *picador*, spear in hand, driving his spurs into the sides of his horse, dashed across the arena, amid the cheers of ten thousand voices. At first the bull seemed inclined to retreat, and apparently was about doing so, when the *picador* swiftly thrust his sharp spear into him, a stream of blood trickling down the side of the perspiring animal.

The eyes of the bull rolled viciously, he savagely tore up the ground with his forefeet, and lashing his tail, he lowered his huge head for a charge; gathering himself, he made one desperate plunge, sending his horns into the body of the poor horse, lifting horse and rider for an instant clear into the air.

The horse fell on his side, the *picador* partly under him; but quickly extricating himself, he sought shelter behind a screen near at hand. The bull, with

bloodshot eyes, drew back as though looking for the *picador*, and, seemingly not knowing just where to wreak his vengeance, again rushed at the horse, tearing a yawning gap in his side, from which his entrails protruded. The terrified, suffering horse struggled to his feet and ran a dozen yards, but quickly sank to the ground, trembling with fear and pain—a sickening sight indeed; he ceased to move in a few moments.

Another shrill bugle blast from the judge's stand, and the *banderilleros* come forward for their part of the sport. They each hold two long sharp barbs, decorated with gayly-colored streamers. Bowing to the judge, upon a signal from him, they advance to the centre of the ring, holding aloft the barbs while advancing towards the bull. The already furious beast needs little aggravation to battle, and with lowered head he makes a furious onslaught,

receiving in each shoulder one of the barbs, which the practised hand swiftly and surely thrusts several inches deep into the quivering flesh.

A thrust into the shoulder of a bull, however infuriated, invariably causes him to pause in his charge, and hence, if the *banderillero* is successful in planting the barbs in the correct spot, he has time to escape, but the feat requires him to come in dangerous proximity to the horns of the bull.

Again the other *banderillero* runs forward, and amid the yells of delight and approval of the now over-wild multitude, he thrusts two more darts into the bleeding animal, which feat is repeated until the poor brute is decorated with half-a-dozen or more of these emblems of barbarity.

The maddened, bewildered, wounded bull now stands in the centre of the ring, with blood oozing from a dozen wounds. He bellows loudly in his

frenzy, paws the ground, and looks around at his tireless tormentors.

With an evident effort he again charges with a rush, as the crowd shouts with delight and the band plays its gayest strain; almost crazy, and dizzy from the loss of blood he rushes wildly across the ring, and in desperation leaps over the fence. His hind feet catching, he lands in a heap—the audience in that neighborhood quickly scatter; but the danger is slight on account of the high protecting fence. The bull-fighters quickly drive him out again into the ring, and after more teasing and tormenting the sound of the judge's bugle causes them to cease.

The gates swing open, the *picadores* retire, and one of the *matadores*—neither of whom thus far has taken any part in the sport—presents himself before the judge's stand, holding in his left hand a sharp pointed sword about three feet long. A brief command from the

judge, he lifts his broad-brimmed sombrero and vigorously sends it twirling into the centre of the ring—displaying a head of black hair, closely cropped, with the exception of the centre of the back of the head, where it is permitted to grow to a length of about six inches, this being tied up with a ribbon resembling closely a pig-tail as it stands out from the head. This is the insignia of most of the famous *matadores*.

An attendant hands the *matador* a small flaming red cloth, and he now advances to the bull. He is of medium size, a man apparently with muscles of steel and nerves like electricity. Eyes of jet, quick as lightning, ever on the alert and accurately correct, well-poised on his limbs, he steps forward to his dangerous task with a delightful air of confidence.

Not every man with mere strength and courage can be a *matador*; it requires, in addition to these other

characteristics, calm, cool judgment at a certain very critical moment. When the bull charges on a dead run, he must stand his ground until the horns of the beast are within two feet of his breast, and at that perilous moment elevate his long sword, and with a single thrust sink it into the spot where it cuts the pulsating heart of the animal; a moment's miscalculation, and his own life may be sacrificed.

The other bull-fighters retire to one side, leaving the arena largely to the *matador* and the bull. The music stops, and silence prevails. The red shawl is swung back and forth towards the bull, who stands across the ring with lowered head, panting and bleeding from many wounds.

