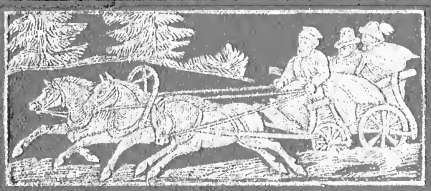
PEEPS ABROAD

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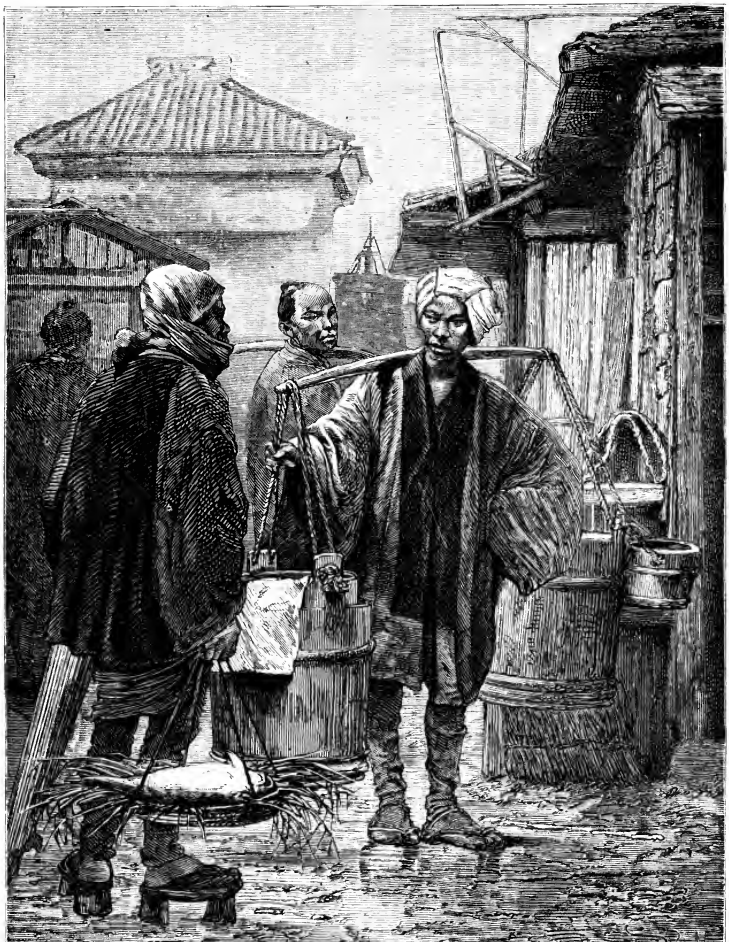


A JAPANESE FISH-MARKET.

PEEPS ABROAD

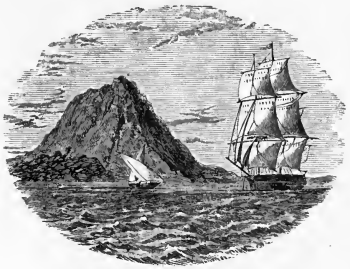
FOR

FOLKS AT HOME.

BY

C. L. MATÉAUX,

Author of "Home Chat," "Sunday Chat," &c.



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TRAVELLING IN JAPAN.

PEEPS ABROAD.

AT YEDDO AND OTHER PLACES IN JAPAN.

LET us jump into a norimon, and go and take a peep at some of the wonders of this strange land, of which we often hear so much and know so little as yet.

Now first let me show you my norimon: it is something between a cage and a baby house, with a roof and doors, and cushions and shelves, and windows to it, yet it is miserably uncomfortable. But come, the bearers are waiting for us—tucking up their cotton tunics, to show we are persons of importance. They do not cry and shout as they go, like the palanquin bearers of India, but carry us along steadily and quietly (nothing is done in a hurry in Japan). Behind us, my horse is led, ready in case of accident, for only common people ride on horseback.

PAPER HATS AND UMBRELLAS.

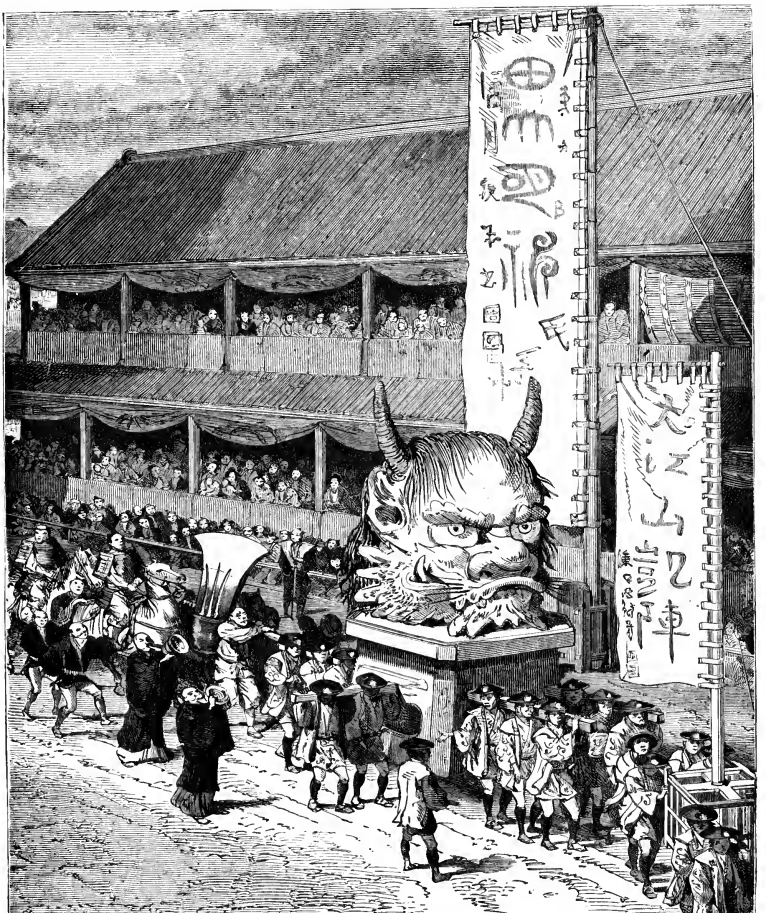
As we are foreigners, people want to get a look at us as we go, and squat down on their heels to peep in at the window. Some of them have very few clothes on, but are painted and tattooed with elaborate blue dragons and lions and tigers. Numbers of naked noisy children, playing "buttons" perhaps, run after us, or pull their mother's skimpy dress for her to stop. They are rather startling looking, these mothers, for their teeth are stained black, and their lips are daubed red; and their little copper-coloured babies are slung so loosely in a kind of pocket on their back, that they seem every moment as though they must pitch down and break their necks. But, never fear, the babies know they are safe enough, and they go jogging along, followed by the dogs, which seem to abound here.

If we come round by the large deep moats, we shall see thousands of wild-fowl, which live here undisturbed. Indeed, it is death to shoot or destroy them, at least within thirty miles of the palace. Look, too, there is the sacred Egyptian ibis, honoured here as he used to be on the great river Nile. Storks (which are often found painted on the lacquer work for which Japan is so famed), cranes, and other birds are safe, and protected by the farmers, and may be seen following them in yonder field of fresh turned earth, looking for food.

But here are shops, all front; we can look through the opening into rooms, and see all that the people are doing; eating, washing, reading, sleeping—nothing is hidden. There is no furniture, no chairs or tables anywhere, no chests of drawers, or carpets, beds, blankets, or rugs. In the grandest houses, they think there is plenty if they have fine clean mats made with a silk border, and a little padded wooden rest for the head. When the people are tired, they just wrap a cotton quilt round them, lie down on a mat, settle their jaw in the rest, and go to sleep as soundly as in a four-poster.

But let us return to the shops. Here are some of all kinds—booksellers, pottery-ware, brokers, basket-makers, print shops (where hang funny pictures of Europeans), and ready-made clothes of all kinds. At short distances, there are ward gates; and if an alarm of thieves or fire is given, there is a run to the rescue. When they see our fine norimon, the guard rush out and clash and clang a long iron pole, to which rings are attached. I wish they would not give us such a noisy welcome.

To-day there seems to be an unusual stir. It is, I find, the great "matsuri," or fête, held once a year, for three days, to commemorate the birth of little children, and gay banners are flying, and flags are being carried about;



THE GREAT "MATSURI" DAY.

TWO-SWORDED SAMOUVAI, OR FIGHTING MEN.

while others hang before the doors of the houses, where a child has been born, over gaily dressed dolls—two for a son ; one for a daughter.

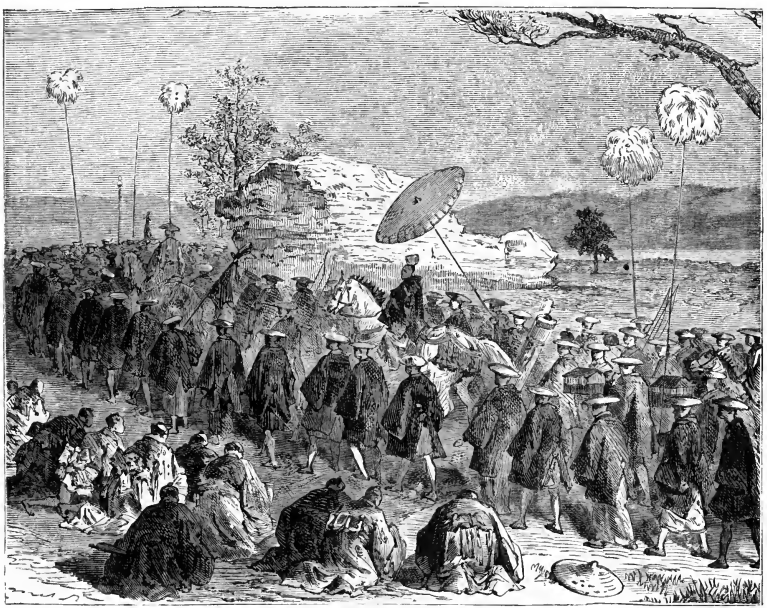
There is plenty of noise everywhere—street musicians, with pipe and

A "RECEPTION" BY THE MIKADO.

drum; some beggars, called "Lonins," wearing a kind of hat which completely covers all the face. Some of these are penitents or disgraced officers, many of them criminals; and very strange they look in this great basket mask. There are other noisy beggars who will take a *cash* from their own countrymen, but will coolly ask you or me for a *tenno*, about a hundred cash.

All these "matsuris," or public fairs, are funny things. There we can see

parties of jugglers doing all kinds of wonderful tricks—swallowing long swords, walking head downwards and fanning their faces, swinging while they hang by their feet, or twisting themselves into all sorts of shapes, more like



PROCESSION OF THE TYCOON.

India-rubber dolls than men. As to swallowing endless shavings, or swarms of flies, our English conjuror's tricks are nothing in comparison.

But the day looks cloudy, and it is now beginning to rain. See, some of the people are putting on an oil-paper cloak; others opening a paper umbrella; others have such large basket hats, tied on with paper strings, that they can scarcely get wet; and a few of the women put on high wooden pattens, which lift them six inches off the ground. They are better off than those who have

JUGGLERS PERFORMING.

A JAPNAESE TEMPLE.

only sandals, which they somehow manage to hold on with their big toe pushed through the loop. It is getting late too, for lighted paper lanterns are making their appearance in the streets, and the wisest thing we can do is to jog away home.

Paper—not made with rags as with us, but strong kinds of bark—is used for very many things, where we cannot do without cotton or calico. The best

JAPANESE LITTLE FOLKS.

sort is made at Atami, and the materials are found growing on three different kinds of trees. The bark of the first is stripped off, dried, steeped in water, scraped, boiled, and beaten with clubs, until it becomes a regular pulp; a second and third bark is then added—one to make it tough, the other to size it. When all is well mixed together, it is laid in a liquid state over a frame made of matting, and soon becomes paper, of which you may buy four sheets for a farthing. Sixty-seven different kinds were sent to the English Exhibition.

As we hurry along, we may see the people at the "tea-houses" drinking their favourite beverage, without milk or sugar, out of tiny porcelain cups, which are handed about on those wonderful lacquer trays for which Japan is so famous. That guard is stopping for a cup. I wonder if he will give some

to the poor fellow who is being carried off to prison in that uncomfortable cage, with his offence and its sentence painted on the label dangling before him. The passers-by stop to point at and pity the unlucky wretch, who, with clasped hands, is trembling before them.

As we go let me tell you a few words about the government of Japan. It had two masters. One, until very lately, was the tycoon, who managed affairs; and the other, the mikado, or spiritual emperor. This mikado was never seen by his people. He was considered far too holy even to use his own sacred feet, and was always carried from one place to another, and had to sit all day on his throne as still as a statue. If he stirred, something bad would happen to his people. So, I think, we must conclude that it was no very pleasant life to lead.

Every evening the clothes which he had worn throughout the day were burnt, and new ones prepared for him to put on next morning; every cup and platter he had once used were broken, lest they might be defiled by some less holy touch.

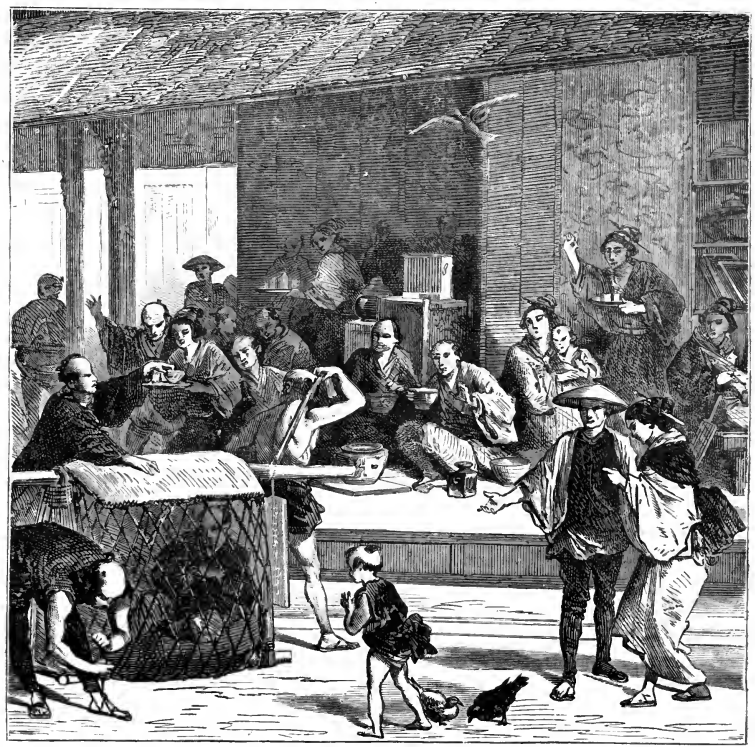
There are many temples, built of wood and covered with tiles, and small shrines in Japan, and they contain a great number of images of saints, carved in all kinds of wood and metal. Once a year they are brought to the great mikado's palace on a visit. This was called "the month without gods;" and the poor mikado had to sit alone among the silent images all the time they remained; that was all the company he ever had.

But now all that is changed. There is no more tycoon; and the mikado rules supreme; no longer sitting like a doll, but busying himself in public affairs. The *tenno*, "divine emperor," shows himself to his subjects; and, in October, 1871, even went in a fine English carriage, drawn by four horses, to open the railway between Yokohama and Yeddo, or To-kei, as it is now called; and he ordered that as many persons as possible should be admitted to see the sight. And every one who came had two nice cakes given them —one white, one red. At night there were grand illuminations and plenty of fun, all the people were so delighted at having seen their *tenno*.

What a splendid difference to the days when the greatest people were only admitted, crawling on their hands and knees to view the matting on which the sacred emperor sat in solitary grandeur, or, perhaps, only where his garments were laid.

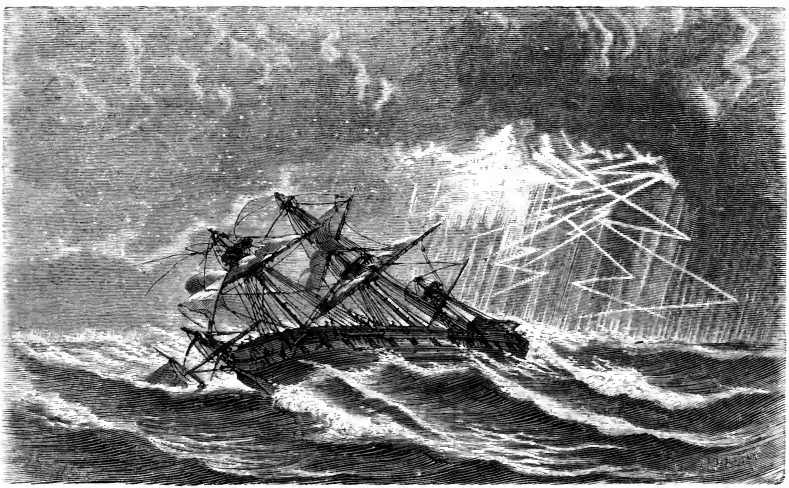
Many of the Japanese children are now being taught English, and some of

them have even been sent to England in order that they may acquire more perfect knowledge, both of the language and of the manners of civilised



TEA-HOUSE AND PRISONER IN A CAGE.

nations. The Japanese are making wonderful progress in every direction, and are no doubt destined to occupy a more prominent position in the world's history than they have ever yet done.



A STORM AT SEA.

THE STRANGE YET TRUE STORY OF A POOR JACK TAR.

WHEN Jack Rutherford was a little boy of ten years old, he was what is called a "piecer" in a cotton factory at Manchester. But whether he did not like his trade, and did as many other idle lads of all times are rather fond of threatening to do, that is, "run away to sea;" or whether his parents sent him there, I don't know; for we lose sight of the factory boy for a few years, and then, when we find him again it is as a sailor, on board a man-of-war, and afterwards on an American brig, the *Agnes*, engaged in trading for pearls and tortoise-shell among the far away islands of the Pacific.

The vessel had touched at many places, when it met with a severe gale, which lasted for five days and blew it all out of its course, at the end of which time the *Agnes* found itself near the coast of New Zealand and opposite a bay, afterwards supposed to be the one where Captain Cook had last landed, some fifty years before, and to which he had given the significant title of Poverty Bay.

Captain Coffin, not knowing this, felt strangely unwilling to land here, where, he believed, no ship had ever yet anchored; but as they had a very great need of water, and did not know how they should do without it, they came to a stop under some tall rocks which formed one side of the sandy bay.

Almost as soon as the anchor fell, the quiet scene changed. Canoes came flocking from the quiet beach—large strong vessels, each of which was paddled by about thirty black women. Very few men showed themselves, and the women were tiresome, stealing what they could, and refusing to go away. The captain did not like his visitors or their doings, so he ordered that a strict watch should be kept all the time they remained on board.

But when the red sun rose next morning, it showed a very large and grandly-carved war canoe approaching; it was about sixty feet long; and on it came Aimey, the chief, and a hundred natives, all laden with mats and fishing lines, made of strong flax, which they seemed very anxious to barter with the crew. They did not want money—indeed, they did not know what that was—or even bread, in exchange, but iron, and especially fire-arms. Soon the chief became very friendly, and offered to go back and fetch some water, which Captain Coffin gladly agreed to, as somehow he did not like any of his crew to leave the ship. So the chief went himself, twice, in the ship's boat, and each time returned with a good supply of fresh water; and all were very merry and friendly, and the white people thought how lucky they were in meeting with such obliging savages.

All that day every one on board was busy; the smiling natives kept coming and going, their canoes filled with vegetables and great numbers of grunting pigs, which they seemed anxious to dispose of; so that by evening the *Agnes* was well laden, the captain having invested in no less than 200 porkers, besides a quantity of fern roots to feed them with, all of which kept the sailors—especially our friend John—working busily at stowing out of the way; every one was busy, that the ship might soon be in readiness to depart. But when the bustling day was over, and the tired sailors were at rest in their hammocks,

thinking everything safe, mischievous natives were hanging about the vessel, in their light canoes, stealing the lead off her stern, even cutting away all the ropes they could reach, and doing a great deal of damage which could not easily be repaired.

That night the friendly chief Aimey had borrowed the ship's boat, to fetch more water in; but, in the morning, when he returned it, some one noticed that it leaked terribly. The carpenter soon saw that many of the nails had been drawn out; and Jack caught a black fellow walking off with some lead, to which he had helped himself. He soon took it from him, and the thief, in a rage, ground his teeth and shook his head threateningly. Not that Jack thought much of that, only just about this time he knew there were above three hundred natives on deck, each man armed with what they called a "mery"—that is, a green stone, about a foot long, with sharpened edges, and a handle at each end, which they slung with a string round their waist.

And now the unsuspecting captain came forward to pay the chief for the water he had so obligingly fetched, giving him two muskets and a quantity of powder and shot for his trouble. But the captain's heart failed him when he saw the guilty cruel expression of that chief's tattooed face, as he watched the crowds of war canoes hastening from all parts of the bay, filled with armed natives; smoke signals, too, were rising from the hills, and, altogether, the position seemed a dangerous one.

The order was given to the sailors to loosen the sails and get away as soon as possible. The chief mate went down in a hurry to load his pistols; the men went up aloft to attend to the rigging; the captain stood almost alone, for a moment only, but in that moment the treacherous Aimey flung off the mat, or cloak, he wore, and brandishing his tomahawk, began a fierce war song; all his followers did the same, dancing with such violence that it was a wonder they did not break the deck in. One of the fellows rushed behind the astonished captain, and killed him with a war club; the cook, running to his assistance, was slain in the same manner; the chief mate, rushing up the ladder, was killed, together with all other white men the savages could reach. Some of the terrified sailors threw themselves into the sea, but were dragged out, and bound hand and foot by the people in the canoes, who carried them off prisoners, together with the rest of the sailors, who had by this time been driven down from the rigging.

All this time, poor Jack tells us, he was hidden in a corner, trembling with

horror ; then he was discovered, his hands were tied, and he was flung with the rest of the men—dead and alive—into the large canoe. When all was cleared out, the women, who had remained in the vessel during this slaughter, cut the cable and let her drift away, then coolly jumped overboard and came swim-

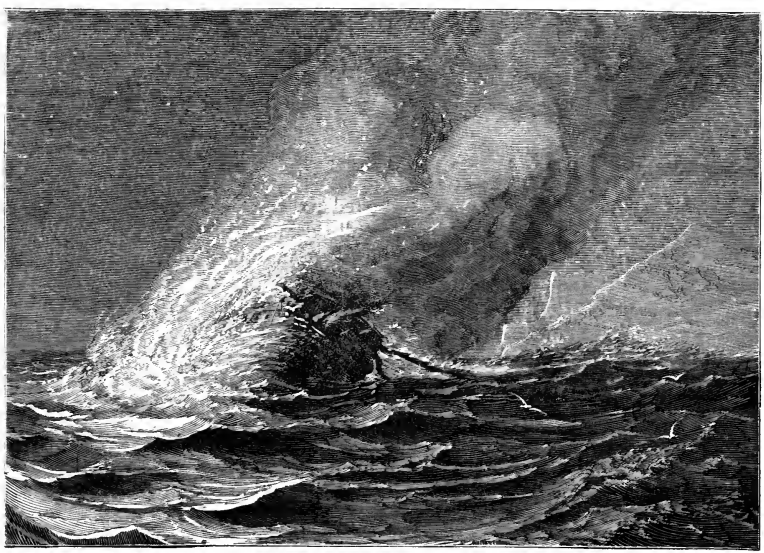
NEW ZEALAND CHIEF AND WIFE.

ming to shore—some of them astride on the pigs, the very pigs they had so treacherously sold to the poor white people whom winds and waves had driven into their neighbourhood.

At last the canoes landed, and the bound and wounded prisoners lay all huddled together, more dead than alive, while their enemies quarrelled about the spoil, for they were laden with plunder, and talked, fought, and struck at each other like demons.

But, when the sun was setting, the prisoners were taken to one of the villages, where they were tied to trees, so that they should not escape. There

were only twelve alive now. The dead bodies of the others were hung to the branches of trees, to keep them out of the way of the yelping dogs, which always abound among those wandering people. And all that weary night, the captives, starving, wet, and cold, stood bound in the rain, and saw their enemies



BURNING OF THE "AGNES."

going backward and forward to the ship, bringing yet more plunder. This went on till about ten o'clock next morning, when they found that the wind had driven her over the bar; and as nothing more was to be got from her, they set fire to the *Agnes*, and so ended every chance of escape the poor fellows yet might have hoped for.

And then Jack tells us how all those fearful painted and tattooed savages gathered on a piece of waste ground, leaving a space in the middle for their

leaders; and next Aimey and four other chiefs approached the trees, and, after consulting a little, they released our poor John and another, and making signs for them to follow, took them into the centre of the ring and made them sit down there, wondering whether they were going to be murdered at once.

Soon Aimey returned, followed by the other chiefs, who brought four more sailors and made them sit down by Jack. Then all the chiefs walked about, "mery" in hand, talking gravely to each other; while the rest of the people listened silently. Then a chief stopped and said something to a man, who rose instantly, and, walking to the trees, deliberately killed five of the poor prisoners who were tied there, laughing at their groans. As to Jack and his companions, they all wept bitterly as they sat helpless and hopeless, lamenting for their murdered comrades and for their own miserable selves.

Jack tells us how these cannibals cooked and eagerly devoured the bodies of his shipmates. But I will not dwell on all this, it is too horrible. Let us pass over that fearful night and come to the next morning, when the chiefs, followed by their remaining prisoners and about fifty natives, all laden with plunder, returned to the village of one of the principal leaders.

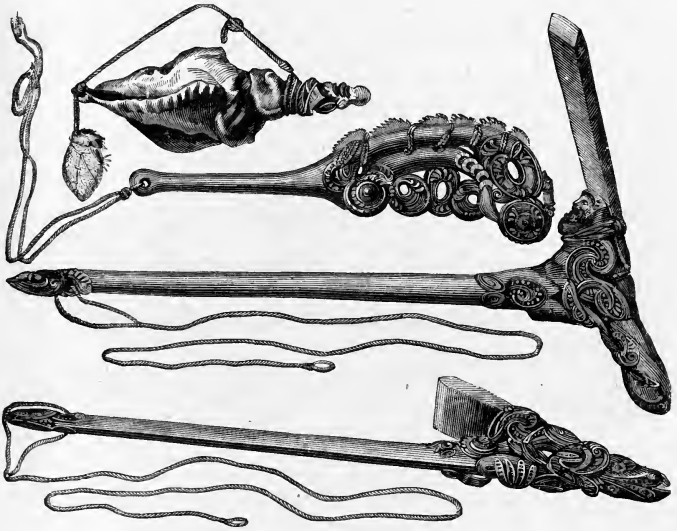
All the inhabitants came out to meet them, showing their joy in a strange fashion, sobbing and crying aloud, and cutting their bodies and faces with sharp flints, which they carried hung round their necks—a strange custom, but common in many savage tribes. In Brazil, for instance, when a native woman wants to do any new-comer honour, she kneels down and, covering her face with her hands, howls and sheds tears out of politeness.

Jack and his comrades were taken to the house of Aimey. It was the most important one in the village, being long and large; it had only one entrance, which opened or shut by means of a sliding-door, but was so low that they were obliged to creep through on hands and knees to get in and out. Then a feast was prepared and eaten in the open air—New Zealanders never do, nor ever did, bring eatables into their huts—consisting of roasted pigs and sweet potatoes, some of which was given to the captives, though they were not allowed to eat with their masters.

Frightened and in peril as Jack was, he seems to have noticed all that went on around him. He tells us that the food was served in straw or flax baskets, made by women while the company were eating, which baskets were not used again. The people drank out of calabashes—the only vessels they

had—and when drinking they held their faces up and poured the liquid, generally water, down their throats without touching their lips.

After dinner, Jack and his comrades were allowed to sit by a large fire, where people came and stared at them; some of the women feeling their



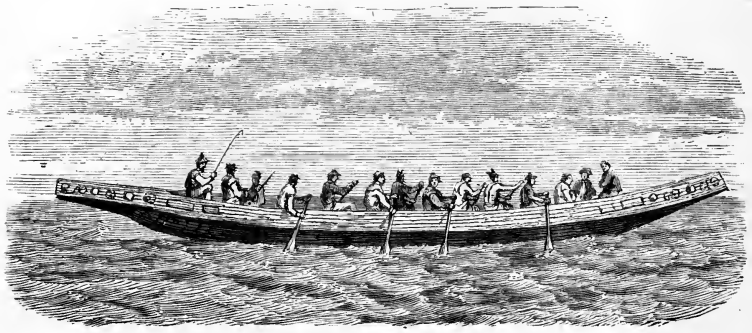
NEW ZEALAND WEAPONS OF CARVED WOOD OR STONE.

limbs, the prisoners thought, to see if they were fat and in good condition for eating.

By-and-by every one went into the hut, which was full of smoke. The rush door was fastened, and the exulting masters and the worn out slaves slept. So ended Jack's first day's experience of New Zealand life. Not a very pleasant one, was it?

The next day seemed to promise better things than Jack and his friends had hoped; they got some breakfast of cockles and potatoes, and the chief

Aimey gave them back their knives and tobacco pouches. Later on a noise was heard, and the chief's wife and daughters arrived. There was a fresh burst of shrieking and crying, by way of welcome, a great deal of talk, a general rubbing of noses, and then the ladies came to look at the prisoners; and one of them took a fancy to the brass buttons on one of their jackets. These, at a sign from the chief, they readily cut off and presented to the fair visitors, who were delighted, and even shook hands with Jack, exclaiming,



THE CHIEF'S CANOE.

"The white man is good." So the white men began to hope that their lives might be spared.

But now a grand ceremony was about to take place—one which the poor captives little dreamt of sharing in.

The whole of the natives had assembled, and seated themselves so as to form an immense ring, into the centre of which Jack and his comrades, unwillingly enough, were brought. I dare say that they expected to be at once killed and devoured, as their poor friends had been but yesterday. I dare say that each looked a mournful good-bye at the others' pale faces, and thought that the tomahawk would soon finish their troubles. But no; it was not that at any rate. Each man being stripped, was laid on his back, where he was firmly held down by five or six natives, while two others proceeded,

not to cut their heads off, but to tattoo or cut a pattern on them from head to foot.

Jack tells us how this was done. All New Zealanders, both men and women, and a great many savage people in all parts of the world, India,

NEW ZEALANDER TATTOOING A FRIEND.

Africa, and America, think it a most beautiful and ornamental fashion, to which they willingly submit, none but slaves being without it. Some Hindoos paint their faces to show what caste or division of the people they belong to—and even in very old times all this must have been a common custom in the East, for in Leviticus we read, "Ye shall not make any cuttings nor print any marks on you." I will tell you how our sailor said they set about it.

The operator, a "tohunga," or priest, rubbed a piece of charcoal on a stone with just enough resin and water to form a paste; into which they dipped an instrument something like a sharp-edged chisel, but made of bone. This they applied to the skin, striking it two or three times with a piece of wood, so that it cut into the flesh like a knife; and if when struck once it did not mark the pattern sufficiently clearly, they struck it in again. They had many tools of all sorts and sizes; one was a shark's tooth, and one a kind of little saw, which they used so mercilessly that Jack's comrades moaned and groaned pitifully. But Jack says that he made up his mind to bear the whole thing patiently, and never uttered a cry, though the torture was dreadful and lasted over four hours, during which time the chief's daughter often came with soft flax, and wiped his poor bleeding face and body, now covered with spiral lines and curves; when the operation was over, she led him by the hand to the river, that he might bathe, for the poor fellow could not see his way, being quite blinded for a time.

This performance over, their clothes were returned to them, all except the blue woollen shirts, which the chief's wife and daughters thought so fine and elegant that they wore them themselves (on state occasions only), putting them on with the front to the back.

As to the sailors, they were safe now, being made tapu'd or sacred, at any rate for a time. The modern New Zealanders are gradually leaving off the practice, and are usually only tattooed on the face and thighs—unlike the natives of some of the neighbouring islands, who have elaborate designs all over them, from head to foot; the women are only tattooed on the eyes and chin; but, as they think it ugly to have red lips, they prick them all over, and rub in a kind of charcoal which turns them blue—a strange ugly fashion in our eyes.

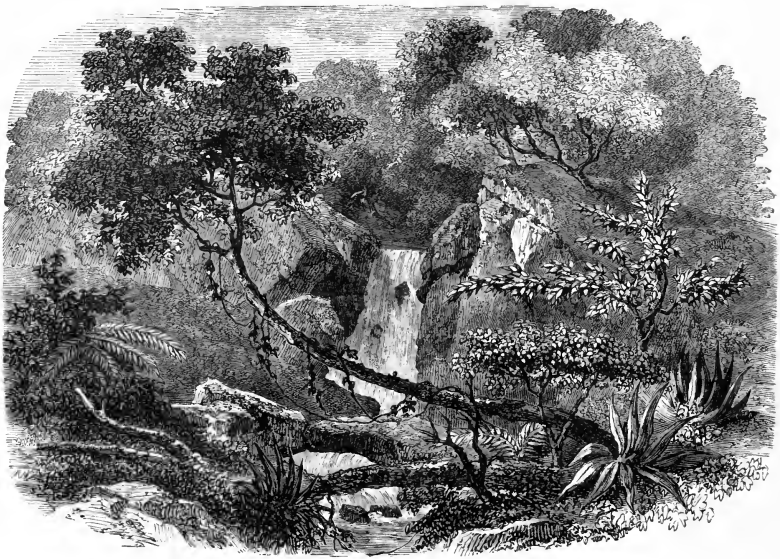
Jack and his fellow-prisoners remained in this village; they had a hut to live in, and an iron pot to cook in, which had been brought from the ship, and was considered such a luxury, that it had to be tapu'd (made into a sacred iron pot); otherwise it would have been stolen from them. At the end of six months, they travelled into the interior with Aimey and another chief. Two sailors stayed behind. At one village a chief gave them a pig for themselves; the New Zealanders were very much surprised when they saw the way Jack killed it with a knife, English fashion; they usually drown the animal. Another of the sailors was ordered to stay behind them here, saying, as they parted, "God bless you both, dear mates; we shall never see each other

again!" which they never did. Then the two went their way, silent and sad. Following after their protector Aimey and his family, they travelled many miles until they came to a shallow river, which they waded, and soon found themselves in a wood; then a village, where grew potatoes, turnips, cabbages, and large water-melons; soon came another river, and then the fortified village, or "pah," where Aimey lived in style.

TATTOOED PATTERN ON A NATIVE MARQUESAN.

Some women who first saw them cried, "Arami! arami!" (Welcome home), waved their mats, and ran before them howling to Aimey's house, which was a large one, built in the usual manner of a chief's house—a gable roof thatched with reeds, the walls formed of thick twigs covered with rushes. Soon all the tired travellers sat down to a supper of pig and kumeras, or sacred potatoes; after which they were amused by some women singing, and a man playing on a kind of small flute made of the leg-bone of an enemy slain in battle, which was highly polished and valued by its owner.

All this sounds pleasant enough—the journey and the pretty scenery, the safe arrival and welcome, the supper and the singing by the fire. I wish Jack had not added in his account of this scene that a poor slave girl was killed that night, to be eaten in honour of the chief's return; but if I tell a true story I must tell all, and that is really what they did do.



NEW ZEALAND FOREST SCENERY.

The next day a great many slaves set to work building a house for the white men, and later on a great many chiefs came with their families and slaves to welcome Aimey and his party home. There was plenty of loud friendly howling and rubbing of noses; then they all squatted on the ground, prepared to enjoy a grand feast.

During this time several large pigs had been driven into the river and

drowned; then dressed and laid to roast beside the potatoes. Then the roasted body of the poor slave was served up—but I do not want to dwell on this part of the festival; let us rather think of the great water-melons some of the visitors had brought and kindly shared with the white men, who seemed by this time to be quite at home, and treated as brothers more than prisoners.

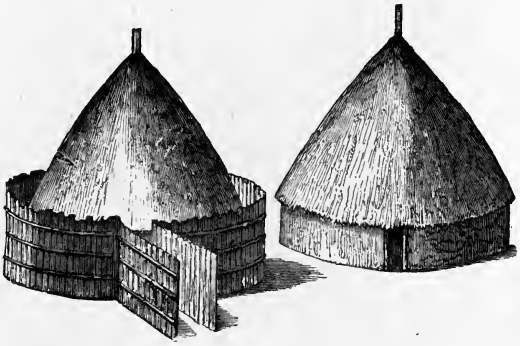
A NEW ZEALAND FAMILY.

The house built for our friends was ready in less than a week, and they were allowed to live in it in peace, and as much as possible according to their own customs, so very different to those of the folks around.

What funny people they must have seemed to the natives, the men and women of this far-off New Zealand village; the men were not bad-looking, but tall and strong and active, with black hair rolled and tied up in a knot on the crown of the head, and dark hazel eyes; the plump little women wore long

hair hanging loosely down their shoulders. The girls had theirs cut over their foreheads, something like little European children do now.

Shall I tell you what they wore? it will not take long, for both men and women dressed alike, just wearing a kind of mat, or inner mat or tunic fastened round their waists; and over this a coarse cloak, unless on grand occasions, when it was sometimes very smart and ornamented. All these were made of native flax, their heads often decorated with huia birds' feathers; otherwise they wore no covering either on their head or feet.

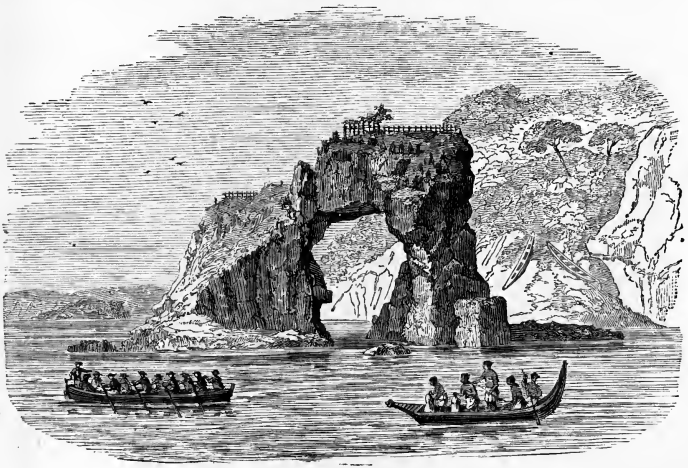


HOUSES OF THE NATIVES.

I told you their clothes were made of a kind of silky flax, which grew in great abundance near the sea; from this they also made fishing lines or nets, cords, and ropes. Jack often saw how the natives brought it home green in great bundles, scraped it with a large mussel-shell, and split it with their thumb-nails, kept very long on purpose. The outside they threw away; the rest they spread in the sun to dry until it became quite white. Then they called it "mooka," and would spin it and work it into mats. Sometimes three women would be at work on one mat, fastened with wooden pegs stuck in the ground at equal distances.

Their principal food was fern root, which was eaten raw, or made into bread, and fish, which they were expert at catching. They did not eat these

raw, but stuck them on a stick, and so roasted them, or folded them in leaves, and laid them between hot stones to bake. Birds they did not care to eat, but pigs were the great dainty; no festival being complete without plenty of pork and potatoes. Both pigs and potatoes were first taken to New Zealand by the celebrated Captain Cook, who, in his visits, took a great many useful things to this country, such as wheat, pease, cabbage, onions, carrots, and



FORTIFIED PAH OR VILLAGE.

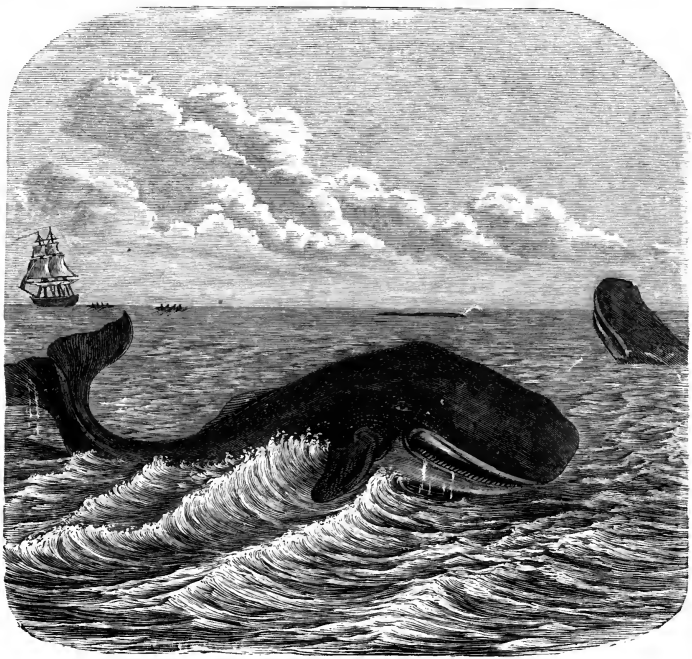
potatoes. He felt sure that they would all thrive in this beautiful mild climate, but somehow no one took the trouble to see after the vegetables, and, with the exception of the turnips and potatoes, the natives of that time allowed all the good seeds to be wasted.

The tiger-shark was often captured for the sake of its white teeth, which were used as ear ornaments, and its flesh, which was considered a dainty.

The sea-lion and the fur seal were also found about the coast, while far out at sea the great sperm whale could often be seen spouting.

These people seemed very fond of their children—the fathers would spend

long hours nursing and singing to their babies, who were bright little things, laughing and crowing at the brothers and sisters playing around; some

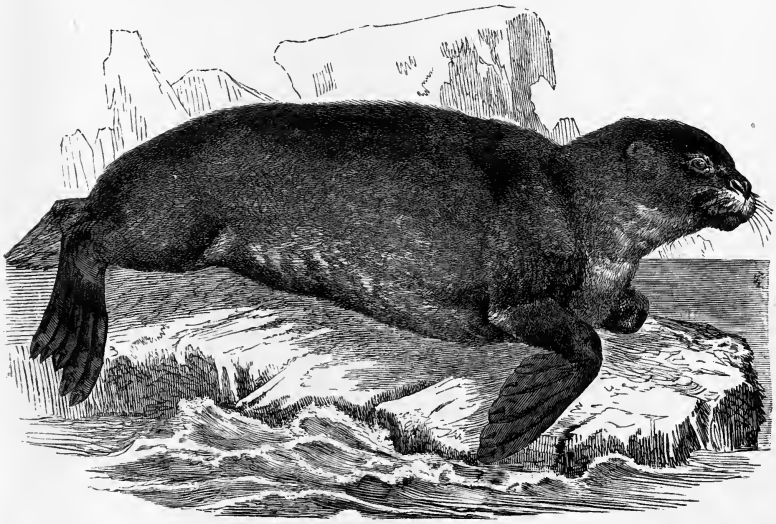


THE SPERM WHALE.

were flying kites made out of dried leaves, or sailing little flax or bark canoes on the sparkling waters, all happy, healthy, and unrestrained.

For a long time after this our sailors seem to have lived in peace in the reed house, and to have kept their eyes open to all the world about them. They were delighted with the beautiful scenery, with the flowers and birds, many of which they had never seen anywhere else—great numbers of wild

ducks, wood-pigeons, besides sea-gulls, parrots, and small green paroquets. Our sailors learned from the natives how to catch birds with a noosed string. These people were expert fishers, and such divers that they would go down headlong into the sea and bring up live fish from the deepest waters. They carved wonderful hooks and other implements out of bones; and as fish were



SEAL.

plentiful, there was no fear of starvation for those who lived anywhere near the sea, which Jack did not, so he had to be content with trying his skill in the rivers where fish abounded.

A year went by pleasantly enough. Jack and his comrade spent their time chiefly in fishing and hunting. The chief had a gun and plenty of shot, which he had taken from the *Agnes*, and as he could not use it himself, he was always willing to lend it to the white men, who were such good hunters that they generally brought him back a supply of wood-pigeons or other wild fowl.

At last a great trouble came, and Jack and his friend were parted.

One day there was a feast in a far-off village, and Aimey and his family went to it by themselves, leaving only his old mother, who was sick, to the care of a village doctor. But a doctor's work was a serious matter here, for he had to stay with his patients until they recovered or died, in which case he must attend a kind of public meeting, composed of all the chiefs for miles around, and answer any questions they might think proper to ask concerning their departed friend.

Now it happened that Jack's unlucky comrade had lent his knife to a slave who wanted to cut some rushes to mend the roof with. The knife was used and returned, and he afterwards used it to cut some pork and potatoes to make a stew English fashion. The old woman, taking a fancy to the smell of the cookery, asked for some, which they readily gave, and she ate it with great enjoyment, while the doctor looked on gravely, but without making any kind of objection or remark.

Next day the woman died, and the chief and his family were sent for and returned in great haste. The body was carried to a piece of ground in the centre of the village, placed on a mat, leaning against a post in a sitting position, and was covered with another mat up to the chin, the head and face being anointed with shark oil, and a piece of green flax tied round the head, in which was stuck several white feathers, showing that she was related to a chief. Then all round the corpse they constructed a kind of inclosure like a bird-cage, to keep it from being meddled with by strangers or children; and then, during the rest of the day, there was a continual firing of muskets, in memory of the departed lady.

During this time the neighbouring chiefs and their families, followed by slaves laden with provisions, were arriving from all parts. The third day they all met round the corpse, and kneeling down threw off their flax cloaks, and cried and howled and cut themselves for sorrow, just as Jack had seen them do when they meant a joyous welcome. When this had lasted some time, and they were tired, they sat down and ate the provisions they had brought, and then howled again, and then ate again. So the day passed, and they all retired to rest.

But the next morning there was a different ceremony. All the men, armed with spears, tomahawks, and merys, formed a ring round the body, and the doctor walked up and down in the ring, talking solemnly to the people

sitting there. Jack and his friend could understand a good deal of the language by this time, and they, too, listened with great interest, wondering at first what the speech was all about. The medico was giving a long account of the old woman's illness and death. When he stopped, one of the chiefs eagerly inquired what she had eaten before she died. The doctor told of the white man's stew for which the old lady had asked, and then he retired from the ring. Soon an old chief, whose head was decorated with white feathers, advanced and took his place. He announced solemnly that it was quite evident what had caused the death of the chief's mother. She had eaten potatoes that had been peeled with a white man's knife after it had been used to cut rushes to repair a house; that this had caused her to die; nothing could be clearer; therefore the white man to whom the knife belonged ought to be killed, which would be honouring her spirit. This speech caused a great sensation in the crowd; there was a general murmur of applause; while the poor white man stood near trembling and speechless with astonishment and fear; but brave Jack rushed into the ring, and, addressing the crowd, declared that if the man had done wrong in lending his knife, it was from ignorance of the customs of the country; therefore he could not be guilty of a crime of which he knew nothing. Then he turned to Aimey himself, and wildly besought him to spare his innocent shipmate's life. But Aimey was mourning for his old mother, and did not seem even to hear or notice Jack; and while he was still entreating, the old chief with the white feather went behind his unfortunate companion, and struck him down and killed him where he stood with one blow of his stone mery.

Then the great assembly dispersed, each chief returning to his village. Jack was allowed to bury his comrade's remains, instead of their being eaten; and the grieving chief Aimey and the doctor carried off the old woman's body, no one being allowed to follow, though Jack learned that they took it into a wood and buried it, but only for the present. At the end of three months it was taken up again, and placed in a box prepared for the purpose. This they called "lifting the bones." This box was then placed on the top of a carved post, stuck in the place where it had first lain in state, a large space railed round, and a wooden image erected to show that the place was tapu'd or sacred, and must not be interfered with.

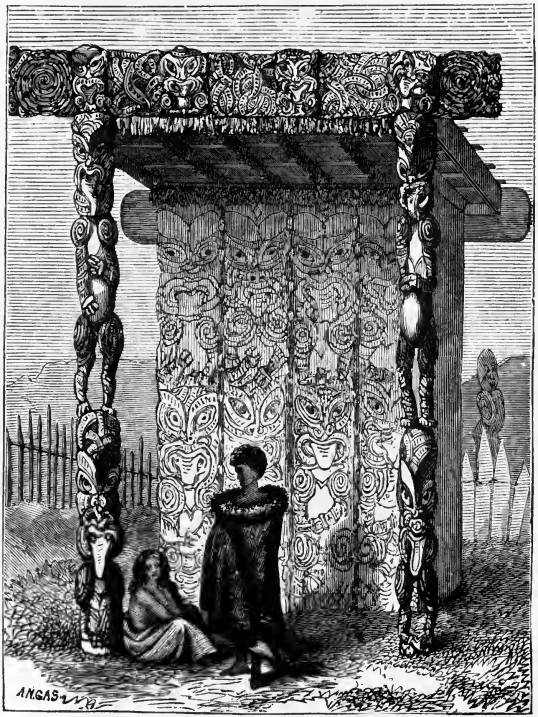
After the murder of his comrade, poor Jack was indeed very miserable. He felt that at any moment he himself might innocently offend some one of

these grim savages, and be killed; and what seemed almost worse, cooked and eaten by those among whom he had now lived three years; at least, he supposed it must be somewhere about that time, he could not be sure. At first he used to keep a kind of reckoning by notching a stick, but that became difficult when he went travelling about with the chief. So time flew by, he scarce knew, or cared, how; fishing, hunting, thinking of far-away England, which it seemed he never could hope to visit again.

CARVED COFFINS.

And gradually another fact dawned upon our poor friend—a sailor's clothes will not last for ever. He patched, and mended, and darned, as well as he could; but the time came when shoes, and shirt, and coat would no longer hold together. Then he had to be content with one garment, a large white flax mat or cloak, such as every one here wore; its principal fault being that it got very dirty in time. No shoes, nor hat, nor stockings; his darkened face all tattooed, and his wild and haggard air, must have made him look, and feel, very unlike a respectable Englishman.

At length there was a great festival in the village; and many neighbouring chiefs came to eat, and hold council on some important subject—nothing less



TAPU'D OR SACRED BURYING-GROUND OF A NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.

than to discuss whether they should make their white brother a chief. He had proved himself brave and active, could hunt and shoot, and would do them honour. Jack gladly consented, thinking most likely that at any rate his life would be less likely to be interfered with. So with many ceremonies they made

him a chief, cutting his front hair with an oyster shell, to mark the dignity which he had attained.

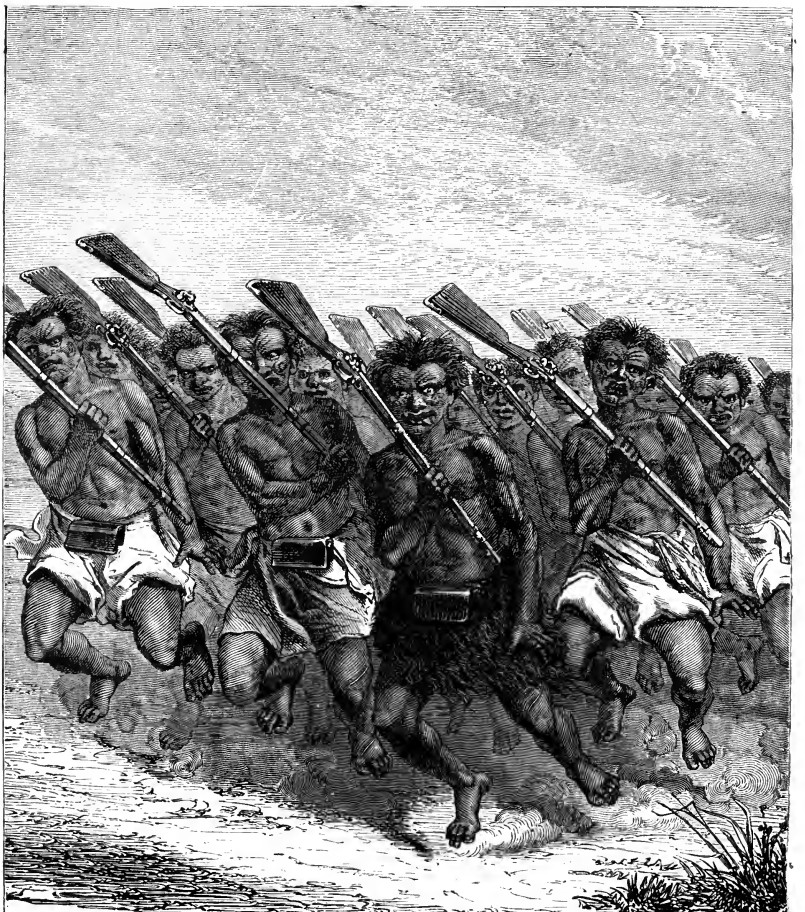
Then he was arrayed in a grand new mat, smeared with red ochre and oil; his head and face being anointed with the same mixture by a stranger chief's daughter; and a handsome stone mery was hung at his side. Everybody congratulated him on the great honour to which he had been promoted; and he was presented with several new mats and some fat pigs.

But now something more was expected of chieftain Jack. His old friend Aimey came to him, and advised him to take a few wives; it would make him be looked upon as more respectable and important in the village. He wanted Jack to have a good many; and when Jack said he only wanted one wife, he told him he could not have less than two, so Jack said he should be quite content with that number. The next day Aimey took him to his own brother's camp, and told him to choose the ladies he liked best. Jack did not care for any of the stranger maidens, but asked Aimey for his two daughters; and that chief smilingly consented, and beckoned to them. Eshon and Epecka came up laughing, and putting their hands in his agreed to be Jack's wives. And very good and affectionate wives they became; not in the least jealous of each other; the eldest being always considered the principal wife, as is the custom of the country to this day.

And now Jack enjoyed a far more comfortable life. Having married a chief's daughters, nobody dared threaten him or rob him, and that had hitherto been a great annoyance. Robbery was not considered a crime; when a thief stole anything, he was allowed to keep it altogether, if he could only hide it from the owner for three days. If discovered, he was disgraced.

One day there was a great stir in the huts, for a messenger brought news that a war was proclaimed; that all the chiefs for miles round were about to meet at a place called Kipara, about two hundred miles off, and that Aimey and his chiefs were expected. All was business and bustle; the women set to work making new rush baskets, in which to carry provisions. All the chiefs were well armed; and chieftain Jack, armed with a mery, a brace of pistols, a double-barrelled gun, and some powder and ball, took his eldest wife, who carried the mats, and made herself useful.

They formed a large party, about five hundred warriors and slaves; but gradually, as the provisions were consumed, the slaves were sent back. When all the food was gone, everybody helped themselves at the villages they came



WAR DANCE OF NEW ZEALANDERS.

near; and as it was the rainy season, they were all glad enough when they found themselves at Kipara, where they met about eleven hundred other natives encamped by the side of a river.

When they arrived, the chiefs had huts allotted them; Jack and Mrs. Jack had one, and two female slaves to attend upon them, dig up fern root, and gather cockles and fish for their dinner, the only provisions they could expect to find here.

On the opposite side of the river the enemy was encamped, and at present messengers were continually passing from one party to another, making arrangements concerning the battle.

When Jack arrived, one of these messengers came in haste, to say that there was a white man in the opposite party, who wished to see him; and that their chiefs also wished to see him; and promised that, if he visited them, he should return in safety to his own camp, whenever he chose.

Jack needed no second invitation. Having received Aimey's consent, he crossed the river alone and unarmed. He had found by now that such a promise was considered sacred.

He was kindly received by the chiefs, who rubbed noses with him in the most friendly manner; and then they took him to their white man, whose story was something like Jack's own; except that he had run away of his own accord from a sloop-of-war when she stopped at this island, and had since joined the natives. He also had married a chief's daughter; and lived at Sukeyanna, on the west coast, within fifty miles of the Bay of Islands.

After some talk, and after seeing a runaway slave cut down with a mery, and devoured by his master, Jack returned to his own party, and next morning saw the battle begin fast and furious. They did not make our sailor fight with them; all he had to do was to load his gun, and stay in the background, to defend his wife and the slave girls if attacked.

He saw the chief of each party advance alone, and sing a war song. When this was ended, both parties danced a war dance, singing and flourishing their weapons all the time. This done, each party formed into a line two deep, the women and boys staying in the rear. When they had advanced within a certain distance, they fired their muskets once at each other, then they flung them over their shoulders, drew their merys and tomahawks, and, screaming their war songs, rushed madly at each other; and a dreadful

NEW ZEALAND CHIEF AND WIFE.

meeting it was, hand to hand, each warrior trying to get hold of his opponent's hair, so as to cut off his head, all this time screaming and shrieking; while the women and boys, running up to catch the heads which were handed to them as precious trophies, joined in the dismal noise and made it louder still.

Such an encounter could not last long, and very soon the enemy began to retreat, with Aimey's party in hot pursuit. A man flung a jagged spear at Jack, which stuck in his leg, and hurt him very much, until it was cut out with an oyster shell, by two women; after which operation, one of them carried him on her back to his hut, and his wife put some herbs on the wound, which soon made it better.

Presently the victorious party returned in high glee, bringing back some of their own dead, and many prisoners, who, chiefs or not, being taken in battle, were now considered slaves; they carried also many heads on their spears; and that night was spent in singing, dancing, and festivity.

The next day they left Kipara in canoes, and sailed away to a place where the mother of one of their chiefs, who had been slain, resided. When they came near it, the canoes all closed together, and they joined in singing a wild funeral hymn; they came to hills where numbers of women and children were crowding, with painted faces, and white feathers waving in their hair; they were waving their mats and calling joyous welcomes—"Arami! arami!"

When the funeral song was ended, the troops landed, and having thrown aside their only garments, performed a dance; after which they were met by a party of warriors, with whom they engaged in a sham fight. Then they seated themselves in a circle round the house where the chief had resided, in front of which they placed the basket containing his body, the head decorated with feathers they placed on the top of it; while the mother of the slain man, dressed in a feathered cloak and turban, stood on the top of the house, wringing her hands and mourning for her lost son.

The chief being buried with due honours, Jack and his party returned home to tell the tale of honourable victory, and to show the spoils of war.

One morning, not long after this, but long after our sailor had given up hopes of ever getting away from his savage friends, signal fires blazed on the mountain tops, and the natives ran about calling, "Kai púke! kai púke!" words which made our poor tattooed Jack's heart beat very wildly, for they meant "a ship! a ship!" and a ship might mean liberty and escape.

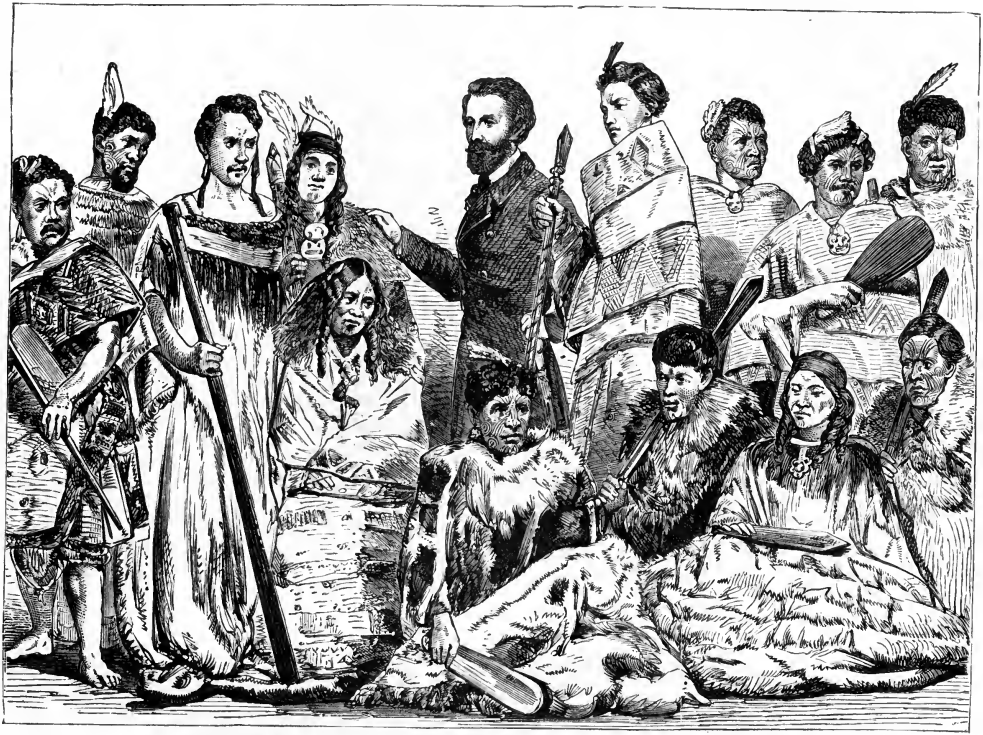
It seems a strange thing that these cunning people did not remember that the now honoured chief was, in spite of mat, feathers, and tattoo, after all, a white man, and likely to leave them if he could. But they had treated him well in their wild fashion, and loaded him with honours, and given him two wives; altogether, they seem to have thought he was quite one of their own, and to have talked over all their plans most unreservedly before him.

All the warriors and their slaves set off to the bay where the poor *Agnes* had come to such grief ten years and two months ago, with very much the same intentions with which they had visited that ill-fated ship. They carried mats and provisions, and drove pigs before them, passing that night on shore wondering if the vessel would anchor there, in which case they would take her, and murder the crew. But as she seemed to hesitate about her course, and the treacherous natives were afraid of losing this prize, they actually asked Jack to go on board and decoy her into the bay. They sent him off, dressed in a feather cloak, a belt, and a kind of turban, and gave him a handsomely carved battle-axe, the handle of which was adorned with rare feathers.

Then our Jack started on his mission in a large carved canoe, accompanied only by a young chief, and four slaves, who paddled away at such a rate, that he soon found himself on board of a smart American brig, commanded by Captain Johnson, and bound for California.

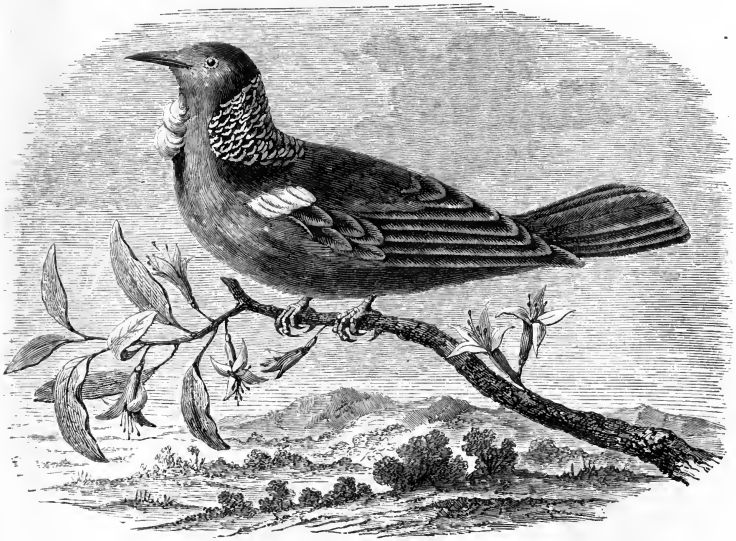
When the captain saw him come down to his cabin, he cried out in surprise, "Why, here is a white New Zealander!" But Jack answered eagerly, "Not a New Zealander, sir, but an English sailor, who has come to warn you that if your ship puts in here, it will be destroyed, and every one on board murdered. Pray, get away as fast as you can, and take me with you, as, otherwise, I may never see England again." You may be sure Captain Johnson was only too thankful to his strange visitor, and readily agreed to take him with him. When they went up again they found that the sailors were very angry with the young chief, who had already been caught stealing something. When they heard the story of his treacherous mission, they gave him a good thrashing, and tumbled him into his grand canoe. They wanted to thrash the slaves too, but this Jack would not agree to, as they could not help themselves. However, they were glad enough to paddle back again, while the ship sailed away from this murderous coast as fast as it could go.

And now that I have told you about this poor man's captivity among the savages, and brought him safe from their clutches, the rest of his life may not

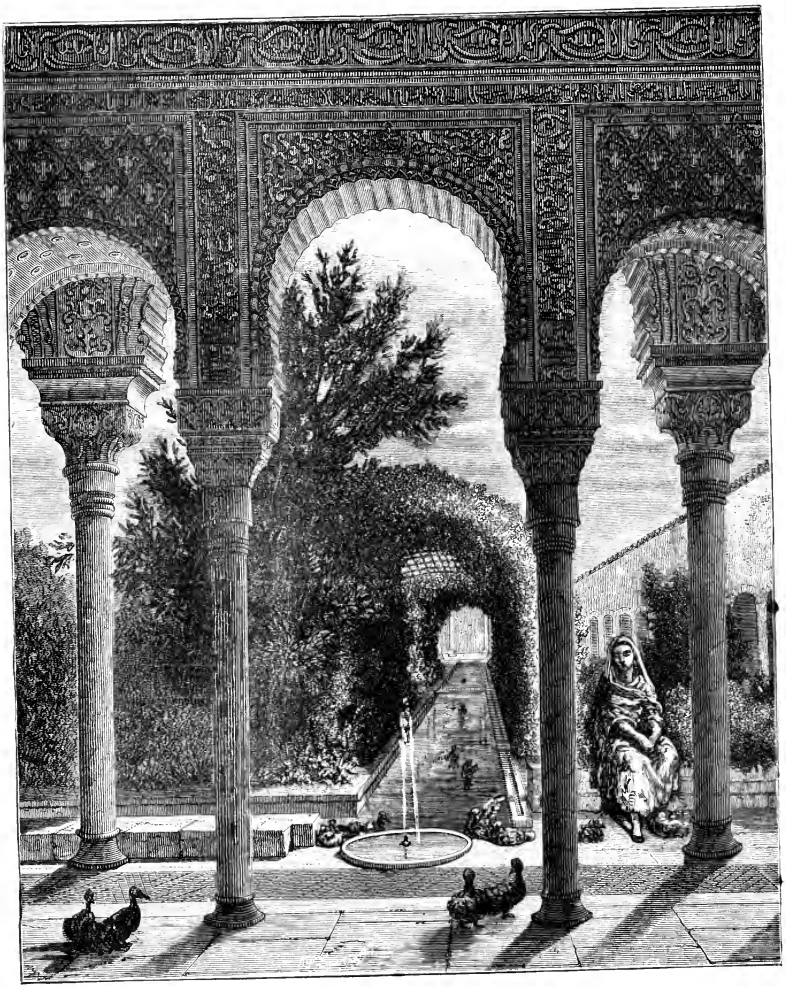


A PARTY OF NEW ZEALANDERS WHO VISITED LONDON WITH THEIR INTERPRETER.

particularly interest you. The American captain gave him European clothes, and landed him safely at Otaheite, where the British Consul heard his story, and took him into his employ for a time; but the poor fellow wanted very much to get to England again, and embarked. Working his way, first on one vessel, then on another, after many adventures, he found himself once more in Manchester, his native town. I hope he found the friends he longed to see. He came to London in 1829, where his wonderful tattooed body, and more wonderful history, attracted general attention; but after that we lose sight of Poor Jack. I suppose that he had had enough of adventure, and was content to settle down at home.



THE HUIA BIRD, THE FEATHERS OF WHICH ARE WORN BY NEW ZEALAND CHIEFS.



COURTYARD AND GARDEN IN GRENADA.

GATHERING THE BARK OF THE CORK TREE.

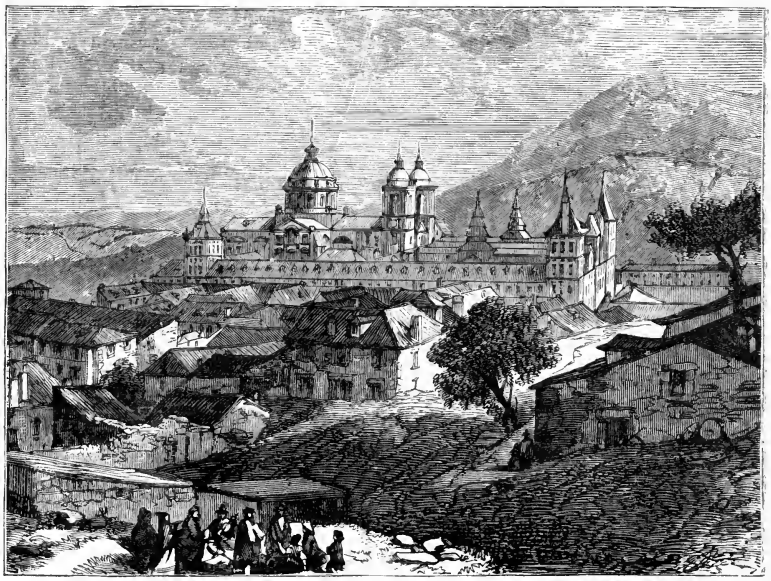
PEEP AT SPAIN.

"The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap;
The vine on high, the willow branch below,
Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow."

OF course, you know that a peninsula is any piece of land almost surrounded by water; but Spain and Portugal are often spoken of as "the Peninsula," because it is the most important one in Europe; and as we often read and hear of it, let us take a peep, and learn something more about it.

If we look at the map, we shall find that Spain, once called Iberia, is divided from France by a long chain of mountains called the Pyrenees,

and that the whole peninsula is made up of valleys bounded by mountains, and that every green valley has a river flowing through it, two of which are the Tagus and the Douro. These mountains are called "sierras," because their tops are all jagged like a saw; and "sierra" is Spanish for a saw.



THE PALACE OF THE ESCURIAL, MADRID.

Madrid, in the province of New Castile, its capital, stands 2,000 feet above the sea, amid caves, rocks, and dusty roads, but the people are very proud of it, as well as of the Escurial Palace—built by Philip II., in memory of a great victory over the French—which is considered by the Spaniards to be "la octava Maravilla," or eighth wonder of the world, and is a famous collection of buildings, standing some twenty-five miles from the city. Here are convents, hospitals, libraries, and a church, all joined together in the shape

of a large gridiron, with a royal palace on one side to form the handle. It was built thus in honour of St. Laurence, the much honoured martyr, who was broiled to death on a real gridiron, in the year A.D. 259. But I shall tell you his story. It is one you will often hear in Spain.

FRUIT SELLERS OF OPORTO.

In the old persecuting days of the Roman Emperor Valerian, this young Deacon Laurence lived, much beloved by all for his goodness and piety. He reverenced the then Pope Sixtus, who had given him the charge of distributing alms among the poor, almost as a father; but the pagan emperor suddenly laid hands on the good old pontiff, and condemned him to a cruel

death, because he was the chief of the hated sect of Christians. As the rough soldiery led him, through the shouting, jeering crowd, to the place of execution, the young priest Laurence followed, weeping bitterly, with bowed head, and clasped hands, saying, "Dear father, whither are you going without your son? you were never wont to offer sacrifice without your deacon. Let me die with you. Am I not worthy?" But the holy old man blessed him, and bade him have patience, and prepare; for in a few days he should follow him in the path of martyrdom.

Then the deacon returned right joyously, and calling the poorer brethren together, he divided among them all the moneys left in his hands, lest the pagan Romans should find it when he was gone; and there were many poor Christians in Rome, for persecution had run against them sorely for a long time.

The next day Deacon Laurence was carried before the magistrates and ordered to give up all the gold and silver known to be in his possession. The emperor had need of money to pay his troops, and the Christians were known to possess much treasure. It was of no use attempting to deny it.

"You are indeed right, sirs," replied Laurence humbly, "in thinking that we Christians have mighty treasures. There are none more precious to be found in the imperial empire. Give me but three days, and I will get them, in order for your mightinesses to behold and to take charge of."

The magistrates were very much surprised to hear such an answer from the late pope's treasurer, from whom they expected difficulties, and willingly granted him the three days he required to collect the coveted treasures together.

But Laurence went about collecting treasures they little dreamed of or cared for. He brought together all the poor, and sick, and lame, and blind of the city, who were supported by the alms of the persecuted Christians; and when the magistrates and soldiers came, he said to them, "Behold, sirs, here are the only treasures of the Christians, dearer and more precious to them than silver or gold."

How angry all those powerful pagans were then. They cried out, "Behold, this insolent follower of the Nazarene dares to insult us, the servants of the great Domitian!" and the chief magistrate said, "Christian, you have presumed to mock us, but you will repent it sorely, for you shall die, not at once, but by inches, and in torment."

Then the young martyr was bound and carried away to prison, and he was

beaten and afterwards roasted to death on a large gridiron, where he died with tender words of forgiveness for his persecutors, and prayers for the conversion of pagan Rome.

And ever since that time the Roman Catholic world has kept holy the 10th of August, and honoured it for his sake; and, as I told you, the Spaniards, who are all Roman Catholics, built their Escurial in the form of a gridiron in remembrance of his honourable death.

Though Castile is not particularly beautiful, there is much beauty in other parts of Spain. There are immense cherry-trees as big as elms, and water-melons weighing twenty or thirty pounds each, and nuts in such abundance that they are sent to all parts of Europe. Every little English child gets Barcelona nuts. Then there are large sweet figs, and such grapes, lemons and oranges, dates and raisins. In some parts of the country it seems always harvest-time, for no sooner is one crop of fruit, or grain, or vegetables gathered in, than another is ripe and ready.

Some places are rich in rice and sweet potatoes and sugar-canes. In others it is mulberry-trees and silkworms that employ the people.

Once in eight years there is a grand gathering of cork, which is the bark of the cork oak, of which there are entire forests in Spain as well as in Algeria.

The two great amusements, or rather passions, of a Spaniard are gambling and the cruel *fiesta de toros*, or bull-fights, said to have originated with famous Henothe and his knightly Cid, who were the first to oppose the bull on horseback. In the olden times only princes and nobles engaged in this sport, which always accompanied any private solemnity. Instead of breaking a lance in the lists, as in an English tournament, it was the fashion to challenge a rival to go in grand array of silk or velvet to the Plaza, and there to brave the fury of a savage bull. Poets sang the deeds of the combatants, and told of their valiant doings. History tells that Cortez, the great traveller and conqueror of Mexico, when yet but a youth, was present at such a fight, where a desperate, half-maddened animal had savagely disabled all who presented themselves before him. No one would again venture, when a beautiful but proud lady present, whom Cortez loved, flung her bouquet at the feet of the raging animal, making a sign to the young man to fetch it back for her sake if he dared. At a bound he was over the palisades, snatched up the flowers from under the very nose of the fierce bull, and returned in safety to his place; not, however, before he had flung the bouquet in the heartless lady's face—reminding one of the story

THE COUNT DE LORGE AND HIS LADY'S GLOVE.

of the French Count de Lorge and his lady's glove, only that was at a lion instead of a bull fight.

> King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
> And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court ;

The nobles filled the benches, and the ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed :
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowing show,
Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

THE MATADORE.

The lions and the tigers roar'd with horrid laughing jaws,
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws ;
With wallowing might and stifled roar they roll'd on one another.
Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous smother ;
The bloody foam above the bars came whis'ring through the air :
Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seem'd the same ;

She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be,
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on, the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine."

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then look'd at him and smil'd;
He bow'd, and in a moment leapt among the lions wild;
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regained the place,
Then he threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
"Ah, ah!" said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;
"Not love," quoth he, "but vanity, set love a task like that."

Mighty kings, and even queens, were often present at the circus to witness the rival deeds of Spanish knights and Moorish nobles, never seeming to think them barbarous exhibitions, until the good and womanly Queen Isabella (whose very name reminds us of Columbus and the Americas) witnessed one, and but one, from which she turned with deep disgust and horror, declaring that such fearful savage struggles between man and beast should be done away with in her dominions. Then the stately court was in an uproar. Her courtiers and all the nobles and dons of Spain were horrified. What! do away with the "fiesta de toros;" with the danger and the blood in which they delighted to out-do each other. Dreadful! They begged and entreated her to change her mind; and so she had to allow them to go on, only bargaining that the bulls' long sharp horns should be covered with leather pads; but often, when they thought the subject was forgotten, they would omit to put them on, and men and horses were once more gored to death on the sand of the red Plaza, amid the "vivas" of the lookers-on.

And again, after the good and beloved Isabel, came kings who encouraged the popular sport. The great Charles V., master of a mighty empire, prided himself on being a valiant bull-fighter, as much as did Pizarro, the conqueror of golden Peru, on facing the wildest toro of them all.

And bull-fights in those days were ruled by laws as stern as those of our own old tournament grounds. The bulls were encountered full front by the nobles on horseback, and with lance in hand, for this was indeed a test of coolness and courage; for if the horse was gored, as often happened, and the knight was overthrown, he was bound to continue the struggle alone and unaided; for if he left the ring without slaying the bull, he was indeed disgraced and jeered at by all present. He might not even use his sword, unless his lance snapped; and many were the eyes ready to watch that these conditions should not be broken, even to save the life of the proudest don.

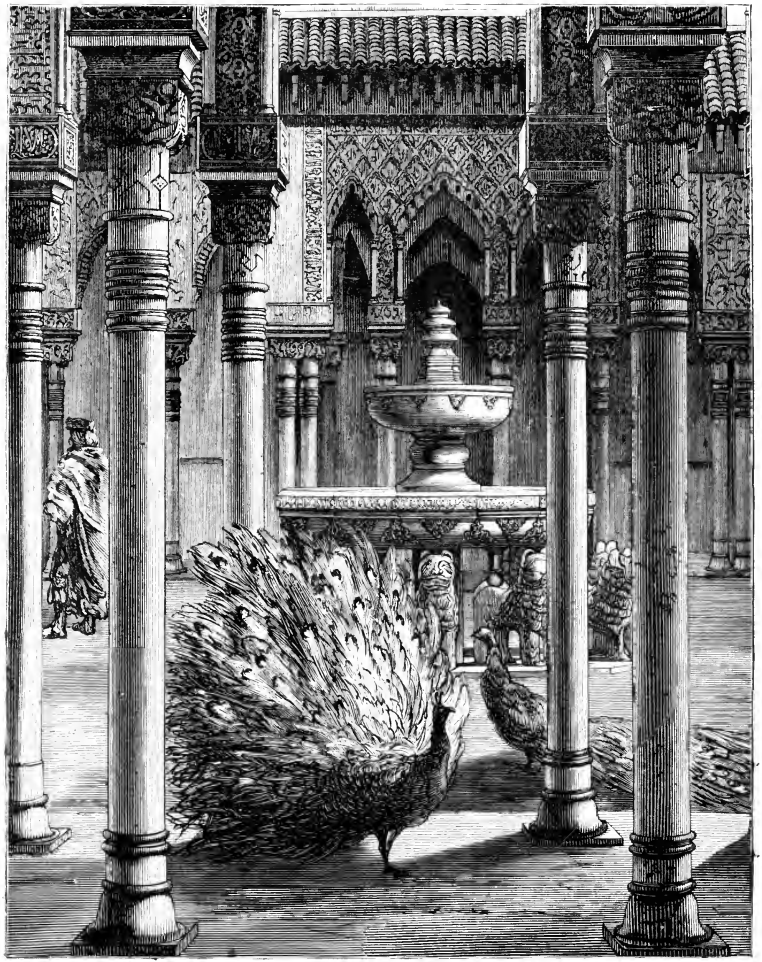
All this went on until the reign of Philip V., who disliked these shows so much that he prevailed on the priests of the church of Spain, which was all-powerful, to forbid them, and to refuse Christian burial to all those who died in the circus; and at length the nobility, not daring to disobey, gave up their dangerous amusement. The common people, however, would not agree to do so, but kept on in spite of everybody, and gradually there appeared another class of bull-fighters; and to-day, both in Spain and Portugal, every great town has a square on purpose to exhibit these inhuman shows. The men who come every spring and autumn, sword in hand, to kill or be killed by "el tauro" are well paid people—the matadores (slayers) receive from £15 to £25 a day; and the mounted picadors, who do service in the ring, armed with a long spike or goad, but never kill, though, poor fellows, they often get killed, receive £4 or £5 each. So, you see, for those who need money and disdain danger, it is a tempting service, but very unlike the knightly encounters of old.

We cannot peep into Spain without speaking of the Moors, who ruled in Grenada for many centuries, and were finally expelled, after a long and desperate struggle, during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, 1492.

This people excelled all others of the time in art and arms. When all the rest of Europe was ignorant and barbarous, they were celebrated for their magnificence and chivalry. Learned men from all parts came to the court of Grenada, and the remains of the Moorish Palace of the Alhambra is still looked upon as one of the most wonderful pieces of art and workmanship in Europe. Should you ever go to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, you will get a very good idea of what it was like. All these Moorish buildings had arches in the form of a horse-shoe, and above each arch there were texts and verses taken from the Koran, or sacred record of the Mahometans.

All the houses were built in the same quaint Eastern style, round an inner court, with dripping fountains in the centre, and trees and flowers around them. In the summer, an awning was spread over this fresh and pleasant court, and the family sat working or enjoying themselves in the cool shadows, instead of being half stifled in hot rooms.

The Sultan Abonabdaulah was the last of the Moorish race who had ruled over this part of Spain for above eight hundred years. When he was at length obliged to leave his beautiful Grenada, and fly a forlorn exile, he reined in his horse on the hill of Sadus and turned to take one last farewell look at his city and palace. The sight so overcame him, that he burst into tears and cried



THE COURT OF LIONS IN THE MOORISH PALACE OF THE ALHAMBRA.

A GIPSY VILLAGE IN SPAIN.

aloud in bitterness of soul. His followers pitied their exiled king's despair, but his mother, the proud Sultana Ayxa, reproached him bitterly, crying out, "Coward! thou dost well to weep like a woman over the loss of that kingdom, which thou knewest not how to defend or die for like a man."

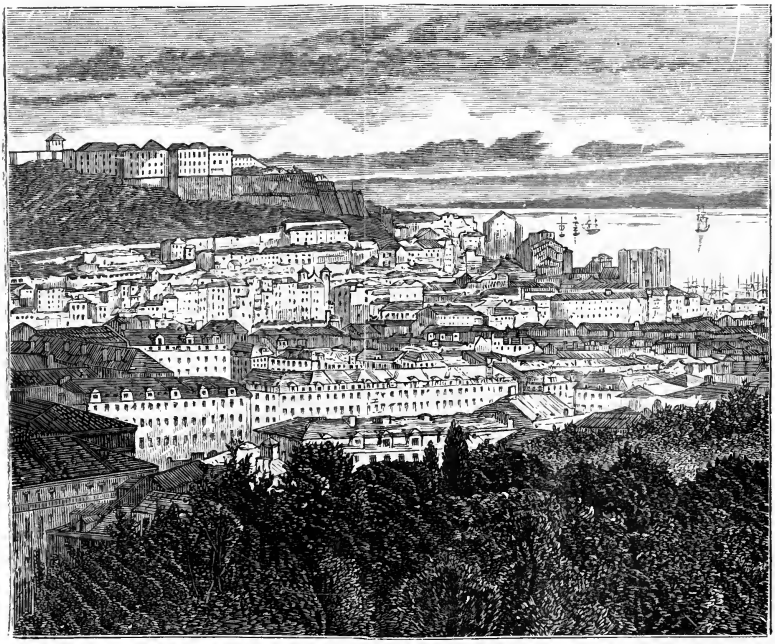
In many parts of Spain—Andalusia, for instance—we shall find a great many gitanos, or gipsies, who wander idly about, pretending to tell fortunes, just

SPANISH GIPSY DANCERS.

as they do in England. They enjoy this easy idle life, and can be often met with dancing fandangoes, or singing wild songs to the twanging of an old guitar; an easy, happy, cheating race, the same as their brethren, wherever found, and they are to be met with almost everywhere.

There has been a good deal of dispute as to where these wandering people originally came from. Some think them Egyptians, some Bohemians; but it is now thought that they are a Hindoo tribe from the banks of the Indus, many of the words in the Hindoo and Romany languages meaning exactly the same thing, and their features and habits greatly resembling those of the Hindoos. Religion they have none; and it is difficult to teach them anything new.

There are some very fine churches in Spain, and the congregations are generally very devout. The ground is covered with straw matting, and every one kneels down, grandee or cobbler, side by side before the large images of the Virgin, generally carved in black marble, the men usually wrapped in

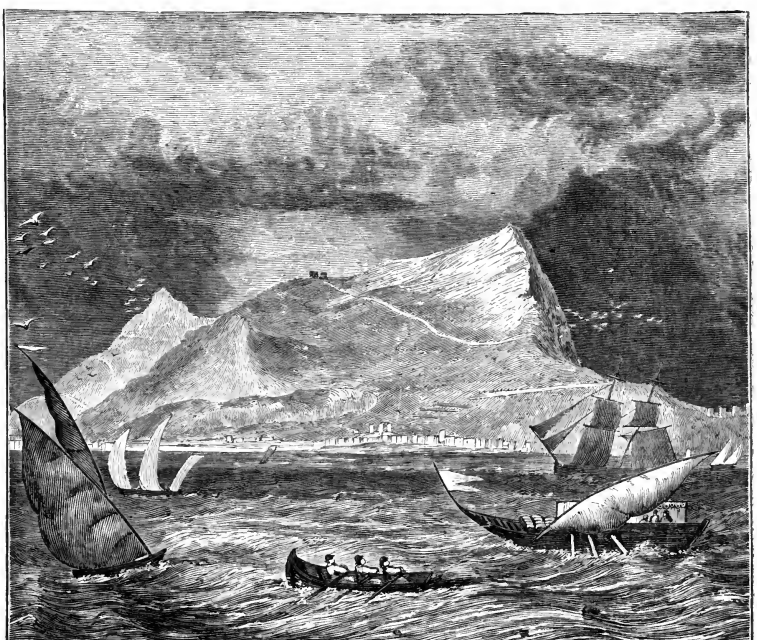


VIEW OF LISBON.

a long cloak, the ladies all in black veils or mantillas; they would not be allowed to enter the church in any other colour.

The Spanish peasants have many traditions, which they fervently believe in. For instance, they say that the owl does not sing, but only repeats "cruz! cruz!" ("cross, cross") so sadly, because he was by and saw our Saviour crucified.

And if they see you gather a red rose, they will whisper that it owes its deep colour to a drop of that holy Saviour's blood which fell on a white rose-bush at the foot of the cross; or they tell the oft-repeated legend of a fair young



THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

martyr at whose feet the flames turned to sweet roses. So, you see, the flower is favoured by the simple peasants, who also believe that a swallow tried to pluck the thorns out of the crown of Christ. They reverence the bird, and do not destroy it. So the pretty legend does some good.

But here is one which contains a beautiful lesson for all young people. Their favourite St. Isidore as a boy seemed hopelessly dull and ignorant. No one could teach him anything. He was so scolded and grumbled at, that he one day determined to run away from his teacher, and give up all attempts at becoming what his parents wished, a good scholar. He wandered from school in a very sad and disheartened mood, until at last, very wearied, he sat down on the steps of an old roadside well. There his eyes happened to fall on its worn marble sides. He saw that the continual friction of the ropes had worn quite a hollow groove in the hard white stone. A bright thought struck the boy's mind: "If a cord can by constant rubbing thus indent marble, surely study and perseverance would make even me remember and profit by what I learn. I will try what I can do."

So young Isidore went back again cheerfully to school, determined to study with all his strength. He *would* be the rope and make his mark; and he did it so well, that he afterwards became celebrated all over Spain for learning and wisdom.

Spain is divided into thirteen provinces, almost little kingdoms in themselves. We get nice dried grapes, called raisins, from Malaga, bitter oranges from Seville, and Cadiz is the central trading town for wines; while between these places you may see the Rock of Gibraltar, rising 1,400 feet above the sea, and on it one of the strongest fortresses in the world, surrounded by above 300 pieces of mounted cannon, ready to defend it against any enemy.

This rock and fortress belong to England, and is the only place in Europe where monkeys (a small tail-less sort) are, I believe, still to be found.

Now peep at Portugal; it is built on the banks of the Tagus, and looks almost like a strip of Spain.

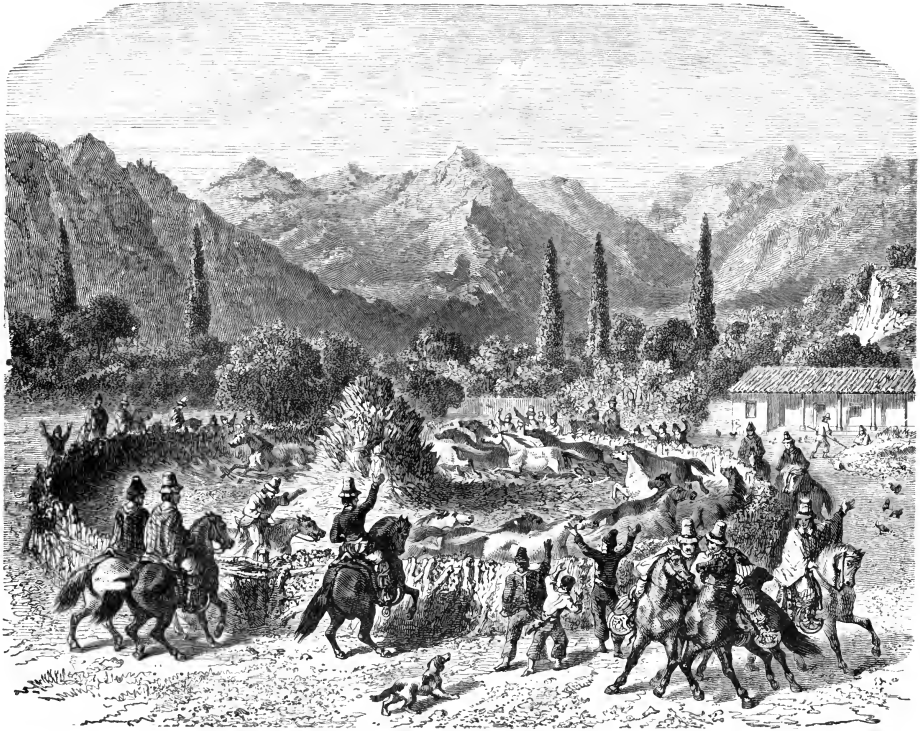
As we sail past Lisbon, its capital, and admire the pretty white houses and the glowing orange-trees and vineyards, we may here and there see some traces of the terrible earthquake that took place here in 1755.

CATCHING HORSES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

CROSSING THE PAMPAS.

ABOUT WILD HORSES.

IN the old times, before the white man landed in America, the natives knew nothing about horses. They had never seen any. When the early discoverers brought them, they looked upon them with terror and admiration, even believing that the horse and his rider formed one animal. When Cortez brought them to Mexico, the people thought that the steed ate the same food as its rider, and brought it bread and cooked meat; and for a long time even imagined that it devoured men. When it neighed, they thought it was fiercely demanding meat, and in this, as in many other things, the Spaniards did not undeceive them.

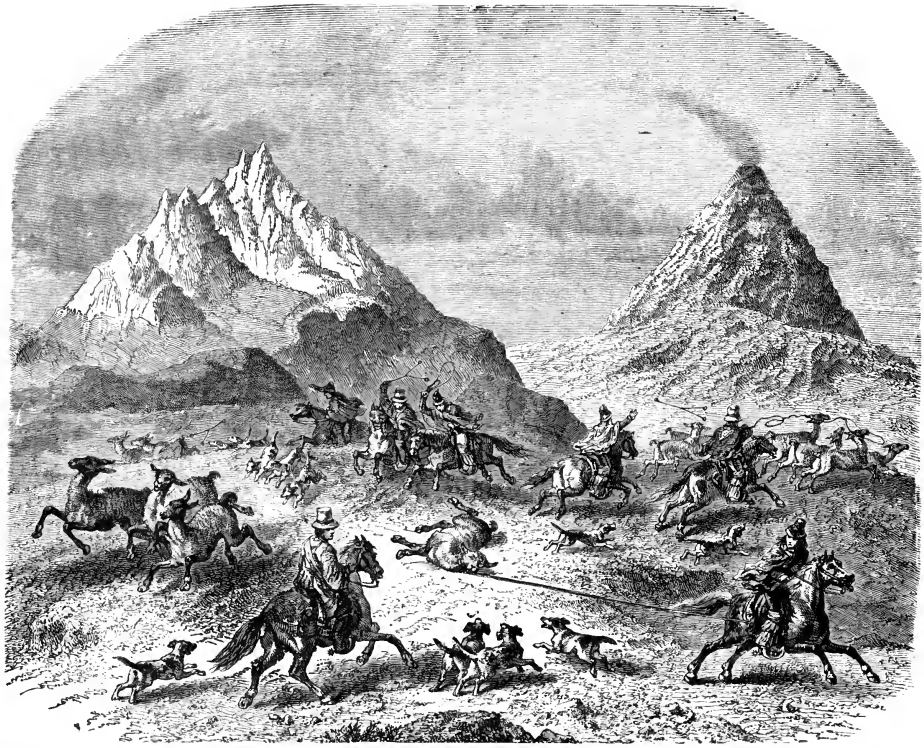


HORSES TREADING OUT CORN.

But now great herds of wild horses exist in all parts of South America, especially in what are called the Pampas of Buenos Ayres. Thousands of them may be seen bounding about the plains. Sometimes they will be alarmed at some cause, and then there happens what is called a stampede, or general scamper. Listen to the description a traveller gives us of these free and happy creatures. Riding across the beautiful plain, all covered with waving yellow sun-flowers, he saw something moving at a distance; it was too fleet for a buffalo, and too large for an antelope or deer. Soon he discovered the erect head, the flowing mane, and the beautiful proportions of the wild horse of the prairie. The moment it saw the travellers it sped away like the wind; then it turned to gaze, and suffered them to approach; then it sped away again. They paused, and when it found that they were not following, it stopped, evidently curious to know what they were like; then it turned, with inflated nostrils, and came nearer, staring with bright, inquiring eye. "We had no hopes of catching, and no wish to kill him; but our curiosity led us to approach him slowly. We had not advanced far before he moved away, and soon approached on the other side. He was a beautiful animal; as he moved we could see the muscles quiver in his glossy limbs, and when half playfully, half in fright, he tossed his flowing mane in the air, our admiration knew no bounds, and we hopelessly and vexatiously longed to possess him. We might have shot him where he stood, but had we been starving we could scarcely have done it; he was free, and we loved him for the very possession of that liberty."

Evidently our traveller did not know that these American horses, like the rabbits of our own country, are accounted the property of those on whose estancias they feed. These estancias are grounds belonging to different people, where thousands of wild cattle and horses feed. These often constitute the riches of their owners, costing next to nothing—Humboldt says a few shillings each. The mare's flesh is generally eaten, and is the only food which the soldiers have on their expeditions. It must be a strange sight to see the troops of mares intended for food following the troops, swimming the rivers. Wild horse-flesh is also used as food by the Indians and half-bred natives, just as it is by the Tartar tribes of Asia and Eastern Europe.

The skins of these horses are tanned for shoe-leather, and thousands of mares are killed just for their hides, which often do not sell for more than half a crown each; but then they are not used there for riding on. Almost the only



THE LASSO.

useful thing these horses do is to tread out wheat from the ear, for which purpose they are driven round an enclosure where the wheat-sheaves are strewed.

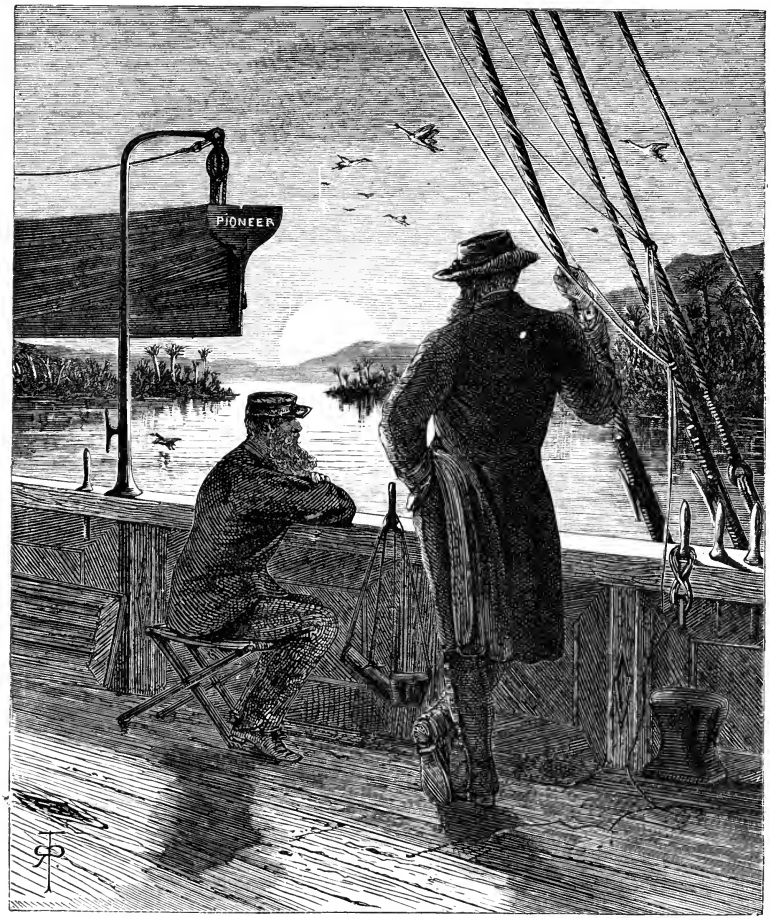
These wild horses and other animals of the Pampas are caught by means of the lasso, or noose, very much the same sort of thing as that used by the ancient Egyptians to catch the antelope or wild ox—the use of which the Guachos practise from childhood. This lasso is a plaited thong of well-greased hide, about forty feet long; at the end of this is an iron ring, through which the thong is passed, so as to make a running noose.

Now shall I tell you how a Guacho will catch a young wild horse that has never felt saddle or bridle, and mount?

They are first of all driven into a corral—a large enclosure of stakes—the door is closed, and the man sits on horseback, with the lasso coiled in his hand (one end is fixed to the saddle).

As the wild and angry horse flies round the corral, as in a circus, the wakeful Guacho flings his lasso so as to catch both its front legs; over rolls the astonished horse, struggling on the ground; the Guacho, holding the lasso tight, makes a circle, so as to catch one of the hind legs and draw it to the other two, hitching it so that it cannot move; then he comes, and getting on the horse's neck, he fixes a bridle without a bit to the lower jaw, fastens the two front legs securely together with a thong, then loosens his lasso; the crippled horse now scrambles up with difficulty, and the Guacho leads him hobbling to the outside of the corral, holding the bridle.

But now comes the difficulty; the captive has to be saddled, a performance to which he very much objects. He flings himself on the ground, and struggles and kicks, and trembles with fright. He does not understand being bound round the waist, and before he is fairly dressed he is white with foam. When all is ready, his master forces him to stand still on his tired legs, and prepares to mount, pressing heavily on the stirrup, and as he throws his leg over its back, he pulls the slip-knot, and the horse is free, as he thinks. How he snorts and struggles when he finds himself led here and there; but soon he submits, and, if kindly used, learns to follow the hand that feeds and encourages him, for no animal is more susceptible of kindness than the noble horse.



THE "PIONEER."

THE "PIONEER."

"They knelt to idols carved of stone;
To fish and fowl, to block and bone."

OF course, all you children know that in the wilds of Africa there may be found many poor heathen savages, who are so ignorant and superstitious that they worship ugly wood or stone figures, or even the beasts of the forests; tribes that are engaged in constant warfare with each other, and who slay and eat their captives, or sell them as slaves, giving, it is said, even their own children for a few beads or a strip of bright coloured cloth.