The keen-edged sword of the *matador* glistens as he elevates it preparatory to giving the *coup de grâce*. He advances coolly but cautiously, his eyes riveted on the bull, who, a moment

later, tossing his head, comes crashing forward, straight for the *matador*, who remains transfixed to the spot with his sword raised. The horns of the bull are just grazing the breast of the *matador*, whose gleaming steel descends like a streak of lightning, burying it to the hilt into the quivering flesh, and the bull, as if shot, drops to the ground, amid howls of delight from the multitude, while the music bursts forth in a lively strain.

For a few moments the *matador*, who stands as a hero, is showered with glittering coin and bundles of cigars, tokens of approval from his bloodthirsty admirers.

Jingling bells announce the approach of the mules, who are driven in and quickly attached to the horns of the bull, and, making one circle of the ring, they bear away the carcass that a few moments before so proudly entered the arena the ideal of a noble animal.

The bulls used at the exhibition were bred for the purpose at some distance from any habitation, and had rarely seen a human being. Seven of them were killed; some of them almost declining to fight until goaded up to the point.

Two handsome animals declined charging the *matador*, thus depriving him of the opportunity of giving the *coup de grâce*, hence the *cachetero* was called upon, who, when the bull is rather exhausted and weak, runs up behind him and thrusts a small dagger in the nape of the neck just above the spinal column, when the animal drops dead on the instant. During the various fights three horses were ripped open and disembowelled, a painful sight excepting to one thoroughly heartless.

During the afternoon some Mexicans were constantly addressing foul epithets toward some of the *capas*, whose actions they disapproved. Being remonstrated

with by a *guardia civil*, one quickly drew his revolver and discharged it at him, fortunately hitting no one. He fled on being pursued, when the officer quickly drew a lariat, and, with marvellous skill, lassoed him, and in the space of a few seconds wound the cord about him, binding the prisoner as though he were in a strait-jacket, picked him up, and bore him off.

The dead carcasses of the bulls are sold at high figures to the butchers, the meat being considered enriched by the increased activity of the blood just before being killed.

The whole exhibition was painful and even sickening. The killed and maimed horses, the noble bull—a bovine monarch—to be thus cruelly used to pander to the lowest taste of the most depraved, made us feel as though in the progress of civilization the time must be near at hand when such exhibitions will be a thing of the past.

Bull-Fighting in Mexico

The power of kindness over animals has been frequently illustrated, but never more clearly than by the following incident which occurred in Spain some years ago, an account of which the writer recalls.

Notice had been posted on all the public places that on a certain day the bull called "El Moro" (the Moor) would be introduced into the arena, and that when he should have been goaded to the uttermost fury, a young girl would appear and reduce the animal to quiet subjection.

The people of Cadiz had heard of "El Moro" as the most magnificent bull ever brought into the city, and it soon became known that the girl thus advertised to appear in so strange and daring a part was a peasant girl of Espara, who had petted the bull and fed it and cared for it during the years of its growth.

On the appointed day, as might be

expected, the vast amphitheatre was filled to overflowing with an anxious, eager crowd. Bulls had been killed and dragged away, and then the flourish of trumpets announced the coming of the hero of the day.

With a deep, terrific roar "El Moro" entered upon the scene. He was truly magnificent—black and glossy, with eyes of fire, dilating nostrils, and wicked-looking horns. The *picadors* attacked him warily, and hurled their *banderillos* (small dart-like javelins, ornamented with ribbons, and intended to goad and infuriate).

The bull had killed three horses off-hand, and had received eight *banderillos* in his neck and shoulders, when, upon a given signal, the *picadores* and *matadores* suddenly withdrew, leaving the infuriated beast alone in his wild paroxysm of wrath.

Presently a soft, musical note, like the piping of a lark, was heard, and di-

rectly afterward a girl, not more than fifteen years of age, with the tasteful garb of an Andalusian peasant, and with a pretty face, sprang lightly into the arena, approaching the bull fearlessly, at the same time calling his name, "Moro! Moro! Ya voy!"