Of course, too, you have all heard of missionaries—the good men who leave their comfortable homes and go among these wild people, to try and teach them something to civilise them, and show them many things which may help them to be happier; to make better men of these poor creatures; to talk to them of the great Father who loves all mankind, and wishes them to live in peace and love with one another, and who gave His Son to redeem them.

Dr. Livingstone had seen a great deal of the misery of these poor ignorant Africans, and of the horrors of the slave trade among them, when he appealed to English churchmen to send out missionaries, and establish mission stations in Central Africa, where good men might teach the natives a great deal about which they were ignorant, and also how to cultivate their ground properly.

He was so much in earnest that a large sum of money was collected together for the purpose of buying plenty of stores and tools; and some clergymen, a physician, and some men who understood building and husbandry, especially the cultivation of the cotton plant, were soon ready to join an expedition, which was called the Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin mission to Central Africa, because the three Universities originated it.

After a good deal of preparation, the steamship *Pioneer*, having on board Bishop Mackenzie, Dr. Livingstone (who was going to see the mission safely settled), Dr. Rowley, and other gentlemen, not to forget sixteen Makololos, or African freed slaves, who were Christians, started on their journey for a beautiful highland region in Africa, which the doctor had discovered during his explorations of the river Shire, which takes its rise in Lake Nyassa, and of which he gave such glowing bright descriptions, that it was thought no better place could be chosen for the first efforts of the mission, from which so much good was expected.

The discovery of this beautiful and healthy highland spot was hailed as a particularly lucky thing, because the great difficulty had hitherto been that Europeans generally, who try to reside long in the lowlands of Africa, get fevers which kill them, or leave them invalids, and fit for nothing else but to return to Europe as soon as possible.

Should you not like to see the cataracts of the Zambesi? Dr. Livingstone says they are the most wonderful sights he has seen in Africa. The natives call them "Mosioatunya"—that is, "Smoke does sound there;" one they called "Shongwe" ("Seething Cauldron").

The bays and islands scattered over the Zambesi are covered with beautiful vegetation—enormous baobabs and graceful palms. The falls are bounded on three sides by thickly wooded ridges, 300 or 400 feet in height, and may be likened to a flood of water, a thousand yards broad, hurled over a rock 100 feet deep, and then suddenly compressed into a narrow gully of fifteen or twenty yards. The howling and roaring it makes is something wonderful to listen to. In falling, the cataract breaks into five different streams, which send up far, far above, great bright columns of shivery spray and foam, which, when they are lighted up by the sun, form glittering rainbows. These columns of watery "smoke" are visible at a distance of five or six miles.

Let us peep at this great African river, and at the good ship *Pioneer*, as it slowly made its way over the sunlighted waters, where the shadows of

the palms seem to lie so still, and where strange birds, with bright red feathers, dashed wildly by, wondering what this wonderful lifeless thing moving on the waters could be.

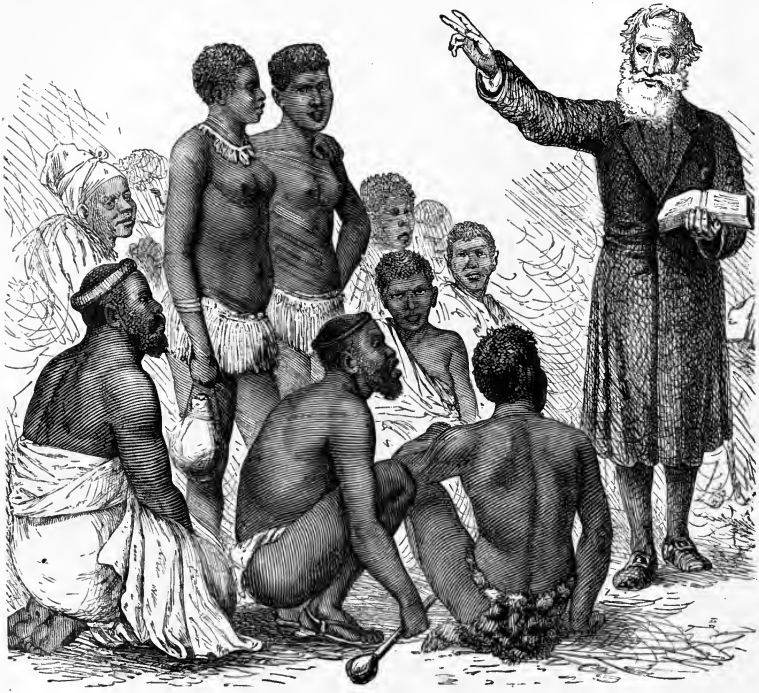
Nearer to the bank might be heard the mocking "Ya! ya! ya!" of the large, handsome kingfisher, or a green and yellow parrot screeching, as some tall heron passes down to the river, which about this hour seems swarming with life, from the huge open-mouthed crocodile to the tiny green lizard, and many-coloured chameleon, with flapping wings, and a lumpy horn on its nose, like that on a rhinoceros.

For many days the ship had been on its way through storm and sunshine. When we first see them they had had many doubts and difficulties. The water was often so shallow, and the sandbanks so troublesome, that it seemed as though they would stick there altogether. This evening the bright, glorious sun was shining, and the good clergyman (who had lately been consecrated bishop to the tribes dwelling in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassa and the river Shire) and Doctor Rowley sat watching its glory, red and gold, until they had half forgotten where they were; for presently they softly sang together the beautiful hymn, "Jerusalem the Golden." When they had finished, they turned to see the Makololos sitting at their feet, quietly waiting for them to sing again, looking and listening very seriously.

The Makololos were freed African slaves they had brought with them from the Cape. They listened quiet and hushed to two beautiful old hymns: "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," and "Father, by Thy love and power," until the bishop, pleased with their attention, asked the principal Makololo to sing one of his own native melodies; and he gave them a solemn chant composed by Sebituame, a celebrated chief and warrior, who had been a favourite leader of the African tribes in his day. When he was dying, hundreds of his friends and followers had gathered round the hut in which he lay, and had sung, with heavy hearts, the words their departing chief and father had spoken so well in verse.

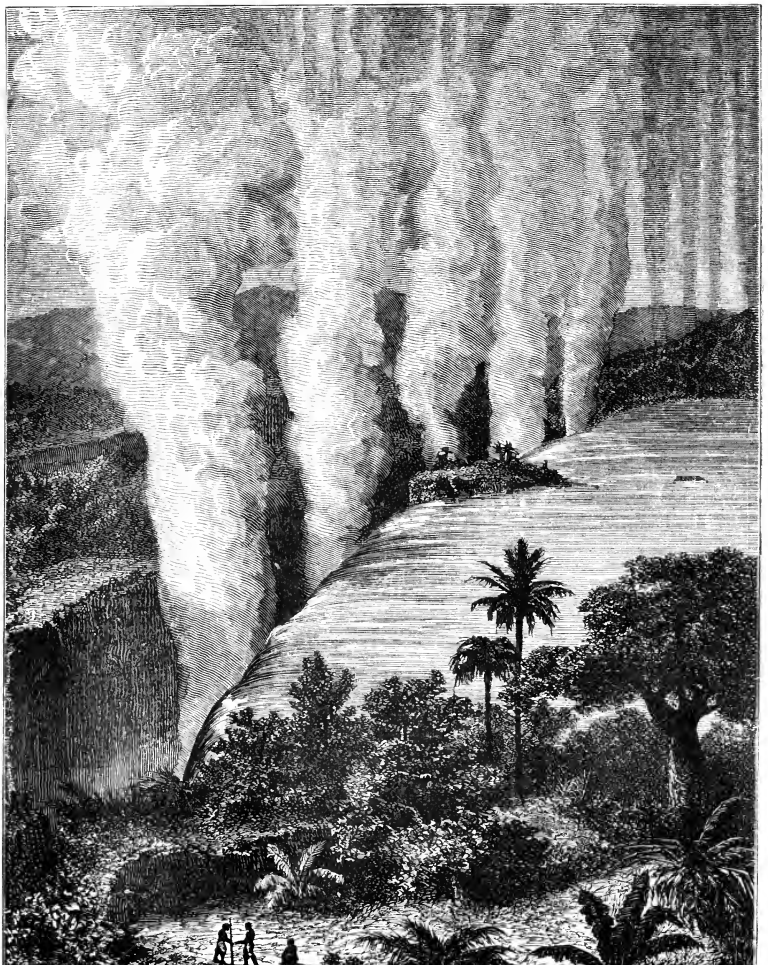
The chief of these Makololos was a big, strong, good-natured black fellow, well liked, and faithful, with some idea of his own importance. Unfortunately he, like his fellows, was a great deal too fond of "Bhang," which they smoked in curious straight pipes, and which made them often so very sleepy and heavy, that they had to be forbidden it on board.

This Bhang, or Persian Nassish, is made out of Indian hemp seed. It is the most maddening stimulant; the same that, when smoked by an excitable Malay, will sometimes cause him, not to sleep, but to "run a-muck"—that



THE MISSIONARY.

is, to seize his kris, and with set teeth, and rolling red eyes, to run through the streets, killing and stabbing all before him—men, women, and little children—friends or foes; the tipsy Malay becoming more and more savage, until, foaming at the mouth, he drops down fainting with exhaustion. So



FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI.

common is this kind of intoxication in the streets of Java, that long forked branches of trees, with strong thorns growing backwards out of them, are kept ready to pin the drunken madman to the ground, where he is held, struggling and fighting, but helplessly unable to reach his captors.

By-and-by, when he has recovered, and is told of the damage he has done, he will be sorry, and hang down his head, saying, in his heathen fashion, "It was my doom, master; who could prevent it?"

But to return to our Makololos: they were quiet, well-conducted men, with odd, scanty fashions of dress, and most unpleasant ideas about eating. Nothing came amiss. For instance, they very much enjoyed bullock's hide, which they roasted until it looked and smelt like burnt leather; then they pulled it to pieces with their fingers, stuffing their mouths with great lumps, which they hardly stopped to chew. They thought any hide a delicacy, but they preferred a meal off the well-boiled hippopotamus, when they could get it.

There were many hippopotami on all these rivers. These are clumsy waddling creatures on land, but easy and graceful in water. One, indeed, made himself particularly objectionable, for he came dodging, and grunting, and feeding about the *Pioneer* all one Saturday night. Then when Divine service began on Sunday, and every one was silently attending to their duties, the brute grew quite bold, just as though he guessed that nobody would trouble about him just then, and coming quite close to the ship, gave the company the benefit of his strong lungs; at every pause of the service he broke out in a loud and deep "Ha! ha! ha!" which must have interfered very much with the solemnity of the occasion.

Then, when the sermon was over, the sailors went to look at this noisy fellow. He rushed off—that is, he dived down, and only came up when he thought himself at a safe distance; but that did not do, so with another mocking "Ha! ha! ha!" he dived again; then came up, and amused himself by shouting defiance all the rest of the day, to the great aggravation of the men, who declared that he knew it was Sunday, and that he was safe, or he dared not do it.

I don't know if this was the same fellow that afterwards came floating down the river, dead. At any rate, it was not Sunday this time, and our Makololos threw themselves in a boat, and off they started after the huge carcase. How wildly they cut and hacked at it! It was, as one of the

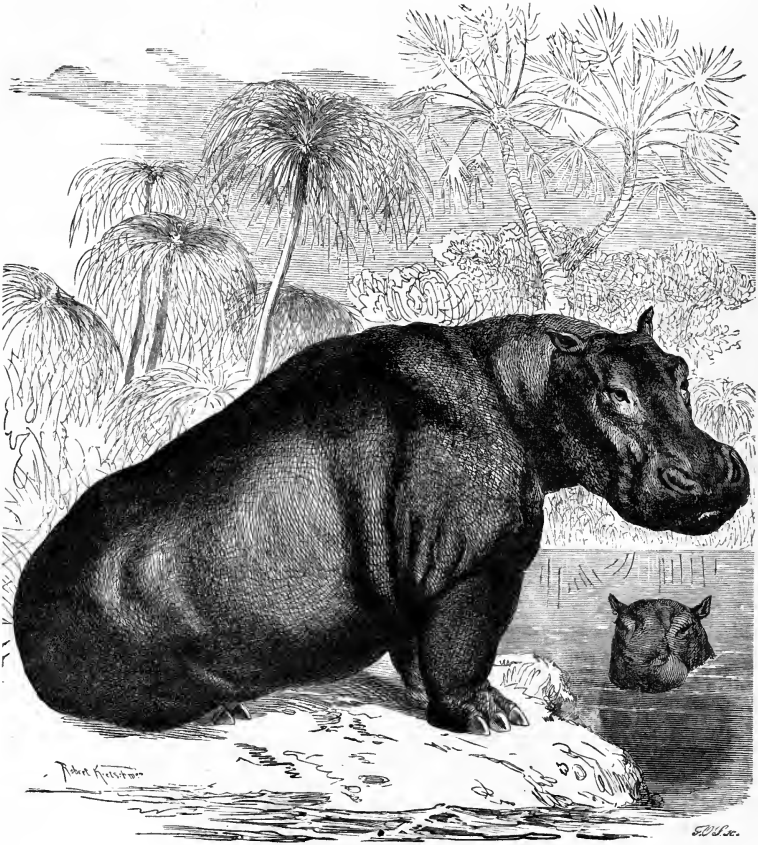
disgusted English sailors remarked, "difficult to tell which was hippopotamus, and which was Makololo." They brought a quarter of their prize as a present to Dr. Livingstone; the rest they carried away to the shore, and having cut it into strips, cooked it on wood fires, which they lighted, and squatted there, gorging like hungry dogs, till the morning.

But this big creature is very much dreaded by the natives, for he comes out of the rivers at night, and eats up or tramples down whatever crops may happen to be growing near the villages; but as his flesh is eatable, and his big erect teeth, which sometimes weigh six or eight pounds, can be sold to the ivory merchants, the Africans find plenty of ways to kill their unwelcome visitor. Sometimes they dig pitfalls with sharp stakes at the bottom, covering them in such a way that the heavy creature is sure to fall in and be killed, or else they suspend a heavy log, to which is fixed a poisoned spear-head, over his path, fastened by a cord which, when he presses against it, lets the log fall and forces in the spear-head; but the usual and favourite way is to harpoon the animal—a strong line and a float is attached to the harpoon, and the hunter pushes silently among the herd, whose noses and backs can be seen above the surface of the water. Watching his opportunity, the hunter flings his harpoon into the tough brown hide, and the alarmed hippopotamus plunges down out of sight, but the harpoon goes with him, and the float at the end of the cord shows where he is. He must come up to breathe, and then the hunters surround him in their canoes, and attack him with their spears. Sometimes he crushes a canoe, or a native or two; but the poor snorting bellowing creature generally gets the worst of it himself.

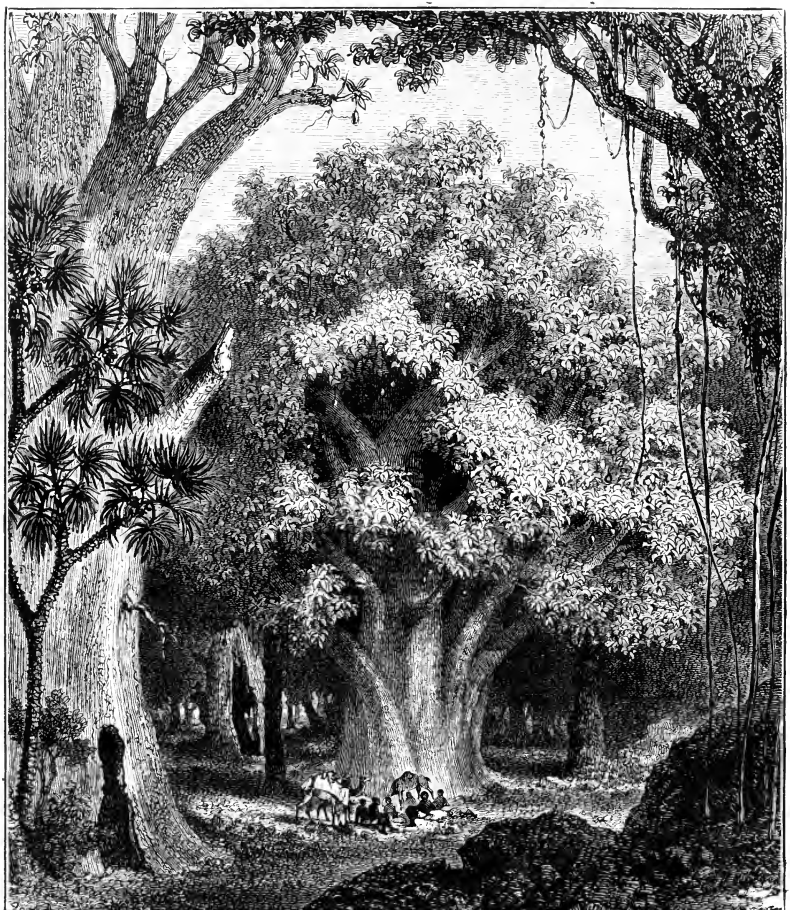
Perhaps you would like to know that young hippopotamus is like veal, but old hippopotamus is tough and disagreeable. The doctor knew this, I suppose, for he told the cook to stew some steaks for four hours; but even then they were as tough as leather, and the meat soon began to smell so badly that all were glad when it was finished.

Job gives a powerful description of the hippopotamus, under the name of the behemoth, a description as marked and true to-day as it was all those thousands of years ago.

> "Behold now behemoth, which I made with thee;
> He eateth grass as an ox.
> His bones are as strong pieces of brass;
> His bones are like bars of iron.



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.



ENCAMPMENT UNDER A BAOBAB TREE.

He is the chief of the ways of God:
He that made him can make his sword to approach unto him.
Surely the mountains bring him forth food,
Where all the beasts of the field play.
He lieth under the shady trees,
In the covert of the reed, and fens.
The shady trees cover him with their shadow;
The willows of the brook compass him about.
Behold, he drinketh up a river, and hasteth not:
He trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth.
He taketh it with his eyes:
His nose pierceth through snares."

Fortunately these big fellows are more alarming than dangerous. Like many animals, they are peaceful and inoffensive when undisturbed. Though among the most uncouth of living creatures, they seem to possess as much intelligence and affection as some of the most beautiful and graceful animals of the forest. A baby hippopotamus borne through the sun-covered waters on the back of its mother, is a common sight on the banks of the great African rivers where these animals abound.

Another time some of these people near the shore were persuaded to come on board the *Pioneer*. They were very much surprised with all they saw. One man almost went into fits when he peeped at himself in a looking-glass; and another stared with astonishment on being shown a brightly-coloured china tobacco jar, made in the shape of a very fat man. But when its owner opened it so as to cut the said fat man in halves, the African visitor gave a loud shriek of horror, and jumped overboard in his fright. He thought the thing was a living demon of some sort.

When our travellers reached the Zambesi they had plenty of trouble. Some were ill and the commander had a fever. It seemed, as the sailors said, they were all going to "David Jones's locker." The good missionaries encouraged the rest, and kept the watches in turn just as though they formed part of the crew.

The ship was going all out of her course, and getting into a scrape, so the sick commander had to come and tell them what to do. "Brail the sails!" So they brailed the sails, whatever that meant. "Pull away here—hard away there!" And so, by dint of pulling and hauling, the *Pioneer* went right straight on again, and the missionaries were very glad, and laughed at the old captain who growled and grumbled dreadfully.

"It's all very well, sir," he said to Dr. Rowley, who had been working with a will, "but it's no laughing matter, though I suppose the longer one lives, the more one sees. I've seen many odd things in my day; but what I've seen lately beats all the rest hollow, for I never did expect to see a bishop a-taking out anchors, and a-hauling in o' cables, and a ship managed by the likes of you and him, sir."

But he saw more than that, for as they went on the fever grew so bad that they could scarcely keep the ship going; even the stoker fell ill, and the good Bishop Mackenzie took his place as readily as possible, and stoked away for hours, until he was as black as a sweep. He was the wonder and admiration of all.

Then they came to Mohilla, a lovely little island, where they anchored; when a canoe came out to them, in which sat a grand individual in flowing robes and turban, who inquired where they were travelling to. They asked for water and provisions, but he told them they must come and see their queen, for no trading ever took place without her permission. So they passed that night in the clean little village, where bright-eyed children stared at them, and where men were sitting under fruit trees reading their Koran, or Bible, for they were Mohammedans, and it was Ramadan or fast-time.

Next morning the officers, with four Makololos, went to visit the queen; and coming to her house, ascended some steps; and going through a trap-door, found themselves in a large empty-looking room, in which her Majesty, who seemed to be young and pretty, was sitting on a Turkey carpet, surrounded by old ladies, all chewing betel-nut. She was grandly dressed in red and gold, and wore a mask all glittering with jewels.

This African lady asked many sensible questions in French, and granted them permission to buy what they wanted on her island. Then she wanted to see the Makololo men, who came up; and before leaving, their chief quite startled the masked queen by coming forward and saying in a loud voice, "Remain well and live long, Queen of the Nations!"

They stayed and rested here some days, and before starting an old sailor made a grumbling speech, in which he declared that he had been sailing over the world ever since he was a boy, and that Mohilla was the first place he had ever come to where it was impossible to get drink. I think that was a very flattering compliment.

The little children here were pretty and bright. They used to run after

ON THE BANKS OF THE ZAMBESI.

the officers, and ask them to teach them English. One of the little fellows put his hand into Dr. Rowley's, and asked him to take "boy" to England. He

THE AFRICAN ANT-HILL.

said he wanted to be English. "Do, do say 'finish,'" he kept repeating. The natives always use this word to settle matters.

At length they left Mohilla, and sailed away until they reached Johanna, where the missionaries were welcome, and the King of Johanna asked them to pay him a visit. So Dr. Livingstone and Dr. Rowley went together through

some very dirty streets, and found the royal establishment in a mean barn, full of rubbish and smelling badly enough. Some of the royal ladies were in the way, and scrambled off all in a fright; for, being Mohammedans, they ought not to be seen by masculine eyes, much less by unbelieving white men.

They had a long talk with the king, who asked Dr. Livingstone all sorts of intelligent questions, and was very gracious. The next day he returned their visit with an odd kind of state. He came attended by a great crowd, and messengers ran before him crying, "The King! the King! make way for the King!" His royal highness was coming in state, riding on a very fat donkey.

He told the missionaries that he should be very glad if they would come and live at Johanna, as he wanted to learn English; and after many other compliments, he expressed great regret at parting with them, and prepared to depart. His big donkey was brought to the door, and his attendants —some in bright and flowing drapery, others without any clothing at all— arranged themselves about him, and moved steadily off.

They kept up a stately pace until they had passed beyond the tall palms surrounding the house; then the big Neddy kicked up his heels and galloped off with his Majesty as quickly as he could go. All the attendants, dressed and undressed, some of them puffing and blowing, others shouting, raced after him, making the drollest scene you can well imagine.

That day was kept at sober Johanna as one of great rejoicing.

At last the good ship *Pioneer* sailed away up the broad but shallow Zambesi, and many things happened which I must not stop to tell you about. They found the river almost like a sea, dotted with sand-islands; on either side was a broad plain of giant grass, ten feet high, but scarcely any trees. Here and there could be seen the house of a Portuguese settler, or perhaps some of his poor miserable slaves, for there was a great deal of slave trade carried on about here.

Strange animals, too, abounded—great open-mouthed crocodiles, and clumsy hippopotami with their families, and large ant-hills were built along the shore everywhere.

But as we have a picture of one of those ant-hills so common in Africa and the East Indies, let us linger and see what they are like.

The ants themselves are very tiresome, and eat almost everything before them; buildings, furniture, merchandise, books—nothing is safe before their

hungry jaws; but they prefer wood, and destroy it at a great rate, always beginning at the inside of anything, and clearing it all out so neatly that nothing remains but the outside; and that looks quite sound until you touch it, and then it suddenly crumbles away like a thing bewitched; so that when you go to lift a heavy stick or a log of wood, it feels quite light and hollow.

But about their cities. When they begin building one, we only see a number of little hills about a foot high, shaped like sugar-loaves, the highest being always in the middle. They keep on building more and more, making them higher and higher still. When they consider them tall enough, they fill in the spaces over the top of all these sugar-loaf hills, so as to make one roof over all.

Then, as they only wanted the little sugar-loaves inside as a kind of scaffolding to support the rest while they were at work, they take away a good many of them. I suppose they fill up too much space to suit these careful little people.

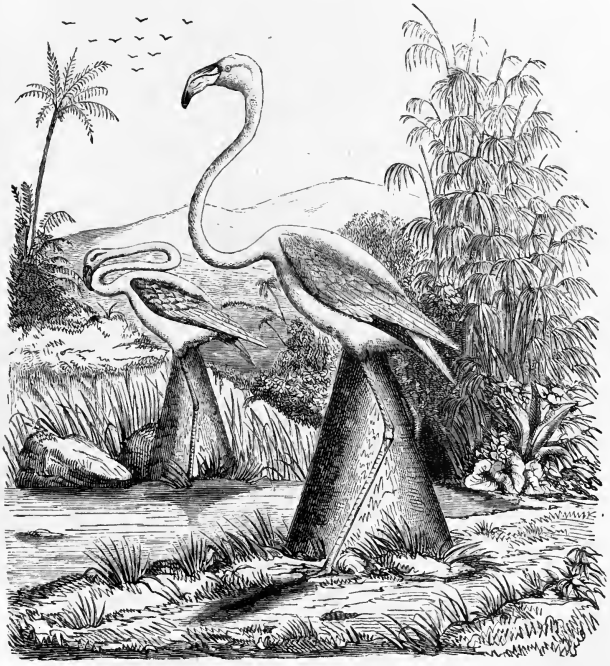
What are they all built of, you wonder; they look very much like a large brown haycock, and at a distance even like native huts. Why, only of clay, which the ant knows how to make as hard as stone, so hard and strong that several men can stand on the outside of one; the wild bulls often get on them to keep a look-out while the herd are feeding below. Within this great outside shell is the real ant city, which is built with wonderful regularity and neatness. There are plenty of working ants, and fierce soldiers, and a king and a queen ant. The queen has an immensely large body, and is the mother of the city. She, as well as the king, has two large eyes. The soldiers have large heads, with two sharp crooked hooks. They are blind, but can fight very well. All the rest of the ants are blind labourers, who do all the work, and do not very often show themselves out of the city, unless it is attacked and broken into.

The first house built in the city is one for their majesties to live in. It looks like the half of an egg cut long-ways, and always stands in the very centre and on a level with the ground, and has a tiny opening only big enough for a labouring ant to pass through, because the king and queen never come out of their chamber. Royalty has its penalty as well among the termites as among people. All round this there are other rooms, of all sorts and sizes.

But I must not stop here to tell you all about the doings of these wonderful little people, or the *Pioneer* will leave us far behind, passing tall scarlet

AFRICAN MANGROVE TREES.

flamingoes, with their crooked legs, some of them sitting astride their high nests just as though they were on horseback, and many other strange wild birds and things the travellers had never before seen.



FLAMINGOES ON THEIR NESTS.

On and on for many miles, the country improving as they went; past large plantations of mango, orange, and cocoa-nut, pine-apples and lemon-trees; stopping at some places to take in water, or go inland a little to look about them—at the warlike Landeens, for instance, a fine race of savages, wearing,

instead of the usual dirty calico, a kilt made of monkey skins and strips of monkey and buck skins, tastefully arranged about their bodies, and fine necklaces made of antelope horn. They seemed proud of their large and elaborately carved snuff-boxes, which were about a foot long, made of a piece of split reed or bamboo. One man carried his stuck in a hole in the lobe of his ear—a strange ornament; but there is no accounting for taste.

At one time the *Pioneer* sailed up the marshy Shire river, and here too the missionaries saw strange sights, and the people living near the shore came running out to stare at the vessel, scrambling up on to the numerous large ant-hills, some of them fifteen or twenty feet high, and the birds were innumerable. Once they stopped near Kalubri, a village where rice and corn could be bought. Men, women, and children came flocking out in canoes, bringing all sorts of things for sale; but Bishop Mackenzie thought he should like to do his shopping on land, and so went on shore, where he was soon surrounded by a jabbering, laughing, almost naked crowd, who gaily offered ten fowls for one strip of calico, and a big bag of rice for another.

Here, for a wonder, the African men seemed kind to the women, and did not make them do all the hard work, and carry all the heavy burdens; they were even seen showing them the goods they had for sale, and asking their opinion about them; and these poor women were not beauties, as you may fancy, for they wore the ugly wooden lip-ring, which thrust out the lip two inches from the nose; and had shaved off all their hair, so that their heads were round and shining like ebony balls.

As to their husbands, it was not so bad; their hair was fancifully dressed, and for ornament they only cut great triangular notches in their front teeth, which made them look very funny when they opened their mouths.

When the travellers left this place, they found the river Shire very difficult to navigate. For many days the *Pioneer* could scarcely move along at all, and the sickly smell of the mangrove trees gave the poor travellers fever. Some of them were very sick and downcast, thinking they should never get away again; but brave Dr. Livingstone and the bishop, who always saw the silver lining of the clouds, were full of patient perseverance, and would not hear of hopeless difficulties, declaring that things would soon be better.

And they were right, for at last, after many efforts, they moved on again, the dark clouds cleared, and a bright beautiful sun shone on them once more.

Some time after this the *Pioneer* received the visit of some native

musicians. There was a man who played on a one-stringed fiddle. He screeched and grunted, and made dreadful sounds in his throat, which he seemed to think was lovely and sweet melody, and all his friends clapped and were delighted, especially when he concluded with a song in honour of the English: "The Beardies, the Beardies, the great white Beardies."

Then another fellow, with his hair all stuck full of long white feathers, jumped up and danced such a twisting and stamping as never was seen before. It was painful to look at. When they had concluded their performance, they went off the ship on to a sand-island, and blew a horn, and danced for hours, until everyone was sick and tired of the sound.

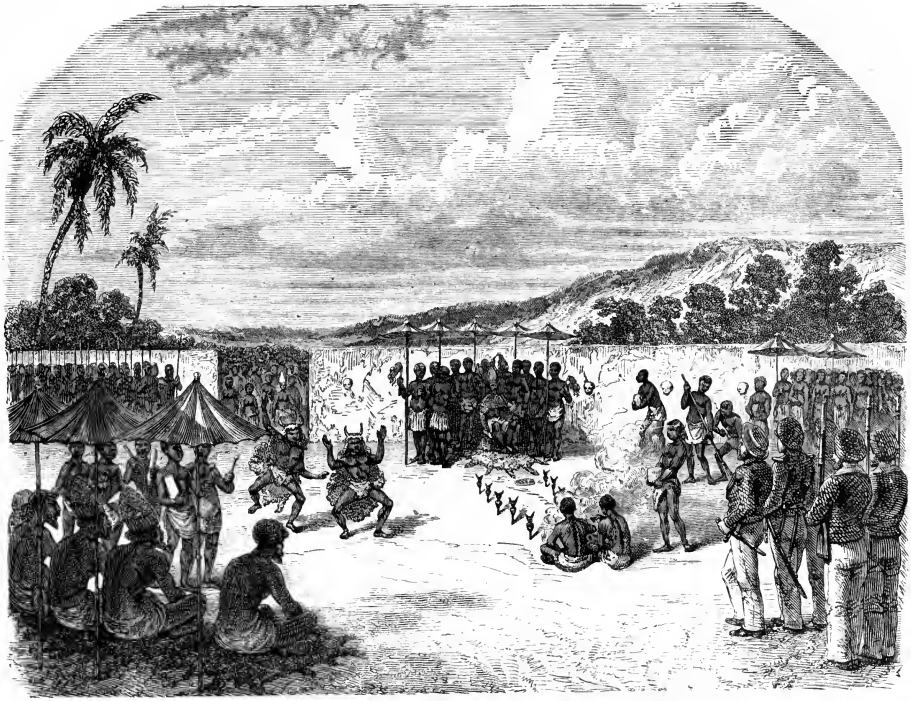
Then some noisy drummers came, the leader being a man who had had one arm bitten off by a hungry crocodile, not an unusual accident in this part of the world, where these creatures abound, and will bite a negro in two and swallow him with great relish if he comes in their way. The drumming was not bad, but unfortunately they also sang, flinging their legs and arms about, then hugging each other, and screeching down each other's throats, making altogether such a din, that the "great white beardies" were very glad when they took themselves off.

When the travellers came to the village of Mankokwe, where they saw huge crocodiles feeding on the banks, the bishop, Dr. Livingstone, and others determined to land, and visit the great Rundo, or chief, who received them and their presents graciously.

It was not considered manners to speak directly to so great a man, so Dr. Livingstone had Charlie, one of his friendly Makololos, for a spokesman, and a solemn old native, named Chimbeli, represented the Rundo. The foreign doctor said what he had to say to Charlie; Charlie repeated it to Chimbeli, who then gave the message to his master, who, of course, had been listening all the time.

The doctor simply introduced Bishop Mackenzie, saying that the white man had come to help and teach the people; but Makololo Charlie enlarged the speech, and said that the missionaries were the sons of God, sent by their Father to teach the Manganja to understand His Word.

The Rundo answered that they were welcome, and next day sent Chimbeli on board, with a goat as a present. The poor old gentleman appeared very uneasy, and trembled all over when the vessel moved about under him; but presently he cheered up; and when he was shown the wonders of the ship, he



NATIVE ACTORS AND MUSICIANS.

was filled with amazement, and cried, "I have no more breath; my heart is taken away. It is wonderful! very wonderful!"

This village of the Rundo was a beautiful spot, full of heavily laden wild sweet bananas, and the wild vine clustered everywhere—only, unfortunately, its huge bright yellow grapes were uneatable. Tall fig-trees and many other varieties of fruit abounded here more than at any place they had yet seen.

As the visitors were anxious to leave a pair of sick turkeys and a ewe merino sheep in charge of the Rundo, they visited him again, kicking their way through crowds of yelping, snarling terrier dogs. There were plenty of huge black sheep here, with large tails; but the little white, woolly stranger was looked upon as a great curiosity by a wondering crowd that followed it.

They found Mankokwe seated on the root of a large fig-tree. He was dressed in blue cloth, and decorated with brass bracelets and anclets. Ten of his sulky-looking old ministers sat behind him. Dr. Livingstone and Dr. Rowley sat down beside him; the Makololos stood behind. Mats were spread in front for the bishop. All the half-naked people who had followed sat in a semicircle, and stared and listened with all their might.

Dr. Livingstone now stated, through Chimbeli, that he had come to ask permission to leave the sick sheep and turkeys in the village, until his return down the river, as travelling did not agree with them. Then those animals were brought forward, and the Rundo seemed quite interested in their appearance. He plucked a little wool from the soft white sheep, to examine. Then his royal sister, who had asked leave to be present, plucked a little also; and all the other women plucked a little; so that the poor animal must have thought he was being shorn by inches in a new-fashioned and very uncomfortable way.

However, the Rundo having hummed and hawed, promised that the sheep and turkeys should be taken care of. They were let loose and wandered off to feed; but then happened a great disturbance, for the native terriers, objecting to these strangers, ran after them, barking and biting—"as 'tis their nature to." The whole pack flew after the poor gobblers, and I don't know what would have happened if one of the Makololos had not darted off after them, kicking out right and left, tipping over dogs and boys headlong, never stopping until he had rescued the turkeys. Then he returned quietly to his place, and began again chewing sugar-cane, every now and then spitting, very contemptuously, among the grave councillors sitting on the ground.

Silence restored, Dr. Rowley asked leave of the chieftain to remain in this village while Dr. Livingstone and the bishop went up to the hills to examine the country. The Rundo smiled, gaped, and hinted the ship had better move on up the river; there were plenty of other places where they might wait, or go up the hills. He would rather they did not choose to stay at his village, as he might get into trouble somehow.

This was very unsatisfactory. However, food was brought; and, actually, this African chief ate his out-of-door dinner off a regular common English willow pattern plate which he had become possessed of somehow; very likely it was the price for a slave.

The bishop and the doctor came again, and brought him presents—beads and knives; but still the cautious chief repeated, shaking his head solemnly, "You come as friends, you act as friends; stay where you think proper, only go above me as far as you can, or I shall get into trouble."

And though he had readily accepted the presents, he soon sent them back—sheep and turkeys, and all—thinking they might be meant as the price of his land. Dr. Livingstone declared he would have nothing more to do with such an unreasonably cautious man.

So the *Pioneer* went on up the Shire to Chibisa, a healthy village on the banks of that river, from whence there is one of the most beautiful views in Africa.

Here the people told them of a fierce war which was raging in the highland country they were bound for, where the Ajawa were destroying all before them, and carrying off at least 200 people a week—men, women, and children—for slaves, to sell to the Portuguese, whose agents carried away all they could buy.

Some poor woe-begone men were here who were going to beg aid from Chibizi, the great chief, who was at Doa, to come and help them, and ask him to bewitch the guns of the Ajawa, that they might not kill. They said the Ajawa had burnt their homes, and carried off their wives, and children, and friends, to sell as slaves to the traders.

The great Chibizi, the hero of these African tribes, was said by his enemies, the Portuguese, to be the son of a slave; by others, the spirit of a powerful prophetess of the Nungari tribe. Most of the Zambesi tribes believe in the transmigration of souls—that is, that when a man dies, his soul goes direct into some other body; and that the lion is the abode chosen by their prophets, or

wise men. So they always call the lion Pondora, or prophet; and in some of these districts it is considered a dreadful thing to kill this sacred brute; and even the hyena, that generally follows the lion, is looked on as his servant, and is spared for the royal beast's sake, though it is hated for its own.

But they believe there comes a time when the prophet's soul gets tired of being in the lion, and once more enters into a human being, who will then be invincible. Chibizi knew all about this superstition, and having run away from Teté, presented himself at Mikaronko, and declared himself possessed of the spirit of their great prophetess Chibiza. He was clever, and artful, and brave, and the people believed him, and gave him a place of honour, and he became chief, and head, and prophet, claiming to have a medicine to bewitch the guns of his enemies, and he soon had many followers, who paid him almost divine honours and called themselves by his name.

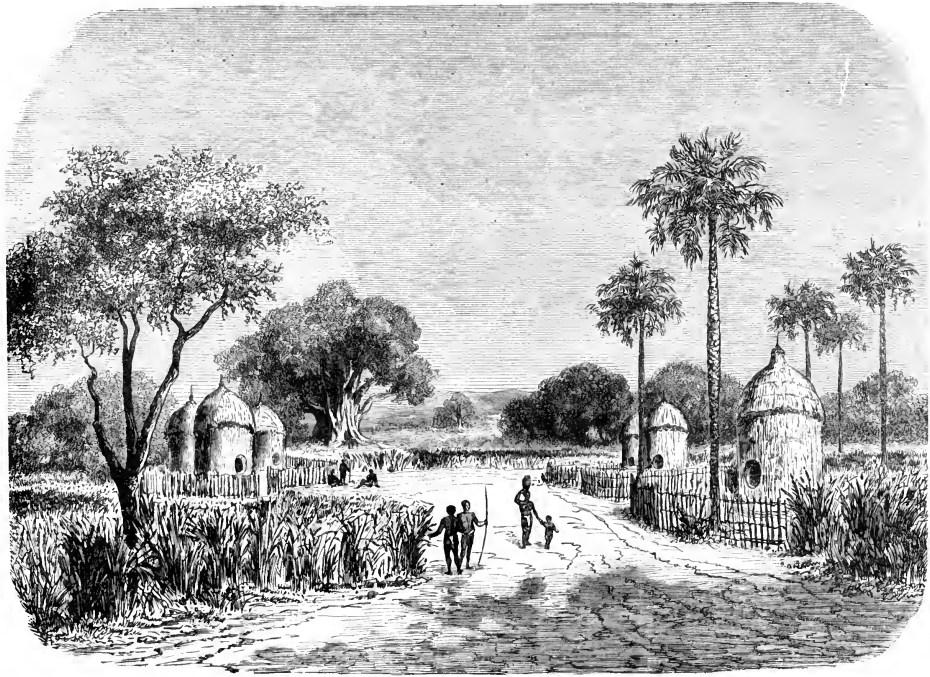
He was always friendly with the white man, and Dr. Livingstone was sorry to hear he was away now at Doa. However, it was settled that the missionaries should remain here for the present, and having obtained permission, they drew up their ship close to the island, and proceeded to get up a large tent, and to land their stores and baggage.

Then the bishop and Dr. Rowley went rambling about through thicket and tall brushwood, looking for a good place to build a house. And when they found one on an island about a quarter of a mile away, the *Pioneer* was anchored; and a large tent being set up on the place, the missionaries and natives set to work, and a quantity of stores were carried from the ship; while the women and little children looked on very much interested in the whole proceedings.

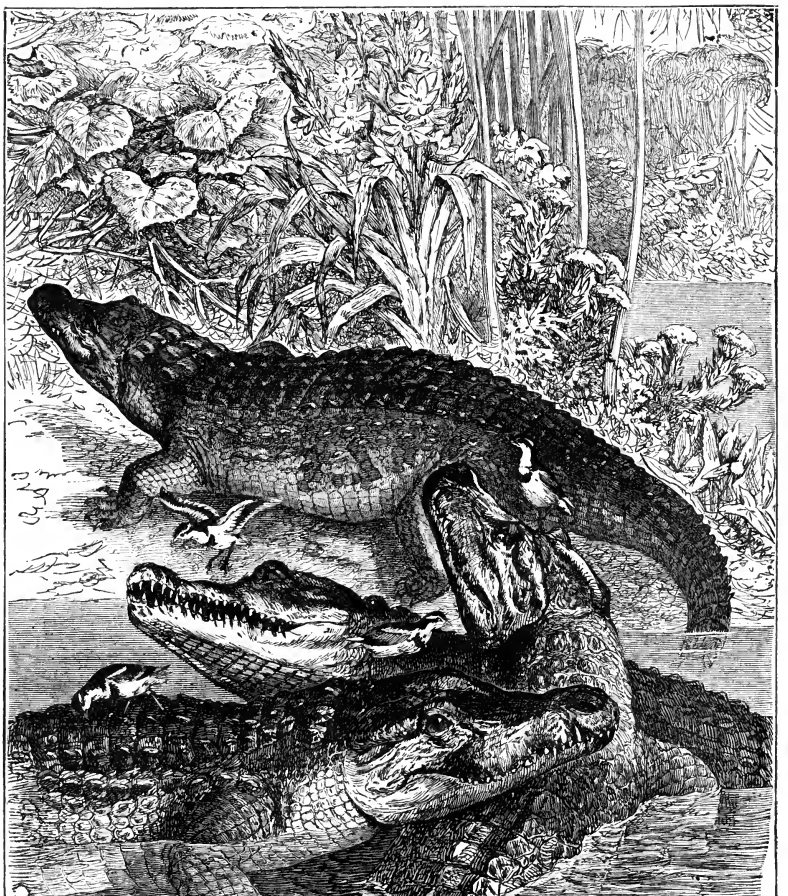
Then Dr. Rowley took some cloth and went to the poor men from Mount Zembla, and told them kindly how sorry he was they were in such trouble about their friends, and that all the English were sorry, and had come to teach them what they could, and to tell them about God, the kind Father, who alone could comfort them.

And the poor fellows bowed and thanked them gratefully, with the great tears streaming down their cheeks.

It had been agreed that Dr. Rowley should stay at the village while the bishop, Dr. Livingstone, and his exploring party should go farther into the country. After a great deal of trouble and disputing, they got some of the natives to help with the luggage. The good bishop, with pastoral staff in one



SCENERY IN AFRICA.



CROCODILES AT HOME.

hand, and a gun in the other, headed the party. This beautiful staff had been given him by the clergy of Cape Town, and as it had to go with him he would not trust it in any other hands. The natives looked at it with a kind of awe, wondering what it was, and why it was so carefully carried. They did not know, as perhaps you do, that a bishop's staff represents an Eastern shepherd's crook.

"It is a sort of gun," whispered one Chibisian.

"A great wonderful gun," said another.

What a strange wild country it was they passed through—high grass, often waving over the travellers' heads; trees, shrubs, and climbing plants everywhere, all so closely packed together round the scattered huts and villages, that they could scarcely be discovered among them. Then, above all, ranges of mountains, one beyond another. It was all very new and beautiful, and wild and savage, to the strangers.

After a long walk, Dr. Rowley with Dr. Mellor, who was to take charge of the *Pioneer*, and another, left the party. They must have felt very sad and lonely as they returned. The ship seemed very different now, with so many friends gone, and they left to do as they could among the natives.

But there was no time to be wasted in fretting, they must build their house; and why should not some of the natives idling watching about, help them? The most busy person in the village seemed to be Checoma, a little thin man, with a big head, who was always interfering with other people's business. On being called he came forward, Bhang-pipe in hand, made a low bow, and grinned with all his teeth, when he was asked—

"Would he and his, if well paid in calico, help the white men work?"

Working was quite a new idea, but after a deal of talking they agreed, and set to work merrily for about an hour, fetching sand from a hillock, to make the ground level. Then it suddenly occurred to them that it was women's work, and unworthy of them. And they sat down to smoke, and declined to go on any more. It was only by constant coaxing and assurances that white men always built their own houses, and did not allow their women to do it, that they were persuaded to finish what they had began. Poor Dr. Rowley was obliged to work with them, or they would have all walked off. However, when he paid them, they liked that part of the performance, and came willingly next day to earn more calico.

While busy thus the grieved missionaries saw canoes full of Africans, with a Portuguese commander, the crew all armed with guns and spears and battle-

axes. They soon saw they were a party going up the hills to burn and destroy all before them, and to carry away poor slaves to sell.

Suddenly, as they were watching the sad sight, they saw some of the men who had gone on with the bishop come hurrying up to the island where the builders were. They were very much excited, and said that the white people had reached a village where they had met a party of slavers; that they had taken their guns from them, and driven them away, and set the poor slaves free. Some of these men had pots and armlets taken from the slaves.

Then a man came in haste with a letter from Dr. Livingstone, telling how they had freed eighty-four slaves, but had missed another party of slavers, who had escaped him; and instructing Mr. Gedy to man the boats and go up and down the river and try to stop and disperse them; the poor slaves were to be brought to the island and cared for, until they could be sent back to their homes. And to persuade the Chibisians to help, they were to be promised all the booty that could be taken from the cruel slavers.

I need not tell you how glad our missionaries were to assist in this good work. So they went across to the Chibisians and asked them to help them stop the Portuguese, if they came back that way with slaves, for they were wretches who came to steal people from their homes.

When the eighty-four slaves were freed, Dr. Livingstone had given each poor, cold, naked creature a length of cloth, to wrap round them. They were all thin, and half starved, and were overpowered with gratitude and surprise when the white men gave them food. At first they thought they were going to kill them, and were very frightened.

A poor little boy came to Dr. Livingstone and asked, wonderingly—

"Where do you come from? These people (the slavers) starve us, but you say 'cook and eat.' Where *do* you come from, white man?"

These poor creatures, what terrible tales they told! I will only give you one instance. A slave woman, the mother of a tiny baby, was ordered to carry a heavy bundle of hoes; she was so weak and faint that she could scarcely totter along the rough mountain path, with that little crying child clinging to her back, much more carrying that heavy bundle of hoes at the same time. So the slavers seeing this, and valuing their hoes above the life of a little black baby, which to them might not be worth more than a piece of calico, tossed it away among the rocks, as though it had been a dog—nay worse, far worse I hope than any Christian would treat a living dog. See how

hardened these wretched men had become in their mad pursuit of gain. Most of them were in the service of the Portuguese of Teté.

After these poor people had eaten, and rested, and were a little comforted, Dr. Livingstone told them that they were quite free, might come or go as they liked. He advised those who had homes to try and return to them, as it was not likely the slavers would interfere again.

But many of them had now neither homes nor friends left, their huts had been burned, and their relatives cruelly murdered before their eyes; wives had lost their husbands, little children their parents, and all were left very desolate and miserable.

Then Dr. Livingstone said to them, pointing to the missionaries,—

"My brothers have left their own pleasant land to come and live with your people, to make them happier and better, and to teach them about God. If you like, you may go and settle with them; they will protect and feed you, and show you how to grow cotton until you can support yourselves."

How grateful they all were, but, poor things, they had no word in their language that meant "thank you"—they felt it though.

From all that could be heard, it seemed that the Ajawas were carrying on a dreadful war in the neighbourhood of Mount Zemba, and the slavers were there buying the captives as fast as they could get hold of them.

Need I tell you that Dr. Livingstone and his party determined to go there at once and try to put a stop to this horrid traffic.

The party at the island were very anxious to catch the returning slavers, but somehow they missed them. Poor Dr. Rowley was so vexed about it, that he had a fever and was ill for some days. During this time he heard that the Rundo Mankokwe had sent a message to Chibiza, at Doa, bidding him send the white men out of his village, but he had answered bravely:

"The white man is a good man. He is my brother. If he wants to build, let him build. If he wants to stay, let him stay. If he wants to leave his ship here, no one shall touch it;" and many more such kind words.

And now, too, he was cheered by information that the armed slavers, hearing what Dr. Livingstone had done, were afraid. They went to within a mile of where the English were, and then recrossed the river, and went back to Teté, sending a message, saying that since the English had interfered they had done no harm, committed no violence, had made no slaves, had gone back to Teté; therefore, there was no offence between them and the English.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

(*Taken before his Departure with the Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin Mission.*)

So you see their firmness and determination had done good; saved many and many a poor creature from the slavers' clutches.

Having Chibiza's friendly message, Dr. Rowley set about building his house in earnest, marking all the trees he wanted cut down. The people were delighted to help him now. They clapped hands when he came near them; and gave a clap! clap! clap! when he went away.