At the first sound of the sweet voice the animal had ceased his fury and turned toward the place whence it came, and when he saw the girl he plainly manifested pleasure. She came to his head and put forth her hand, which he licked with his tongue.

Then she sang a low, sweet song, at the same time caressing the animal by patting him on the forehead, and while she sang the suffering monarch kneeled at her feet. Then she stooped and gently removed the cruel *banderillos*, after which, with her arms around "El Moro's" neck, she led him toward the gate of the *torril.*

A Rocky-Mountain Picture.

Winter Scenes among the Glaciers of the Selkirks in British Columbia.

THE mad torrent, swollen by the snows of a thousand hills, sweeps down with turbid waves, like a falling ocean, in a mass of milk-like foam, tossing about with impetuous force great cakes of ice and heavy logs, shooting them through the rocky clefts as though urged on by demon hands.

The falling snow, lashed into fury by the rude wind, drifts into fantastic forms as it lodges on decayed stumps of old trees and on the jagged rocks, while huge dome-like piles of snow constantly confront us, rendering our task of travel not an easy one. The great forest of trees, many of mammoth proportions, are clothed from root to branches with

OUR HUNTING PARTY RETURNING TO CAMP

(*From Photograph*)

a veneering of glistening ice, producing an effect of startling beauty.

As we work our way up the narrow cañons, cut like enormous trenches through the solid rock—oftentimes wading neck-deep through the soft snow—icicles of gigantic proportions, like inverted church steeples, hang from dizzy heights above us. Occasionally a thrilling sound falls on the ear, as one of these monsters, unable to sustain its own great weight, breaks from its place, and plunges into unknown depths, bearing with it everything it touches, the great rocks about us serving as so many sounding-boards to intensify the sound.

Ascending some of the higher points, vast snow-fields are before us, peak after peak rears its white head far in the distance, deep black gorges frown in their ugliness near by. About us stand the mountains in their majestic holy stillness, held in the relentless embrace

of the mighty glaciers. Frequently the deep thundering sound of an avalanche is heard, and we cautiously examine our standing-ground.

Pushing on, small glaciers are visible on all sides, winding their way down through the mountain ravines. Ahead of us one of the grandest glaciers of the Selkirks is visible, pronounced by some to be several hundred feet in depth—a sea of ice slowly working its course to the valley below, doing battle with and conquering huge rocks on its way.

Here we see enormous slabs of clear green ice, as big as the side of a house, tumbled together, some standing erect, like immense gravestones. Now we are startled by a sharp crackling sound which resounds through the mountains, as some large bulk of ice topples over, or settles deeper in its place.

One may read for a lifetime and form

no conception of such scenes as here present themselves; cold type cannot reproduce them or do them justice.

Turning from the impressive grandeur of this enormous field of ice, the eye wanders off to the "snow-masses" of the wild mountains. The ever changing effect of light and shadow on these snowy peaks and the great white amphitheatre are before us, the ensemble forming a wilderness of solitude. We stand and gaze on the entrancing scene so silent and lonely.

This is the home of the big-horn sheep, the mountain goat and the bear, while deer and wapiti are found in plenty farther down. Far below on the mountain trail a band of Indians are jogging along on snow-shoes over the deep snow, swaying, in their usual shuffling gait, with the uniformity of a single man.

In another direction we have a faint glimpse of the small but turbulent

glacier-fed Illicilliwaet River, the glacial mud tingeing it a peculiar pea-green color; high above and beyond are glacial mountains heaped against the sky.

Before returning a blaze of sunlight breaks through a rift in the clouds, scattering them, presenting a scene indescribably grand, the vividly blue sky as a background, the white clouds hovering about on their shadowy wings, the sea of ice in varied colors glistening and shining like so many prisms, the panorama of mountain, the whole concourse of whitened peaks reflecting the brilliancy, the frosted trees which catch the sunshine on their icy coats, the soft, white snow sparkling in its freshness—all contribute to the glory of the picture.

The wind has died away, as though its office was now completed; calmness pervades the landscape; we are shut away with nature, so near that we can

almost feel the throbbing of her mighty heart. Here she is at home.

As the sun begins to sink, universal silence reigns; all is still save the faint sound of the unseen torrent we had left behind. Nature is at rest.

The Queen of the Antilles.

I.

Approaching Cuba—The City of Havana and Its Harbor—Morro Castle—Street Scenes in a Tropical City—The Old Cathedral with its Tomb of Christopher Columbus—Holy Week and Its Impressive Ceremonies.

THE blue and brilliant sea was sleeping beneath a cloudless sky as we skirted the Florida coast; the warm southern sun flooded the long sandy shore, which glistened like polished steel, till it soon became a thread-like line almost lost against the horizon. We were approaching the end of our voyage, after a rather tumultuous passage.

With the exception of a few heroines who unflinchingly defied the aromatic soups, tussled bravely with enticing

tongue, and courageously explored the mysteries of pastry opulent with unquestioned mince-meat, all the ladies vanished from sight soon after leaving port. They now all reappeared on deck like so many chirping birds after a storm, looking prettier and happier for their rest. The gentlemen, with cigar or pipe, were sunning themselves, spinning yarns, or intent over newspapers several days old.

A group were gathered in another part of the deck devoting themselves to trolling. After hauling in a fair mess of the finny tribe, the stout line commenced to jerk, growing taut and slack alternately. It was apparent that some big fellow had swallowed the red-flannel bait, and, disgusted with the deception, was frantically endeavoring to liberate itself. All hands laid hold, when, after a hard pull, there floundered on deck, surrounded by an admiring crowd, a huge green and gold-tinted dolphin;

its beautiful color, however, quickly faded after being exposed to the air.

The chief officer, with the traditional pipe in the starboard corner of his mouth, was being catechised as to the exact time we would reach our destination, and a host of other necessary interrogations. The snow-white seagulls, "gleaners of the sea," were wheeling gracefully overhead or resting on the quiet water. So the hours pass, and the sunshiny day steals into twilight. We sit and enjoy the delicious semi-tropical air, as one by one the ever-faithful stars break out through the darkened sky, until the whole heavens are spotted with "golden tears," which men call "stars."

Early morning found us on deck; ahead of us lay "The Queen of the Antilles." The morning was warm and vapory, a struggle was going on between the mist and the rising sun, and our straining eyes only beheld blurred out-

lines of surrounding objects. But the mists were already ascending, and soon the old fort "Castillo del Morro" ("Morro Castle") stands out before us in strong relief, grim and hoar, seeming as if it had taken root on the bold cliff, while farther on we see the "Castillo la Cabaña," with its fortifications on the "Heights of la Cabaña."

Our steamer had no sooner made fast to its buoy in the harbor (few, if any vessels, except those carrying the Spanish flag, going to the wharfs), than we were surrounded by a fleet of boats, hotel runners, and swarthy-skinned native boatmen (*quadaños*), who by their lusty yells endeavored to capture us as passengers. The health officer having satisfied himself that all was right, we deposited ourselves in one of the small boats, which in color, and the style of its canopied awning, resembled somewhat a gondola, and quickly pointed for the shore.

The city of Havana, with a population of about 250,000, is situated upon a tongue of land, the head of which is protected by the two forts previously referred to. The streets of the city impress one as being inconveniently narrow; the distance between the curbs is about twenty feet, with sidewalks three feet in width, being constructed thus to avoid the rigor of the sun; in some places large awnings are stretched across the street from house to house.

Two of the principal thoroughfares, O'Reilly and Obispo Streets, are so narrow that a city ordinance requires vehicles to pass up one street and down the other, excepting in cases where parties have to stop frequently. Small victorias, to the number of about five thousand, fairly overrun the city, driven in a manner wild and reckless; accidents are of frequent occurrence.

People drive in them on the slightest provocation, rates being very low, forty

cents in Spanish paper money (equal to about eighteen cents American money) for any continuous trip within the city limits. The horses are puny, miserable-looking creatures, but rarely fall or seem to tire. The drivers are an iniquitous-looking lot, dirty, as are often their carriages, the odor of cigarette smoke seeming to envelop the whole establishment.