The little children were nice, bright, playful little things, very different to most dull African children. They talked so prettily too, not having, like their poor mothers, a piece of wood in their lips to make them stutter and lisp.

Their fathers and mothers were, like our Makololos, great smokers of bhang, and even the little folks would go up to any one smoking, and looking longingly at the pipe, pull it down, and take a whiff or two, and then sit down giddy and half stupefied.

One day when Dr. Rowley and all the builders were working away, there was heard a great firing of guns on the other side of the river, and to everybody's delight they saw Dr. Livingstone and his now large party returning with two men in the slave forks.

He had so much to tell, especially how day after day they had rescued many slaves, and how in some parts of the country they had found people flying in every direction, because of the Ajawas, who were burning, and killing, and making captives. In one place they found forty-four poor trembling creatures hiding in the bush. They came out joyously when they saw English people. The slavers fled before them; all except two fellows who were saucy, and would not stir, and so they were put in the slave forks, which were taken from the necks of their captives. Terrible tamers they found these dreadful instruments they were so fond of using on other people.

The day after this, the doctor, the bishop, and the rest of his party, with the exception of two, who stayed with the poor freed slaves, went away towards the Ajawa encampment, to see if they could do any good. Many a sad sight they saw; villages burnt, gardens spoiled, and the bright and beautiful land looking very desolate. Soon they saw some burning villages, and a party of the Ajawa just returning to their camp, on the slope of a hill, from a raid. They heard the loud triumphant welcomes of the Ajawa women, who were waiting to greet the victors; but they heard also the exceeding bitter cry of the long train of heavily-laden captives, who followed with weary feet their savage masters.

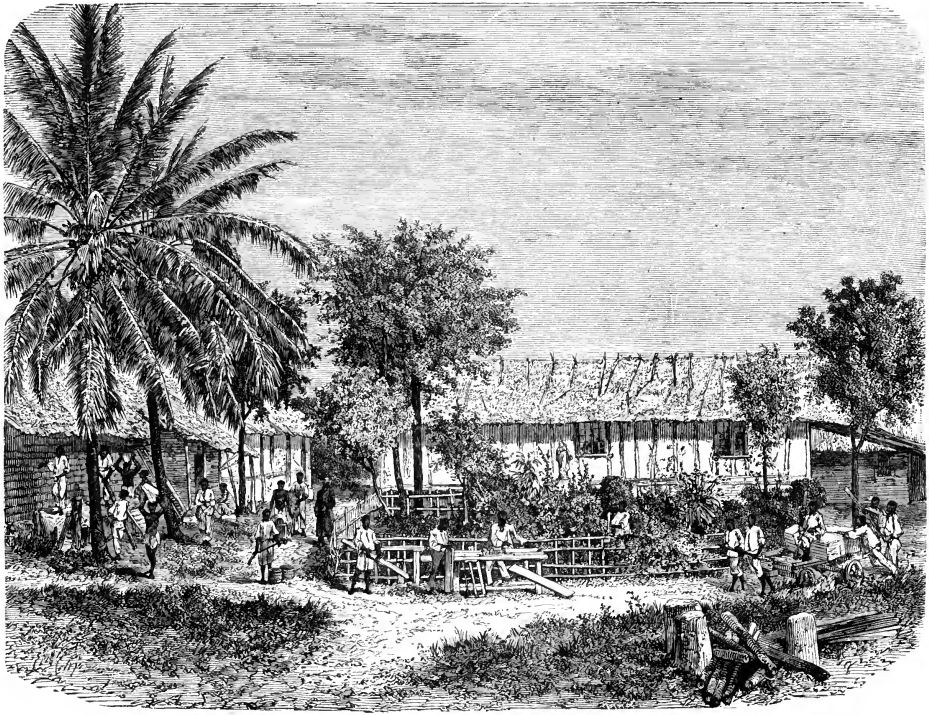
As soon as the victorious Ajawas had caught sight of the white party, they had advanced towards them in a great rage, shouting, dancing, and defying them. Dr. Livingstone called out that he came to talk to them of peace; but they did not believe him, and cried that it was not peace, but war, and scattered themselves African fashion, hiding behind trees or rocks. One man aimed an arrow at Dr. Livingstone, but the black cook saw him, and fired. Then there was a general fight, and arrows came whistling in every direction; the Ajawas uttering loud shouts of derision, when they saw how few enemies opposed them. But those few had rifles, and were brave, bold men, that felt the greatest pity for the miserable slaves they had determined to release. The Ajawas charged on them like demons, but the English held their own, and soon forced their enemy to run, and burnt their encampment. The captives flung down their loads, and fled into the bush, from whence, let us hope, they were able to return to their homes—such homes as the slavers' wretched accomplices had left them.

The bishop had been in the midst of all this fighting, but he did not use his gun; he gave it to Dr. Livingstone. None of the English were hurt, but they were all very tired, for they had walked forty miles, and had nothing to eat all day.

But they had not come to Africa as fighting men, they told the chiefs of Magomero. They were men of peace, and had come to teach and promote good-will and brotherly love among the tribes. They had come to talk of God. It was only because they had found the Ajawa killing men, burning villages, and taking poor women and children captives, to sell them to the Portuguese, that they had opposed them. If they would remember this lesson and live in peace, the white men would be friends with all the tribe and rejoice.

"But," said the people, "what should we do for cloth if we did not sell men and women? It is the only way we can do. We know of no other."

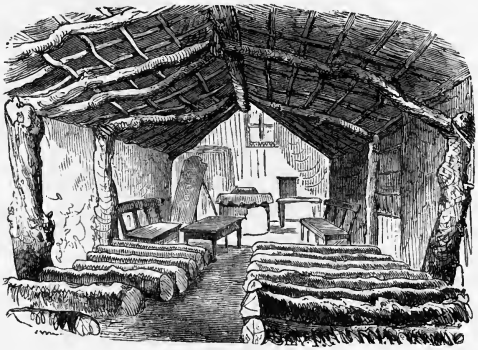
Dr. Livingstone advised them to grow good cotton, and he would come and buy it of them, and he gave them some seed; and then he told them that he must leave them. Bishop Mackenzie was intending staying among them, and making it into a strong place where women and children could escape to; and so it was settled that the first station should be at Magomero, about seventy miles from the river Shire; and the bishop sent at once to Dr. Rowley to leave the island and the Chibisians, and come here on the hills, where he was now more wanted and could afford more protection.



AN AFRICAN MISSION STATION.

Dr. Rowley was sorry to leave these people, who were getting fond of him, and did not like him to go; but, of course, when the bishop called he must obey, and so he prepared to depart.

About seventy luggage bearers readily went with him this time. There was no difficulty or confusion. The whole party walked Indian file, across mountain paths, through rugged passes where great masses of rock lay in their path, often crossing the river Kubala—now a peaceful stream, now a mountain torrent, now falling in beautiful cascades. It was hard work, up and



INTERIOR OF A MISSION HOUSE.

up. After four hours they stopped and looked back at a magnificent prospect of the valley of the Shire, then right away to the mountains that shut in the Zambesi.

And up here, at the summit of the first hills, 2,000 feet above the sea, they stopped at a small village in a valley, where two large huts were given up to them. Dr. Rowley had all the luggage stowed in the hut, and dividing his men into parties of twelve, he gave each party some calico, with which to buy supper and breakfast. Soon there were plenty of fires lighted, and the Chibisians were busy enough cooking. Johnson, the doctor's cook, had bought some goat, and yam and green peas. So every one in the village had a good supper, for the Chibisians were not idle at eating.

It seems a funny thing to go to market with a piece of calico, but these poor mountaineers were glad enough of it, and thought it very good pay. They looked regular savages, for they wore only a strip of the bark of a kind of fig-tree, beaten thin with mallets until it made a sort of cloth.

They marched on next day till they reached the pleasant village of Soches, all surrounded by bananas. The poor bearers were dreadfully tired and knocked up, but good-humoured through it all; they helped one another so kindly, that it was easy and pleasant to forget that they were savages. All the people up here were well fed and dirty. Soon the bearers were paid their hardly earned calico, and returned home right joyously.

The mission party stayed here all next day to rest, and get fresh bearers; and the chief was very kind, and helped them all he could, and was delighted with Johnson, the black cook, who played on the accordion, which they thought a beautiful instrument. Everybody in the place crowded open-mouthed to hear him. All the dirty fat men, women, and children, even the old chief, cried "jacoma!" ("good").

There was no trouble in hiring some strong bearers from this place; and the paths improved. For the first two hours they walked through a valley of flowers; but then a most terrific storm came on, and all were dripping wet when they reached Mongosi, the largest and dirtiest village they had seen yet, and that was not saying a little.

The chief was a tall ill-looking old man, very dirty, but with his arms covered with bright brass rings. Round him he wore a red cloth. He stared with surprise when he saw all the laden porters; and his people, at the sight of so many white men, scampered off in a fright.

The Sochi bearers were paid, and went their way; but next morning poor Dr. Rowley was shivering and shaking with fatigue and fever. He could scarcely stand on his feet, but he determined to go on to Magomero, where he knew he was anxiously expected, and which would be their journey's end, and so the party toiled on until they reached the place where the rest of the mission party were waiting for them.

And now I am afraid we must be content to pass over in a few words many things which would take too long to tell: how the bishop and his friends met a great party of chiefs, who promised solemnly, on behalf of their people, that they would no longer buy or sell their countrymen, and that they would do their best to drive away any foreign slavers who attempted to land.

The white men, on their part, undertook to drive away these Ajawas who were at present keeping all the neighbourhood in a state of miserable disturbance. Indeed, they could not have settled in Magomero otherwise, especially as this was not a mere war between tribes, but a struggle for slaves.

After a long march with the warriors, they reached the place where they expected to find the Ajawas, and the bishop proposed to go first and try to persuade them to depart from this country peaceably, and so save bloodshed; for you are sure the Christian missionaries were very sorry to have to come gun in hand against any natives, and they all knelt down on the green hillside, and prayed that the Ajawa might listen to reason.

Looking from the hill, they saw the ruins of many pleasant villages lately burned and destroyed, and beyond that the Ajawa camp, where all the people were resting with their captives, little expecting the white people.

However, when they did see them, they set up a horrid war-cry, and prepared to fight. The bishop and the negro Charles, who could talk their language, went alone and unarmed to their chief's hut, having promised to wave a white handkerchief if successful in his kindly efforts.

Four armed men advanced. The bishop told them he came for peace, not war; but these men said they did not want peace with the English, who took their slaves away. Then he told them he wanted to speak to their chiefs; and the chiefs had heard, for a loud cry came from their quarters, "Shoot, shoot! Don't listen! It is war! it is war!" And the bishop, much against his will, had to return with the message of war, nothing but war.

Then rose the loud war-cry of the Manganja, and the answering one of the Ajawa. A desperate fight with spears and arrows ensued, which soon ended; for Dr. Rowley having fired a rifle that touched some one standing on a hill 600 yards away, the enemy were terrified, and scrambled off, shouting with rage, leaving only their slaves behind them.

How glad the missionaries were to get to rest, and how awfully tired and worn they were. Yet the bishop had no sooner swallowed some dinner than he hurried off to see what he could do for the poor people they had rescued. He found one poor sick boy that had been left to starve to death, so ill that the people said leave him where he was; but the bishop had him brought home and carefully tended; there was no hope, however, for the poor little creature. They tied him in some sleeping mats, and the bishop read the burial service over him. He was the first who was buried in the new mission ground.

Another of the gentlemen thought he heard a child's cry in the night. He got up and found a little friendless baby outside the hut. So he took it into bed and rubbed its little cold black limbs, warmed it under his rug, and by the morning it was lively and bright, chattering by the side of the fire, or toddling after its preserver.

Then the party returned to Magomero, and what a slow march it was! Some of the poor captives they had rescued were lame, and the children could not walk far. The men carried all those they could, and the bishop shouldered one little girl, called Dauma, and carried her the rest of the way.

TYPE OF NATIVE AFRICANS.

After thus easily defeating their enemies, the simple people about Magomero thought that the white men could do anything. Often, when they passed by, the men or women would kneel and say, "Ah, my master! Ah, my lord!"

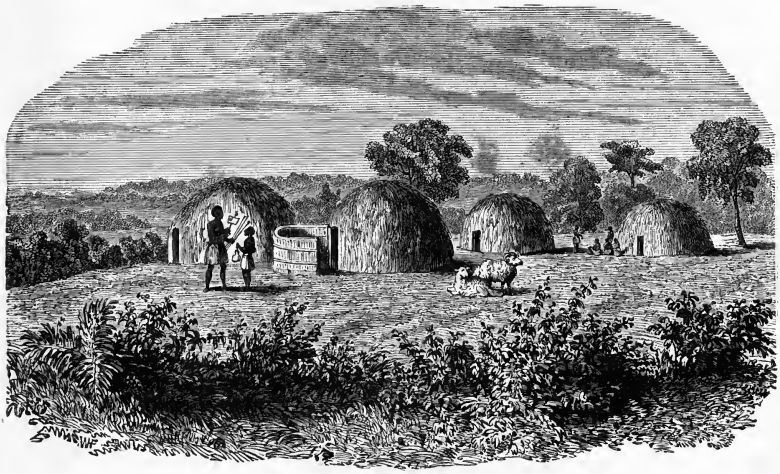
Once, as one of the missionaries was passing through a village, he heard a man telling the chief of the place about the wonderful things the English could do.

"Do," said he; "why, there is nothing but what they can do. Look here, chief; supposing that a man wanted to get away from them, and they were not willing, well, he could not go, do what he would."

"How would they hinder him?" asked the old chief curiously. "Tie him to a tree, I suppose."

"They would not take that trouble. Suppose, now, he had gone so far that in the distance he looked as small as a fly, they would put *that* thing to their eye (meaning a telescope), and it would bring him back again to their feet. He could *not* get away."

But the missionaries were anxious now to settle down at Magomero, and



AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.

begin the good work they had in their hearts; so they were not very pleased when they found first one tribe, then another, begging of them to come here and go there to help them against more Ajawas, who were again thieving, burning, and plundering the villages; and when they refused, saying they were men of peace, the chiefs begged for war medicine.

"We English have no war medicine—only brave hearts," was the answer.

They would not believe this, and were often angry and disappointed. They said in their distress, "You are our masters and fathers. You say you come to do us good. If you will not help us, we shall all be dead. We cannot

stand against the Ajawas." But the bishop only answered, "We came here not to take a gun to fight you, but to teach you to be better men, and to teach you God's laws."

All this time the workers were busy. The "Bishop's Palace," which he had designed himself, was getting on finely; it had a thatched roof and walls made of split bamboo. The natives thought it very grand indeed. The bishop worked at it every day; he used spade, and axe, and pick-axe like any day labourer. He was always bright, and good-tempered, and cheerful; every one loved and honoured him; and he had the grand gift of making all those about him content, whatever happened.

Sometimes the neighbouring chiefs would come with small presents to the new settlement, but they always expected something in return. This became quite troublesome at last, because they thought it below their dignity to sell, and yet were not easily satisfied with what was given, always expecting more —like one man who actually said to the bishop one day, "I intend making you a present of some pombi (native beer) some day. Will you give me the cloth you would surely give me in return now at once?" That was one way of making a present, was it not?

All this time the people were working in orderly fashion.

There was a poor little dumb idiot in the camp. When the huts were being built, some of the people had to sleep out in the cold. But the kind bishop took this poor little thing into his own hut, and covered her snugly up in his own blanket. The little creature felt the kindness, and would follow him about like a kitten, patting his hands, and making all sorts of odd, purring, pleased sort of noises. The bishop went away for a time, and a large hut being finished, the girl Akenena ("She cannot speak") was put in it to sleep along with some women; but the child was very angry at the change, and at night, instead of sleeping, would cry and wail in a dismal fashion. There was trouble with her every night. All day she sat at the gate watching for her kind friend, and when he did return, her joy knew no bounds; she cried and laughed for joy. See how a little act of kindness is felt even by a poor dumb idiot.

One day a sad accident happened. Sesaho, one of the kindest-hearted of the Makololos, left his gun leaning against a tree. Some children playing about knocked it down, and it went off and shot a little girl dead. Poor Sesaho was so grieved that he cried like a child, and it was hard work

to soothe him, or to persuade the parents that witchcraft had nothing to do with it.

Perhaps you would like to have peeped at the children about the camp, and truly there were plenty of little yellow urchins, from the infant of a month old, always clinging, asleep or awake, to its mother's back, with arms out and legs apart, forming a kind of X. It was funny to see how the mites held on while the mothers trotted about busily engaged, perhaps pounding corn, shake, shake, shake; but it never shook the baby off; and if it did cry a little, she just put her hand behind and patted it quiet. The men seemed always to remain fond of their mothers, and when in trouble cried, "Ah, mai!" ("Oh, mother!").

As soon as the boy could toddle, you would see him playing at being a warrior, shooting grass arrows, or drumming on an imaginary drum, or trying to dig with his father's big hoe. When they got older, they would play top or ball, or they might be seen wrestling and racing together just like English children.

One of the missionaries thought he would astonish the children by making them a large kite. He took great pains, but somehow the thing was lop-sided and heavy, and did not fly well, much to the amusement of the small fry assembled round. "You never saw such a thing before, did you?" asked their friend. "Oh yes, but we have," they answered. "Only ours went up—yours go down." And then they laughed aloud.

Nobody taught these children anything, and yet as they grew up they found out how to make baskets, to build huts, to make bows and arrows, to make cotton—in short, to do all that a Manganja or Ajawa man is expected to do.

The little girls had less play than boys. Almost as soon as they could trot they carried things on their head, or played at grinding corn. Then they carried pots of water, and helped at field work. Very soon their lips were pierced for that horrible ring, and their bodies tattooed all over with different names and titles of the particular tribe to which they might belong.

One more story I must tell you about Magomero.

You remember that the people had promised to buy and sell no more slaves, but to help drive away the slavers. One day a poor weeping widow came to complain that her little girl had been stolen, and sold for three baskets of corn to a man named Kankadi, who lived not very far off the mission.

The man was sent for by the missionaries. He came; a big rough angry fellow, armed with a huge bow and poisoned arrows, and his old mother brought the little child, leading it by the hand.

He spoke out boldly and defiantly. He had bought the child of a man who wanted to sell her for food. He had given three baskets of corn for her.

He had neither wife nor child, and he wanted this girl to grow up in his hut, to grind his corn and fetch his water. She was his; if the English wanted her, they might buy her of him, but he would not give her up otherwise.

But the English did not want to buy anybody, after agreeing as they had done with the people, that it was a wicked and cruel thing to do. Kankadi was in the wrong; he knew this, and was very angry; and when they told him he *must* give up the child to its mother, he grew quite savage, fingered his bowstring and looked ready for murder, and answered furiously, "I bought the child with my own corn, I will not give her up; the English are strong, let them take her, but—"

The missionaries looked at each other hopelessly, that "but" meant so much, and the fellow seemed so cruel and hardened. Then one who believed in a soft answer came forward, and in kind feeling tones spoke of the sorrow of the poor widowed mother, trembling and weeping for her lost little one. He talked of the many other mothers in this land who had had their children taken from them to grind corn in other people's huts, while their own was desolate. And as he spoke, the rough blustering listener softened; then Mr. Waller went on: "Listen, my friend, suppose you had a little child, and loved it dearly, and it was stolen from you, and sold, would you not think it very hard? Would not your heart feel sorry and sad, like that of this poor anxious mother here? Look at her tears, and have pity on her."

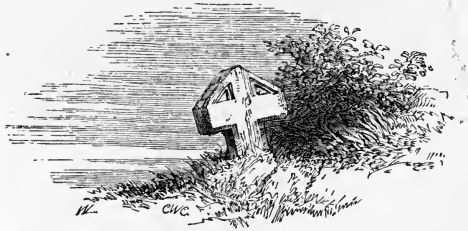
Kankadi hung his head; for some moments he could not reply for emotion; then he stammered, as he laid his hand on his heart, "It is true I should feel it. I should feel it here. My heart says it is cruel to take a child from its mother. I will keep it no longer. I want nothing for her; I give her up freely." And the little child was given to her rejoicing mother; and the man bought no more slaves.

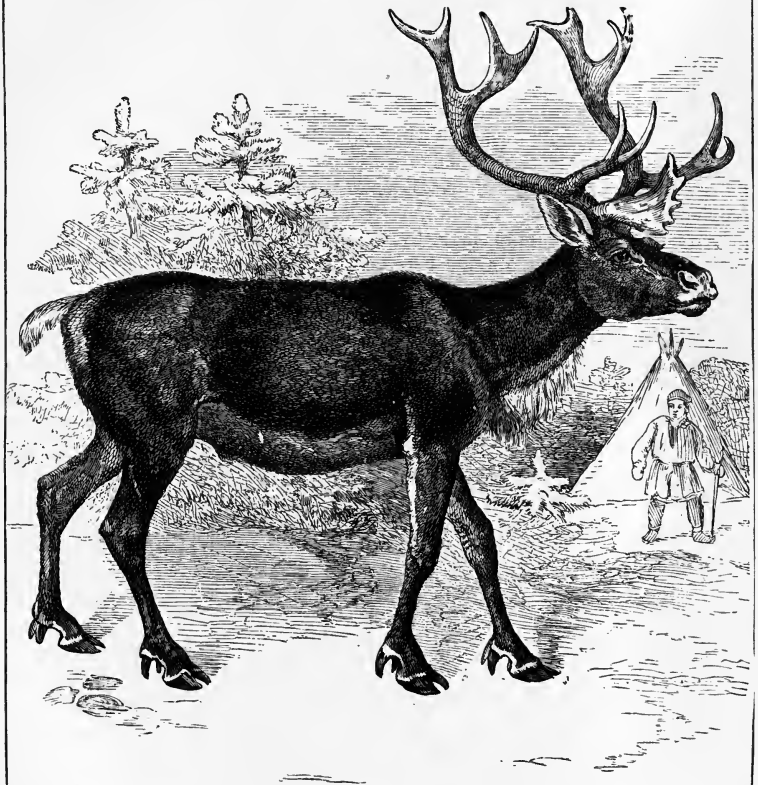
But now I am come to a very sad part of my story. For a long time there had been disease and famine at Magomero, and the well beloved bishop had been away some weeks, with his African attendants, to try and find Dr.

Livingstone and get supplies. Those at the settlement were most anxiously longing for his return from the *Pioneer*. Indeed, they had just decided that some of them had better go and seek him, when one of the Makololos appeared alone. They rushed out joyously to meet him, but he hid his face in his hands, and shook his head; and when they cried out to tell them the worst, he said, "Wafa! wafa!" ("He is dead! he is dead!").

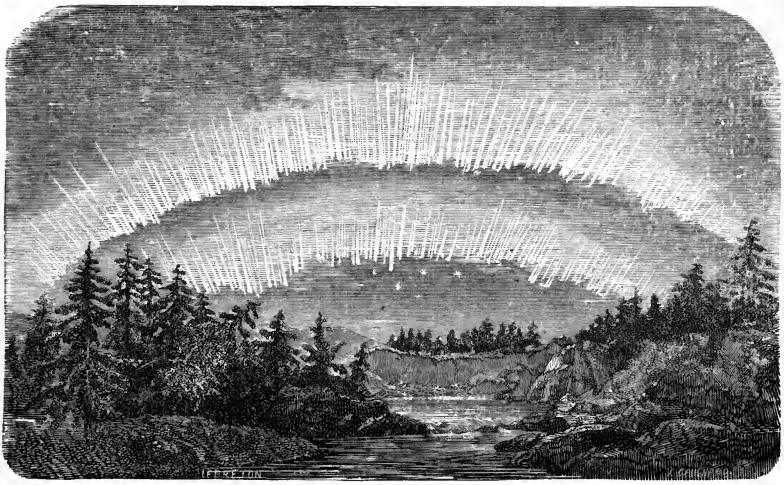
The good, kind, gentle-hearted bishop was indeed gone to a better land; worn down with anxieties, he had failed to meet the *Pioneer*, which had passed down the river a few days before. He had been taken ill in a chief's hut, with only one friend to console and pray for him, and his affectionate Makololos to grieve for and serve him to the last. On the day he died, they dug a grave for their well loved master, on the bank of the great river, far away from his friends and kindred; and near to the heathen, to whom he had devoted his life, they laid all that remained of Charles Frederick Mackenzie, the first bishop of the Central African station.

And the little dumb idiot, who had loved him so dearly, and used to clap her hands so joyously when she saw her friend, had been ailing for a long time, and when they missed her at last, they found her dead in an old hut, where she had crept to be out of the sight of all.





THE REINDEER.



THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

AMONG THE LAPS.

WITH blue cold nose and wrinkled brow,
Traveller, whence comest thou?
From Lapland's woods, and hills of frost,
By the rapid reindeer crost;
Where tapering grows the gloomy fir,
And the stunted juniper;
Where the wild hare and the crow
Whiten in surrounding snow:
Where the shivering huntsmen tear
Their fur coats from the grim white bear;
Where the wolf and northern fox
Prowl among the lonely rocks;
And tardy suns to deserts drear,
Give days and nights of half a year;
From icy oceans, where the whales
Toss in foam their lashing tails;
Where the snorting sea-horse shows
His ivory teeth in grinning rows;
Where, tumbling in their sealskin coat,
Fearless, the hungry fishers float,
And from teeming seas supply
The food their niggard plains deny.

CONDER.

[Lapland is the most northerly country in Europe. The country is so cold in the winter that the rivers in the interior are covered with ice to the depth of several feet. Towards the north the sun remains for many weeks under the horizon, and, of course, in the summer, is as many weeks above it without setting. The darkness of winter is partially relieved by the brightness of the moon and stars, and by the *aurora borealis*, or beautiful northern lights, of which this picture will give you an idea.]

I AM told that there is an encampment of Laps near at hand, with their

sledges, dogs, and reindeer. Let us hurry down to the lake, and take a peep at these strange visitors.

We know that the wandering Lap has no settled home, and that in the short, bright summer months he takes his only possessions and property, the reindeer, to the feeding grounds, where the sweet moss it loves thrives so well. They must be driven near the sea-shore this hot weather, or they will be worried to death by the stinging mosquitoes and other insects which abound.

Listen! Do you hear that far-off wild halloo? It is the call of a Lap to his reindeer. Come on, we shall soon get a view of the herd.

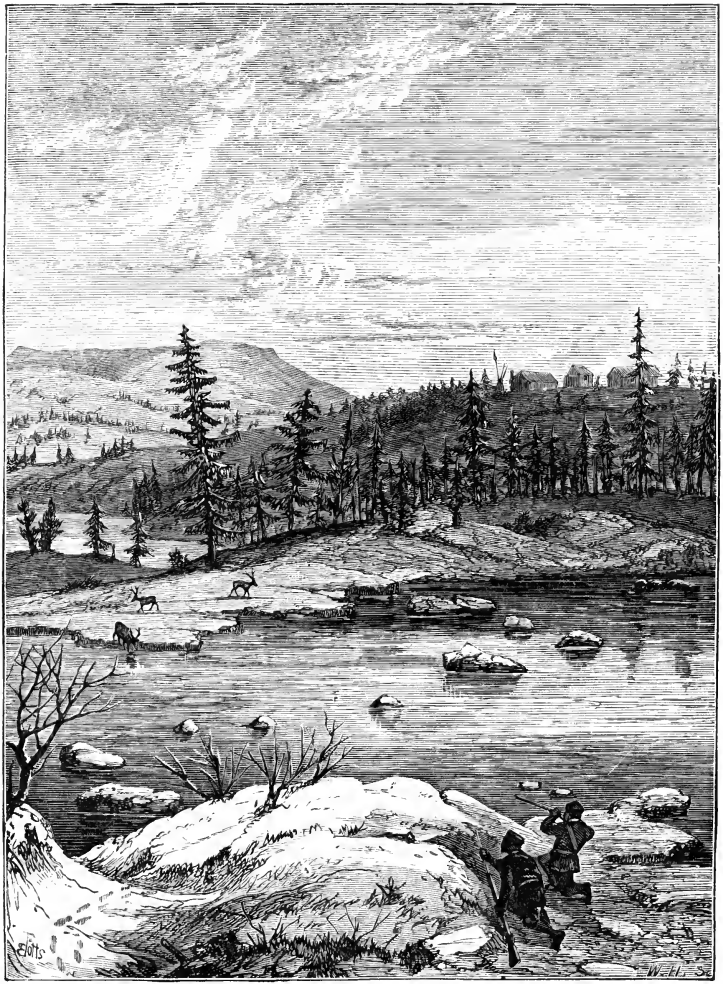
Well, I must confess to being a little disappointed. I expected a large dark stately animal, and these look a little like dirty white cows, and their antlers are many of them stumpy and broken. But what a crowd. Watch them as on they come by dozens, by scores, one jostling mass of tossing antlers and soft bright eyes. Now they have stopped on the other side of a very cold river. Never mind, little companion, we must get near them. So take a plunge, and come out on the other bank, all dripping, to the great amusement of two brown young Laps, who, branch in hand, are driving the herd to their encampment.

What short, active, sharp little folks they are; what big heads and flat faces, and long black hair. No mistake about their being real Laps. They have such wide cheek bones, and narrow, half opened eyes, but they look very good-natured, if not very good-looking. The boy nudges his sister, and they both stop, and stare shyly at us, and I dare say think us funny looking people. Shall I tell you how they are dressed?

The boy wears a tunic made of sheep-skin, the woolly side in, long peaked shoes made of reindeer-skin, and a red pointed nightcap, with a tassel at the end.

As to his sister, she has on a short woollen frock, reaching to her sturdy, bare brown legs; her long black hair hangs down her back; and slung round her neck is a coarse linen bag, which she fills with the fine moss she gathers on the way, and which she will require presently, when milking the reindeer.

They are Swedish Laps, and know very little of my language, or I of theirs; but I will try and talk to them, as I should like to go on and see the milking; it will be something so different to that in the dairy at home.



DEER-SHOOTING.

The girl points out the kind of moss which the reins eat. Yes, it is short now, but it will be long in winter. It is all the poor animals get to eat for the nine cold winter months ; but here, so near Sweden, it hardly ever fails, even in winter. Her people always come to Swedish Lapland in winter time. Now we come to a stop at a marshy spot, where great masses of long, narrow grass grow, and she gathers a thick bunch of it, while the boy makes me understand that it is good and useful when the cold winter days set in. They will dry it, and stuff great pads of it into their loose reindeer-skin boots, to keep their toes from being chilled and frost-bitten ; he hints it will do far better than my useless stockings, at which he sneers contemptuously.

Every now and then the two children run, shouting after the lagging herd hounds. I gladly run after them to help, followed by the tiny yapping reindeer dogs at our heels.

What a loud clicking noise the reindeer make as they walk on, rattling their horny antlers against each other, and their cloven feet on the stony ground. I cannot help thinking how wonderful everything is adapted in nature; for just as the camel's foot is padded, and suitable for the hot dry sand of the desert, so is the reindeer's broad hoof, spreading as it touches the ground, calculated to tread on the snow, where so much of its travelling is done.

I notice, too, that they keep their mouths open like dogs as they go along snorting loudly, closely following after their leader, a fine tall fellow, with a bell hung round his neck, by way of distinction. But here we are at the Lap encampment, which consists of two large summer huts of the rudest construction, before which are inclosures formed by stumps and branches of trees and poles.

As we reach these inclosures, we see the people of the tribe come shambling oddly along (they all walk uneasily, as though they have tight shoes on) to meet us. They are all bustling about bareheaded, with their hands full of all things necessary for the great business of milking, bringing clumsy kegs and pots, barrels, and bowls, while thongs of dried reindeer-skin and ropes of all kinds are slung about their shoulders and necks.

All these things are put close beside the inner fence, and now the Laps, men, women, and children, collect together, not to mention a crowd of dogs that come thronging from all parts. They take very little notice of me, except to ask for "drikke penge," which I know means "drink money."

And now business begins. All the reins are driven into the inclosure

Such a bustling moving crowd as we make, people, reins, and dogs, not to forget the funny, shy, brown children, as busy as anybody.

I have made great friends with my little guide, by giving her the whole of a very large cake which I had in my pocket, and she finds time to say a few quiet words to me now and then, amid all the noise and din that succeed.

"Look, master," she says, as I stand, feeling rather bewildered, in a corner, "I want to show you our little baby."

Yes, amid all the stir and noise, the barking of dogs and cries of men, sleeps a tiny Lap baby in its quaint cradle, hanging on a pole. Such a cradle! Have you ever heard of the North American mothers, who lay their infants in a piece of hollow bark, and slinging this on their backs, carry them many a mile through the forest? Well, though this one is very differently fashioned to those rustic nests, it somehow reminds me of them. The very tiny cradle in shape is like an old, old-fashioned shoe, the sort of one which the old woman in the nursery rhyme lived in, with a high back, and turned up at the toes. It is made of dried rein-skin, and over one end is bent a kind of half-hoop, above which is fastened a piece of stuff so tightly drawn that I wonder how any child can possibly breathe under it; and then I peep and try to get a glimpse of the little brown sleeper.

"Mustn't," says my little guide; "if we uncover my baby sister, the hungry mosquitoes will get at it, and worry and sting it."

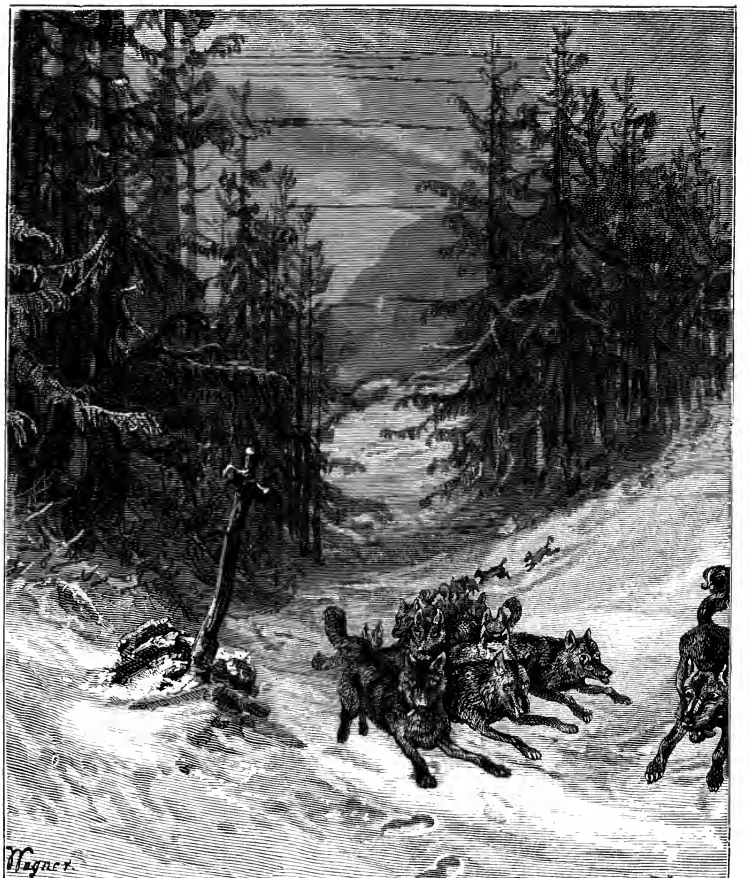
Knowing how likely that is, I have to be content with watching the milkers, who evidently wonder what I have come there for, but are too busy just now to trouble much about it.

Imagine a motley crowd of fifty men and women; though I must say it is difficult to tell which is which, for they are all dressed alike in deer or sheep-skin dresses, and all have thick, long, rough, dark hair shaking over their brown faces; and they all wear knives stuck in their leather belts, decorated with brass ornaments, which rattle as they move.

The first thing to be done is to catch the animal; no easy matter, as you will see.

First a Lap twists a long thong, made of dried skin, by both ends round his left hand, and holding the middle loosely, singles out the rein he wants to catch, and standing at some distance, flings the lasso end over its long branching antlers. Sometimes the creature, if he be old or tired, gives in at once, knowing very well he will have to do so sooner or later; but, as a rule, he has a struggle

HUNTING THE DEER.



THE WOLVES OF THE FOREST.

for it, flying round and round the inclosure, while at the other end of the cord runs the hot and angry master or mistress, holding on like grim death, every now and then rolling over headlong in the dirt and sand; then scrambling up and running again, shouting, threatening, and pulling, until the tired quarry gives in and submits to be muzzled and tied to a tree, though even then some of them struggle desperately before they will let the poor milker fill the wooden bowl with the sweet milk, thick and rich as our best cream; so rich that I can drink but little at a time out of the bowl my guide hands me.

The milking lasts for a very long time, but I do not get tired in a hurry, it is such a novel and strange sight. Even the odd little children, in their one sheep-skin garment, are busy catching the smaller reins, flinging their stout cords and getting rolled in the dust, now laughing with delight, now crying with disappointment when their prey missed the cord and escaped to their mothers, all adding to the general disturbance.

Great patches of loose hair fly off the hunted animals. This the women collect to put under the rein-skins, which, stretched on the cold ground, form the sole bed; for these poor people live in about as wretched a hut as you can imagine, a mere shapeless mass of earth, sticks, stones, and mud, with a doorway, a fire, and a hole to let the smoke out and the air in. I take a peep into one of these dark "games," and find it a small square place, full of smoke, with wattled walls, black with soot. In the centre are arrayed some rough stones on which a fire is burning; all round this are spread the rein-skin beds; and the only furniture I see are some casks, a large iron pot, and some horn spoons carved in rather an ornamental fashion.

Reindeer are found in all cold northern countries. Indeed, I don't know what the poor Esquimaux people who live there would do without them. They draw sledges over miles of snow-covered country, and they carry their masters and his luggage on their necks. When living, their milk is most valuable; when dead, their flesh is food, their skin serves for clothing, their horns are cut into spoons and many other useful articles.

The deer cannot carry any great weight, but it can bear a pack-saddle or a rider on his neck; but no stirrups can be used, or any kind of support for the feet. Let us fancy ourselves in Northern Lapland, and see what riding on a reindeer is like.

Poor thing! I hardly like to mount; it seems cruel, when I know that its back is so weak that the least weight hurts it. The deer here look extra

TAKING HOME THE BEAR.

small, too, I think; but perhaps that is because their fur-clad owners, who are watching me, are so bundled up in their long garments that they look extra big.

I know that mounting a reindeer for the first time requires a good deal of courage and a great disregard of bumps; but give me a "polka," and I will try what I can do.

I don't mean a dance, but a long stick, without which my task would be an impossible one—a long pole, having a small hoop fastened to one end, to prevent its slipping. This I must hold with my left hand, while I grasp the deer's neck with my right, which also holds the rein. Then I place my right foot in the saddle and give a light spring into my place; at least I mean to do so, but all the skin about my deer's neck is so loose that somehow the saddle won't keep steady, but empties me out all in a hurry on my nose in the snow.

All the bundled-up men and little fur-clad boys laugh loudly at my tumble. But never mind; I try and try again, and am quite bruised and tender by the time I am able to get into my saddle, and stay there for a short time.

Shall I whisper that at last I have consented to be helped on to my place, and that I am very uncomfortable now I am there, for the loose skin tips the saddle first one way, then the other, and it is with the greatest ado that I can balance myself at all. If I sneeze even, over I shall go.

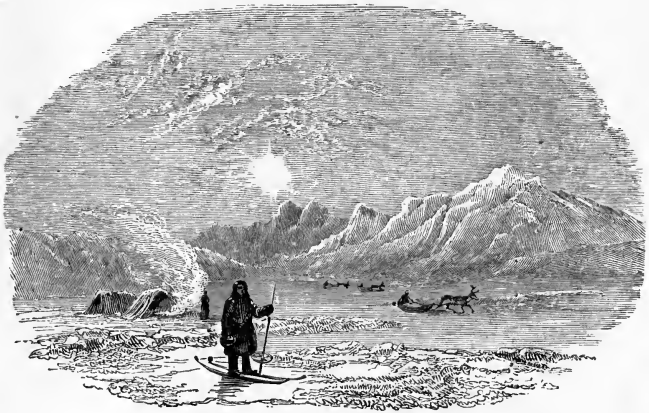
By and by we come to very deep snow, and then my difficulties increase.

I am often obliged to get down and follow my antlered steed on foot, and desperate hot work I find it, for as the reins all follow their leader in a line, always treading in his track, putting their feet exactly in the holes where he put his, I am obliged to take immense strides over the great heaps of snow left between each footstep, and soon find myself all in a perspiration, and ready to drop with fatigue, but still obliged to stride on.

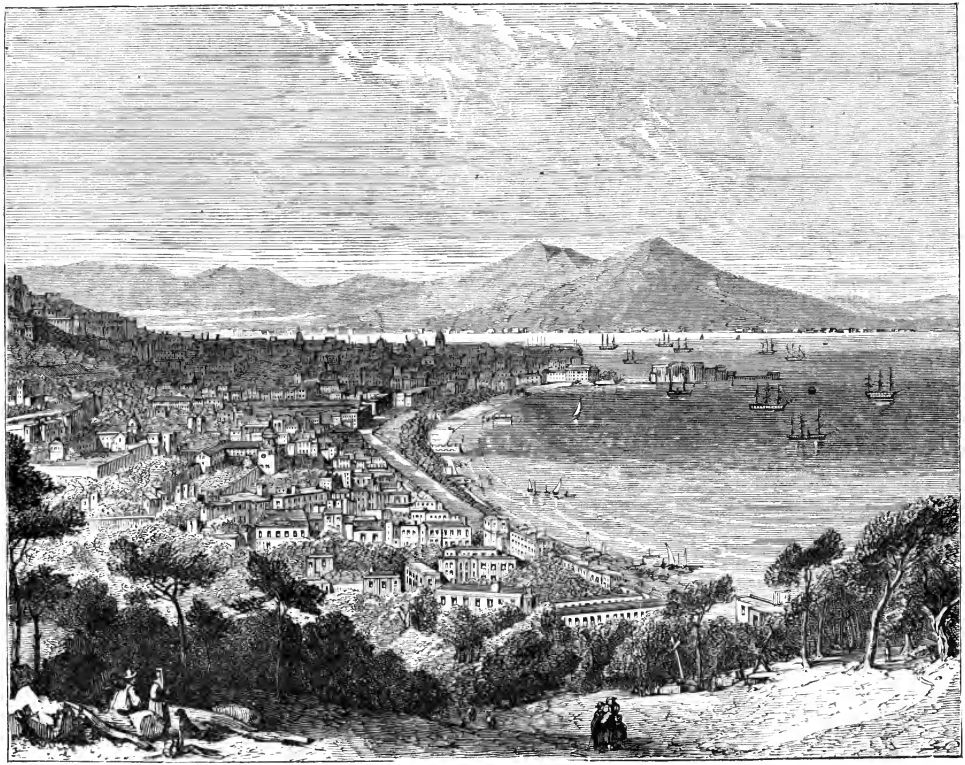
I wonder what those blackened poles are, standing in a circle yonder. Somebody says they are the remains of inclosures where fires were once lighted to keep away the troublesome mosquitoes. The poor worried deers crowded together in the smoke, where their tiny tormentors could not follow them.

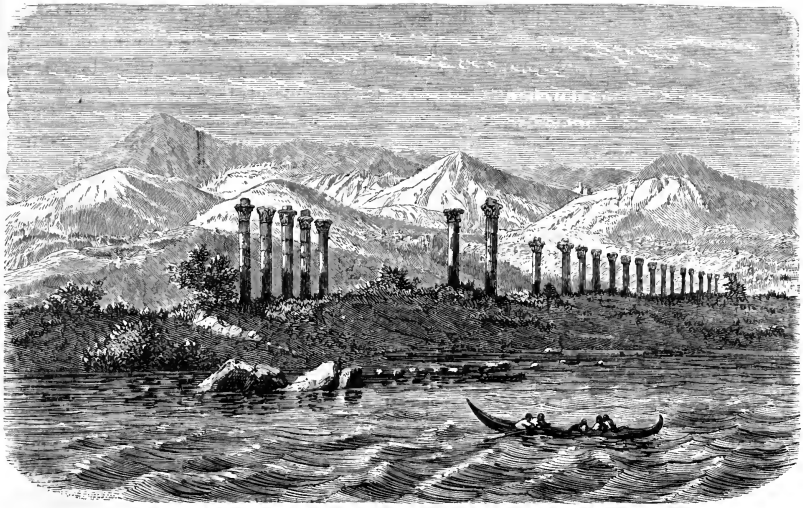
Then we pass the tracks of wolves, bears, foxes, and otters, and we see tiny field-mice darting about quite boldly. Oh, dear! I wonder how much

farther we have to go before we come to a village. I am fairly shaken to pieces. We pass some men who are taking home the dead body of a bear; it is lying on a rough sledge, and two poor miserable horses are dragging and hauling it along. I wonder what they think of our scrambling party. As to me, I am very cross, tired, frightened of wolves, and half shaken to death, yet, after all, I have enjoyed my journey among the Laps.



IN NORTHERN LAPLAND.





RUINS OF POMPEII.

NAPLES.

LET us take a peep at the sunny land of Naples, its beautiful bay, and the burning mountain of Vesuvius beyond. Wherever we look, we shall see smiling villages, hills and dales, vines and olives, mulberry and olive trees, the finest fruits, vegetables, and grain; flax, saffron, and manna flourishing everywhere.

This fine city, abounding in beautiful buildings, is perfectly hemmed in with vineyards and gardens. If we wander through its streets, we shall see crowds of poor people waiting about the doors of churches for alms, or at the convents for bread and soup, besides bringing their sick for the monks, who generally understand medicine, and cure the invalids if they can.

Many thousands of idle lazzaroni dawdle in and about Naples, sleeping, eating, living in the streets, under the porticos or piazzas of the grand houses, five or six storeys high, where the nobility live. Look, up above these beggars we may see some fair lady sitting on the terrace at the top, where pretty flowers and ripe orange-trees bloom. Some of these lazy folks live in the rough huts or caverns dug out in the neighbouring mountains; some of them get a little fishing, others carry loads or go errands for anybody who will give them a few pence. Just enough to buy a ripe melon and a hunch of bread with, is all a lazzaroni asks to make him content and happy. Having obtained these, he lies down in the hot sunshine and works no more; but he will take what you like to give him with a pleasant smile.

Or perhaps we may hear what is called an improvisatore—that is, a man reciting poetry of his own making up; or we may stumble against the preparation for a funeral—a citizen laid on a kind of hand-bier, dressed in his very best clothes, with a large bunch of flowers placed in his right hand, is being carried to the church, where a service will be read over him, after which he will be carried home and buried privately.

And now let us travel on about six miles to the eastward of Naples, and examine this wonderful burning mountain of Vesuvius, which every few years bursts out in streams of lava and flame, often overwhelming the country through which they force their way, and ruining all before them.

Soon the road becomes rugged and uneven, and we find that we must exchange our carriage for mules that will carefully pick their way over fields of brown lava, which is the substance that remains when the liquid torrents that flow boiling from the mountain become cold and harden into stone. There has been an eruption lately, for the ground, though hard, is so hot that it is not very pleasant to touch, and as we get higher we hear a rumbling sound, and every now and then bright flames and red-hot stones fly up from the open mouth of the "crater," as it is called. Look, do you see a stream of bright lava flowing down one side of the mountain like a river of fire? I should not like to be on that side, at any rate. But how steep this is getting. Watch the guides; they are fastening leather belts round their waists for us to hold on by while they help us up. It is a weary and troublesome walk; but here we are at last, standing on the side whence the wind blows, if we don't want to be smothered with ashes and smoke, looking right into Vesuvius.

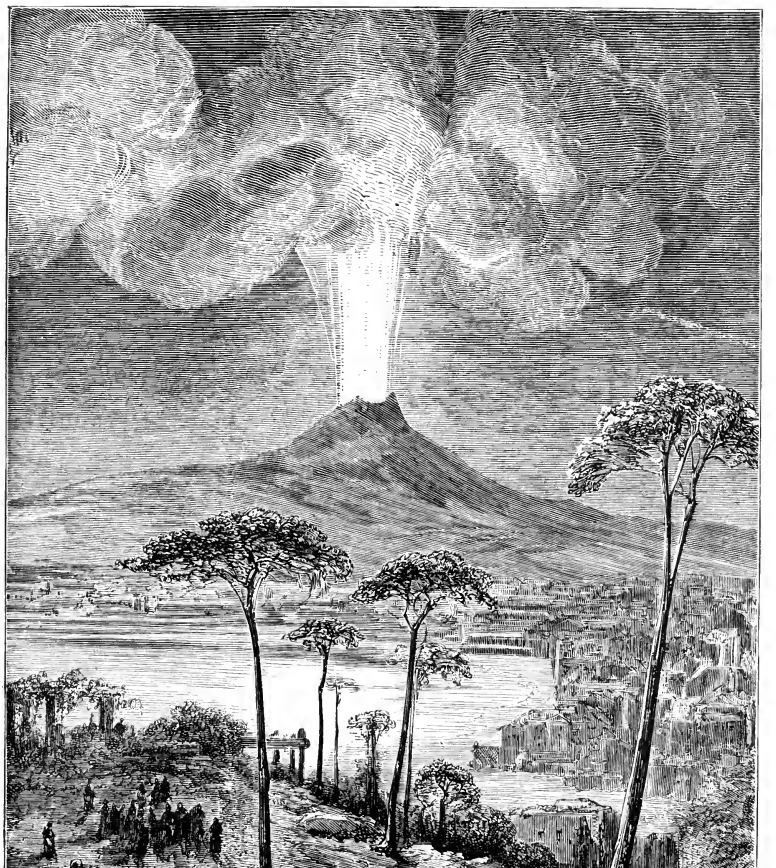
How solemn it seems to be standing here listening to the strange noises

LAZZARONI IN THE STREETS OF NAPLES.

rumbling under our feet, and watching the black smoke and red flames above our heads! Do you wonder of what use such mountains are, as men cannot live up here, and only very few animals either? Remember that vast tracts of countries would feel all the fury of the northern and eastern blasts were they not sheltered by the ridges of high mountains which protect them; while the insides of mountains are the beds in which are formed the immense masses of mineral substances which are so necessary for our convenience and well-being.