The hotels are large and airy, with marble-tiled floors and stairways; both the walls and ceilings being painted in bright, cool-looking colors. My bedroom, with a ceiling from fifteen to twenty feet high, looked out on an inner open court; the clear sky above was refreshing to the eye, but from the yard below an unsavory odor arose. For an extended period in the past, the various occupants of the rooms on the court must have contributed their share of banana-peels, cigar stumps, and general rubbish, all of which was now

festering in the sun. Here at night assembled the Spanish cats of the neighborhood to make their tender confessions, in true operatic style, upward through the whole chromatic scale.

The theatres are not attractive to one accustomed to those in the "States"; they look bare and uninviting. A visit to one of them of medium grade proved of interest. Reserved seats are sold either for the entire performance, or can be had for each separate act, an intermission of fifteen minutes between each act affording time to purchase tickets.

The ballet was the prominent feature, and for those fond of that style of entertainment it must have thorougly satisfied them. The theatre was packed; at each side of the stage stood a *policia* in his untidy uniform.

The curtain ascended, disclosing to view a picturesque grouping of fairies in draperies that looked as though they

had been spun from the substance of dreams. Behind them, in the habiliments of a king, stood a repulsive-looking creature, with a bovine countenance, one who looked as though he would tackle a circular saw without flinching, apparently thus placed to bring out to better advantage the fair performers.

In the centre of the stage appeared a huge lily; as the orchestra launched forth into a thrilling waltz, the fairy queen emerged from the flower, her form rising like a tremulous evening star. She had a fetching dimple in her chin, and a smile for all. Her toilette commenced rather late, and ended very soon.

Noiseless as a feather or a snowflake falls, she touches the ground; her sylph-like form glides through the air, her footsteps falling as lightly as a sunbeam on the water, the floor seeming to bend and wave beneath her; a scarf

floated about her, as though she was resting on a cloud.

" With complexion like the rose
'Mid the snows,
Due to powder on her nose,
We suppose,
She twirls upon her toes
In abbreviated clothes,
And exhibits spangled hose
To the beaux."

The audience of pale-faced, excitable Cubans arose from their seats, showering her with all manner of Spanish compliments, growing wild with enthusiasm. Sitting through a single act in clouds of cigarette smoke quite satisfied our curiosity.

The Cathedral, the foundation of which was laid in 1656, and completed sixty-eight years later, is of Gothic and Latin architecture. It contains the tomb of Christopher Columbus, whose ashes lie in a vault of the Cathedral.

As is well known, at the ripe old age

of seventy-one he died in 1506, in Valladolid, Spain, where he was buried with great funeral pomp. In 1513 his remains were transported to a convent at Seville, and deposited in the chapel of Santa Christo; again in 1536 they were removed to Hispaniola, and interred in the Cathedral of the city of San Domingo. On the cession of Hispaniola to the French in 1795, the Spaniards, valuing his remains as precious relics, connected with the greatest epoch in Spanish history, determined to bring them to Cuba, and on December 20, 1795, in the presence of dignitaries of the Church, also civil and military officials, the vault was opened.

Finding the fragments of a leaden coffin, a number of bones, and a quantity of mould, they were carefully collected, placed in a leaden case, secured by an iron lock, this again being enclosed in a velvet-covered casket. Amid

chanting of masses, booming of artillery, and an imposing procession, the remains were conducted to the ship.

On the arrival in Havana, they were received with great ceremony, and conveyed to the Cathedral, being deposited at the side of the grand altar. Thus at the very port from which three hundred years previous he had been carried off, loaded with ignominious chains, and apparently blasted in fame and fortune, his ashes were now received with august, impressive solemnity and devout respect.

At the side of the altar is a bust in relief of the great man, with a tablet bearing the inscription:

" Oh ! restos e imagen del quande Colon
Mil siglos durad, guardados en la urna
Y en la remembranza de nuestra nacion."

" Oh ! remains and image of the great Colon
A thousand years endure, preserved in this urn
And in remembrance of our nation."

II.

Holy Week in Havana—Impressive Procession—Charming Drives and Tropical Scenes—Importunate Beggars.

BEING a holy day, a grand mass was being celebrated in the Cathedral. The Captain-General and his suite attended, arrayed in their gaudy uniforms, the former coming in his carriage with attendants in red and gold livery. The lady worshippers in many cases wore evening costumes, silks, satins, and laces being in profusion. The organ with its golden lips breathed forth the sweetest anthems, their melody echoing through the great arches.

During the afternoon a procession occurred, composed of the military and priesthood. The narrow streets were thronged with a living mass of humanity in holiday attire.

First came the military, a loose-looking lot of men, many of the regiments in linen uniforms, and generally untidy, with arms reversed, and hands clasped in front; they marched however fairly well.

Following them came boys in long black gowns marching in single file, each one bearing before him an emblem of the Crucifixion. The first lad held aloft a cross, followed by another, about twenty feet in the rear, bearing three nails, again another with a spear, another a ladder, the next a sponge, the last one carrying a crown of thorns.

Following came priests with candles, their eyes cast upon the ground, and, with the slow, measured step and solemn music, the scene was indeed impressive, as the platform bearing a life-size recumbent figure of the dead Christ followed.

The final scene in the procession was a life-size figure of St. Catherine, dressed

in a purple velvet gown of rather modern style, standing erect on a platform borne by a number of barefooted negroes. Unfortunately, through a mis-step of one of the bearers, the platform tilted, and the figure suddenly took a plunge headlong into the street, remaining for a few moments in a position, to say the least, decidedly undignified. After some difficulty and persuasion, she was prevailed upon to resume her original position, and thus ended the procession.

The Prado, the main avenue of the city, with its promenade of three miles, is adorned on either side with Indian laurel trees, and is one of the conspicuous attractions of the city. In the centre of the Paseo is the park, in which stands a statue of Isabella la Cattolica, by the sculptor Vega. A mob overthrew the statue on her expulsion from Spain, it being reinstated however when her son Alfonso XII.

ascended the throne. During the evening the military band frequently plays here, when the display of carriages and citizens is very imposing.

The cafés facing the park are a feature of the city, and are crowded every night, the gentry appearing to make them their chief rendezvous. The most fashionable of these resorts, the Grand Café del Louvre, is very spacious, with lofty ceilings; its wide doors open on the street almost as though no wall intervened. Here assemble the more select to chat while sipping their cooling drinks, and wafting circles of sweet-scented smoke from choice cigarettes.

Wines are cheap in Havana, hence of course it has been decided that the water is not good! Claret, beer, and mineral waters are largely used by all classes.

The climate of Cuba is very uniform; the mean temperature of the year at

Havana is 77° Fahr. The coldest day is about 60°, the warmest being seldom above 90°. The rainy season is from May to November; the dry season, called *la seca*, prevailing in winter.

The dwelling-houses are mostly built of calcareous stone, upon which the island itself rests, being generally two stories high, with very thick walls; the windows of the first floor being nearly on a level with the street are protected with iron bars, having solid wooden shutters inside; hence, when the occupants of these apartments desire air and light, it exposes them to the gaze of every inquisitive passer-by; a few of the finer houses, only, having the shutters panelled with glass.

One large double front door serves as an entrance for the occupants of the dwellings, as also for horses and carriages; it is generally adorned by a massive knocker. As the huge door swings open, a broad marble-lined pas-

sage-way is before you; the house is arranged in the hollow-square plan.

In the homes of the wealthier class, the variegated marble walls and stairs polished to a high degree, present a rich appearance. Much of the finer marble used is quarried from the "Isla de Pinos," an island about seventy miles southwest of Cuba.

Many parts of the city are rendered offensive by foul odors, the houses in many cases being drained by open surface sewers; the refuse and decayed matter are washed into the gutters, from which there arises a loathsome vapor.

As in most Spanish cities, beggars are numerous, and impudently importunate; the last day of the week they come forth with special energy to ply their vocation, it being recognized as "beggars' day." Old women, thin and emaciated, in reckless costumes, glide up to you, and after emitting a cloud

of smoke from the mutilated stump of a cigar, pour forth a volley of Spanish gibberish; the only way to quiet them being either to toss them a bit of silver, or hurl back a current of English with a rapidity equal to their own style, this latter mode being generally very effective in its results.