But it must be a very terrible sight to see such an eruption as, one of our companions is telling, happened in 1767. For weeks the rumbling noises had been loud and unceasing. Then a great cloud of dense white smoke, four times the size of the mountain itself, issued from the crater, and from the very midst of the smoke huge masses of burning stones and cinders were hurled two thousand feet into the air; while great bubbling masses of this liquid lava boiled over and flowed down the sides of the mountain, and rolling on for above four miles, destroyed everything before them. Then, with a louder burst, came a fearful fountain of flame, which rose ten thousand feet high, then joining the stream that issued from the crater, formed one immense body of fire that reflected the heat for more than six miles round.

Think, too, of the terrible time, about eighty years after Christ, in the reign of that famous Titus who destroyed the Temple of Jerusalem, when the two beautiful and luxurious Roman towns of Herculaneum and Pompeii were suddenly buried under lava and cinders. They were little old towns, lately become fashionable for country retirement, and the rich Romans were enjoying themselves, some, most likely, at the amphitheatre, many others in the forum, some banqueting, some few thinking and working—all full of life and business, little dreaming of that burst of fire and smoke ready to pour down upon and overwhelm everything. What a rush and crush there must have been as that horrible stream of boiling lava came flowing over Herculaneum. Many escaped, it is supposed, for though half of the place has been searched in these later days, only about four hundred bodies have been found; but fewer from Pompeii, which was not suddenly covered with lava, but slowly overwhelmed by a continual shower of hot ashes. As Pliny describes it, a darkness suddenly overspread the country, unlike that of night, but like that of a closed room. Men, women, and children ran screaming about and crying in the dark streets. Oh, it must have been a sad sight!



THE BAY OF NAPLES AND ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

I dare say most of these were poor people too terrified to fly. Many prayed for death; others implored their gods. The earth was shaking while these distracted people wandered about, as in some terrible dilemma, seeking a place of safety where all places were alike dangerous. The steadily falling shower brought death into house, and garden, and top room or vault. But there was no hiding-place in the darkness. When, centuries afterwards, pitying eyes looked into this long-hidden town, they saw how vainly people had sought to escape, some with their gold in their hands. Twenty people were found to have gathered in one underground vault. Some would be too sick or old; and one, a sentinel, was found standing at a gate, firmly clasping the spear he held to guard the prisoners' gate. Within a prisoner had been chained to the wall of his cell when this hot gaoler came to set him free.

Perhaps some of the rich Roman visitors were sitting at grand banquets, surrounded by their many slaves, their cup-bearers, and players on lyres and pipes, when the first dark shadow fell over the devoted cities. In those days the nobles, clad in purple, spent many hours of the day feasting on the costliest fare and the rarest wines, on the sweetest singing birds, on oysters brought from far-away Britain, on turbot, and mullet, and pike. They reclined, their foreheads and necks wreathed with garlands of sweet flowers, on inlaid couches ranged round the sides of the rooms, while the children sat apart. The tables were of cedar-wood and ivory. All was rich and luxurious, for the Romans of that time thought much of passing gratification.

Others may have been at the amphitheatre, where wild beasts and gladiators fought; some at the baths, and would be idly taking their *siesta* or mid-day nap, just as we have seen the people of Naples do yesterday, but lulled to sleep by dripping fountains and the dreamy songs of beautiful slaves.

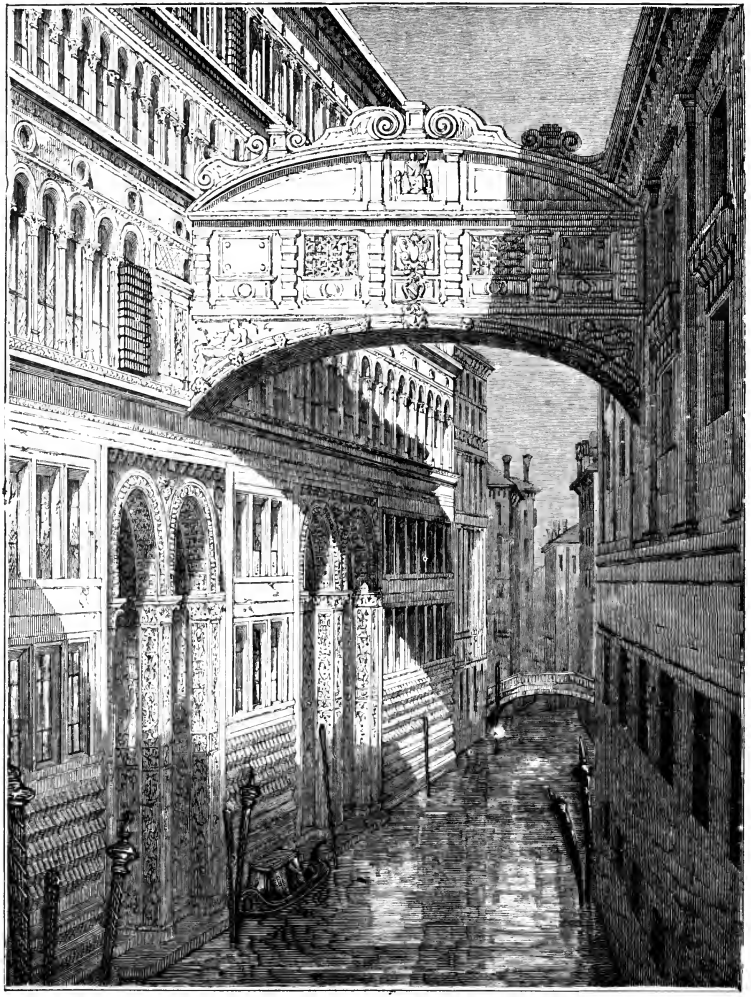
The houses were small in Pompeii, and the streets not very remarkable. These houses, like those of the East, were plain and white, had no windows facing them. We cannot quite tell whether they had glass windows or only shutters; but we know they had hearth fires, where the slaves heaped up great wooden billets to make a fair blaze when the evening grew chilly.

If we peep inside, we shall find some of the walls and ceilings of these Pompeii houses beautifully and elaborately painted—flying cupids, dolphins seaweed, and flowers, gilded cordage, and fruit in black, red, and blue baskets, girls dancing to the sound of castanets, all quaint.

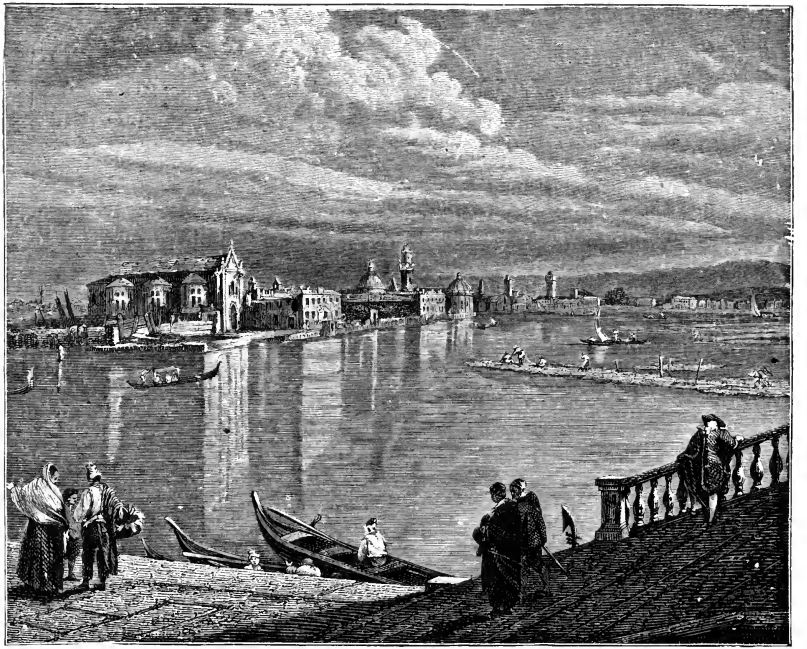
And as in every Roman dwelling stood the altar of the lares or household

gods, statues formed of wax, silver, ivory, or earthenware, with a dog barking at their feet, where incense was burnt, and fruit offerings made, where father and mother, grandsire and child, knelt to ask a blessing from those "who had ears and heard not; eyes had they and saw not." And those who walk in the silent stony streets of Pompeii can peep into the temple of Isis, with its columns, its tables, and the lamps that lighted it so long ago. He can look up at the names over the shops, and the painted signs. How long it is since a tradesman and customer stood within that baker's shop where the little loaves (now shown in the museum at Naples) were found hard and dry, more like stones than bread!

AN ITALIAN FLOWER GIRL.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS, OVER WHICH CONDEMNED PRISONERS PASSED TO EXECUTION.



VIEW IN VENICE.

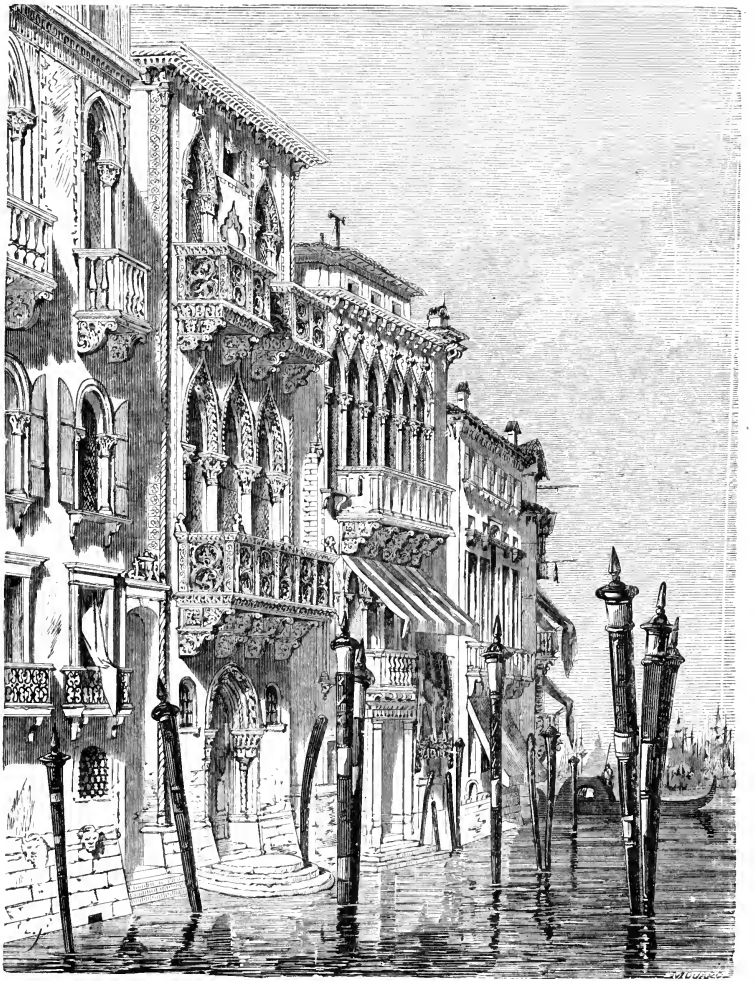
THE STREETS OF VENICE.

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs."

VENICE, which in olden times was a very famous city, is strangely built on a cluster of small islands in the midst of a shallow estuary called the *Lagoon*, at the head of the Adriatic Sea. Near it stands the town of Murano, built on several smaller islands, famous in all times for its manufactory of a very thin and beautiful kind of glass.

Fancy a large city standing in the midst of the sea. All its walls washed by water, its streets formed of canals, but few having any foot-paths; not a passing sound on the noiseless thoroughfare; no rattling of

VIEW IN THE LAGOON OF VENICE.



THE "STREETS" OF VENICE.

carts and carriages; no walking, no riding, no roaming through the woods, or sweet birds, or pretty wild flowers. Look out of window, and on all sides you will see water, and gliding on that water black barge-like boats, almost like coffins. These are the gondolas, the only possible mode of conveyance, and the gaily dressed men, gracefully rowing these hearse-like barks, are the "Gondolieri," a set of men once of some importance in the State. In Venice people do not keep a carriage or call a "bus," they employ a gondolier. The children know nothing of sheep and cows, horses or pigs. A frolic in a May-field is an unknown delight. All the streets are canals; and instead of flowers, fresh fish may be found at the very doors of the houses.

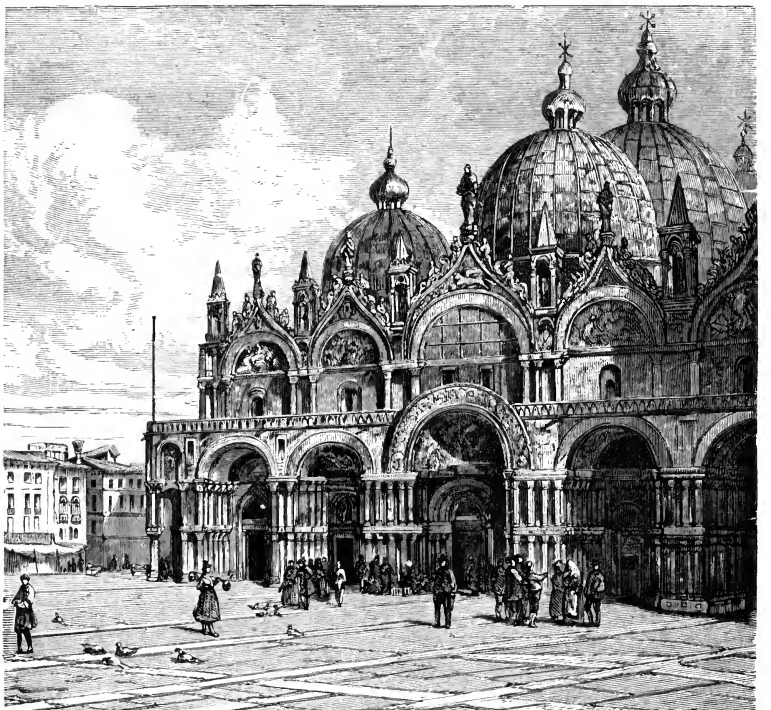
Across these canals there are hundreds of bridges, one of the principal of which is called the Rialto. It is of white marble, and crosses the grand canal. This is a splendid stand for us to take when we want to survey the city, its palaces, churches, and spires, or get a good view of one of the regattas the Venetians are so fond of. The only piece of dry land is a large square called St. Mark's Place. Here amongst many other handsome buildings stands one of the grandest churches in the world. It is almost all inlaid with beautiful marble, and mosaics of every colour.

In front of the grand duke's palace are the heads of marble lions, once open to receive letters of accusation against those persons who might speak ill of the rulers of the State; but they are useless now.

As this is the one walk in Venice, I need not say it is always crowded with people of all ranks—gentlemen muffled in red or black cloaks, and ladies in grand dresses with black silk veils often thrown over their heads, so as to partly hide their faces.

Once Venice was called "The Bride of the Sea," and a very grand ceremony took place every Ascension Day. All the bells in the city rang gaily, cannons were fired at noon. The Doge with a great train of nobles and senators went on board a splendid state vessel kept for the purpose, named the "Bucentauro," and proceeded slowly towards a small island, about two miles off, called St. Lido. They were followed by many boats of all sorts and sizes, and by the splendidly decorated gondolas of noblemen and ambassadors, sailing amid loud music, singing, and cheering. Then having reached St. Lido, prayers were said, a kind of service read, and the Doge dropped a gold ring into the waves, saying, "We espouse thee, oh sea! in token of a real and perpetual dominion over thee;" then amid renewed rejoicing the procession

returned to Venice—after having thus solemnly and publicly expressed her sovereignty over the sea.



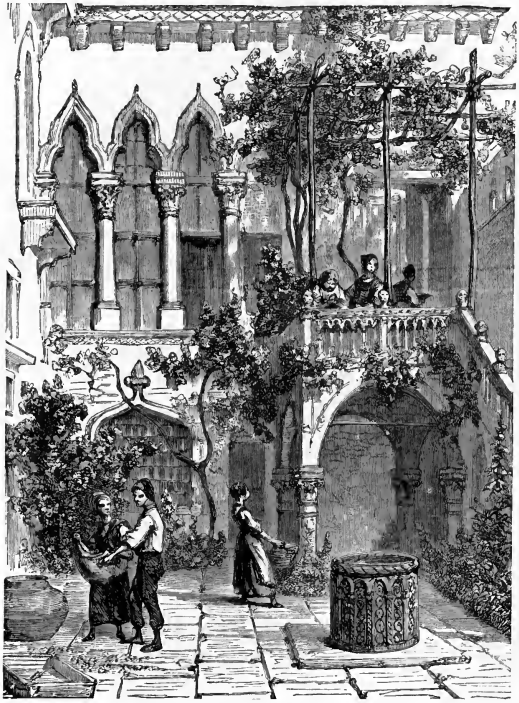
THE CHURCH OF ST. MARK.

But perhaps you may wonder what could have induced the founders of Venice to choose such a strange situation for their city. What say the good Venetians ?

Ages ago, when Attila the warlike Hun ravaged and destroyed Northern

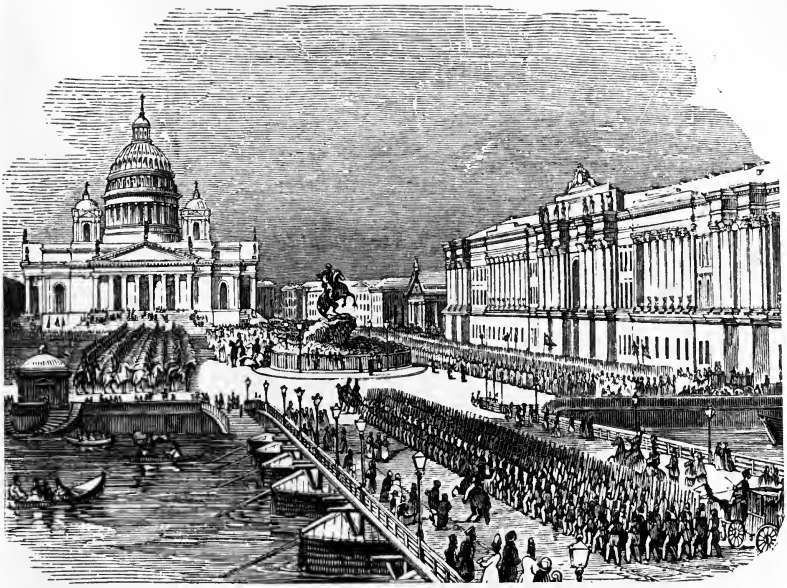
THE LIONS OF ST. MARK.

Italy, its harassed inhabitants fled for their lives, and many of them escaped to these then desert islands of the Adriatic. Some of them were so close together, that the exiles contrived to join them together by driving piles into the water. On these they built huts; then gradually houses, churches, and stately marble palaces, and by degrees a handsome and flourishing city, sprang up around them, which at a distance appears like a fairy island floating on the sea.



COURTYARD OF A VENETIAN PALACE.

PETER I. OF RUSSIA.



VIEW OF ST. PETERSBURG.

ABOUT PETER THE DETERMINED.

WHEN Peter the First of Russia and his brother Evan were children they were left in charge of their elder sister, the Princess Sophia, who was to be regent or ruler until they were old enough to ascend the throne, which they were to share in the brotherly fashion of the times.

Prince Ivan was mild and easy, but Peter was very different. He soon saw that his step-sister meant to reign by herself. She did not care to have him educated as a prince should be, but let him mingle with the commonest soldiers who crowded about that barbarous court. An ordinary boy would have been spoiled in mind and manners, for these men were the scum of all

nations, rough and rude in their talk, swearing and drinking and dissipating, trying to lead the young Princes into all sorts of mischief, which no doubt they saw would please the Regent Sophia, and give her a better chance of taking her brothers' place in the future.

But, instead of learning the vice and dissipation of these people, Peter learned many new and wonderful things, which he afterwards applied to the glory and happiness of his people.

Russia at that time had no regular army—no navy—was a kind of wilderness—no gallant merchant ships, such as he heard these men speak of, as possessed by the Germans and Dutch and English—no manufactures such as made these other countries prosperous and respected; they were a rude uncivilised nation. Peter thought day and night of all these things until he was about seventeen—and, as the Regent hoped and believed, lost and satisfied with the idle dissipations she had provided him with—then he suddenly came forward and asserted his right to be crowned.

The Regent at first resisted violently, but the people took his part, and she was soon sent to a far off monastery. Prince Galitzen, her prime minister—the greatest noble in Russia—had all his property taken away; and this curious sentence was passed on one lately so very powerful: "Thou art commanded by the clement Czar to repair to Karga, and there to continue the remainder of thy days—his Majesty, out of his extreme goodness, allowing thee threepence a day for thy subsistence." Then Peter and his brother were crowned; but the weak and sickly Ivan soon died, and Peter reigned alone over his uncultivated subjects.

Peter was no sooner in power than he set to work to carry out the lessons he had learned under such difficulties. He had his raw troops properly disciplined, and he himself went through all kinds of drill and exercises with them; then he had a regularly strong citadel built, and filled it with armed soldiers, and he besieged it in due form. The attack was so much in earnest that many were wounded before the garrison surrendered. Thus he learned and taught what real fighting should be.

For a long time this military work went on; until at length, instead of a disorderly rabble of fighting men, he had good trained troops.

Then he turned to the navy he had heard so much about, but he had nothing to help him except an old boat, found in a loft, which some Dutch carpenters had made long ago. No one here knew anything about masts and

PETER, THE SHIPBUILDER, AT THE DOCKYARD

sails and anchors. But Peter was determined this old boat *must* be rigged—it *must* be mended—it *must* float; he, Peter, willed it. The nobles shook their heads—they knew nothing of shipping, not they; but the Czar talked and worried about his boat, until some one remembered old Dutch Pilot Brandt, who had come to Russia by accident, and lived in poverty and neglect somewhere in the town. "Fetch him quickly!" cried the eager Czar, "I will have my navy yet;" and Brandt came, and hammered and tarred and rigged, set up poles here and masts there, and sails everywhere, while the Czar looked on with wonder and delight, until the shabby old boat was changed into a tight little vessel, which the Prince had carried to the river side, and gave orders to the lucky old boatmaker, who in time and with much help turned out two small frigates and three yachts.

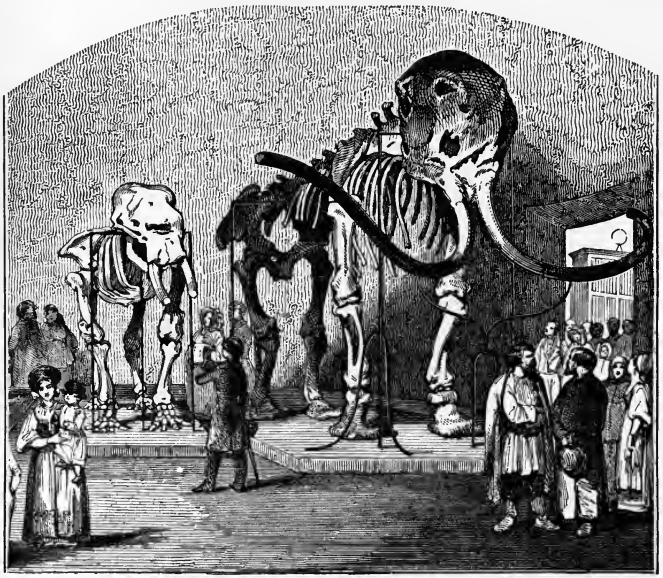
What a joyous day for Peter the Determined it was when he stood on the deck of his first ship at Archangel. He had already made up his mind who should be admiral of his fleet when it existed.

Later on, the Czar thought he should like to see those other countries of which he had heard so many marvels, so he accompanied a large embassy which he was sending to Holland—not as the great and powerful Czar of Russia, but as the keen observer of all that was worth seeing. He wanted to see and learn—not to be known. Dressed in shabby ordinary workman's attire, he wandered through the crowded streets of Amsterdam, staring open-eyed at all the fine buildings, colleges, and shops, the like of which he had never dreamed of. The dockyards had an especial charm for him; and at length he went to one at Saardam, and, giving the name of Peter Mikhailof, he asked for work as a common carpenter. And here he stayed, working steadily for some months, eating the same rough food, and wearing the same coarse dress, as the poorest, which he mended and darned for himself. For a long time no one had the least idea who this earnest worker was; but other young lords of his suite would do as their Prince did; and together they built a ship, *The Saint Peter*, which was sent to Russia, to show the people that their Czar was engaged in their service; and in time the secret came out; but still the man, who had laid aside his royalty, would only be treated as the workman he was for the time.

Soon he thought he would visit England; and our King William the Third sent a squadron of ships to fetch him in state from Holland. He came, saw all that was to be seen, and persuaded many clever men to go and help

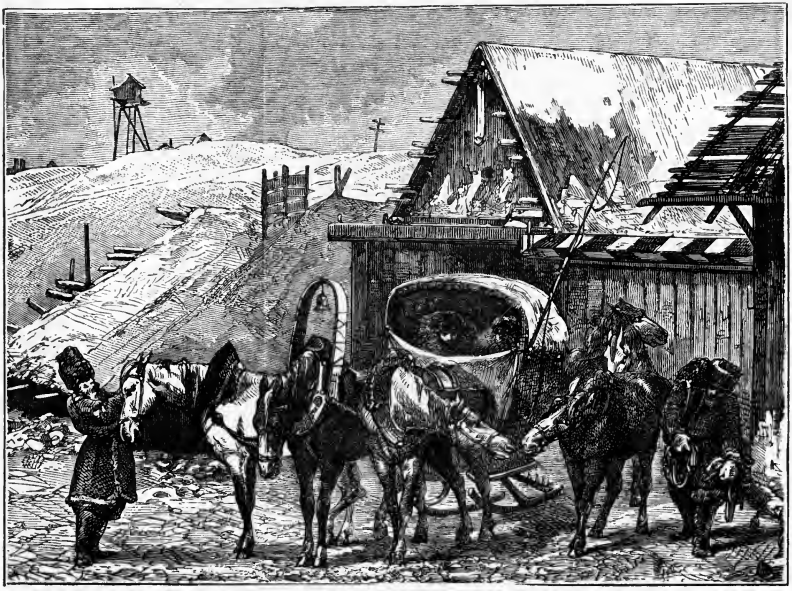
to civilise his people, promising them all kinds of rich rewards. Then he took a humble lodging at Deptford Dockyard, near the Thames, and went on studying shipbuilding in all its branches; and what time he had to spare he devoted to learning something of medicine, natural history, anatomy, and mathematics, and many other useful things, of which his people knew nothing as yet.

I must not linger with Peter the Great; but I should advise you to read the whole story of his life. It will teach you a splendid lesson of determination and perseverance; and there is no more useful lesson to be learned, by young folks or old, at home or abroad.



THE SKELETON OF A MAMMOTH ELEPHANT.
(*In the Museum of Natural History at St. Petersburg.*)

ALEXANDER II.



A RUSSIAN TRAVELLING CARRIAGE.

RUSSIA.

SHALL I repeat a story I have heard about the present Emperor, Alexander II., of Russia. When he was a little prince of about nine years old, he was one morning sitting at breakfast with his parents, when his father remarked that he looked very thoughtful.

"What are you thinking about so seriously, my son?" demanded the Emperor Nicholas (whose name reminds one of the great Crimean War, which I dare say you have all heard about).

The young prince only shook his head and blushed; but when his gentle mother repeated the question, he answered, in a tone of deep conviction :—

"I was thinking, mamma, that when I become emperor, I will free all the poor serfs. I do not think there ought to be any slaves in Russia, or anywhere else in the world."

"Your scheme is an impossible one, child," answered his father, as he went on drinking his coffee.

"You are always such a dreamer, my son," said his mother, kindly; "but who put such a wild idea into your young head?"

"God Himself put it into my head, mamma. I read in His Bible that all men are brothers, and that we ought to love our neighbours as ourselves; and you know, mamma, that if we loved our brothers, we could never make slaves of them," answered the young Czarevich (vich means son; Czarevich, son of Czar).

No particular notice was taken of the boy's speech; but when, long years after, he became emperor, one of the first things he did was to sign a ukase, or deed of emancipation, that liberated upwards of sixty millions of thankful people, who had all been hitherto serfs, not exactly slaves, because their masters could not sell and send them away to other countries; but they were attached to, and were sold with, the land, and belonged to the landowners, and might not work for any one else, or go away even for a day without special permission from the landowners. If they did so, they could be beaten like dogs, with the heavy knout. And some of these rich nobles—for they had to be nobles—owned land on which 40,000 serfs were employed, toiling and working for the master's benefit; or where so many were not required, they were allowed, by paying tribute, to go to the great towns and become mechanics or servants; but they could always be recalled at the will of their owner; and do what they would, could never become independent.

How changed the scene is already; now very many of these men have homes of their own, and their children go to good Government schools, where they are taught many things that will some day make clever and useful men of them, instead of down-trodden, hopeless, ignorant serfs; and all through a little boy's thought, as I have been told.

This precious order of freedom was signed on the 19th of February, 1861, and it was read aloud that same day in all the churches of the empire. The new emperor went himself to listen to it, at the crowded Kazan Church,

where he was greeted by the shouts, and tears, and blessings of his liberated people; and for that and many days after, companies of his now free subjects paraded the streets, singing "volyashka" ("darling freedom").

Well might they sing now, for they had suffered much in their old state of bondage, when the masters used the terrible Russian knout on the backs of men, women, and children who offended them. It was a thick heavy leather whip, often with leaden balls fastened to the ends; and unless the poor serf died within twenty-four hours of being beaten with it, no notice was taken. They were only so much property destroyed; it was the master's loss.

The anxious young emperor, who wanted very much to do good to his poorer subjects, without ruining his rich ones, had ordered that all the working people should remain where they were, as free workmen, for the present. But a great many of the serfs, in far-off places, could not understand this, and there were disturbances everywhere, they thinking that now they ought to wander off where they liked, and do no work at all. And the vexed landowners called out that the country would be ruined, as these ignorant slaves did not deserve or know how to properly use their freedom.

Amidst all the disturbance, a party of three hundred of these serfs came to St. Petersburg, and asked an audience of the Czar, and he in no very pleased mood admitted them, and inquired what it was they came for.

They answered that they did not understand his new law; they thought they were free, and yet their masters required them still to work; they could make nothing out of it at all, neither could their mates at home, who had sent them to ask the Czar himself what his new ukase meant.

"Can any of you read?" he inquired of the men, somewhat impatiently. Some could, some could not.

Those who could were ordered to stand in a line opposite to those who could not.

"Now," said the emperor to those ignorant ones, "have my written orders been read to you or not, my unreasonable Moujicks?"

Oh yes, they had heard them read often enough, but they could not understand why they still had to work; they would be no better off than before, as they could plainly see.

"Well," said his Majesty, "it is all very plain to me; and as you seem an observant set of men, able to learn, we will see that it be made plain to you; but since you cannot try to understand it, those who can read shall be whipped,

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

to make them sharper, ere they shall go back to their friends and try to teach them better. As to those who unfortunately cannot read, they shall serve three years in the army; during that time they shall be taught to read, and with their own eyes, to understand my orders, and to do as I bid them without arguing. Now go!"

This will give you a little idea of how questions were answered in Russia, even by Alexander, who felt so kindly towards his subjects.

RUSSIAN PEASANTS' HOUSES.

But wait—I must tell you another story I have read about this same Emperor of Russia.

One of his favourite sons, Prince Alexis, was serving his country as midshipman when a dreadful storm came on, and the good ship, striking against a rock, was wrecked off the coast of Denmark. Fortunately there were three life-boats ready, and the commander directed the prince to take charge of the first and best, which would give him the likeliest chance of escape. But this the royal

midshipman decidedly refused to do, saying, "It would ill become the son of the Emperor Alexander to be the first to leave a sinking ship." The anxious admiral coaxed, persuaded, threatened, stormed, it was no use—the young prince would not stir, even though his officer angrily threatened to report him, and put him under arrest for disobedience, should he ever get a chance. He remained hard at work, helping others, until the last boat was starting; and when, after much danger, they reached the land, and were once more in a place of safety, the stern commander actually did carry out his threat, and the young man found himself a prisoner, until further orders; the facts being telegraphed to the emperor at St. Petersburg.

This was the every way royal answer:—

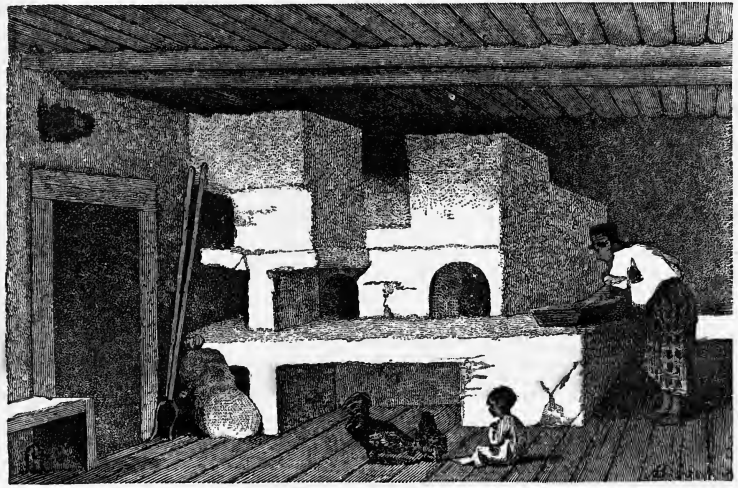
"I approve the act of the admiral, in placing the midshipman under arrest for disobedience of orders, and I bless my dear son for disobeying them."

Does not this remind you of a certain Judge Gascoigne and Prince Henry of England?

Real Russians—of what are called the Slavonic race—are mostly found in the central portions of Russia. The peasants are poor, and dirty, and rather too fond of volki; but intelligent and hospitable. Let us take a peep into one of their isbas, or "black rooms." We shall find them all very much alike; built of logs, without chimneys or glass windows, the cracks stuffed with moss, the principal thing in them being a large brick stove in which a bright fire is kept burning all the winter, and the family sit round it during the day-time; and the poultry run about the room, and perch where they can. At night they wrap their sheep-skin round them, and all lie on the top of the oven, so that it forms a kind of family bedstead, without sheets or pillows. During the short summer, they lie on their sheep-skins on the wooden benches, ranged round the walls; feather beds and mattresses being luxuries unknown to the Moujick and his family, though he indulges in a hot bath every day.

One thing we are sure to see, even in the poorest isbas, and that is a roughly daubed and framed picture of a saint or the Virgin Mary, sticking up on the rough and sooty walls, with a lamp hanging before it, if it is a season for fasting, which it generally is for the Russian peasant; not only from meat, but even butter, milk, eggs, and oil, are not allowed. They are very devout members of the Greek Church, submissive to their priests, who are very numerous, and they never think of disobeying or opposing their orders.

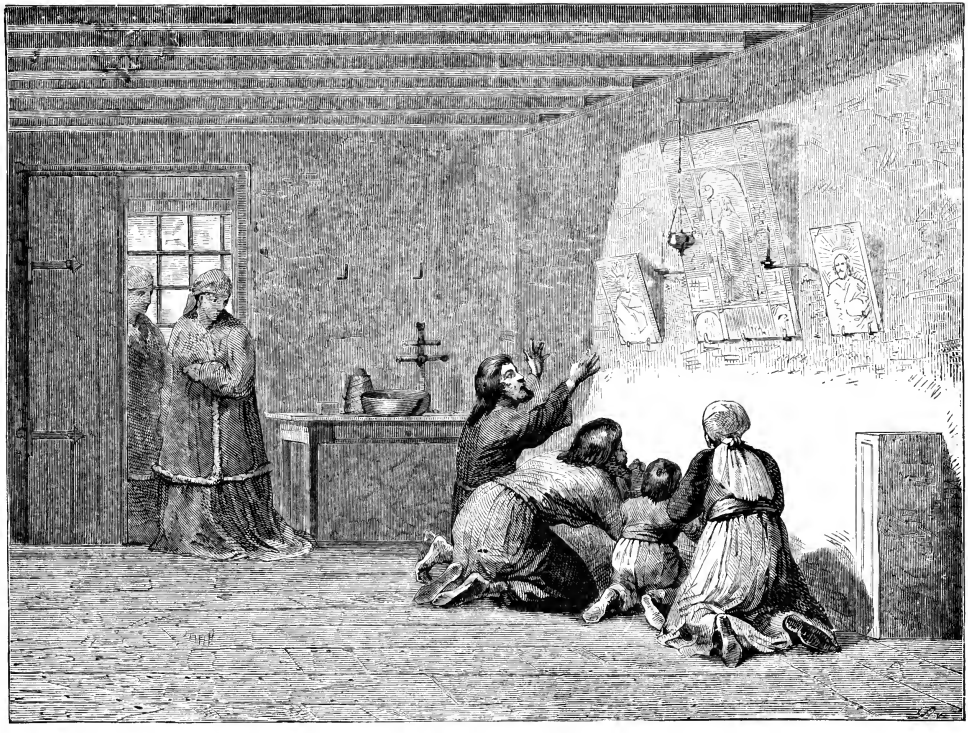
If we stop at the door, the master will greet us with a "God save thee," and he will offer us the "klek de sol," or bread and salt (the symbol of food), lodging, and protection. He is dressed in a "touloupa," a large garment formed of sheep-skin, made with the woolly side in, with the seams all embroidered with coloured wool in feather stitch, if it is not too greasy to be seen.



INTERIOR OF AN ISBA, OR HUT.

His wife, too, looks up at us. She wears a kind of sleeveless gown, and a long apron; a bright-hued handkerchief is tied over her head.

The working people, generally, do not seem to trouble much about the cold, except that the men wear long beards, and all cover their heads, hands, and feet with fur, lest they should get frost-bitten. They would not feel it at the time, but if that did happen, and the part were not well rubbed with snow or flannel, it would mortify and come off; and yet you will sometimes see the poor women stand washing their linen in holes they have cut in the ice with a hatchet, and their little children playing about or watching them.



THE FAMILY AT PRAYER—SIBERIA.

But it does not do to sit or stand in the street; for it has happened that when some grand party has been going on in a gentleman's house, the poor coachman waiting outside has been found frozen to death. To prevent this, great fires, made of trees piled one upon another, are lighted of

A SLEDGE DRIVE THROUGH THE SNOW.

an evening in the courtyard of the mansion, round which crowds of shivering people press for warmth.

One of the favourite Russian amusements is swinging, not as we do with a rope tied to trees or perhaps to two tall posts, but they erect a scaffold about thirty feet high, over a frozen river; on one side are steps to ascend to the platform on the top, while a steep incline on the opposite side leads down

again to the river. Large blocks of ice are laid on this, and water being thrown over all soon freezes them to the place.

All being ready, each person, provided with a small sledge, mounts the steps and glides rapidly down the plain on the other side, laughing and enjoying the fun. If they are not careful to balance the sledge properly they roll over on the ice, and get made fine fun of.

Sledges are often used for long journeys through the frozen snow. They are drawn by small strong horses brought from the Steppes.

The whole of Southern Russia, including two-thirds of the Crimea, is composed of vast treeless plains, called "steppes," where weeds and tall reedy grasses flourish, but where no woody plant is ever seen.

These steppes are composed of a rich, fertile, black earth, and game of many kinds abound in places. The Steppes of the Caspian Sea extend for about seven hundred miles—mostly an immense sandy level covered with sea-shells and salt ponds, where great flocks of birds assemble. Some parts of them are especially devoted to the rearing of horses and cattle, and many nomadic (wandering) tribes are found leading an independent life on these wide plains; there are Cossacks and Tartars, Little Russians, Greeks, Kalmucks, and many others, each tribe having its own fashions and customs.

The Cossacks are a race of free and independent men, who pay no taxes to Government, but are bound to perform certain military duties instead, providing their own horses, clothes, and arms. They are brave but savage warriors; some of Russia's best soldiers.

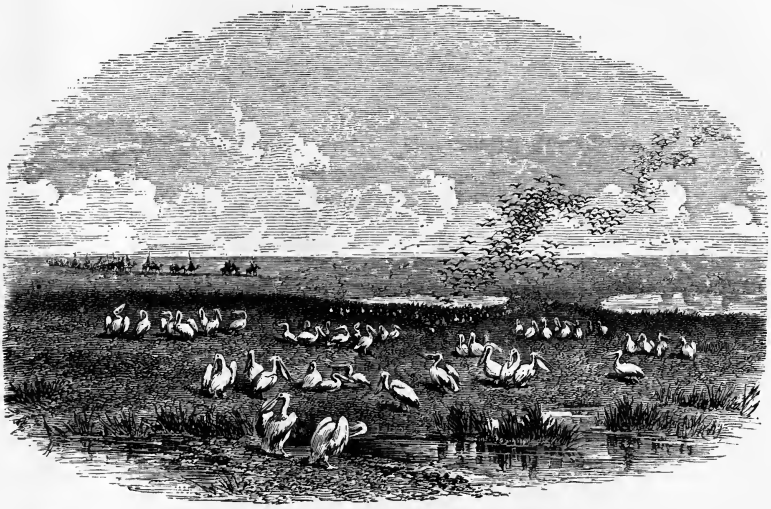
Let us peep at the Kalmuck encampment, and at the kibitis, or felt tents, of these wandering shepherds; for, unlike the Cossacks, they are peaceful people, almost all engaged in rearing cattle, camels, kine, sheep, and, above all, a breed of small and strong horses. The Russian cavalry is supplied principally with horses from the Caspian steppes.

The Kalmucks are too superstitious to number their stock; but they are thought to possess about 300,000 horses, 60,000 camels, and nearly a million sheep. All these pass the winter on the frozen steppes.

There is a strong family likeness to the Chinese among all these brownish-yellow people; their eyes are only half open, but they can see wonderfully well; their noses deeply depressed, and prominent cheek-bones. They have large ears that stick out, and black hair. Some of the women wear a large gold ring in the nostril, and smoke all day just as the men do.

The wheel you see above is prized by these poor ignorant folks who think its turning round is the same as its owner's repeating a prayer.

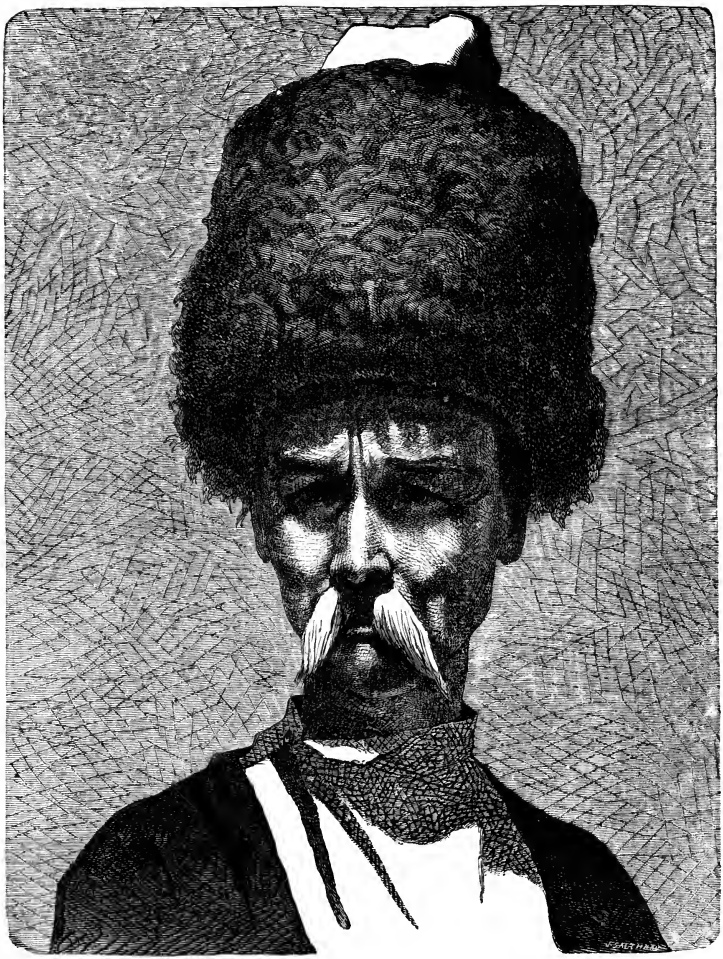
When a Kalmuck goes a journey, he generally rides on a camel, often guiding it by a string passed through the nostrils, which gives him complete command over the poor animal; and he is always armed with a poignard and



THE STEPPES OF THE CASPIAN SEA.

a long gun. He lives mostly on horseflesh, dried in the sun, but not cooked, and "brick tea," a kind of dried cake made of coarse leaves and stalks of the tea-plant. This they boil for a long time in a large iron pot, and add to it milk, butter, and salt; then they pour it into little carved wooden bowls, which they value highly.

I do not think you would care to eat things cooked in a Kalmuck kitchen, where the cook never thinks of washing any kind of vessel. She merely empties out the contents, and wipes the platter with the back of



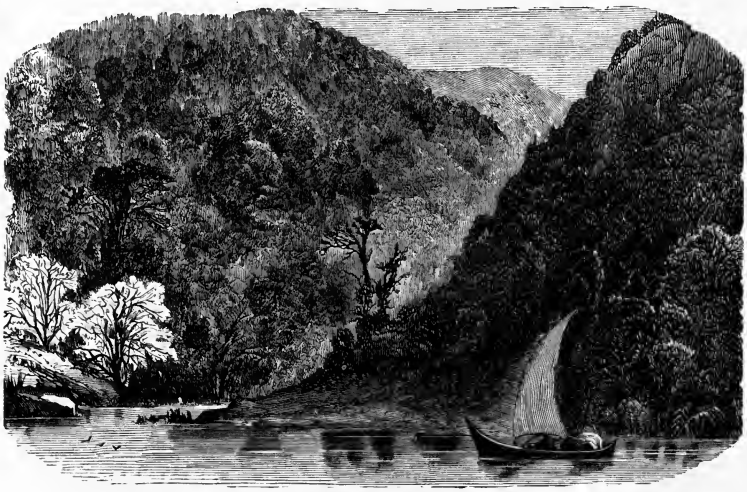
A COSSACK.

A KALMUCK FELT TENT, AND PRAYER WHEEL.

her dirty hand; then, perhaps, she will pour the broth into it and place it before you.

When a little baby is born, its nearest relative goes out of the tent, and the name of the first object he happens to notice is that given to the infant, such as "Little horse," or "Blind dog," or "Old tree."

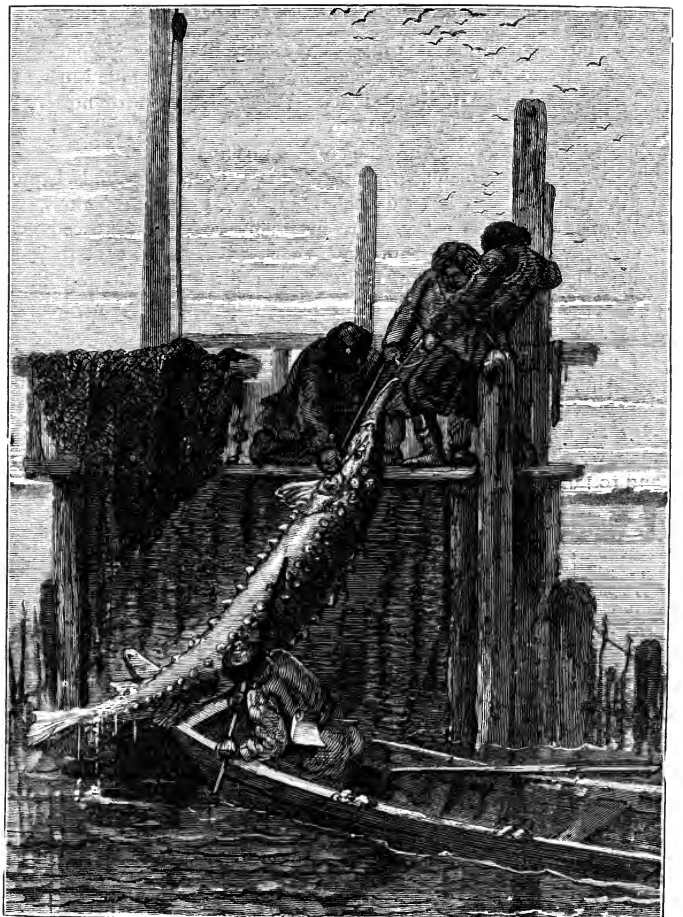
The child will never wear any garments until it is ten years old; but it



VIEW ON THE VOLGA—WESTERN BANK.

will learn to ride almost as soon as it can walk, and in time becomes a most fearless horseman.

What are these small square buildings scattered about the steppes? The Kalmucks hold them in great reverence, and call them "satzas." They are tombs, or rather temples, intended to contain the remains of their high priests. When one of these dies, his body is burned, and his ashes are placed in one of these strange buildings, guarded by many small sacred images of baked clay; then it is bricked up, only two or three holes or windows being left open.



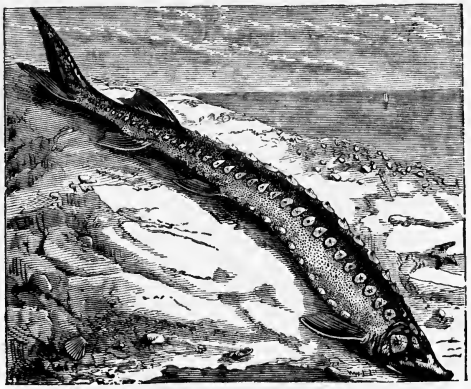
STURGEON FISHING ON THE VOLGA.

One of the great luxuries of Russia is "caviare"—a preparation of sturgeons' eggs; and, in old days, this fish, which is mostly found in Russian rivers, was very famous. In Rome it used to be covered with flowers and, heralded by music, carried in triumph to the table.

I should like to show you what the sturgeon fishing is like.

The great sturgeon, which sometimes weighs a thousand pounds, is mostly found in the Volga, the Don, and the Danube. At certain periods, when this monster sea-fish ascend these rivers, many stakes are placed across, leaving only just space enough for them to pass. At one point there is an opening leading into an enclosure of fillets or hurdles; over this opening the fishermen stand, and when the fish has floated in they drop a gate which prevents its escape, and soon kill it.

In the winter, there is a different kind of sturgeon fishing. The fishermen assemble in great numbers about the caverns and hollows of the river bank. Then the flotilla of boats approaches the hiding-places of the fish, and having arranged their nets all round about, the men raise a sudden and loud cry and halloo, which cause the startled fish to come dashing wildly out of their holes, and to fall into the nets ready to catch them.



COMMON STURGEON.

VIEW IN MOSCOW.

MOSCOW.

MOSCOW, which is sometimes called Moscovy, was the ancient capital of Russia, until Peter the Great, dissatisfied with its position inland, founded St. Petersburg on a morass, near the Gulph of Finland, in 1703, where there then stood but a few poor fishermen's huts.

In this celebrated town, one of the largest in the world, are found a most industrious people, who cultivate the land about it so well, that plenty of corn, plums, and apples flourish, while tallow, silk, calico, table linen, sail-cloth, Russian leather, hemp, and many other things, are manufactured and sold to traders, who come from all parts of the world to visit the beloved white-stoned mother—the "holy city" of Russia.

In 1812 this beautiful city was burned to the ground by the patriotic inhabitants to prevent its being made the head-quarters of the great French army of Napoleon I.; many sick and wounded are said to have perished in this dreadful fire, which the Emperor and his officers watched with despair from the heights of the Kremlin, a fine mass of buildings, which were spared; they consist of the imperial palace and chapel, the arsenal, the cathedral and other churches—all the rest of the grand city was destroyed; but it is now more splendid than ever. Here the Russian czars were consecrated, crowned, and married; and here are found the noblest and wealthiest families. In the magnificent Kremlin lived the celebrated Ivan, or John, the Terrible, who offered to marry our own great Queen Elizabeth. This monarch was king when only four years old, and so, poor boy, being unchecked by loving hands, he grew up haughty, impulsive, and headstrong; but while young he did much to advance his country's welfare. He it was who set up the first printing press in Russia, established public schools, extended commerce, and made the first treaty with England. Russia became more powerful, for its czar was a brave and clever statesman and soldier; but, at the same time, he became a hard and cruel tyrant—without mercy on his poor oppressed subjects. He imprisoned and killed thousands of people, torturing them horribly on the least suspicion, until they hated and dreaded his very name, for it meant persecution and death.

At length passion and pride so turned the head of the old Czar that when the boyars, or barons, humbly asked him to allow his beloved eldest son to lead them in some great battle they were about to undertake, he grew quite mad with jealous rage, and with his own cruel hand lifted the pointed iron staff he always carried with him, and slew the young Czarewitch.

It was a terrible deed, and terrible was the miserable father's remorse. He wandered about the splendid palace half frantic with despair. He wept and sorrowed now; but too late!—his son and heir was dead, by the hand of his emperor and father—no longer was he Ivan the Terrible, but Ivan the most conscience-stricken and humble in all those broad dominions.

One of the principal churches in Moscow, "St. Bazil," was built by order of this monarch. He was highly delighted with its appearance, and when it was finished sent for the Italian architect, and after flattering and praising him highly, inquired if he could undertake to build such another, one even more beautiful and strange. The pleased architect answered eagerly, "Yes, it

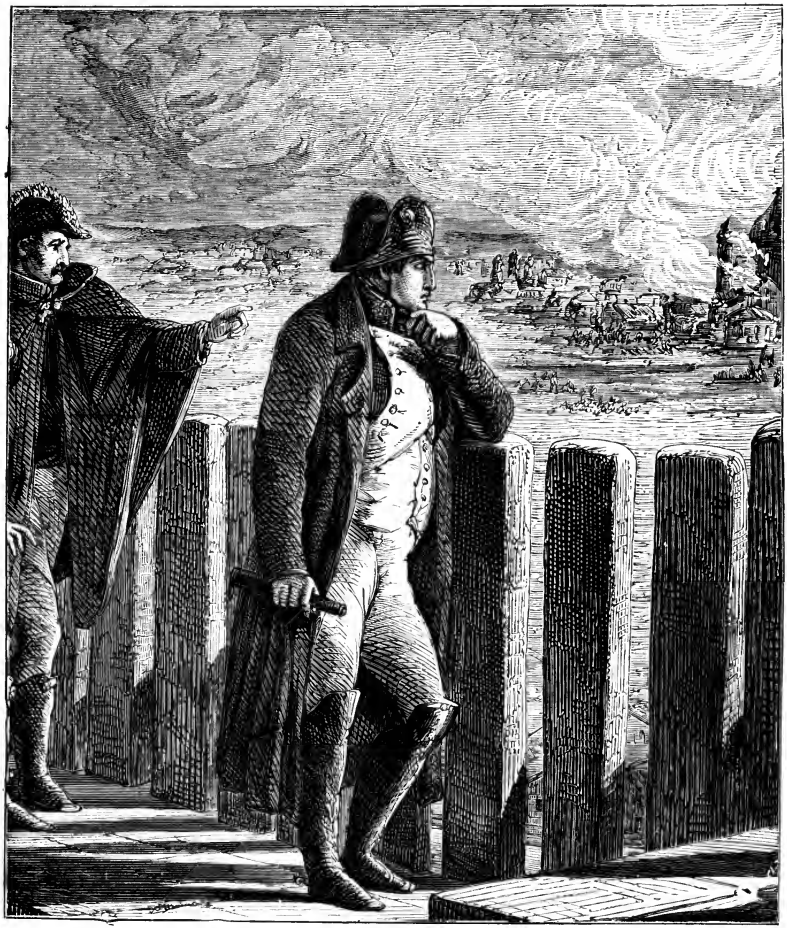
could be done;" and the terrible Czar, to prevent his ever attempting it, had the poor fellow's eyes put out.

It was during this reign that Siberia, that part of Russia which extends through the whole north of Asia, was conquered by the Russians, after a desperate resistance, through the means of Jermak Timopet, an outlawed Cossack of the Don. Ever since that time it has served as a place of banishment. The very name makes Russians tremble, for offenders of all ranks are sent there to work in the mines. You sometimes see a crowd collected to witness a sad and touching sight, and that is the departure of a gang of prisoners for Siberia; perhaps two or three hundred poor men, chained in pairs and guarded by soldiers. Poor fellows! how sad and downcast they look, most of them in rags; they know what a forlorn and weary journey is before them —1,500 to 2,000 miles; from twelve to eighteen months of weary tramping through barren, desolate wastes. Many will die of want and fatigue before they get to the far-off place of exile, from whence, most likely, they will never return. Those who do reach their miserable destination will be set to labour in the mines; where the prisoners will see little but the dark walls of the deep hollows, near the Uralian mountains, where they must toil to find gold, copper, iron, red lead, and the famous green Malachite of which you have all heard.

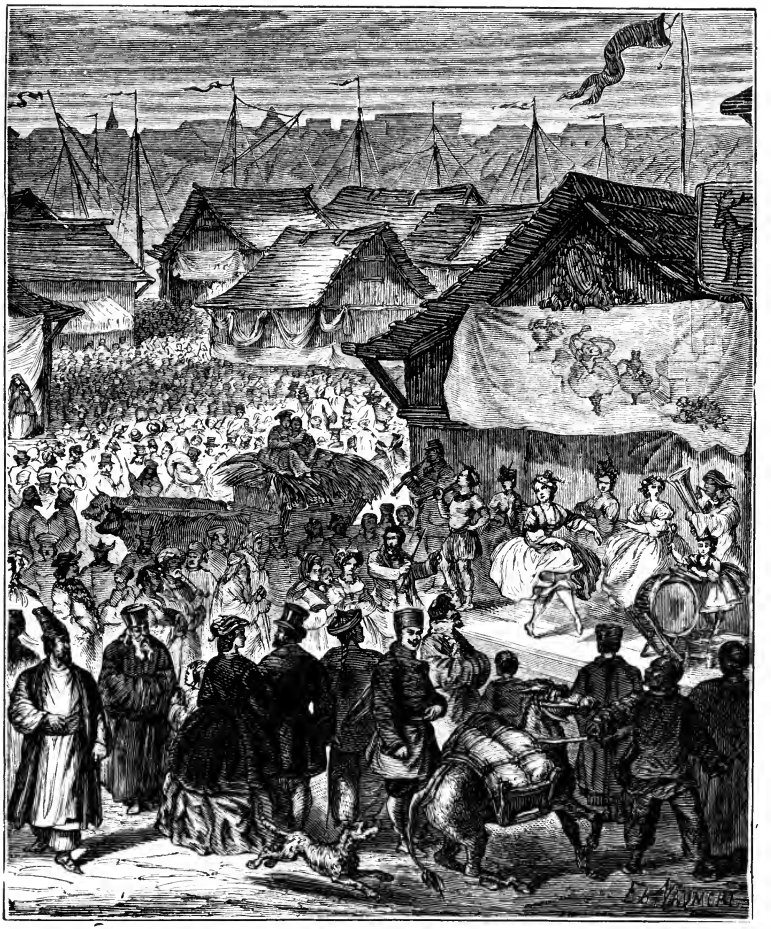
As they stand there waiting for the order to march, their friends, and wives, and little children press round to bid them adieu, while the other lookers-on give them a few coins, or some bread, or old clothing. Truly it is a sorrowful day for all the poor fellows; guilty or innocent, we must pity them.

And yet Siberia is pleasant enough in some of the southern parts; it contains rivers abounding in fish, and immense forests crowded with game. Wheat, barley, and turnips grow while the brief summer lasts; in the woods there are blackberries, and lilacs, and roses; but then it is for such a short time—the hard snow is not melted till June, and begins to fall again in September.

The large Russian towns are very far apart, and many wild tribes of hunters wander about the country, bow in hand, the wildest of which are the Ostiacs. Every one of these men has to pay to the emperor the furs of two sables annually. When they kill a wolf or bear, they stuff its skin with hay, and, sticking it up in a corner of the hut, gather round and worship it—that is, they scream, dance, and make offerings to it; they are afraid of Bruin, and fear his revenge, for they think he is an evil spirit.



NAPOLEON WATCHING THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.



THE FAIR OF NIJNI-NOVGOROD.

Sables are mostly found in Kamtschatka; and their skins are often worth ten pounds each. The skin of the black fox is eagerly looked for, as it will often pay the tax imposed on a whole village. As to the bear, he boasts no easy life, for many are the traps set to catch him; sometimes a rope is laid across his path, having a heavy block at one end and a noose at the other. In this he gets entangled, and attacking the block with fury, generally throws it down some hole, into which it drags him after it. In the warmer parts, peasants form bee-hives in the tall trees, and place below them a trap of boards slightly attached to a branch. The animal, finding this convenient, gets on it, and is instantly swung away to a distance, where he hangs helplessly until he is shot by the watchers below.

Far, far away, in the bitter cold north, close by the Northern Sea, live the Samoyedes and other tribes, who hunt for valuable furs, many of which find their way to England, America, and other parts of the world.

One thing we must notice in the streets of Moscow, and that is that almost at every corner there hangs the roughly-daubed picture of a saint or Virgin, with a burning taper or lamp before it, and that every one who passes stops, with bare and bowed head, to pay his devotion to it—the nobleman in his gilded carriage, the moujick in his shabby sheepskin, the soldier grim and warlike, all pause and devoutly cross themselves while they repeat a prayer. For these people, whatever their general faults may be, are full of honest, fervent faith; they would starve, or fight, or die for their religion, and for this deserve our respect and honour.

In every street there are tea-houses. The famous Russian "tchai" does not come over the sea from China, but is brought all across the steppes or plains of Tartary and the Ural Mountains, to be sold for a good price at the great annual fair of Nijni-Novgorod. It is most fragrant and delicious.

Everybody in Russia, but more especially in Moscow, drinks "tchai," not as we drink tea, at stated times and out of dainty tea-cups, but great rough men and women will contentedly drink it all day long out of big glass tumblers or clumsy mugs and basins.

You can see the moujicks, with long beards and matted hair, sitting in the tea-houses hour after hour, swallowing I dare not tell you how many potfuls of tea, talking to their friends, who are doing the same thing, while nursing and coaxing two or three of the many cats which always seem to abound here, for they are always kind and gentle to animals.

Those who are not content with tea drink "vodka," a strong native brandy, which they call "little water"—very little water indeed you would find if you tasted it.

But these men of Moscow must be strong fellows, for when they are not drinking tumblers full of hot tea they are very likely devouring great green cucumbers, "batvina" (which women sell out of large tubs in the street), dipped in salt, grease, and honey, or with lumps of a heavy kind of black bread. But there is no accounting for taste; and they think this is very good fare.

The winter markets here, as in all great Russian cities, are a sight worth seeing. All the things are frozen; the fair itself is often held on a frozen river, and you see frozen oxen, sheep, calves, and pigs, all standing on their feet, staring stiff and stark before them. Little fat rabbits, or hares, are there, looking ready for a scamper; fish, too, and vegetables, all rigid. Should you want a tender steak, the butcher will saw it off like a log of wood, and the rest of the creature will stand very well without it, while beggars and ragamuffin children will be on the watch to gather up the fallen sawdust, and carry it home to make into soup.

You can buy a large lump of butter or milk, which may be chopped up as you require it. Fancy a "piece" of milk which can be carried loose in the pocket! It sounds strange to us English folks at home.

There is another funny market, where they sell ready-made houses—timber, of course—and all the different parts so prepared that they can be easily carried off and put together, whenever and wherever convenient.

But we must not forget the great Bell of Moscow.

Look at the monster! It is the Czar Kolokol, or King of Bells, cast in 1730, by order of the Empress Anna Zwanawna, who gave it her own name. It weighed about 400,000 pounds. It is said to be the largest metal casting in existence, and is formed chiefly of contributions of precious metals bestowed as religious offerings by all classes of persons from all parts of Russia. They gave spoons, plates, coins, and ornaments to be melted up for it. So that every one having a share in this pious wonder felt the greatest interest in it. No one seems to quite know where it was first hung, or how it got broken. At any rate, here it is now, on a pedestal of granite, with the piece by its side.

The bell does not look so very large, and yet it is over twenty feet high; the fragment alone is six feet. This broken bell now forms a kind of

THE CZAR KOLOKOL, OR KING OF BELLS, MOSCOW.

canopy to a little chapel and shrine, to which thousands of Russians come to offer up their devotions. Enter through the iron gate and descend the stone steps to the floor of the chapel, then you will see what a large casting you are in. What a voice it must have had in those days when it sounded to tell of a victory, or at Easter midnight when it announced the Resurrection!

THE LAMENT OF THE RUSSIAN CZAR.

He sat in silence on the ground, the old and haughty Czar,
Lonely, though princes girt him round, and leaders of the war;
He had cast his jewelled sabre, that many a field had won,
To the earth beside his youthful dead—his fair and first-born son.

With a robe of ermine for its bed, was laid that form of clay,
Where the light a stormy sunset shed through the rich tent made way,
And a sad and solemn beauty on the pallid face came down,
Which the lord of nations mutely watched—in the dust, with his renown.

Low tones at last, of woe and fear, from his full bosom broke—
A mournful thing it was to hear how then the proud man spoke!
The voice that through the combat had shouted far and high,
Came forth in strange, dull, hollow tones, burdened with agony.

"There is no crimson in thy cheek, and on thy lips no breath:
I call thee and thou dost not speak—they tell me this is death!
And fearful things are whispering that I the deed have done;
For the honour of thy father's name, look up, look up, my son!

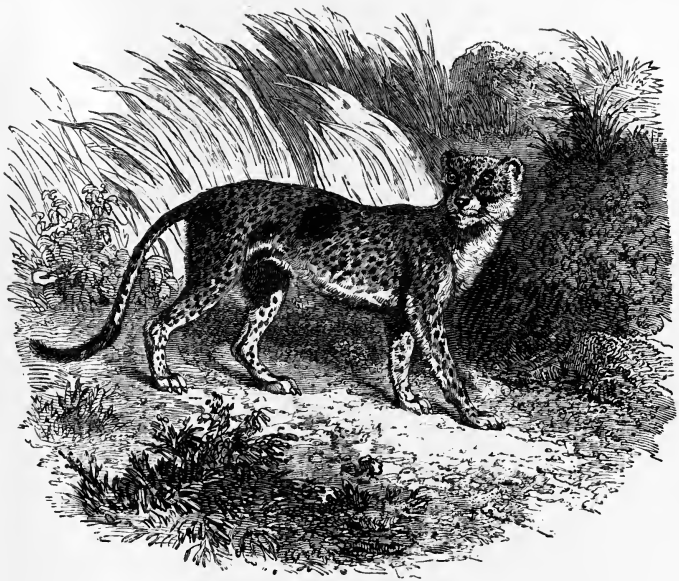
"Well might I know death's hue and mien! but on thine aspect, boy,
What, till this moment, have I seen, save pride and tameless joy?
Swiftest thou wert to battle, and bravest there of all—
How could I think a warrior's frame thus like a flower should fall?

"Didst thou not know I loved thee well? Thou didst not! and art gone,
In bitterness of soul to dwell where man must dwell alone.
Come back, young fiery spirit, if but one hour to learn
The secrets of the folded heart that seemed to thee so stern.

"Lay down my warlike banners here, never again to wave,
And bury my red sword and spear, chiefs, in my first-born's grave!
And leave me! I have conquered, I have slain—my work is done!
Whom have I slain? Ye answer not—thou, too, art mute, my son!"

And thus his wild lament was poured through the dark resounding night,
And the battle knew no more his sword, nor the foaming steed his might;
He heard strange voices moaning in every wind that sighed;
From the searching stars of heaven he shrank—humbly the conqueror died.

A SCENE IN THE FORESTS OF INDIA—TIGER AND ANTELOPES.



THE LEOPARD.

INDIA.

THERE are plenty of wild animals in India. The wild mule and the wild ass are sometimes seen in herds on the northern mountains, where there are little wild horses not above thirty inches high. There are plenty of beautiful antelopes bounding over the hills; and in Persia, the chetah or hunting leopard is trained to follow their light steps, and to chase them for the benefit of the hunter who cannot follow so fast. Bears and wolves and wild boars, jackals and hyenas, serpents of the most venomous kinds, tigers and crocodiles, leopards and panthers; yet there are no real lions, luckily. But I should be most afraid of the great Bengal or Ganges spotted tiger; it is so fine and fierce a beast, and the natives tell such terrible tales about its doings. It can spring over 100 yards like a great

monster cat as it is, and can carry off a sheep or even a calf. Shall I repeat a tale I heard long ago?

Once a traveller was walking through the jungle—which, as perhaps you know, is a kind of forest all overgrown with tall grass, and shrubs, and strange twisting creeping plants—when suddenly his foot slipped, and he found himself slipping helplessly down and down into some sort of big hole, while a great cloud of dust rose all round and almost blinded him.

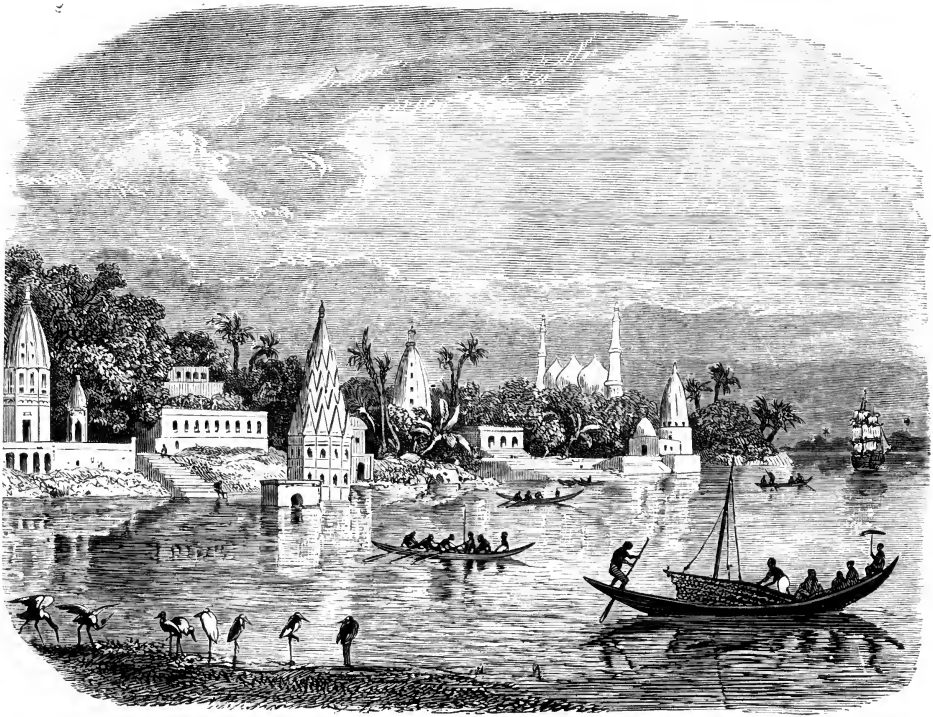
He soon discovered that he had landed in a kind of den, among a family of what looked like a lot of overgrown tabby kittens, all at play, tumbling, rolling, squeaking, and growling. They seemed inclined to have some fun with the new arrival; but I need not say that he was horrified to find that he had fallen into a nest of baby tigers, harmless and pretty enough, certainly; but their parents might return at any moment, and then——

Poor fellow! he felt very sick at heart; the hole was too deep for him to have any chance of scrambling out in a hurry. He had no gun, or knife, or even stick. He seemed to have dropped down here merely to serve for a tit-bit for mistress or master tiger whenever either of these should return—in fact, a poor helpless mouse in the house of a very fierce and cruel cat.

Suddenly was heard a long low growl; the den was darkened, and down came the mamma tigress, to see how her pets were getting on. Fancy how her eyes glared when she saw her visitor.

And what did the poor traveller do—faint, or scream, or die of fright? Nothing of the kind. He hastily tore off the thick woollen scarf from his neck, bound it tightly round his arm with his silk pocket-handkerchief, and as the tigress came bounding upon him open-mouthed, he thrust his bandaged arm into her jaws, seized her great rough red tongue, clutched it with all his strength, and held it for dear life's sake. How she growled, and kicked, and struggled, and clawed, and scratched. She could not bite, but she tore his clothes to strips, and set his poor skin streaming with blood. It was a desperate struggle, and no one to see or help, only the baby tigers playing about impatient for mother to give them some supper.

But presence of mind and bold courage saved this man, as it has saved many others; for the tired and exhausted tigress at last jerked her swollen tongue out of his hands, and with a loud roar bounded howling out of the den, and raced away to hide in the jungle. The poor man also managed to find his way out, and faint and bleeding reached his home in safety, to tell



THE BANKS OF THE RIVER GANGES.

his alarmed family how he had escaped from the very jaws of an angry Bengal tigress.

As we pass on, let us peep at the banks of that holy, but not particularly beautiful river, the Ganges, called by the Hindoos "Boora Gonga" ("the River"), though the Brahmapootra is the largest river in India. How strange everything along here looks. See the many pilgrims kneeling or bathing on its banks; the people sitting in cars, drawn by oxen, or riding on camels or mules; the elephants trotting along in their stately sort of fashion. See there are two under the plantain trees yonder; in that moracai, or open court, one is eating the leaves he is fond of. See how deliberately he pulls off the large leaves with his trunk, and puts them in his mouth one by one. The other is washing himself, and what a splashing and puffing he is making, as he first fills his trunk with water and then squirts it over his broad shoulders and back; all this he does in grave deliberate fashion, keeping one eye on his mahout or keeper, who is standing near, with no reins or bridle to guide his huge charge, but he carries a slight-pointed iron rod, which serves for all purposes, and is perfectly understood by Mr. Elephant, who seems to understand most things.

But what is the strange light gleaming yonder, and why are all those jackals gathering about it so eagerly? Hush, it is a funeral. There are many on the banks of the holy Ganges, for pious Hindoo pilgrims come from all parts of India that they may die here; or they bring the bodies of their priests and burn them near the river, and cast the remains into the "Boora Gonga," then they think the souls will at once pass into Paradise, not a Christian's Paradise, but one of many gods. The water of this river is used for swearing Hindoos, just as the Bible is for Christians in the British courts of justice, or the Koran for Mahometans. They dare not speak an untruth over it, for fear of some fearful punishment in a future state.

Sometimes you will see a sick Hindoo lying on his mat, with all his friends and relatives sitting silently round him, touching his mouth and nose with the holy mud, or now and then repeating a text from their vedas, or holy writings. There they will stay till nightfall; then if he is still alive, they will bid him farewell and leave him to his fate, and most likely to the crocodiles, which abound about the river banks. At any rate, once brought to this sacred spot, he is expected to die; otherwise his family disown him, and he becomes a Pariah, a disgrace to everybody and a misery to himself.

And yet, in a general way, they are a gentle, affectionate people, but they are ruled in all things by the Brahmas, or high caste priests.

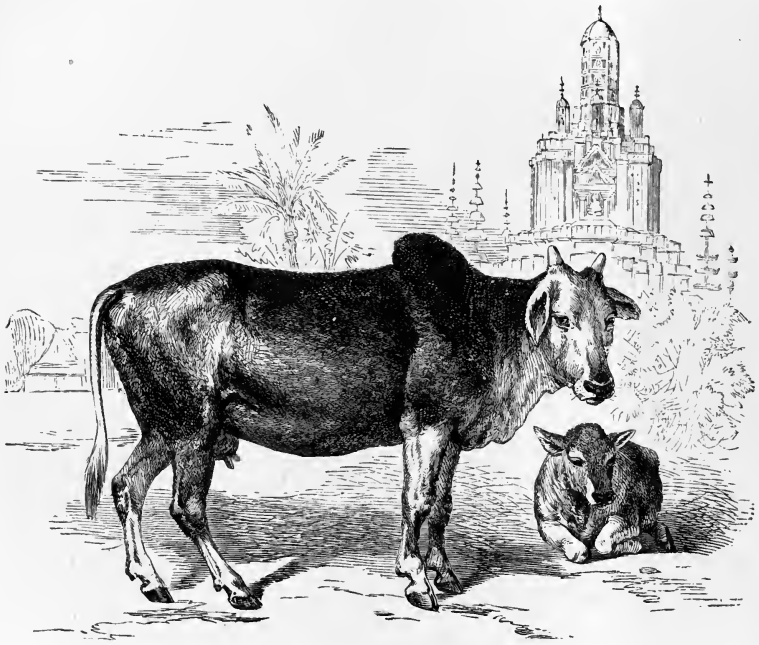
Once some English travellers sailing down the Ganges saw one of these poor, mistaken, sick creatures lying on the bank waiting to be drowned. Not knowing much about the fashion of the country, they felt great compassion and landed, and one young gentleman poured some lavender water down the poor fainting creature's throat, and seeing him recover somewhat, carried him on board, and took such kind care of him that he soon regained his senses.

But the poor fellow was in despair, and reviled them loudly. He had been taken from the holy bank, he had drank with a Christian, he had lost caste, and was avoided and scorned by all his friends as though he had a plague. He complained bitterly, loudly cursing his unlucky preserver, who was generally blamed, and had to provide for the man for many years, as he could not get work, for no one would employ an outcast, a man who had no right to be living. Had not the sacred Ganges refused to keep him?

A HINDOO WOMAN IN FULL DRESS.

At the end of some years he was again taken very ill. This time the Englishman did not interfere, but let him dispose of himself after his own fashion. This dread of losing

caste makes it very difficult to convert a true Hindoo. I cannot tell you how many of these divisions there are altogether, but there are thirty-six so impure—some so vile—that their very shadow is supposed to defile and con-



SACRED HUMPED COW.

taminate all it falls upon. No wonder the poor fellow dreads becoming one of these unfortunate outcasts.

There was a time when it was quite a common thing to see a little child thrown into this sacred river as an offering to the gods; sometimes

it was placed in a basket and set adrift; but now such sights are seldom seen. Children are more cared for and better treated.

Their gentlemen look almost like women as they pass us in a kind of close-

HINDOO DRIVER AND CART.

fitting gown, and wide trousers almost like petticoats. Here come some women carrying vessels full of water from the sacred river; they are singing as they go, and they, oddly enough, are dressed something like men, with short close jackets and long tight drawers. They are poor women—many of them slaves, or they would not be seen in the streets; for the wives and daughters

of the rich men are idling their time away, lying on the sofas in the rich zenanas, or arraying themselves in beads, bracelets, and golden bangles, as all Eastern women love to do.

Among the lower classes, there are plenty of tumblers and whistlers, rope dancers and minstrels, that go from village to village. Who has not heard of their wonderful tricks with which they astonish the white people who come to stare? and about the serpent-charmers, who "charm ever so well," handling what appears to be an angry and venomous snake, as though it were a toy, putting its head into their mouths, or twisting its body round their own shining brown limbs.

One of the funny sights to be seen on the river banks, in the streets of Calcutta, and all other parts of India, are the adjutants, or gigantic cranes —huge birds, standing about five feet high, and measuring about fifteen feet from tip to tip of their wings, when stretched out to their full extent.

This bird serves as a kind of street scavenger, which in these hot countries is very useful. He swallows every kind of refuse eatable, whole. An ordinary leg of mutton is a mere mouthful, gobbled in one moment. He is a great thief, but fortunately as great a coward, for a child can frighten him away with a stick.

One day a gentleman, hearing a loud noise in the "compound," or out of door offices, ran to see what caused all the commotion. There he saw an adjutant, standing quite helpless and frightened, amid above a hundred excited black crows, that were all scolding, shrieking, and fluttering about him, evidently very angry with the big, awkward fellow.

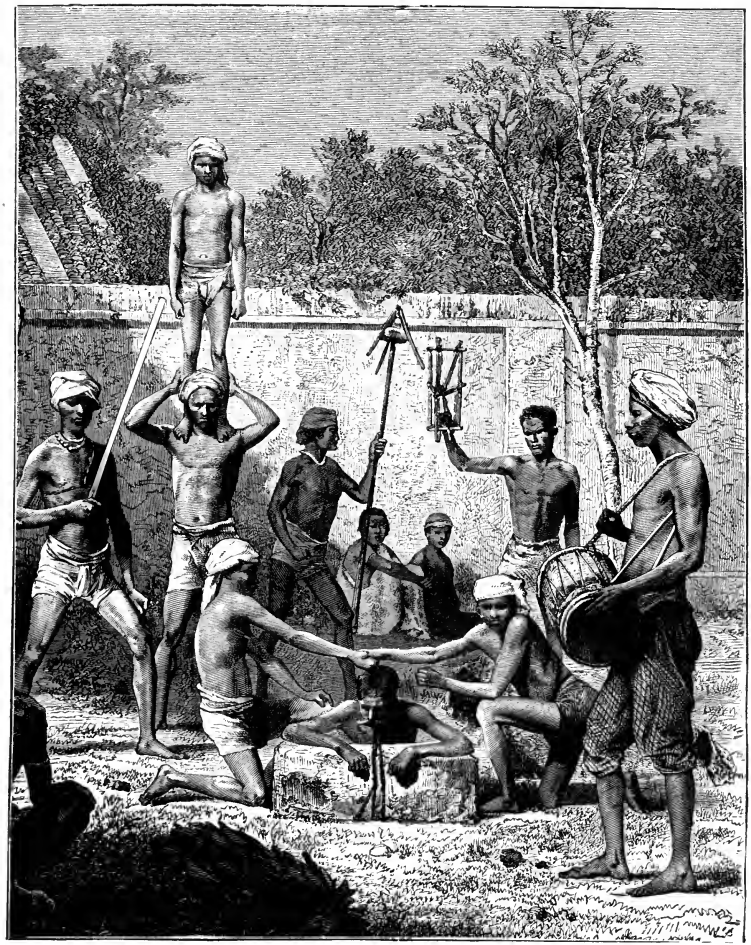
It appeared that the adjutant had been standing outside the cook's room, waiting as usual for any odd trifles that might be thrown out, when a few lively and hungry crows, thinking they might as well come in for a share, assembled about him, keeping at first at a respectable distance; but being very hungry, one of them ventured to dispute a bone which was thrown our tall friend. There was a short struggle, a scuffle, and then suddenly the adjutant, leaving go the bone, seized the poor shiny black crow and swallowed him right off in a moment. Then there was a clamour; the other crows, indignant at this cruel act, set up a cawing that brought all the crows in the neighbourhood, and for over two hours they never ceased scolding and badgering the hungry giant, tantalising him by coming as close as they dared, extending a black claw or wing, then suddenly darting off when he attempted to catch

it. And this lasted for two or three mornings, they all following him wherever he went, and giving him no peace.

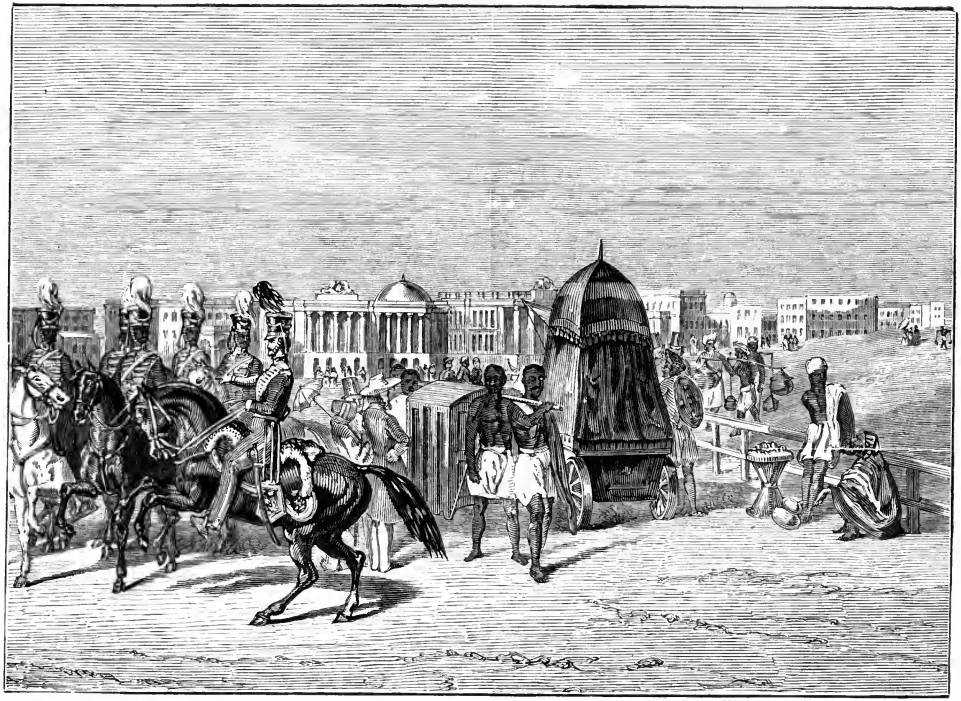
But I must tell you about the crows. In the sacred books of the Hindoos

A SERPENT CHARMER.

it is taught that the spirits of the dead pass into the bodies of animals 8,400,000 times before they are free from sin, and for some reason or other they think that the spirits are often to be found in the body of a crow. So no wonder that these birds become tame and saucy. They seem to know



A GROUP OF INDIAN JUGGLERS, WITH TUM-TUM PLAYER.



PALANQUIN AND BEARERS.

that they are considered sacred, and that no one would ever think of destroying them. So they build their nests on the trees near the houses, and will fly in and out, and help themselves to what they like best. All birds of this kind seem shrewd and cunning, and Indian crows above all.

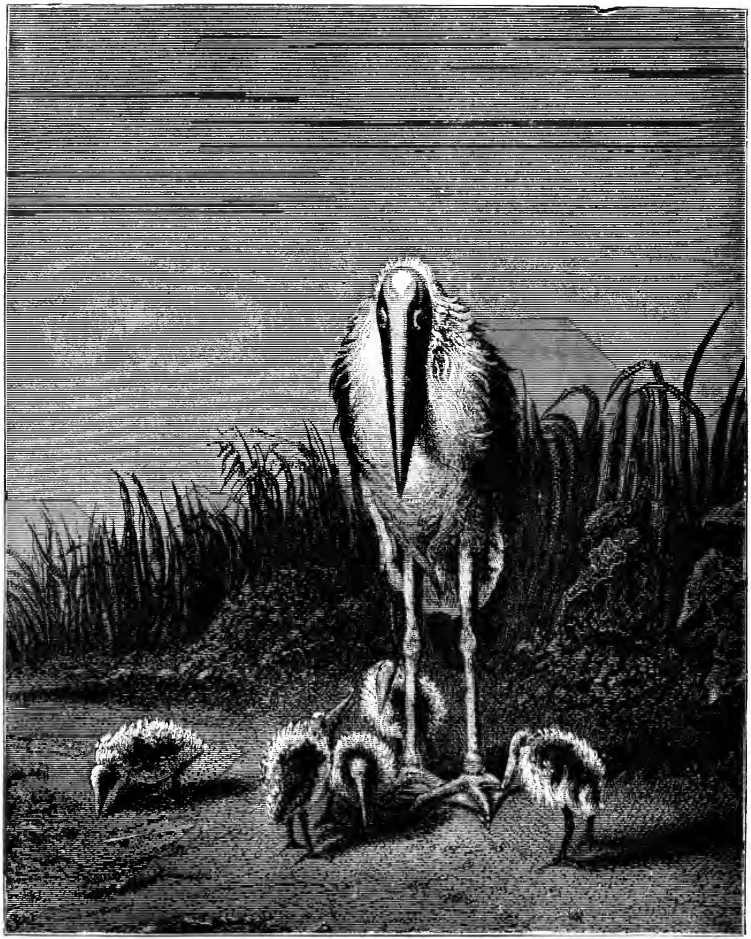
Perhaps it is because they have shown so much bird wisdom that the simple Hindoos honour them, and once a year give them a grand feast, which they call "ancestor's dinner." I will read you the description of one of these, given by a gentleman who saw it, and sent an account to an English friend:—

"One Saturday in January, I pitched my tent under a sweet acacia-tree, on the bank of a small stream, near a village. The next morning, soon after sunrise, I noticed about a dozen men on the bank of the stream, preparing a feast for the crows. There was one Brahmin, or priest, among them, directing the others, who doubtless expected a better dinner than the crows for their pains. According to his orders, the chief person (whose friend had died) made three little piles of sand in the dry part of the bed of the stream. On each of these he set up a little flag, about a foot high, and near it an earthen vessel, with a cake of unbaked dough. This was the feast. When all was ready he kneeled down before it, and prayed to his dead parent to come and accept it. Then all the men withdrew a little way, and sat down to wait for the crows to come and eat it. They think if the crows partake of it before any other animal has touched it, this is a sign that their ancestors are happy, and pleased with them: if not, they are offended; so they are very concerned to have the crows come and taste it first. The crows had been on the watch and soon came, alighting on the ground near the food. They did not at once pounce upon it, however, but, as if wishing to assure themselves that there was no trap, advanced with caution, cawing and talking among themselves in a manner quite fitted to confirm the poor Hindoo in his belief that there was something more than bird-knowledge in them. Just then a kite (a larger bird than the crow) came flying along, and, seeing the table spread, it concluded to invite itself to dinner. It commenced sailing around just above the cakes, before making a swoop and carrying off one of them. This would have put an end to the poor Hindoo's peace of mind, so he began to throw stones at the kite, to drive it away; in doing which he frightened the crows also. These, however, soon returned, while the poor kite, finding it was not welcome, went off, and did not, like some very unpolite people,

again intrude itself upon a dinner party where it was not wanted. Becoming tired of the delay, the Brahmin told the man to call upon his ancestors again. So he began bowing down to the crows and saying, 'Oh, good sirs, why are you angry? do come.' In a few moments the birds, satisfied that there was no danger, began eating. And the men, being assured by the Brahmin—after receiving his fee—that all was right in regard to their deceased friend, returned to their homes quite contented that they had done their best for this departed Hindoo."

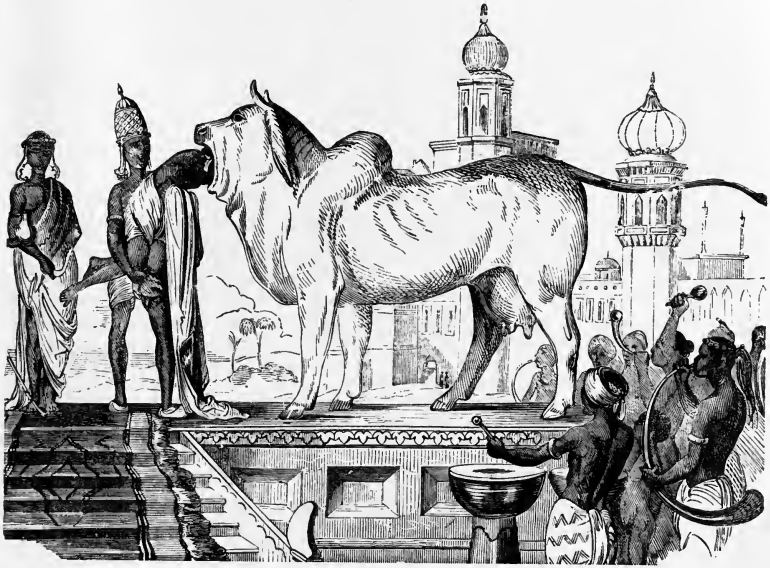
There are thieves and superstitious people in India just as there are everywhere else. Shall I tell you a story I heard about one thief, who lived in Calcutta? He was a *hookah-badar*—a servant who prepares his master's hookah or pipe. Watching his opportunity, he ran off with what looked like a jewel case. He ran a long way, until he reached what is called "Wellesly Square"—a pretty place full of flowery shrubs and trees. He knew of one large shrub, in the shadow of which he could hide, and no one would notice him, while he examined his precious treasure; but the box had to be opened, there was no lock, only a spring, which he pushed and turned about, trying hard to open it, when, to his horror, a sudden burst of tingling music came out of the tiny thing between his fingers. He thought it was bewitched, filled with demons who might rush out and devour him. He flung the "thing" as far as he could into the thick foliage, and ran for his very life, trembling and uttering cries of horror and amazement.

Now, quite near this place dwelt the malee, or keeper of the square. It was the hot part of the day, when all is silent, and honest people sleep; and the good old man was having his usual doze, when he woke up to the sound of sweet fairy-like music—music proceeding from the very centre of his favourite tree. He sat up, he stared, he marvelled, still the magic tingling went on; at last he got very frightened. His hair did not stand on end, because, being a strict Hindoo, he had not any, but he rubbed his eyes and ears. The tune stopped; he must have been dreaming—when, suddenly, click, click, the musical tree began again, a loud and merry waltz. The poor malee tumbled off his mat, and ran for assistance as fast as his legs could carry him. What terrible story he told, I don't know, but he soon brought a crowd of wondering black friends to listen, which they did with awe-struck looks and rolling eyes. An Englishman came too, and quickly going up to the enchanted bush, pushed his way into it, and felt all about for the musical demon.



THE GIGANTIC CRANE.

and very soon brought out a small English musical box, with the governor's name on the lid. The box that would not stay stolen was restored to its master; but the malee and his friends always shook their heads when they looked at the tree, and the thief always thought the box was full of noisy



PASSING THROUGH THE SACRED GOLDEN COW.

imps, who had called out for help from their white owner when they felt themselves being run away with.

The most crowded and favoured city in India is that of Benares, anciently called Casi, the splendid. It is the principal seat of learning, and the favourite city of the Brahmins, who say that it was built of gold and precious stones by their god Siva, from whose sweat sprang the Ganges, but that it turned to mere stone and thatch because of the sins of the inhabitants.

They believe that it is eighty thousand steps nearer heaven than any other part of the world, and that it rests on the point of Siva's trident, while the earth rests on the thousand-headed serpent Ananta. As those who live in it can do no wrong, so those who die in it are sure to go to the heaven of Siva, even though they should be Christians, and have eaten beef, for here the ox and cow are treated with as much respect as they were in Egypt in the old, old days of Apis, the bull. They are the emblems of the sun and moon. The very touch of a cow—especially that of the nundi, or humped species—purifies an individual from all his sins. A king of Travancore, who had been cruel and wicked, desiring to make up for his ill life, caused an immense hollow golden cow to be made, and passed through the body of this image, to purify himself from his ill deeds. After that he dated all his edicts from his passage through the cow, and as such they were considered sacred.

One thing we must see in Darga Kand, near Benares, and that is the holy apes—dirty little fellows—who live here in great numbers, clustering in the groves of mango-trees. They are very tame, and come bounding about their keeper or priest, whichever he is, when he offers them food. At his call they come trooping from all parts, full of fun and frolic, rushing and scrambling at the fruit and grains. One old monkey is evidently their king and leader, and when they get too rough he scolds and pinches, and snaps and shows his yellow teeth, and they fly chattering out of his way. What a funny sight it is, and yet what a sad one. Remember these struggling, fighting, greedy things are "holy" in the eyes of the poor superstitious Hindoos.

Allahabad is another sacred place. Here, when a pilgrim arrives, he first sits down on the brink of the river, and has his head and body shaved, so that each hair may fall into the water, the sacred writings promising him one million of years' residence in heaven for every hair thus deposited.

There are some wonderful buildings in these Indian towns—temples and palaces. As we return we pass the rajah's palace; but it is long since any one lived in it—or at least died in it. My guide tells me it is because a prince asked a holy Brahmin what would become of the soul of the next rajah who died there. The Brahmin answered that it would, no doubt, go to heaven, and live among many gods.

But the rajah, who must have been very deaf, or an idiot I think, repeated the question ninety and nine times, always receiving the same answer. At the hundredth time of asking the holy man lost all patience, and saying that it

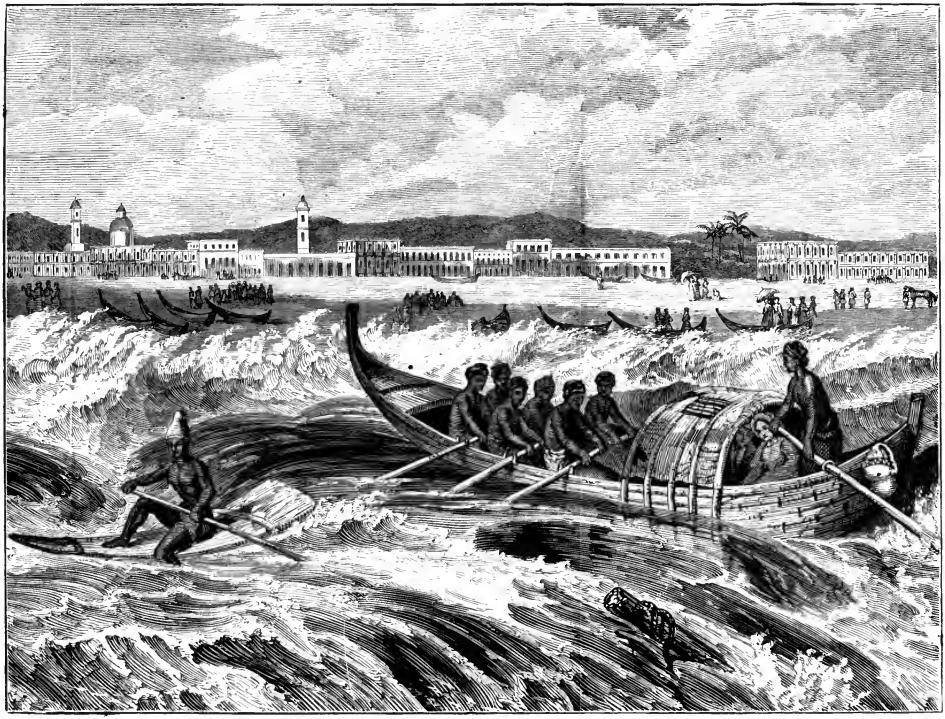
would pass into the body of an ass, walked away. Ever since that time every sick rajah fled the place, terrified lest he might get worse and die there, because the poor ass is held in especial contempt by all Hindoos.

Then as to monkeys, they abound in all parts of India—monkeys of every kind and sort in hundreds and thousands. There are tiny white ones, and huge ourang-outangs, and especially the rajakada, or red-faced ape, with the black beard, which is the type of the Hindoo god Hanuman, who, once upon a time, disguised himself thus, and placed himself at the head of an army of monkeys to defeat Ravan, master of Ceylon, and king of the giants. So in most parts of India, these creatures, being sacred, destroy the crops, plunder orchards, steal things from town; in fact, do all the monkey mischief they like, and no one dares lift a hand to stop them. They must have abounded in far-away times, for we read that Alexander the Great's army met with such an enormous body of them, that the general took them for a wild, hostile nation, and prepared to give them battle.