Where beggars are so numerous it is difficult to sift the wheat from the chaff. Blind, diseased, and distressedly crippled creatures crawl from behind posts and trees with a hollow whisper, some seeking alms, others offering cigars for sale, three for five "pull-hards," also lottery tickets.

The Cuban and Spanish gentlemen, as a class, are pale and delicate in appearance. It has been said "that he who drinks beer, thinks beer, and he who drinks wine, thinks wine"; as a nation of inveterate smokers, their dreams must surely end in smoke.

Beautiful women are a rarity in

Havana; with a few exceptions, they are pale and unattractive; they powder their faces excessively, rendering them a chalky whiteness. Some of the young girls, before they have reached the powdering age, are very pretty.

Visiting a flower garden a short distance from the city, a young girl, about eighteen years of age, came out to greet us. A rare beauty she was, with a complexion of richest olive tint, well-rounded cheeks of delicate pink, large lustrous eyes, overshadowed by long lashes, while from her shapely ears hung ear-rings of expansive circles; as she stood near the porch of her humble home, the sunbeams played around her head like a halo. She was indeed a picture.

A drive to one of the country villas a few miles from the city afforded us an opportunity to view the luxuriant tropical scenes for which the island is so justly celebrated. The graceful

palmettos, which bordered the road through which we drove, waved their giant leaves, as though beckoning us with their long fingers to this paradise of flowers. The grounds were prolific with countless varieties of the palm, and brilliant flowers, while profusely distributed on every side were banana, cocoa-nut, orange, lemon, olive, and other tropical products.

Havana has its "bull-ring" and "cock-pits," both of which amusements occur on Sunday. Like in all Spanish countries, the natives never seem to weary of the stirring scenes they present, and patronize them liberally.

To those partial to a tropical climate, living in Havana has many attractions. The natives rise early, and in the freshness of the soft, balmy air take their coffee and roll; the military band frequently plays about seven A.M., and in the still air its melody can be heard at a considerable distance.

Business is attended to until breakfast at eleven o'clock, after which one returns to remain until the hour for dinner, any time from four to five o'clock, after which he rides, drives, or seeks the café during the cool of the evening.

It is an easy matter to get into Cuba, but the facilities for leaving the island are fraught with vexations, even if possessing a passport. We had our passports, and on presenting them when applying for return steamer tickets, a young man, with a low-neck vest, and a collar that looked tired, leisurely brushed the ashes from his cigarette, as he condescended to glance at the documents, trying at the same time to make himself look taller, by turning up his moustache.

Retiring to a rear office, he reappeared with a gentleman wearing a wide smile and a narrow coat, pompadour hair, and a black moustache. They

were joined by another, whose capacious shirt-front was lighted with Koh-i-noors, his diminutive head surmounted by a silk hat, vintage of 1850!

A long consultation, during which we were thoroughly scrutinized, they all then disappeared, and we were left in suspense. The gentleman with the silk hat soon reappeared, all smiles and diamonds; after slowly rolling and lighting a cigarette, he returned us the passports with permission to leave the island!

A Western Cyclone.

Peculiar Atmospheric Conditions Preceding the Storm—Approach of the Funnel-shaped Cloud Bringing Death and Destruction in its Path—A Scene of Devastation.

AN oppressive sultriness had pervaded the atmosphere during the day, the heat had been uncomfortable, and the earth was parched and dry for the want of long-needed rain.

Clouds had been forming on the horizon, with promises of a refreshing shower in the evening,—a welcome boon to the sweltering people. Slowly the bank of clouds increased in size, while an ominous greenish tinge appeared in the sky, —the air became hotter and very close, great beads of perspiration stood on our foreheads, a strange sensation produced

by the peculiar state of the atmosphere. People looked at each other with an uncertain gaze, horses shifted restlessly and neighed to each other, while dogs whined and slunk away to places of safety.

Here and there a gleam like a glittering dagger flashed from the darkened heavens, the sky grew blacker than ink, and forked lightning rent the clouds. Terror was now taking possession of every one, and intense fear was depicted on each face.