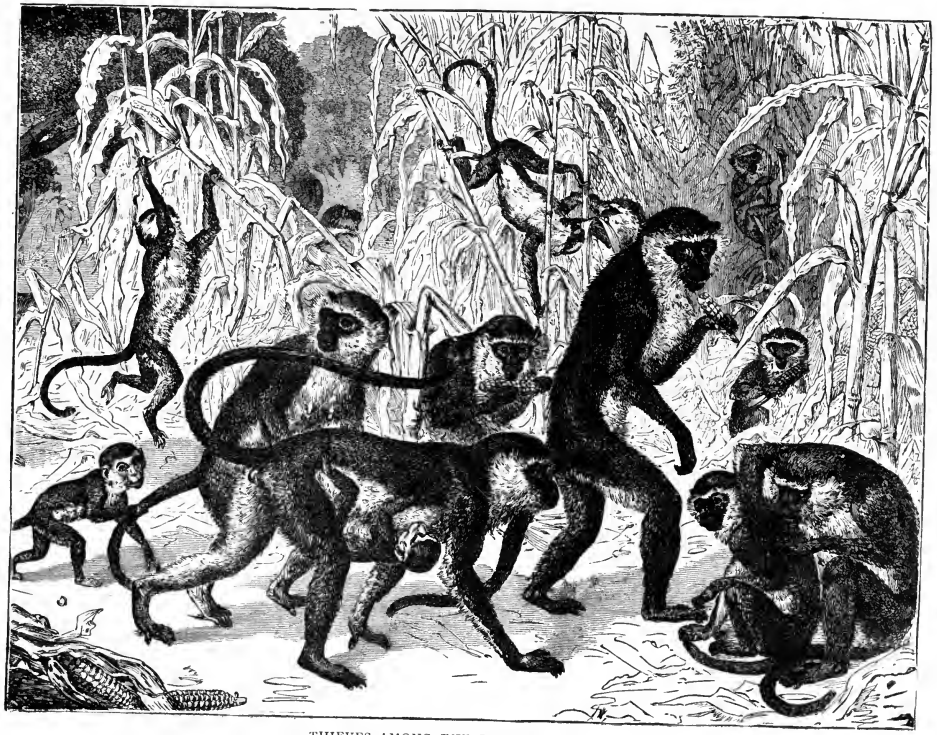
In 1808 two thoughtless young officers went to see one of the monkey temples near Agra, and one of them foolishly fired at some of the animals; they were both immediately set upon by an infuriated mob of priests and worshippers, and in trying to escape over the river, they fell from their elephant, and were drowned.

In Benares are many colleges, and teachers of Hindoo and Mahometan law; and the teachers are supported by the donations of rich people and princes. The Brahmins are often seen sitting under the trees teaching a class, and boys learning reading and writing at the same time, by being made to trace the letters or words they are learning on the soft sand. The girls, poor things, are not taught anything, and even when grown up are considered far inferior to their husbands.

Bengal, Bombay, and Madras, once called the three Presidencies, are three great settlements built by the English in the East Indies. Calcutta, the capital of British India, is a magnificent city, on a branch of the Ganges, one of the noblest rivers in the world. It is about 100 miles from the sea; and it has a great commerce in salt, sugar, silks, and opium. The poppy from which this opium is made is cultivated particularly in the province of Bahar. Bombay is built on the island, covered with groves of cocoa-nut palms; and as to Madras, which is much larger than Great Britain and Ireland, though it has some beautiful buildings in it, it is so very difficult to approach from



CROSSING THE SURF AT MADRAS.



THIEVES AMONG THE INDIAN CORN.

the sea, that large ships have to anchor at some distance, or they would be dashed to pieces by the rough, rolling surf.

So when the passengers want to land they are fetched off, when the surf will allow it, by the coffee-coloured natives in large missolah boats, such funny craft, manned by ten or twelve dark rowers, with little clothing on their bodies, but plenty on their heads ; for the sun shines down glaring and hot on the poor fellows, so they wear turbans, straw hats, or pointed straw bonnets—whatever they can get hold of. Some of the boatmen wear jackets and pieces of cloth wrapped round over the jackets ; the rowers, as you see, have only strips of linen round their brown waists.

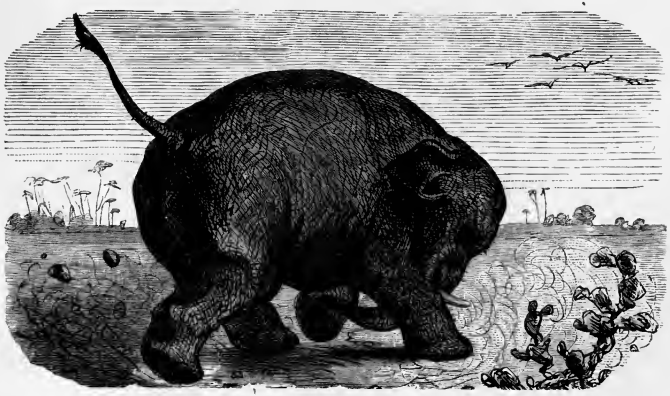
Some of the natives venture out, to tempt the new-comers with fish and fruit, in light boats, made of small trunks of trees, bound together with strips of cocoa-nut fibre, and only a long piece of wood for a rudder; others come in a sort of loose raft, generally made of teak, called a catamaran, and the catamaran men wear a peculiar cap, made of matting, in which they can carry letters to land, even though they get wet through themselves—in these boats they toss over the raging water, and get many a ducking, but as they swim like fish, they don't seem to mind that much.

There are plenty of rich Europeans living in the handsome large houses—almost like palaces—we see on shore ; and all the houses are crammed with attendants, because each native servant will only do one particular kind of work, for fear he should touch something his religion forbids, and so lose caste. Each child must have its own ayah, or nurse, each ayah her attendant, each horse its own groom, each dog its own servant; so that, altogether, people who want servants at all must have a great many, to wait one upon another. Fortunately they almost live on rice and fruit, and drink water or milk, and are a quiet, contented, indolent set of people, cheaply clothed with a simple strip of calico or cloth.

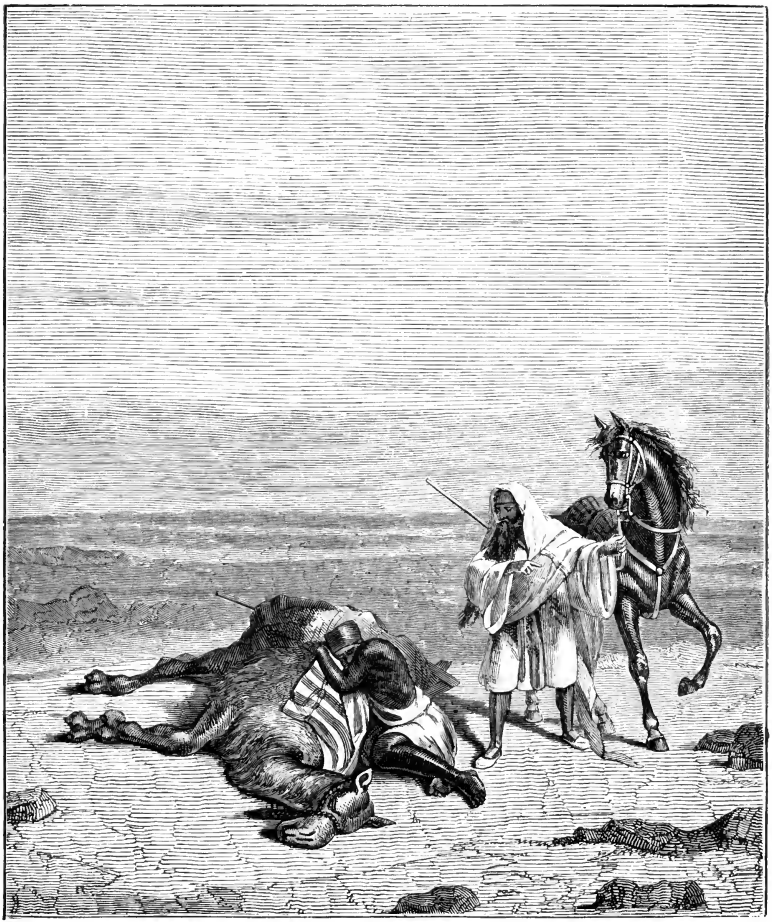
The Hindoo's only luxury is the chewing of betel, or rather of areca nuts mixed with the leaves of the betel, pepper, and quick lime. The houses or bungalows of well-to-do people have flat terraces set apart for smoking ; and those a little out of the towns are surrounded by beautiful trees and plants which we in England know only by name; mangoes, plantains, melons, oranges, even shaddocks, custards, apples, limes and guavas, and large ripe pine-apples flourish in the southern provinces, not to forget the "elephant apple," which that animal is as fond of as his keeper.

Then there are strange and beautiful trees which are useful in many ways —the tamarind, the cassia, teak, that hardest of woods, ebony, the banian, the fig, and the huge cotton-tree, whose thorny trunk rises fifty or sixty feet without a branch, then throws out numerous boughs which are first covered with large purple blossoms as big as your hand; these are soon followed by capsules or bags filled with fine soft white cotton, which one day will be gathered and woven into clothes for us to wear.

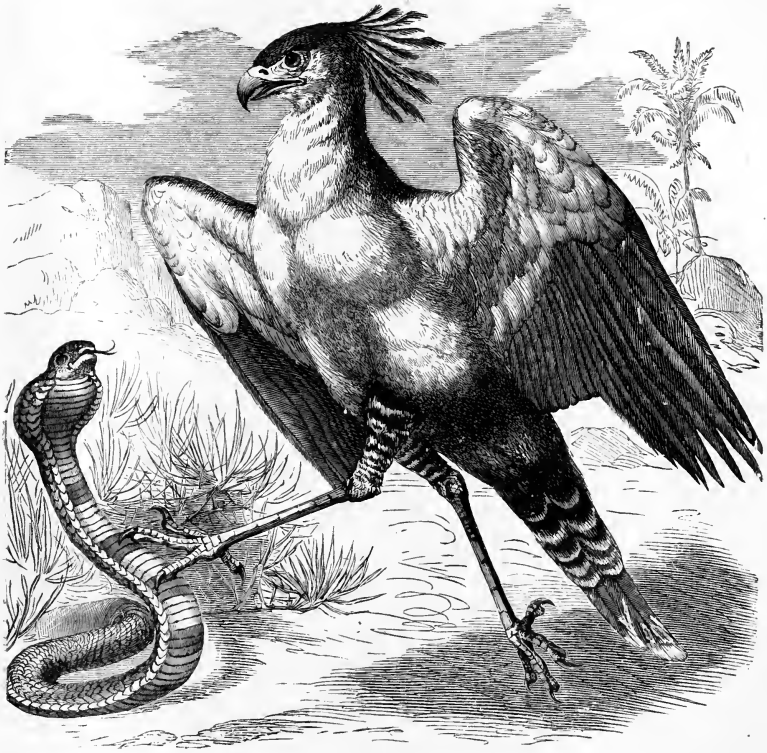
Many of these people are very clever, intelligent workers at different kinds of handicraft, at making gold or silver ornaments, for instance, or weaving fine muslin, so thin, and light, and delicate, that no other country can produce anything to equal it. At every exhibition we see marvels of embroidery worked by their thin brown fingers—scarves for their women and turbans for their chiefs, looking like masses of gorgeous flowers.



THE ELEPHANT IN FULL GALLOP.



"DEAD ON THE DESERT SANDS, MASTER AND PATIENT SLAVE."



THE SECRETARY BIRD

AFRICA.

THE principal place we shall see if we peep right into Africa is the Sahara, the Great Desert—the *Bahr-bela-ma* (dry ocean, or sea without water), as the Arabs call it.

This Sahara extends for a thousand miles between the Atlantic and the Red Sea. If you divided the great plain of Africa into ten parts,

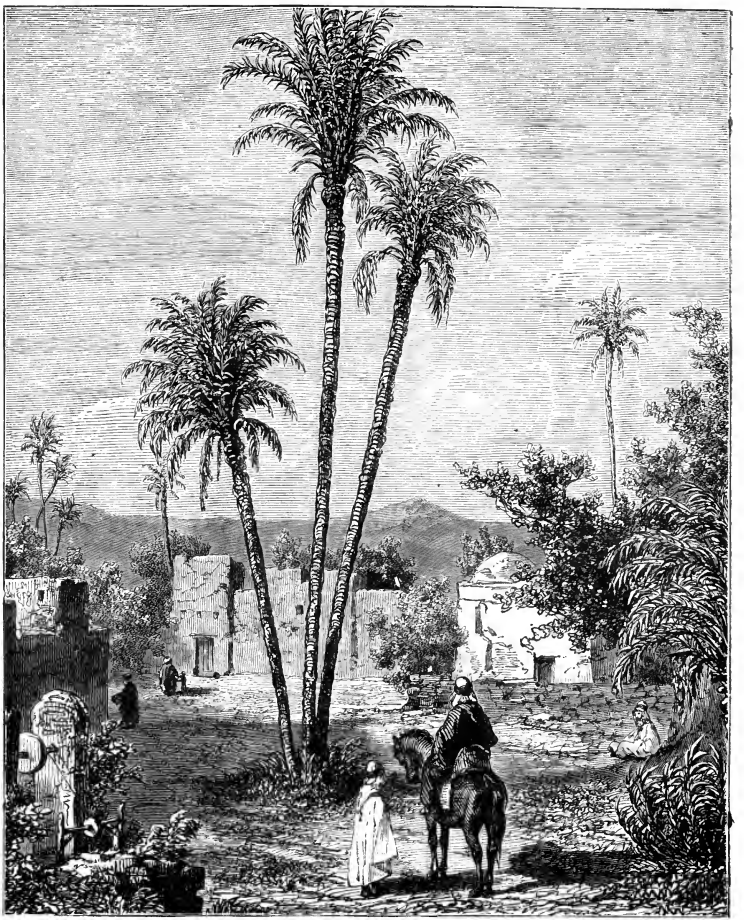
nine of these would form the Great Desert: it is divided into two parts by a tract of stony country—one part almost all covered with fine sand, which, when the wind blows, rises in great sand-spouts; in the other part the ground is covered, not with sand, but with gravel and clay.

These dreary wastes would be quite impassable were it not for the pleasant green places, which the Arabs compare to the spots on a leopard-skin. These oases are sometimes very extensive, and in many of them great tribes live and flourish.

Fancy toiling on, sick and weary from the heat and the glare, from the parched-up, burning sand, where your track is marked by the whitened bones of many a poor camel. Sand in front, sand behind, sand in your clothes, your eyes, your mouth—sand everywhere; a great, hot, glaring sun looking down on the almost despairing caravan, moving slowly forward. Even the drivers have ceased the song with which they cheered their patient charges; they have no voice left—their throats are dried up and parched with heat; the pomegranates and prickly pears are all gone, the water-bags are empty; things are at the worst—every one is exhausted and despairing; when suddenly your camel snuffs the air, gives a hoarse kind of croak, and his great awkward legs begin to shuffle on faster. The Arabs clap their hands and cry, "Il Allah!—an oasis is near!"—that means soft green grass, tall palm-trees, dates—most welcome fruit,—and, above all, sweet refreshing water—"the gift of God"—is near at hand; here they can rest and refresh for as long as they like.

In some of these oases are found figs in abundance, pomegranates, apricots, peaches, quinces and pears, the apple and the vine, more rarely even orange trees, a few olives, and sometimes wheat, which is cultivated in the intervals between the date plantation—this tree is the chief source of wealth in the gardens of the oasis, where its shadow protects other cultivated plants from the violence of the winds. The Arabs will tell you it plunges its foot into the water and its head into the sun. We must not forget the wonderful palms—the olive palm, for instance, which bears a fruit like an olive, containing so much of the best clear palm oil that it can be squeezed out with the fingers; the seed contains a sort of butter, the sap yields excellent wine, and even its leaves are good food for sheep and goats.

But though these places are so beautiful, travellers tell us many strange wild characters are found there. The Tonaregs and many other tribes are regular bandits, who live by pillage or what they can extort from the travellers, who

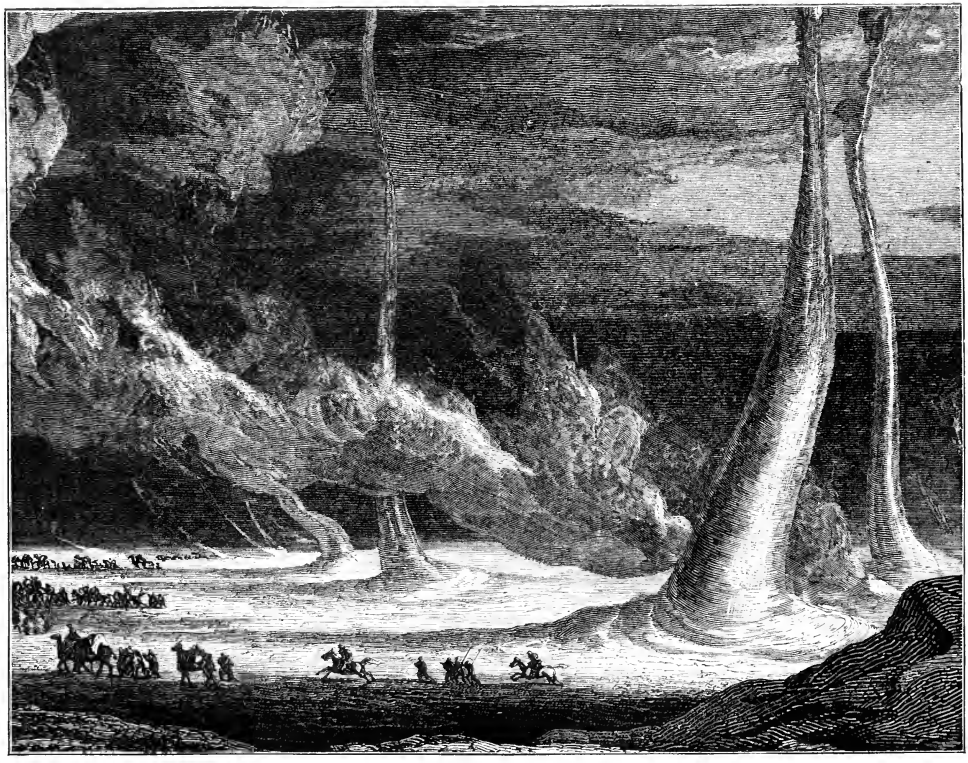


AN OASIS IN THE DESERT.

dare not resist them. They say, "The night is good for the poor and brave"—a motto which might serve the rogues of most countries. Farther to the

A WANDERING ARAB EXHIBITING A TAME LION.

west are found the true nomadic or wandering Arabs, such as the Faris, of whom it is said, "When thou meetest a Fari and a faai (a viper of the desert), kill the Fari and let the faai escape." So I don't think we need want to know much more about them or their doings.



A SAND STORM IN THE DESERT.

But there are plenty of honest Arabs; and if we peep at this party we may get a little idea of manners and customs which will remind us of the old times when "Abraham sat in the tent door," just such a tent of camel-hair as we see to-day. If a strange Arab enters the tent, he merely salutes its inmates with a "Peace be between us," and sitting down in the snuggest corner he can find, brings out his long pipe and smokes silently. But if he is an acquaintance who honours our people with a visit, he will go up to the master and say, "Peace be with you.", The answer will be, "With you be peace." Then each will kiss the palms of his own hands, and, falling on each other's neck, they embrace most fervently. Then one will ask, "How are you? how is your state, or house?" (that means, how is your wife and children, only it is not considered proper to ask after the family so openly); and the answer will be, "Praise Allah, all is well. How is the state of your mind, how are your spirits, how is your house, how is the state of your father, of your brother, of your cow, your horse, your calf?" and so on. They will keep on repeating the same things over and over again; for though they are very great talkers, they have not many ideas, and will be content with the same questions and answers until you will be tired of listening to them, and may be glad to look round at this strange place, and see what is going on about it.

Yonder woman is making bread for the stranger—watch how she kneads it in the wooden bowl kept for the purpose. While it is quite wet and soft she catches it up and spreads it on a large flat stone, supported by several other small ones, so as to admit of a fire underneath; in a moment the cake has hardened, she turns it cleverly, and has another ready to put in its place; then she fetches some sour milk, to be taken with the hot bread, unless it has been already mixed with camel's milk, oil, butter, or grease.

What is she doing with that strange-looking bottle? It is of goat's skin, full of goat's or sheep's milk; she ties it to a tent pole, or rolls and shakes it on the ground, steadily working at it for hours; then she at last unties the skin, and turns out a great lump of butter. As some of the Bedouins are very fond of this luxury, they sometimes offer their guests a bowl or dish full of sweet milk, with a large lump of butter standing in the middle—just as Jael brought Sisera milk and butter "in a lordly dish."

The baobab is found in tropical Africa, as well as in Asia and America. It is not very tall, but sometimes its trunk grows to forty or fifty feet in circumference. The fruit (some call it "monkey bread") is sweet, and forms

a remedy for the fevers of the country. The African negroes sometimes burn this fruit with bark and palm oil, and make it into soap. Another singular use for the trunk of this tree is when one of their number dies who is considered unworthy of proper burial. They select the trunk of some old worm-eaten hollow baobab, and scraping out sufficient space in the bark, they suspend the body in the chamber thus made; then they close up the entrance to this kind of natural tomb with a plank, and in a short time the body dries up into a perfect mummy.

The people thus rudely disposed of are usually certain natives, called "guerrols," who preside at feasts and festivals, and are looked upon by the other negroes as sorcerers; and it is thought unlucky and unholy to lay their bodies in the earth along with those of other men—that is why they are hidden in the huge trunk of the baobab.

Now I will tell you about the strange "secretary bird," that is mostly found in the arid plains of North Africa, where it kills cats and serpents, which its short bony wings, on which are a tuft of feathers, help it to destroy. It has on its head a bunch of long feathers, like the quill pens clerks or secretaries sometimes put behind their ears. Its toes are short, and it can walk so fast, that sometimes it is called the messenger bird.

When a serpent sees one of these dreaded enemies approaching, it will rear itself and swell and hiss in a rage of fear; but the bird will spread one of his wings to form a buckler in front of him, and when the reptile makes a spring at him the bird will bound about, always presenting that hard well-protected wing; and while the serpent is vainly spending its poison on the thick bunch of feathers, the foe is inflicting heavy blows on the defenceless head with its other wing, until, stunned and faint, the venomous creature rolls on the ground; the bird then catches it and throws and dashes it about, finally killing it with its sharp bill. Then he swallows his victim with great relish, being no way affected by the poison it contains.

These useful birds are easily tamed, if taken young, and they are often kept in the poultry-yard to protect the chickens against rats, serpents, and lizards; only they must not be allowed to get too hungry, or they may swallow a nice fat hen by mistake—they are not at all particular.

"The mountain of the lioness" (Sierra Leone) is the name given by the natives to a country on the west coast of Africa; and what lovely sights are to be seen by the dwellers in this strange land, where everything that man

MIGRATORY LOCUSTS.

can require is found in abundance; where huge sweet pine-apples grow like weeds in the bush near, surrounded by every kind of flower, and great shining green leaves; and orange-trees, lime and monkey apples, bananas and yams, laden with fruit, are everywhere. Fine tall cocoa-nut palms and the straggling

A FLIGHT OF LOCUSTS.

guava, shading the huts, thatched with grass or bamboo, where the natives live so contentedly, mostly on rice mixed with palm-oil and chillies. They do not seem to have much eye for beauty, for when they see us admiring the lovely flowers, they turn up their noses contemptuously and say, "Oh, him no use; somebody can't eat him, what good of him?"

But don't begin to wish you lived here. Sunshine, and fruit, and flowers

are all very fine ; but with all their glow and beauty there is found fever and death in the hot dry wind of the simoon that blows from the Great Desert, and very few Europeans can live in this part of Africa.

The English formed a settlement here, in 1787, to civilise the Africans and try to abolish the slave trade, which flourished to a great extent all along this coast ; as many as ten thousand slaves have been at this place at one time, all captured from the slavers about Zanzibar. Poor creatures! they were often half dead when landed here, and would look round them with terror, sometimes to recognise a brother, or sister, or little child waiting with outstretched arms to greet them. Were they not on British ground, and free?

But I am not going to tell you any more about that now. I want to tell you what the place is like, and what *does* flourish there.

Let us take a walk up to that house at the foot of the mountains near Freetown, and tread our way through blooming roses and pale blue convolvuli, all growing in wild confusion. Yet why are all the leaves about so twisted and pining? They are infested with large red ants that have made their nests in the leaves. Just poke a cane into one of their homes, and the little fellows will come rushing out in a great rage, and marching sharply up your stick, will sting and bite the hand that holds it ; a good sharp sting they can give, as you will find if you attempt to go clambering up one of those orange-trees, where red ants cluster in countless numbers, as well as on the coffee-shrubs which are cultivated about here.

Perhaps, as you are looking about with admiring eyes, you may suddenly be startled by hearing a loud and general shout from the servants and farm labourers. What can it be? why are they beating their native drums so wildly? Is some enemy upon them? Yes, a very cruel and disagreeable band, that will do much damage before they go away again. Where, where? Why, don't you see that black cloud coming rapidly down from the hills? That! why, that's only a thick black dust. Why make all this disturbance about so little?

One of the excited people, who comes running by, answers in a very doleful tone, "Ah! dey is de locusts ; and dey make hungry this country ; hungry too much ;" and he hastens to join the other servants in causing a terrific din with drums, tom-toms, and tin kettles ; beating pot-lids wildly together, and clashing, shouting, and screaming at the top of their voices. These insects

hate noise, and if they can be deafened with it, will perhaps pass on and leave the plants and orange-trees alone. If once these living clouds alight, we may as well make up our minds to the fact that they will not go away again while there is a single green thing or a blade of grass left.

"The locust is fierce, and strong, and grim,
And an arm'd man is afraid of him:
He comes with famine and fear along,
An army a million million strong;

From the deserts of burning sand they speed,
Where the lions roam and the serpents breed,
Far over the sea away, away!
And they darken the sun at noon of day."

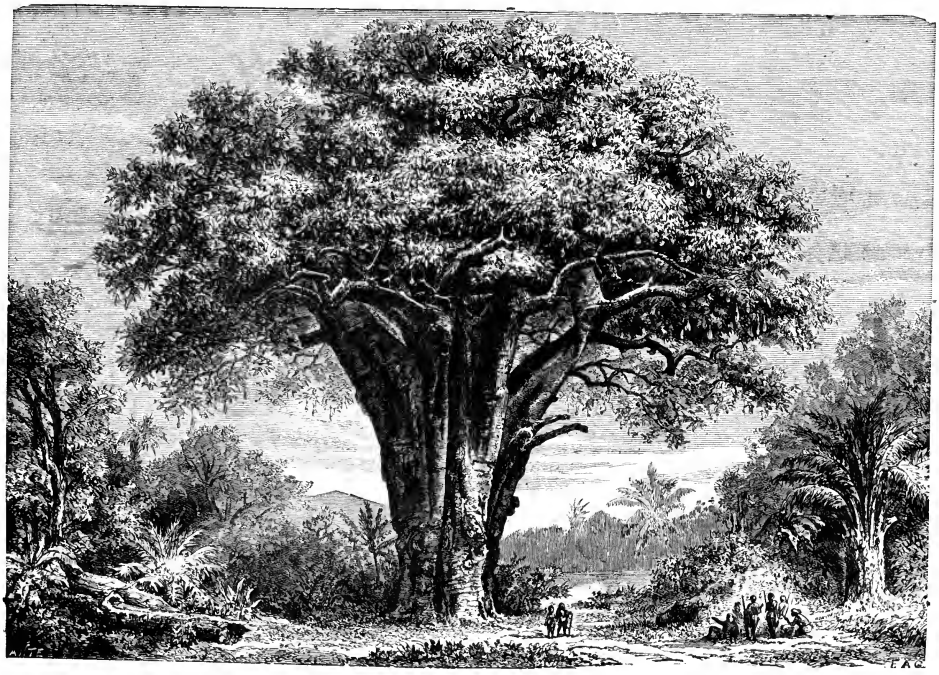
These are the regular migratory locusts, with large, fat, brown bodies, not very nice to look at. Many falling on the way, as though exhausted, are instantly pounced upon by the fowls or the black children. One boy shows us quite a potful, which, he informs us delightedly, will be "Good, good, fried in palm-oil; so nice. I eat him."

I know that locusts are generally eaten. In Egypt, where they come in great flights, they are sold in the markets; and we are told that the poor Arabs, in times of scarcity, make them into a sort of bread. They dry them, and grind them into a powder, which they mix with water and make into cakes; or roast them on a sort of hot iron plate, salt them, and then put them into large sacks, out of which every one takes a handful when hungry. They are often eaten with bread, tasting something like shrimps.

Does not this remind you of the locusts and wild honey eaten by St. John, dressed in a camel-hair garment, in the wilderness where he lived?

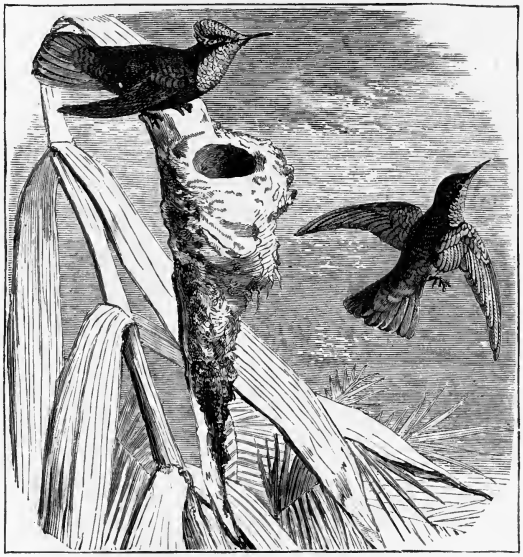
In Africa, whenever the cloud of locusts alights near a town, the people all turn out with pack-oxen laden with sacks, and return with them well stored. Once a poor woman had been carrying a sackful on her head for some miles, when she felt what she thought was a piece of rope from the bag dangling near her face. Laying hold of it to pull it out, she felt it was alive, and in her fright she flung the bag on to the ground. It was a poisonous serpent which she had somehow picked up with the locusts, and in another moment it would have stung her.

Locusts formed the eighth plague with which God saw proper to afflict the



BAOBAB, OR "MONKEY FRUIT" TREE.

Egyptians in the far-off Scripture times. They are more common in some parts of Africa than in Egypt. The Red Sea forms a barrier against them, as they are not adapted for very long flights. The winds there also blow six months from the north and six from the south.



THE HUMMING-BIRD'S NEST.

The locusts, happily for us, pass on this time, and we can stop to admire the tiny glittering humming-birds, green, blue, or purple, whose nests are hidden in the tall grass near yonder tamarind tree, or to look at strange marks on the stems of trees that puzzle us. They are traces of what we know as termites, or white ants, of the same kind as I told you of before. The country people here call them "bug-a-bugs."

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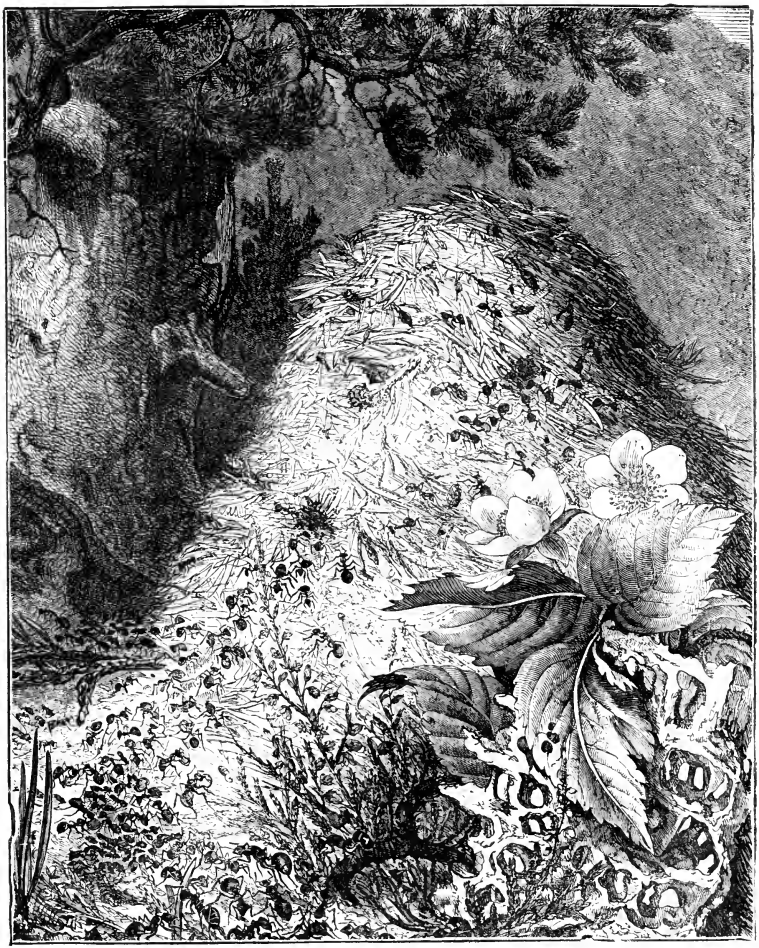


A "BUG-A-BUG" NEST.

Looking round I see large bare mounds of earth, nests of the said bug-a-bugs, constructed by these busy little creatures so as to be free of seeds and roots; and here I am told these ant-castles stand strong, and bare, and brown, year after year, unless some dried leaves or some straggling flowers hide a little of their plainness in time

If we make a noise outside, we shall give the tiny things the alarm, and a

THE ANT-EATER.

sound like a hissing will be heard from within. Evidently the whole place is full of workers, that are very much disturbed by our presence.

What can be the use of these troublesome little creatures, do you ask? Well, they have a use, just as everything else in the world has. They serve to clear away dead and decaying matter, rotten bark and branches, which, especially in a country like this, would be very troublesome.

Near the nest waves the tatipat palm, with stiff, hard, wooden-looking leaves, like an enormous fan, from which hang fibres that serve the natives for sewing-cotton, or, twisted together, form a strong string.

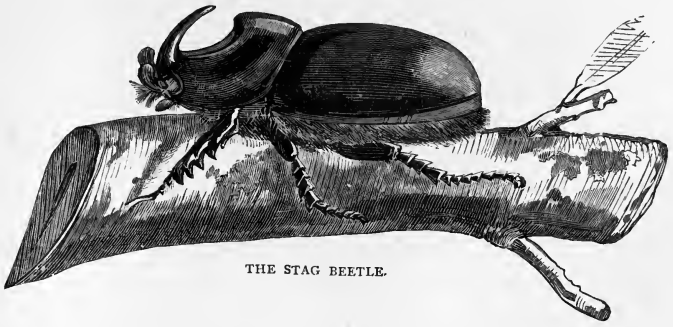
NEST OF THE MOLE CRICKET.

By and by, when the sun sets, you will hear a loud steady noise all around, almost such as you might expect to hear in a busy factory. It is the hum of millions of insects settling down for the night—crickets that chirp like birds.

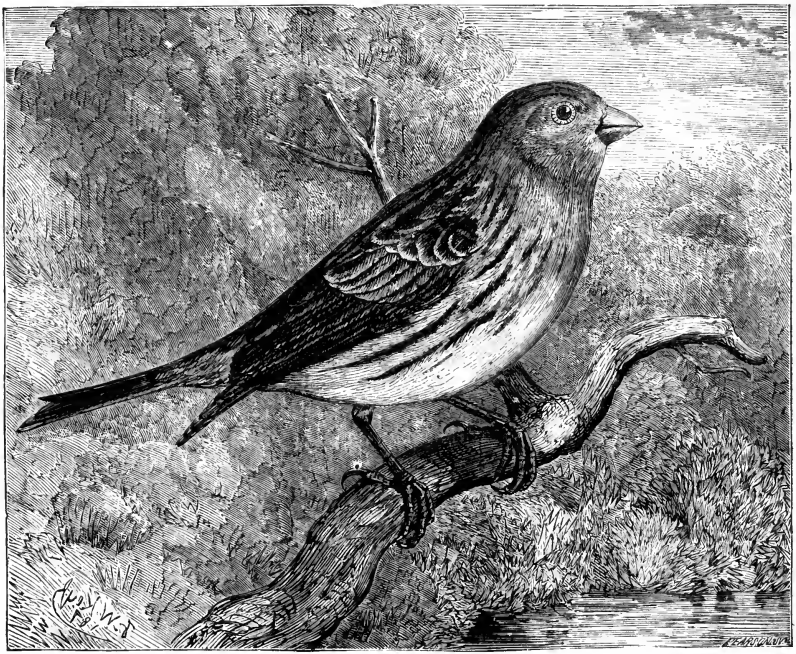
Don't stand looking at them or at those silly little monkeys, but step aside out of the road, quick!

What is this rolling down the path? It looks like a running stream of pitch. It is a party of travelling black ants. Take your feet out of the way, or they will pierce through your shoes with their sharp teeth, and you will not like it at all.

But usually where there are ants there are ant-eaters to be found. There are two families of them—the ant-eater of South America, and the pangolin or manis of Africa and Asia. The ant-eater is coated with coarse rough hair, and has an enormous bushy tail; whilst the pangolin is completely covered with horny scales, and his tail seems, like his body, lengthened out. The ant-eater, as his name implies, lives on termites or white ants, at whose dwelling we have been looking; and, as his claws are specially adapted for the purpose, he tears a portion of the dwelling away, and intrudes his long pointed nose; then he puts out his tongue, which is long and like a large worm, and which is covered with a sticky liquid. The ants come and settle on this, and are glued to the surface; the tongue is then drawn in, and the ants—but I need not tell you what becomes of them. I think you can imagine.



THE STAG BEETLE.



THE WILD CANARY.

THE CANARY, OR FORTUNATE ISLANDS.

LOOK about 150 miles west from the coast of Africa, and take a peep over the Atlantic ocean at the seven wooded islands called Canaries, and there we shall find a little wild bird, nearly related to one which English children love and pet. The people, Spanish and Portuguese, call it "canario." It is rather smaller than our canary, and it is not bright yellow, but greenish, with black streaks on its back; and its feathers are green, bordered with bright silvery grey. So that when you see it flitting about in the vineyards or fir plantations, it appears to be a little

silvery bird more than the golden one we know so well in England and America. But, oh! how bright and happy the sturdy little fellows seem, pecking at the sweet delicate fruits and herbs, and, above all, at the fine seeds of the rich ripe figs, which grow in such plenty in these lovely islands; then every now and then darting off to dip their sharp little beaks in water; for, wild or in captivity, canaries are thirsty little birds. Don't forget this, you children who have any in cages—always give them plenty to drink.

Now let us watch the little wild creature fly away home. Where does he live? you ask. Why, most likely in the green branches of a pear-tree, or sometimes he hides his nest deep in the foliage of a red pomegranate-tree, of which there are plenty in this fortunate corner of the world. There are also a great many orange-trees growing wild everywhere, whichever way we turn; but somehow Mr. and Mrs. Dicky never choose these for a nesting-place. Perhaps they are afraid that boys should be tempted to come scrambling up after oranges; for the nests must be carefully hidden or the little parents are not comfortable in their minds. Only as they are always fidgeting in and out, and making a great disturbance about it, it is not at all difficult to find out where they live, and how their family is getting on.

Peep and see what a pretty little home it is, formed of soft white wool neatly woven together with blades of grass; broad at the bottom and narrow at the top, with such a tiny, tiny entrance, through which you may see five little pale sea-green eggs, spotted with brown, just like those laid by the English canaries. In a short time the five eggs will have disappeared, and instead you will see five little wide-open beaks, chirping all day long for "more, more." Baby birdies sing the same song everywhere. So do babies.

Teneriffe is the largest and most populous of these islands. Perhaps you have heard of the Peak of Teneriffe—a huge volcanic mountain, two-thirds of which are covered with beautiful bay-trees and wild vegetation, then comes a dry desert soil, forming so steep a cone that it is only possible to mount to the top by following the track of an ancient torrent of lava. As we approach the crater the ground becomes hot enough to burn the shoes off our feet, so we will turn and survey the country, which, at the foot of the mountain, looks like a dazzling garden, where flourish all sorts of flowers and plants, the banana, the scarlet cactus, and big grasses in endless profusion. Canary wines, malmsey and sack, have been celebrated at all times. A kind of grass grows all about of which sugar can be made, and a great quantity of brandy is extracted from figs.

One thing we must not forget to look at, and that is the famous old dragon-tree of Orolavo, so old that it looked almost as ragged, and hollow, and worn as it does now, so long ago as 1495, when Teneriffe was conquered for the Spaniards by Captain Alonzo.

We must not omit to peep at the little volcanic island of Ferro, called by the natives "Blackland." It is not as fertile as the rest, but on its elevations grow numberless bright wild flowers, which clouds of bees visit to rob of their sweet honey. Here once flourished what was well known in all the island as the "holy tree." It was a kind of Indian laurel, which had the property of condensing a great deal of water—which was considered by the people as miraculous. In times of drought it was of the greatest service to the natives, who took the greatest care of the old tree, and regarded it with superstitious awe, but it was suddenly destroyed by a fierce hurricane.

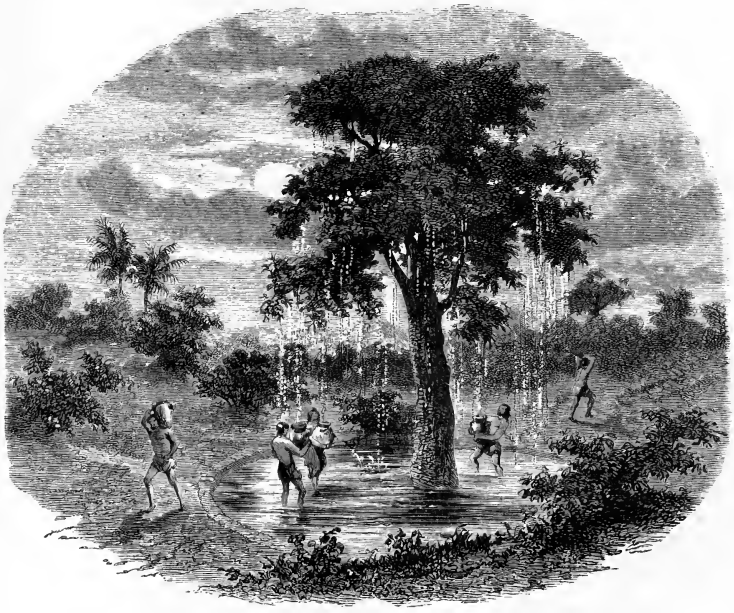
As we visit these "Fortunate Islands," I should like to tell you a little of their history. How once they were divided into small states, each separated from the other by a wall of loose stones, each state having its own king, and its own nobles, distinguished by the cut of their hair and beard; there were peasants, yeomen, and nobles. But this nobility did not descend from father to son as a matter of course, for, before he could succeed his father, the son had to appear before the Faycag (an officer of great rank), who presented him publicly to the assembled crowd of nobles and inhabitants of the district to which he belonged, that they might judge about his worthiness.

Each person was then called upon to declare upon oath, whether he had ever seen this youth demean himself in any low manner, whether he had ever taken or killed any of his neighbour's cattle, or been discourteous, rude, or rough—whether, in fact, he had been known to do anything unbecoming the rank he claimed. If any of these things were proved against him, his head was shaved, and he was dismissed in disgrace, always to remain a common man. If, however, he was pronounced worthy of honour, the Faycag cut his hair so short as not to hang below his ears, put a staff called a "magade" into his hands, and declared him noble.

But we only came for a peep, and must not linger in this lovely land, which produces some of the best wheat, the purest sugar, and the finest wine in the world. We must pass on, even though tempted to stop by the running fall of the waters and the songs of the sweet "canarios" flitting from tree to tree, or by the prattle of happy children, eating raspadunas, a kind of barley-

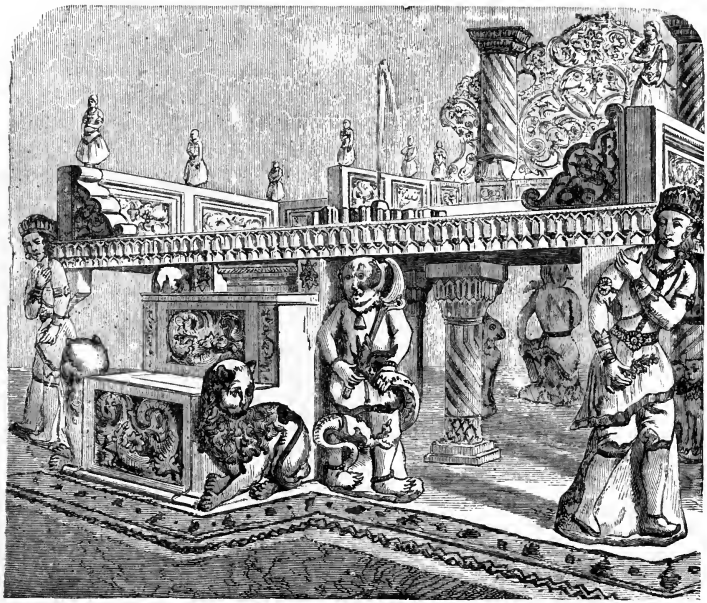
sugar, made of the raspings after the sugar harvest, which seems to be a great delight to all here, judging from the amount of sucking going on.

I must not forget to tell you how canaries were introduced into Europe. Three hundred years ago, a merchant vessel, on which were some of these birds, was shipwrecked on the coast of Italy, opposite the Island of Elba. The little stranger birds flew away and took refuge in this new land, where the beautiful climate suited them so well that they flourished, and soon built their nests and laid their eggs, and nursed and sang to their little ones just as happily as in their own "Fortunate Islands."



THE "HOLY TREE."

NASR-ED-DEEN, SHAH OF PERSIA.



PART OF THE ANCIENT THRONE OF THE SHAHS OF PERSIA.

PERSIA AND THE EAST.

MOST of us must have seen, heard, or read something about the visit to Europe of the present Shah of Persia—about his diamond epaulettes, and the aigrette, or emblem of the sun, which glitters in his head-dress, his white horse with the pink tail, and his crowds of richly-dressed attendants, clad in blue and gold. We know that this mighty monarch is, in his own land, lord of the lives and property of all people; that at his word the greatest noble is but a slave, who trembles before the "Centre of the World," or "Point of the World's Adoration." But there is so much more to be known about these Persians and the land they live in, that I think we cannot do better than take a peep at them, and

try to understand a little about the manners and fashions of a people so very different to our own countrymen.

Turkey and Persia are the greatest Mahometan countries in the East, and the manners and customs are so alike in some things that it is very difficult to talk of one people and not the other; yet they disagree very much in their religious ideas, although all believers in Mahomet. The Turks are of the Soonee sect, and the Persians are Sheeahs, that is, believers in the rights of Ali, son-in-law of the prophet, whom they all call "the Vicar of God." And about this they have had most bitter quarrels and desperate wars.

They differ in character and other things. The Turk sits cross-legged on a cushion; the Persian squats on his heels on the ground. The Turk wears many folds of linen, twisted round his head as a turban, and flowing trousers; the Persian wears a high-pointed black lambskin cap, and a light caba, or coat, and twists the shawl round his waist for a girdle. As to the Persian ladies you may meet in the street, you will not know what they are like, they are so wrapped up in large blue wrappers, and over their faces they wear a kind of gauze handkerchief or veil; though at home you will find some of them very handsome, with their long flowing hair all decked with jewels and golden coins, and their arms and hands covered with rings and baubles. The poorer women wear a short cotton upper dress, and wide trousers, tucked into loose yellow boots; over all they throw a large cloth like a cloak, which serves to hide them from our eyes when abroad. All Eastern women live in rooms built on purpose for them, called the "harem," where no strangers go. It is a place of safety, for even the officers of justice may not penetrate here without special permission.

But let us glance into one of the many bazaars, mostly long avenues vaulted over with bricks, in which the shops are to be found; funny little open rooms, where the master, sitting on his counter, keeps his eyes open for customers. The Persian is just as talkative and lively as the Turk is silent and solemn, and both will ask three times the value of any article you may want to purchase. This bazaar looks dull and silent by daylight, but by-and-by, when it is lighted up and filled with a gay crowd, it will be a pretty, lively, noisy scene.

If we go into the crooked, narrow street, so roughly paved and dirty, we shall see, just outside the bazaar, there is a public school, where the children, squatting on their heels, all in a row, keep their eyes fixed on the master,

sitting with a long cane in his hand, with which he touches up any inattentive boy now and then, teaching the Koran and the truths of the Sheeah belief. They all repeat their lessons aloud, in a sing-song voice, making such a din, that we cannot make out one word; so we may as well pass on.

What is all this uproar, this crowd of noisy people, of camels, horses, and asses? It is a party returning from a pilgrimage to Mecca, or to the tomb of some sacred person; and here is a mendicant dervise, or priest, howling

THE DANCING DERVISHES.

prayers at the top of his voice. And if we turn into this mosque we shall see some dancing dervishes, spinning round and round, with their long garments flying, and their arms stretched out. Many of their Turkish admirers are looking on, but I do not think the Persians favour them.

The ancient Persians were worshippers of fire, but since the Saracens conquered the country, there are but few of the old faith left. They fled to India, and established themselves in Bombay, where the Parsees are now a wealthy and honourable class of persons, mostly merchants. They rise early and assemble in the open air to worship the rising sun, while in their temples they keep a fire constantly burning.

Persia, anciently called Elam, from Elam, son of Shem, son of Noah, is often mentioned in the Bible, and is the only country spoken of there which still flourishes as a kingdom; many of its every-day customs are the very same as they were in the old days when Esther was queen, or when Darius made decrees which were unchangeable, "according to the laws of the Medes and Persians, altering not."

But about Persia itself, which, of course, you know is in south-western Asia.