When suddenly from all sides the cry rent the air—"A cyclone, my God, a cyclone!" Then up loomed in the distance the fatal and dreaded inverted cone, covering a large part of the southern sky. Twisting and twirling, the great black column, rising toward the zenith, came rushing down toward the town.

As soon as the big double spiral was formed, it began moving at a terrific

rate in a zigzag course. Just as it reached the town, the huge black funnel-shaped cloud swooped down, a rush of wind, a patter of hail, and the demon was doing its deadly work.

Houses were lifted bodily and dashed into kindling wood; the air was soon filled with pieces of board, roofs of buildings, limbs of trees, and rubbish; tall sturdy trees uprooted and twisted off near the ground were sent flying like chaff through the air; gravestones were thrown flat, and in many cases nothing was left to show where a house had stood. Railroad cars were tossed over like toys, and the heavy steel tracks were twisted and bent as though they were wire.

Far and near the prairie was strewn with débris, when suddenly the inky black cloud seemed to remain motionless, then with renewed vigor it surged forward to snatch in its terrible embrace everything in its path.

Animals were hurled through the air, furniture, stoves, pianos, and human forms bruised beyond recognition, formed a part of the flying mass, as the force of the monster increased.

For a quarter of an hour the demon plunged on its way, and the terrible uproar and devastation raged. Then a sudden silence came, broken only by the cries and moans of the victims—a heart-rending sight indeed! The wails of the wounded fell with sickening distinctness on the evening air, now rendered clear and bright, also purified after the storm. The dead, mangled and torn into shapeless forms, were scattered in every direction.

Here the body of a mother, crushed under a beam, holding in her arms the battered form of her babe; there a man struck down in the full vigor of manhood, with a hole in his skull from which a small rod of iron protruded. Farther on, a whole family lying dead,

covered with mud and their own blood. What desolation was here, presenting as it did, the aspect of a battle-field after a conflict!

Massive iron railway bridges were wrenched from their firm foundations and hurled one side; heavy iron safes were lifted and carried long distances.

The country beyond was covered with great masses of rubbish; every conceivable kind of household furniture, clothing, food, merchandise, dry goods, hardware, and farming implements were mixed in with the bodies and dismembered victims, some dead, others so wedged among the rubbish as to be unable to be released. Such a sight can never be obliterated from the memory of one who has ever witnessed it.

One entire family living on the edge of the town was saved by taking refuge in their cellar. The house was not carried away, but was shaken as though by

an earthquake, and falling, temporarily imprisoned them all. A few hours' work brought them their liberty.

Beside an uprooted tree lay a beautiful girl, fashioned in one of nature's finest moulds—no mangled corpse, but doubtless stunned by falling timber. She had just breathed her last. Beside her was seated a young girl watching, her eyes streaming with tears, dumb with terror.

Parents were seeking their children, and children their parents; husbands and wives in agony of despair were rushing hither and thither unable to find each other, while brave hearts and strong hands were aiding their less fortunate brethren.

A little girl was wandering about among the wrecks in search of her doll, as she lispingly told us, whilst rubbing the sleep out of her eyes with her tiny hands, not knowing that all the rest of the family had perished.

One man was whirled aloft a hundred feet, and in descending dashed with terrific force against a tree, meeting instant death.

Out among the ruins, wandering aimlessly about, was a rather elderly man. He looked haggard, taking no notice of the curious people constantly passing him in their eager search for friends. His home had been levelled to the ground, and he was loitering near the spot where his house had stood. He was evidently a poor man with little more than his home.

Approaching him we asked if he had lost anything besides his house; he stopped, reached out and grasped our hands and said, "My baby;" he could say no more, but sat down on the ruins of his home; strong emotion had unsealed the fountain of his eyes, the tears rolling down his cheeks as his voice thickened. His entire family had perished, a wife and

four children. We could not say "Cheer up," but passed on, leaving him sitting alone and desolate.

As we wandered away from the sad scene, realizing that in the brief space of fifteen minutes a pretty town had been wiped out of existence, happy homes broken up, some families entirely gone, others with but a few remaining, they perhaps maimed and crippled for life, we could not help pondering how the sublime mystery of Providence goes on in silence, giving no explanation of itself.