"My father's empire," says the young Prince Cyrus, "is so large, that the people perish with cold at one extremity, while some are suffocated with heat at the other." This will give us a very good idea of this wonderful land, which is an elevated country, or plateau, in some parts of which the summer is longer and hotter than in the West Indies. Near the Persian Gulph, people and cattle fall dead before the hot winds of the "Samiel;" while the winters are so bitter and cold, that many lives are lost in the cold drifting snow. There are many mountains and deserts, like those we saw in Africa; one called the Great Salt Desert, 360 miles long, where, instead of sand, the ground is all covered with salt.

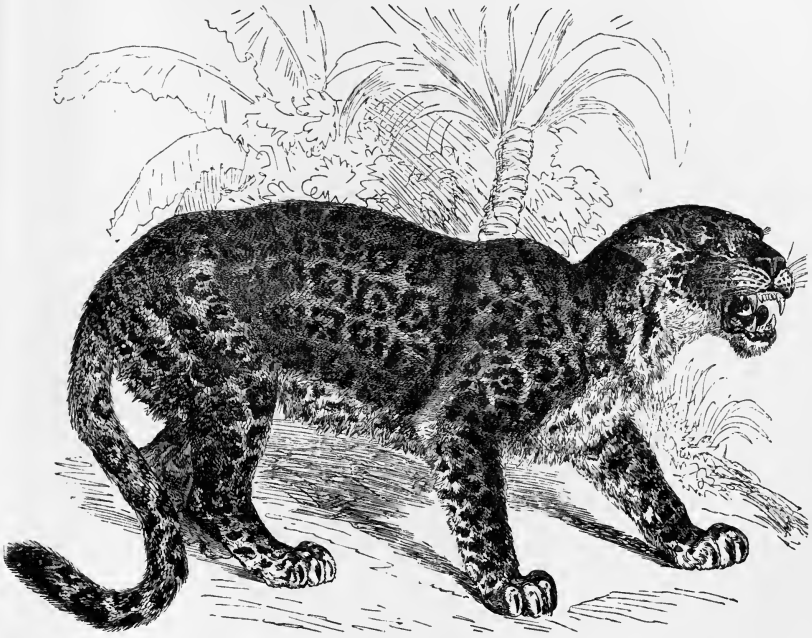
But in other parts of Persia there are valleys and pastures which are like beautiful gardens full of flowers, and many kinds of birds. Sweet nightingales sing to cheer the travellers, who, making their way through thickets of sweet-briar and honeysuckle, smile to see the hills covered with oak, linden, and chestnut trees, cedars, cypresses, and pines.

Some of our favourite fruits came originally from Persia—such as figs, mulberries, almonds, pomegranates, peaches, and apricots. I wish you could see the large wild orange-trees, the red grapes, of which they make a celebrated wine, or great round melons, which a child can scarcely lift, or smell the glorious attar, or essence of roses, for which Persia is so famed.

Other things have come to us from this far-away land, from whence we have borrowed carpets, umbrellas, and parasols, sedan-chairs, out of fashion with us now; and something old folks and young folks love to while away an hour with—I do not mean the pretty Persian cats with their long fluffy tails, but the game of chess, which really is the game of "Shah," and was invented, centuries ago, in Persia.

Here there are found deer and antelopes, wild goats and asses, the bear, the boar, and the lion, the leopard and panther, which were often used to hunt other animals with; horses, almost as swift of foot as the steeds of Arabia.

camels, on which ladies and children ride; and pretty silky-haired asses, that are gently and kindly treated, and never knocked about as poor Neddy at home sometimes is. All gentlefolks ride in Persia, for it is considered almost



THE LEOPARD.

a disgrace to go trudging on foot. When a great man goes abroad, it is on a gaily caparisoned horse, followed by a crowd of running servants—one carrying his cloak, another his pipe, another his shoes, and so on, according to his rank. Sometimes he becomes poor, and his riches pass to others, for life and fortune are very insecure in Persia; he may have to go on foot, reminding one

of the words of Solomon: "I have seen servants on horses, and princes walk as servants."

The poorer people often spend a great part of their days, and even nights, on the flat roofs of their houses, which, if in a town, are surrounded by tall battlements, to prevent accidents and peeping into a neighbour's house. These are the "house-tops" we so often read about in the Old Testament. And as all Persians are fond of flowers, they cultivate pretty gardens, which give the place a pleasant bright appearance, and where the little folks can play about in safety while their mother is busy.

Now let us peep into a rich Persian's house, which, like most Eastern dwellings, is not very beautiful from the outside, being low, built of mud, plastered with mud and chopped straw, apparently having no windows; yet within all is very grand—that is, the walls are either dazzlingly white or panelled and gilt, and the floors covered with rich carpets, from thence we know them as Turkey carpets. No other furniture is required by prince or peasant, as carpets or mats serve for seat, bed, table, or to kneel upon when they turn their faces to Mecca, and repeat the prayers which their religion requires of them five times a day. But the Persian is not so particular about this as the Turk, who, indeed, looks upon him as an unbelieving heretic.

Let us leave our loose shoes at the entrance, as these carpets are not to be trodden on, but it would be considered unpolite to take off our hats, and pushing aside the light curtain—there are no doors here—say "Peace be with you" to the company generally, and take our seats cross-legged on the thick soft felt "nummud" spread on the floor. If the host is not present, when he enters we must rise and bow to him, all the time keeping our heads covered, then sit down again, and he will return our salutations, according to our rank, and seating himself, sign for long pipes to be brought—nothing is done here without smoke—and small cups of delicious coffee, without sugar or milk.

An attendant having announced that supper ("shamee") is ready, pours water on the hands of each guest. And now enter the servants, bringing a long narrow strip of linen, which they unroll before us, close to our knees, and on which they first place some very thin cakes of bread, which we are to roll up and use instead of a spoon; then comes a bright copper tray, placed between every two or three persons, bowls of sherbet—the beverage usually drank in the East, where people are not allowed to drink wine—dishes of boiled fowl and rice, soaked in oil, and, perhaps, some dishes of

AN EASTERN DINNER PARTY.

"kabobs," or pieces of broiled meat, and dishes of ripe sliced melon, and some sweets.

It seems strange to us to have to eat without knives or forks; and when the master cries "Bismillah, bismillah!" ("In the name of God"), and gives the signal to begin, we feel very puzzled how to get about it. But our Eastern neighbours find no difficulty; they bend their backs to the work, and plunge

A PARTY OF PERSIAN MUSICIANS

the fingers of the right hand into the bowls, gathering up the rice and things without any difficulty. We try to imitate them, knowing that it is truest politeness to follow, as nearly as possible, the customs of people among whom we live; but we drop the rice, and spill the sauce, making ourselves in as untidy a mess as the veriest little pickle at home, and give the attempt up at last in despair, silently watching the busy fingers round us forming "sugmehs," or handfuls of the soft oily rice, and steadily jerking them into open mouths, without the least trouble.

A long-bearded Persian, at another tray, suddenly looks up, and holding out his brown fingers, gravely offers me a handful of pillau. Oh dear, what

shall I do! I know I ought to accept and eat it thankfully, for in the East this little attention is considered a mark of favour and respect. I must take it, or I shall insult the good gentleman. He places it carefully in my hand, and I—luckily for me, the host at this moment rises and says grace—"Alhumduliltah" ("Thanks be to Allah")—and in the scramble which succeeds I drop the morsel into the brass bowl, and am thankful; remembering how a Dutch ambassador had some half-gnawed mutton bones sent him from the king's table, which he had to pick before the eyes of an envious company; and another traveller was thought to be highly honoured, because the king tore off a handful of meat and sent it him from his own royal fingers.

And now the repast finished, a servant comes round with his ewer and basin, and pours water on our hands, which we wipe with a pocket handkerchief; then pipes and coffee again, and all fall into friendly talk, the whole silent meal not having lasted half an hour. The Turks and Persians do not eat quite the same kind of food. The Turk eats a great deal of rich meat, and takes a long time over it, devouring it steadily, till at last he seems hardly able to move. The more lively Persian finishes his meal as quickly as he can, and is content with very little at a time.

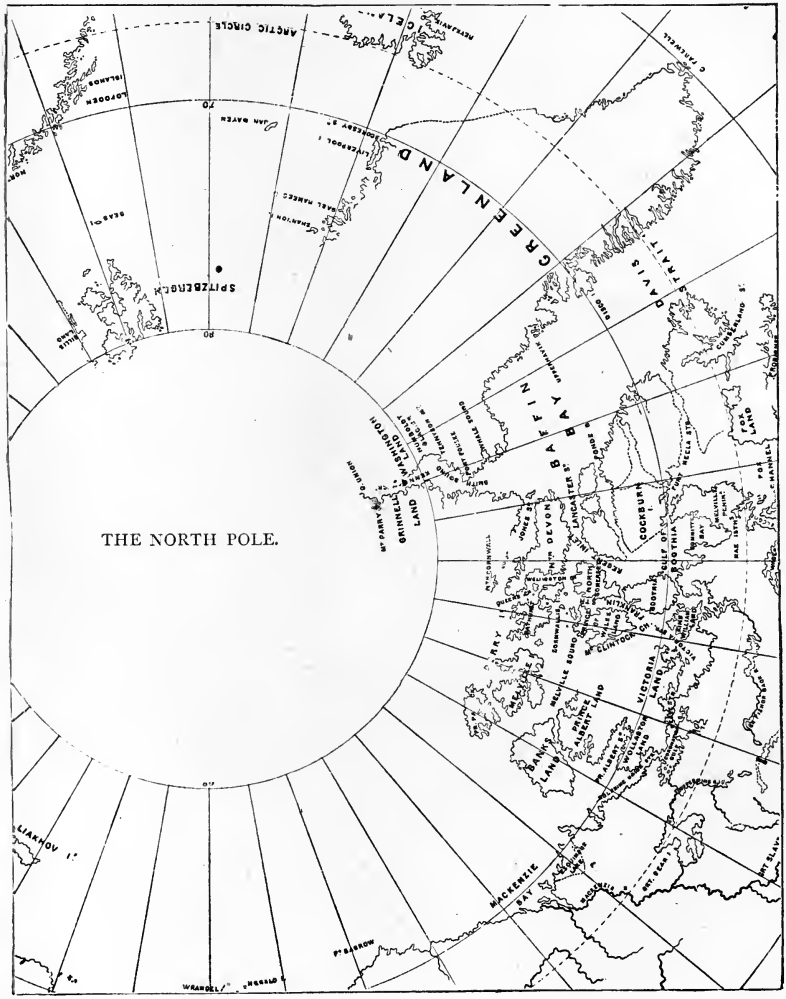
The conversation that follows strikes us as rather peculiar, consisting mostly of fine compliments, such as, "Command me, my soul," "I am your servant," "May I be your sacrifice;" or they will declare that "All they have is at your service," "You are welcome to take all we possess," "Your presence has made Persia a garden;" but they do not mean it. I have read that in old times a young Persian was taught three things—the use of the bow, horsemanship, and a strict regard for truth; this last item, at any rate, is now neglected, and truth seems quite unknown among these soft-spoken people. They will tell any number of falsehoods, and are quite surprised if you do not believe them, or are shocked at the number of oaths and affirmations they use. "By the king's life," and "By the king's beard," are very solemn ones, because the beard is held in great respect in the East among the Turks. It is never cut off, except in the deepest mourning, or as a sign of slavery. Sometimes the possessor of a fine beard pledges it, and there is no fear but that he will redeem it soon. Captives and slaves go barefaced. The Persians alone clip the beard and shave part of the jaw, but they are not considered true Mahometans by the Turks.

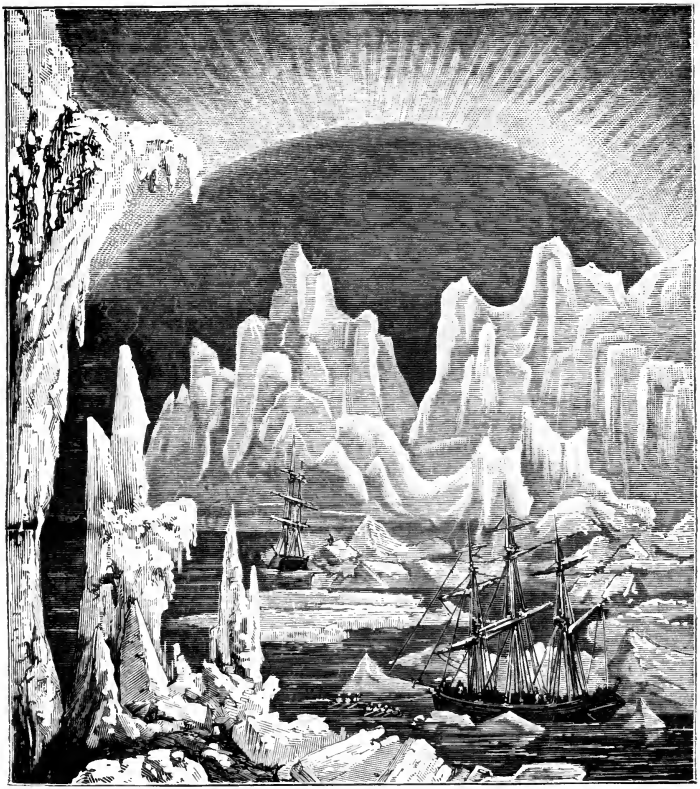
There have been great rejoicings in the house where we are peeping, for not

long since a servant came running in with tidings of great joy: "I bring good news, master; to you a son is born;" and the master was glad, and gave him rich gifts. For every son is looked upon as a blessing, and the messenger is rewarded. As to the poor baby daughters, very little is said about them at any time.

One thing we may remember—all Persian and other Eastern children are good and kind and respectful to their parents, and to old people. It is a dreadful disgrace for a son to be heard speaking unkindly to his mother. In that, at least, let us imitate them, and so learn something from our "Peeps Abroad."

PERSIAN SCENERY.


THE NORTH POLE.
GREENLAND
SPITZBERGEN
DAVIS STRAIT
BAFFIN BAY
LANCASTER SD.
DEVON I.
COCKBURN I.
GRINNELL LAND
FOX LAND
VICTORIA LAND
BANKS LAND
PRINCE ALBERT LAND
MELVILLE SOUND
PRINCE OF WALES STRAIT
MACKENZIE BAY
LIAKHOV I.
ARCTIC CIRCLE



THE SHIPS "EREBUS" AND "TERROR."

THE FAR NORTH.

GET up! let us a voyage take,
Why sit here at our ease?
Find us a vessel tight and snug,
Bound for the Northern Seas.

I long to see the Northern Lights,
With their rushing splendours fly,
Like living things with flaming wings,
Wide o'er the wond'rous sky.

I long to see those icebergs vast,
With heads all crowned with snow;
Whose green roots sleep in the awful deep,
Two hundred fathoms low!

I long to hear the thund'ring crash
Of their terrific fall,
And the echoes from a thousand cliffs,
Like lonely voices call.

There shall we see the fierce white bear,
The sleepy seals aground,
And the spouting whales that to and fro
Sail with a dreary sound.

There may we tread on depths of ice,
That the hairy mammoth hide,
Perfect as when, in times of old,
The mighty creature died.

And while the unsetting sun shines on
Through the still heaven's deep blue,
We'll traverse the azure waves, the herds
Of the dread sea-horse to view.

We'll pass the shores of solemn pine,
Where wolves and black bears prowl;
And away to the rocky isles of mist,
To rouse the northern fowl.

WE cannot venture far into these cold lands alone, so we will follow in the wake of some of the brave men who have risked health, and strength, and life in seeking a "north-west passage," or sea road, between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

We have all heard about the good ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, and how the gallant Sir John Franklin sailed away with them, in 1846, to find this much wished for passage. We know, too, that he never came back to his sorrowing wife, and that many a brave vessel from America and England went to try to find him, or to get news of his fate, and that of the hundred and thirty-seven picked men who went with him.

We will go with an expedition which was fitted out by two kind and wealthy American citizens—one named Grinnell, the other of whom I need say no more than that his name was Mr. Peabody.

We will not linger on the way, but fancy ourselves, with a good supply of pemmican and dogs, preparing for winter quarters, in Smith's Sound, near a famous river, the largest known in North Greenland.

But we must remain where there is a chance of liberation, where the ice, now accumulating, will melt the soonest, for the winter is setting in—literally, "the long night when no man can work."

The first thing is to look after our food. The wild birds have flown to warmer lands at the approach of winter, and no deer is to be seen; so we must rely upon what we have brought. Salt junk is cut into steaks and soaked in festoons under the ice, and we bring out salt cod and salmon, which we soak and freeze for twelve hours, so that they may keep.

Then we have pemmican done up in tinned iron boxes, so that bears cannot get at it.

But the dogs, our most faithful and valued servants, by whose aid we hope to make our way far into this land of ice, we must not forget them. We have made them a comfortable house, the first thing, but they will not keep in it; they would rather sleep on the cold ice and snow than be where they cannot see us, or hear our voices. Some of them are strong half-savage Esquimaux, used to drag sledges and weights, and some Newfoundlanders, which we will train to run in harness, two abreast; but driving dogs in a team is by no means easy work, they have such different tempers and fancies.

Stop, I must tell you about Grim, the oldest and most artful of the Newfoundlanders; he hates work, and the moment he hears the signal for harnessing, he invariably becomes quite lame and limps about in the most affecting manner until we are well out of sight, then he suddenly recovers and skips about quite gaily. He hates cold as much as work, and spends the best part of his time curled up on his master's sealskin cloak.

But the ship is getting fixed, and we must make haste and arrange our refuge, or we shall not be able to do it at all. Some of us are getting frost-bitten. Tom tries to skin a white fox he has shot, but it is so frozen and hard, that all he can do is to pluck it like a bird. Except on the island of Spitzbergen, no Christians have yet wintered at so high a latitude as this.

At last Christmas comes, bringing with it such intense darkness, that we are all most miserable. Many of the dogs die, partly of cold, partly of absence of light. It is so dreary and forlorn for these poor creatures, living all day long in darkness. Some of them bark excitedly at nothing, and walk up and down like lunatics; they eat well and sleep well, but they are evidently going out of their mind, for want of light, air, and companionship. They cannot understand this long unusual silent night, this midnight of the year.

Perhaps you wonder what we do during these long and weary hours, with never a peep of daylight. Well, we try to be as busy as we can, though it is very difficult under the circumstances. For breakfast we have coffee, dried beef, salt pork, stewed apples, frozen as hard as candy, and a little raw potato, by way of medicine, which we all make faces at. We sit on our feet to keep them warm. Dinner and supper pretty much the same thing, except coffee; and then comes night, so dreary when there has been no daylight. On deck we

cannot even keep a swing lamp alight, the oil freezes so hard. So the cabin being the only place where we have a fire, serves us for workshop, parlour, and kitchen, and there we all assemble, passing the time as best we can.

THE HOME OF THE WILD BIRDS.

At last it is over; the end of February brings the sun, which silvers the ice, and gladdens our hearts. It shows sickly white waxen faces; and out of the whole pack of forty-five dogs, on which we reckoned so much to take us more northward, there are only six left alive.

With the long days we cheer up, and set about making sledges; the ice

begins to melt, and we hear the water dashing against the ice gathered round our vessel.

What we want to do, is to send off sledges of pemmican to certain distances north, where we might afterwards find it, and so move on from one station to another. And now, as we have no dogs to spare, we load a large sled, called the *Faith;* and, in the early morning, while the snow is all crimson with the

A SLIPPERY WALK.

glowing sun, men harness themselves to it, and away they start to make their first depot, as far north as possible.

Those left at home visit the traps, and find a poor fox that had all but escaped, when he was frozen to death by the moisture of his own breath. I don't think he felt any pain, or knew anything about it, until he found that he could not stir. We skin and eat him for dinner, very glad of something fresh, even if it is hard and dry foxmeat—we cannot be dainty now.

Some days pass away, and we are all busy getting things ready to start for our trip, and making muffs and wrappers out of our dead dogs' skins.

Suddenly three of those men who started in the sled come staggering

back; the others are lying freezing to death, they scarcely know where, in the snow, which is drifting over them.

We take one poor fellow on our sled, wrapping him up as well as we can in dogs' skins and fur, and away ten of us go to the rescue; and for sixteen hours travel through endless fields of snow, past icebergs and great white heaps; then we find we are lost in an endless field of snow, and brave bold men fall fainting, and others wring their trembling hands. All seems lost, when Hans, the Esquimaux guide, calls out that he sees a track; and following it, we come to a little American flag, fluttering from a hummock (or ridge of broken ice). It is the refuge of the lost companions at last.

There, in the little snow-covered tent, lay the poor fellows quite helpless; and as the commander enters, and greets them with big tears of joy, thankfully they find breath to cry, "We knew you would come, we expected you."

And so, after a rest, we sew the limbs of our sick in deerskin bags, and place them on the folded tent, which is laid on the sled. It takes us four hours to get ready for a start, and our fingers are frozen. But never mind, we utter a short prayer, and away we go, pulling, lifting, and dragging over snow and ice for six hours. Then two of the men say they are not cold now, only sleepy; another is walking along with his eyes shut. They must not sleep, such sleep means death; and so the party has to stop. They have no water. Their whiskey has frozen under all its coverings. It is now decided that two of the strongest of the party go forward to seek and prepare some pemmican which they have left in a tent on the way. They stagger on, half blind, half stupid. They meet with a great white bear, that only stops to stare at these wanderers. Others are busy tossing and tearing down the tent, but they go away at the sight of the men, who lie down without a word on some reindeer bags, and sleep, almost as white and silent as the dead.

By-and-by they awake; one having a long beard finds it frozen fast, and has to be cut out of the buffalo robe around him. They make a fire, and melt some water, and make some tea; and when the rest arrive, are able to comfort and relieve them a little.

Soon the party starts again. I cannot linger to tell of the horrors of the rest of the journey, and how by the time they reach the brig they are almost mad with cold and fatigue; two die, and are laid in the ice, and snow sprinkled on them gently and reverently; and others bear for many a day marks of that venture too far north.

At last we have some Esquimaux visitors, people who are as much astonished at finding us as we are to see them, for they cry "Hoah, ha, ha," and toss their arms about; and their leader, a tall fellow, dressed in a fur hood, capote, and trousers of bear skin, which terminate at the foot in the claws of the bear, comes up. They have never seen white people here, but are very friendly; and with this, they leave their dogs, with their neat walrus-bone sledges—they have no wood—picketed in the snow, and come on board.

They are rather rude and noisy, running about and staring, very much surprised at the sight of a coal fire—and eat—oh, how they do eat!

They have a good supply of walrus with them, and by-and-by they fetch it, and we boil some for them, but they like it best raw. They sit down, or rather squat cross-legged, and cut long strips of the meat, and pass them from mouth to mouth. When they are not eating they are sleeping—not lying down, but slumbering away in a sitting posture on our buffalo rug, with a strip of raw meat handy by their side, so as to begin eating again when they wake up.

Esquimaux mothers carry their infants on their back, within their large fur dresses, and where the babes can only be got at by pulling them out over the shoulder. When Captain M'Clintock was bargaining with a party of these people for the silver spoons and forks belonging to this same Franklin expedition—giving a few needles for each relic—one old woman pulled out her tiny baby and held it quite naked for him to admire, in an atmosphere at 60 degrees below freezing-point. He was horrified, and gave her another needle to put the poor baby back at once, fearing it must be frozen to death; but she seemed to think very little of it herself, and the baby did not mind.

The silver spoons and forks were bought for four needles each. Bone needles are used generally. As I told you, they have no wood.

Before they go we buy some walrus and four dogs, for which we give pins, needles, beads, and old cask staves, which they think is very good pay. Then they yoke their dogs, crack their sealskin whips, and off they race.

After this we have many other Esquimaux visitors. They generally like helping themselves to our property; they are regular rogues, and we know it, yet we are glad to see them. Anything for a change.

Other things come with the spring—deer and huge seals abound, basking in the sunshine; we eat their flesh, hunting them as the Esquimaux does, by putting a white screen on a sledge, and pushing it forward until we are

within gunshot. Gulls and pretty little snow-birds bring hope and life again ; the snow clears off our rigging, and the icebergs begin to break up.

At this time another party ventures forth to find a depot, but, after many dangers, returns so worn out and snowblind, that they have to be led to the bedside of the commander to give their melancholy report.

BRUIN IN TROUBLE.

Once when one of the party was sleeping in a tent, he felt something scratching above his head. He made a loud outcry, which woke his neighbours, who, looking up, saw a bear plant itself at the doorway, quietly eating some seal which he had found near.

They have nothing to fight the enemy with, so they throw all sorts of things at him, matches or boots ; but he never offers to stir, only gives a low

A WALRUS HUNT.

growl, as much as to say, "When I've finished this, I'll attend to you, sirs." Now it is not pleasant to have a bear in one's bedroom, thinks Tom Hickey, who cuts a hole in the tent, crawls out, fetches a long pole, with which he gives Bruin a blow on the nose, which sends him off howling. Then some one finds a gun, and we have bear's meat for dinner next day.

These "nannocks," or bears, are the worst foes of any depot or "cache" we try to make. They destroy the pemmican, they like coffee or old canvas, and chew India-rubber cloth till it is all one sticky lump. One ran off with half a barrel of herrings between her teeth, as though she had found a kitten.

But the native dogs know how to stop the animal upon which their masters feed. They run round and round her in circles, nipping her on all sides when they get a chance; and though Bruin strikes out, she gets the worst of it.

But we have even worse foes to deal with. Do not laugh when I say that their name is rats, and that even the dog that can face Bruin is afraid of these little spiteful creatures, that will gnaw the very skin off his feet. Once our leader had his hand severely bitten; he had put it into a bear-skin mitten, where a family of rats were hidden. He drew it out in a hurry, as you may imagine, and before he had got over the shock, the mitten and its contents were gone.

The walrus, of which we often speak, is a strange creature. It will lie for hours listening to its own music—a noise something between the baying of a mastiff and the mooing of a cow.

When the Esquimaux hunts the walrus, he lies flat and motionless on the ground; then, when the creature goes under water, the hunter jumps up and runs; then down, then up again, nearer and nearer between each dive; then, when he is near enough, he rises suddenly, harpoon in hand; the animal stops a moment to look at this strange figure; in an instant the harpoon, to which is fastened a long coil of hide, is deep in its left flipper. They are very clever at using the spear, and when out in open water kill a great many seals with it.

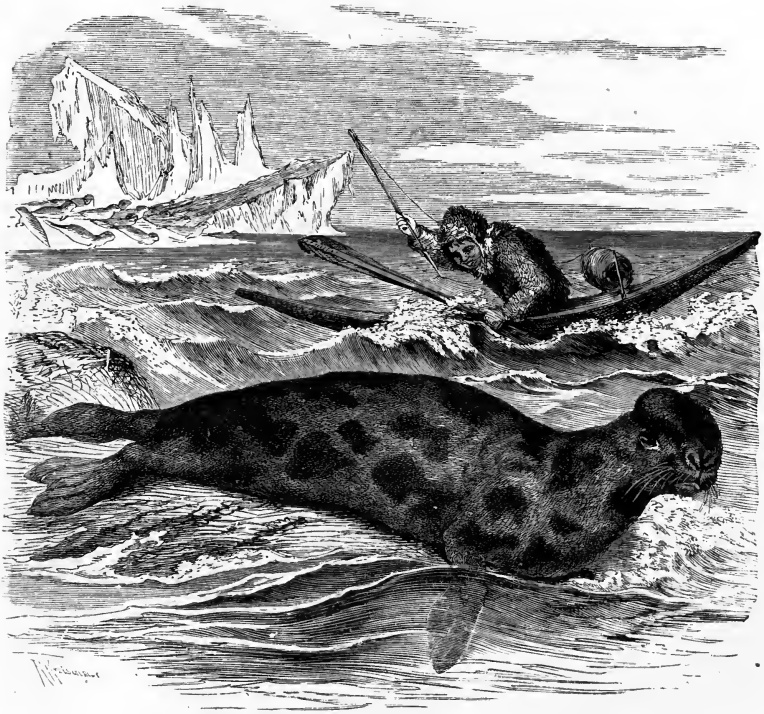
Down goes the walrus, and away runs the hunter, dealing out the coil; passing a sharp bone through the loop at the end, he drives it down into the ice, pressing it with his feet. Then comes a struggle—for the creature is not taken until quite exhausted with many lance wounds—sometimes lasting for hours.

The Esquimaux do not bury their dead in mother earth as we do, for her

bosom is hard in these bitter lands, where all is cold, and on the shore of which is found the narwhal, or sea-unicorn, the walrus, and the whale. They seat their friends in an attitude of repose, with their knees drawn up to their body, and inclose them in a sack of skins. They then place all the things the deceased used around them, and cover the whole with a rude cairn of stones. No fear that a careless hand shall touch or destroy this rough monument. There it may remain safely for long generations. It would bring ill luck to disturb it.

Their homes are little huts all made of blocks of snow, from four to six inches thick, and the windows are pieces of clear fresh-water ice. The house is built in an hour or two, and miserable as it seems to us, it is snug and comfortable to these poor people, who are used to smoke and dirt.

A SCENE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.



AN ESQUIMAUX IN HIS CANOE ABOUT TO HARPOON A SEAL.

THE FAR NORTH.

PEEP THE SECOND.

ONCE more, mindful of the errand which has brought us so far, our leader determines to try another venture into this frozen land. It must be now or never, for the short season will soon be ended when it is possible to make the attempt.

So, having laid a stock of pemmican, some bread, and tea, on two sledges, we start, a party of eight men, leaving the rest, mostly invalids, to take care of the *Advance*, still tightly wedged in her icy bed.

We soon find that we have a terrible journey before us. We are struggling in great drifts of snow, in which the dogs are well-nigh smothered, and where our sledges stick fast, and will not pass, so that we have to unload them, and carry the provisions on our backs, besides beating a path as we go, that our poor four-footed servants may be able to follow us. We go on for days, becoming weary and snow-blind, but still we follow on unmurmuringly. At any rate, we shall soon be at a "cache," where we know that some great casks of food, which were sent on beforehand, are hid under heavy stones; let us but reach that, and then we can consider what is best to be done. But the bears have been here before us, and have dragged, and clawed, and pawed at the stones, until they have rolled them away; and we do not find even a trace of our much longed-for, much required provision.

One after another our men have sickened and drooped, though they make no complaint; but it *is* hard; and at last even our well-loved and trusted leader staggers and faints with cold and fatigue, his frost-bitten feet refusing to take him any farther. They lay him gently on the sledge, and strapping him on, that he may not be lost in the deep piled up road, retrace their way as best they can, with faltering steps, to find "home," as they have learned to call the good brig *Advance*, which, by the time they reach her, is shaking the snow off her rigging, for the sunshine is warming her at last.

But we soon cheer up, and things are altogether looking brighter, for the same sunshine brings cheerfulness and strength to all. Two deers are shot; and a supply of good venison is most welcome. Plenty of fat seals are caught, and that means meat and warm skins, and plenty of train-oil. What

curious shy beasts seals are, the very treasures of the Esquimaux; and they seem to know it, for what a sharp look-out they keep, as they lie on the ice, generally near a hole, into which they can plunge at the least alarm.

When they are frightened or hurt, they give a cry just like a timid child. I am told they are fond of music. I don't know about that, but I see our men steal to their hiding-places, and set up a low whistle, which seems to attract, for they come peeping up to see what it means, and are then easily stunned by a blow on the nose from a seal-club.

Besides these treasures, there come rabbits, hares, and foxes, white or leaden coloured, and flocks of gulls, and pretty twittering snowbirds—all as welcome as the dove with the olive branch, for they bring a hope and a promise that we shall soon have an open sea, and be able to escape from this place before the short summer shall have faded away again.

But this summer is unusually backward. In June the hard flakey snow is still falling, and the ice is cracking and breaking very slowly, not enough to give us much hope; yet the bare rocks are being rapidly covered with soft green moss and grass, with bright red poppies, ranunculas, and delicate blossoms, while above fly flocks of eider ducks, seeking a warmer nesting place.

But we are not thinking much of birds or flowers now. We are all watching most anxiously for any signs of a chance of retreating southwards. How shall we dare make the attempt, unless things alter, for there is every certainty that our brig would be crushed, should she attempt to make her way through the pack or body of drifted ice around her. We do not now discuss our plans for finding out about the Franklin expedition; we only wonder with horror and dread whether we can live out another long dark, dreary Arctic winter here.

And so we go on, hoping for a change from day to day. One more venture northwards is tried, and fails; and by that time the poppies fade, the flowers wither, the wild birds become scarce, and still we are ice-bound. We cannot make up our mind to desert the brig, even if we had health and spirits to travel the long unknown journey. This summer has been so short and unfavourable, and the winter is driving on so fast, that all that can be done is to make up our minds for the worst, and prepare for it.

But our commander is not easily daunted; accompanied by one of the men and the dogs, he goes a sixty miles' journey, hoping to find a way out of our

troubles, but he returns very disheartened. He has seen only straits, all filled with lumps of cracked and broken ice, utterly impassable even in boats; for the young shore ice is sharp as glass, and would cut them like saws, if we attempted to move in it.

Only one chance remains. A long way off, on the coast of Beechy Head, we know that there is a squadron of ships. Now if it were only possible to get out, and try to stop some passing vessel, we might get the assistance of some strong craft to help us out of this place. So we all agree that a few of our party shall go out, and try what can be done, before we make up our mind for winter quarters here.

An old whale boat, well called the "Forlorn Hope," is mended and made ready, and it takes four days to carry her on our shoulders over twenty miles of ice-floe, great sheets of ice, towards the place where we hope she will get a fair start for the sea.

We are six, five men and our leader, each with a supply of bread and pork; and as we go, we take with us the good wishes of all our anxious comrades, who may never see us again.

In and out, through the drift or great pieces of ice—hard work; but we push in safety along the south coast for some miles, until we land at a cove, where we left a life-boat a year ago, and here it is, set in ice; and a very welcome sight it is, as you may think.

Above our heads the sky is darkened with great flocks of eider-down and other ducks. We find our way to the rocks, where they breed in thousands; we can scarcely put a foot down without crushing a nest, and the parent birds fly about us, very much disgusted with our visit to their nursery.

But we have no time to linger. Away, away to the open sea, to seek for assistance; if it is to be had. And we get into our boat, and get right out in the sea; but we are dashed and tossed about in the rough waters. A great gale rises, and we are beaten back on to the ice-floes, where we are glad to stay for a time, till the worst of the storm is over.

On we go again—for days we are driven along—often well-nigh wrecked, or banged to pieces. The poor boat is knocked and pushed against the ice till she leaks, and has to be baled out constantly. But we push on—we have seldom room to row—until we are at last brought to a sudden stop by an immense frozen mass of ice, right in front of us—a real monster iceberg.

Two men get out, and after walking four miles on the floating floe,

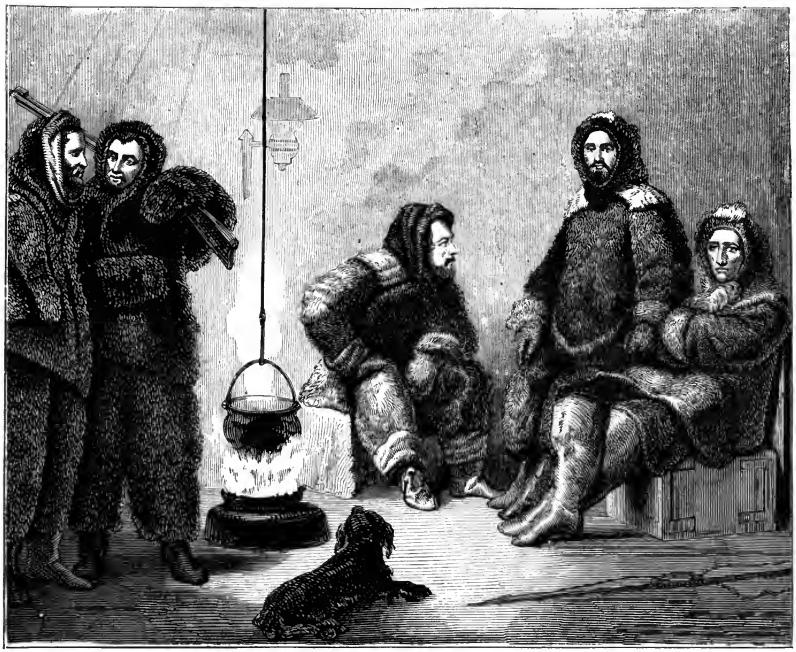
scramble up about 120 feet of this berg. Then they see—what do they see, poor fellows? Why, some thirty miles of motionless, unbroken, frozen sea. The door of escape is closed in that direction; that is all they have to tell us.

ELISHA KENT KANE, COMMANDER OF THE SECOND GRINNELL EXPEDITION.

Nothing more can be done but to return to our anxious comrades. We linger to recruit on our way at the islands covered with ducks and gulls, where gaunt lead-coloured foxes hide in the fresh green sorrel and scurvy grass, and

come out to bark angrily at us; and where the remains of an Esquimaux settlement are still to be seen, but no human being gladdens our eyes.

Even with our ill news we are gladly welcomed by our friends at "home."



WINTER QUARTERS IN THE FAR NORTH.

We shall, indeed, have to winter here, for we can scarcely get our bruised and battered boat through the very passage in which our brig passed so easily this time last year. And as we watch the birds flying away, and the poppies withering, we no longer think of rescuing Franklin, and cry, "Lord,

bless our undertaking," but humbly pray, "Lord, restore us to our homes;" and He does it in His own good time.

We all agree to set up some sign that others may read, should we fade away in the long dark night before us; some word for those who may come to seek us, even as we came to seek others—in vain.

There on the tall cliff we paint in large letters the name of our brig, the *Advance*, and above it the sign of the cross.

Then we write a paper, telling how the members of the second Grinnell expedition, being in search of the missing crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, were forced into this harbour, while endeavouring to bore the ice to the north and east; how, though they had travelled 2,000 miles on foot, or with dogs, they had found no token or trace; and how "they were frozen in on the 8th of September, and liberated——" ah, when?

This paper is inclosed in a glass tube, and placed in a hole in the rock, that those who seek may find.

And now we set about making preparations for this much dreaded winter. But my space is getting short, and I must not linger to tell you all about it. How half of the men agree to try and escape as best they can, and they are helped in every possible way—every poor comfort is shared with them, and they go off in good spirits. But in the dark December all of them return, broken down, and well-nigh starving. They are received and tended like welcome brothers, though we have little enough to spare.

In preparing for this winter, we practice what we have seen the Esquimaux do. That is, we collect all the moss and turf we can find, and fill every crack and crevice with it, padding every wall and passage, to keep out the cold as much as possible. You folks at home, who talk of cold, scarcely know what it is. What do you think of a drinking glass sticking to your lips, and freezing there? or of a man putting his finger in a bottle to serve as a cork while he carries it a little way, and then finding it frozen so hard and fast, that by-and-by it has to be amputated, or it would mortify all his arm?

Perhaps you wonder what we do for water, as we could not drink sea-water of course. Luckily, when sea-water freezes, the salt sinks out of it, and when the ice is melted it is quite clear, and good for drinking and cooking. So this trouble is spared us.

Many things happen. We have a visit from a large party of Esquimaux, who at first rob us of everything they can lay their hands on; but having

been caught and made to disgorge their plunder, evermore respect and serve us. We make a mutual agreement, that they on their part will not steal, that they will bring us meat, lend us dogs, and otherwise behave themselves. We promise in return that we will not hurt them, but give them some pins and needles, two knives, a hoop, three pieces of hard wood, some fat, an awl, and some thread, and trade with them, and shoot for them when hunting. Then we are sworn friends, and they keep faithful and true to their agreement. Indeed, I do not know what we should do without them at this dreadful time.

The dark winter comes. I need not enter into all its miseries and trials. It is gone at last, and with the return of daylight it is decided that we shall as soon as possible leave the *Advance* to its fate, and get away as best we can in our three boats. So, after much preparation and many difficulties, we do get away, partly through the help of the friendly Esquimaux, who do all they can to assist us, and who guide us many miles; though it is a long, long time before we hear the welcome cheers that tell us that our trials and troubles are ended, although, unfortunately, our expedition has been unsuccessful.

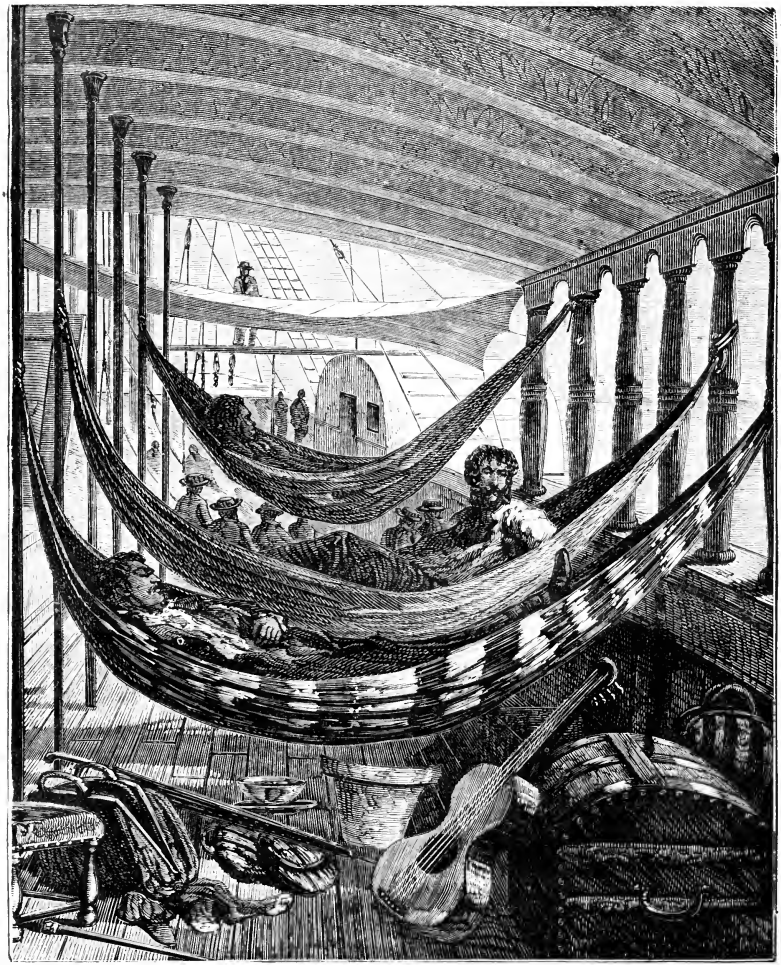
Perhaps some of our readers may feel interested in knowing that Dr. Kane, the leader of this second Grinnell expedition, weakened and exhausted by all he had undergone, died shortly after his return—before the discovery, by Captain M'Clintock, of the steamship *Fox*, of several leaves of parchment, found buried under a heap of stones, recording the death of Franklin, in 1849. The rest of his party are supposed to have also perished of cold and want in attempting to return from the Far North.

And now, as this peep may have made you all feel rather sad, let me read you an account of a Christmas Day spent in the Arctic seas. It is written by Mr. Hayes, of the Franklin expedition, and I think it will interest you. He says:—

"I have never seen the ship so bright and cheerful. One might think Santa Claus had charged himself with a special mission to us before he began to fill the hung-out stockings in the dear old lands where he is patron of 'Christmas Eve,' where the silver chord binding the affections is freshened once a year with the Christmas offering. The cabin table groaned under a mass of holiday fare, mementoes of those who are talking about us to-night around the family fireside. M'Cormack was laid up with frost-bitten feet. The ship's bell was hoisted to the mast-head, and while the bells of other lands were pealing through the sunlight, ours sent its clear notes through the darkness and the

solitude. We met in the cabin, and in our modest way gave thanks for the blessings that Heaven had vouchsafed to us. We then set about our duties—duties for the preparation and advancement of Christmas dinner. The officers dressed the cabin with flags; sailors brought out strips of white, red, and blue flannel. The schooner was illuminated throughout." It must have shone abroad as a star in that mysterious world of solitude and darkness. "Two immense chandeliers were constructed for the dinner-tables—gold and silver paper, strings of spangles, strips of braid for winter theatricals covered all the woodwork, and lent quite an air of splendour. Two dozen spermaceti candles were lighted. Before dinner, I visited the men's quarters, and was much gratified with the taste displayed. Every nook and corner of the hold was clean and tidy. Everybody was busy and delighted. The cook, however, might be regarded as an exception to the latter rule, for all depended on his skill, and he was closely watched. I halted at his red-hot galley-stove, and wished him a merry Christmas. 'Tank you, sar,' said he, 'but I gets no time to tink about merry Christmas. De commander see dese big reindeers?' And he went on vigorously basting two fine haunches of venison, that had been saved for the occasion, and minding a kettle of boiling soup. After dinner there was a ball. No end of oil was blazed away. Everybody was on deck. Jacob, fat Jacob, was grinning in a corner. Charley told me he began grinning early in the morning, and had kept it up all day. Out on the ice I found a boisterous group engaged around two tin kettles. They were stirring something with wooden sticks, and I found that at 34° below zero they were making iced punch. They needed no chemical compounds for their freezing mixture. At the ball I found Knorr, wrapped in furs, seated on a keg, fiddling away energetically, while B. and D. were going through a hornpipe. Then there was a waltz, and finally Charley set the ship shaking with laughter by attempting a *pas de deux* with Madame Hans. The old cook had crawled up the ladder from below, and, forgetting his trouble, applauded vociferously. But he soon made off; a dozen voices called after him, 'Hallo, cook, have a dance!' 'Vat for me dance, and make nonsense, ven dere be no vomans?'

"And then the bell rung again, and the swivel-gun sent out a blaze of fire into the weird darkness, whose sound went echoing and re-echoing among the ice gorges like restless spirits, and some rockets went fizzing up into the sky."



TRAVELLING ON A SOUTH AMERICAN STEAMER.

A BRAZILIAN FOREST.

BRAZIL.

LET us take a place on board one of the large and well-appointed South American steamers, and indulge ourselves with a peep at this rich and beautiful empire—which is almost as large as Europe, and produces so many treasures, gold and diamonds, rare woods, and birds of radiant plumage; at the great river Amazon, the largest in the world, which flows through it, running eastward from the Andes to the Atlantic, with huge turtles and alligators crowding its banks; at the dense forests, in which hide fierce wild beasts, where bears, boars, jaguars,

leopards, pumas, tapirs, and wonderfully ugly monkeys, wander unmolested in the shadows of mahogany, cedar, holly, logwood, and pine trees, and where flourish large lemons, limes, and shaddocks, ripe melons, oranges, the alligator pear, and the custard apple—looking like a rough bag—as big as a cocoa-nut, and full of delicious custard—cashew or monkey nuts, besides other fruits we know only by name.

Brazil is the greatest of South American countries, in power and in prosperity, as well as in extent. It embraces that part of the American continent first visited by white men. By the decision of the Pope, it came into the possession of the crown of Portugal near the close of the sixteenth century Portugal was at that time the first of maritime nations, and the foremost in leading the way in the career of discovery.

Plantains and bananas flourish here, hanging in clusters from pretty, graceful trees. Plantains, when cut into slices and fried in fat, are the potatoes of this land. Bananas are eaten raw. Every hut has a banana-tree. We all know and like the Brazil nuts; they grow on a tall tree above a hundred feet high, and the hanging fruit is as large as cocoa-nut. They are so hard, that even the monkeys cannot crack them, though they bang them ever so angrily on stones. Perhaps you have heard of that howling monkey that was watched by a traveller, pounding away at one of these provoking nuts. He rattled and thumped it on a strong branch until, missing his aim, he brought it down on the tip of his tail; then he fled howling as even he had never howled before. Something between the roaring of a mad bull and the squeaking of a mad pig is this kind of animal's usual note.

The shell of the fruit is almost as hard as iron, and the little nuts you children buy are like seeds in it, and all packed so tightly and neatly, that if any are loosed they could never be put right again. When fresh they are soft and white, and taste like cocoa-nut. The oil in them is squeezed out, and used in making composite candles and other things.

Then, too, there is the cocoa-tree, from which your nice cup of chocolate is made; tea and coffee plants, with their pretty white blossoms; and huge pine-apples, which in many parts are as common as turnips.

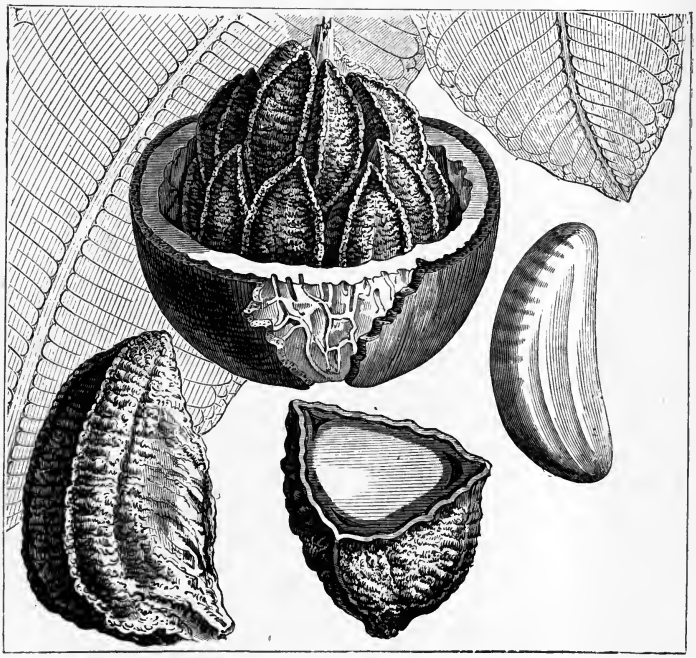
Rare drugs used in physic grow here; all sorts of scents and spices, indigo, cotton, india-rubber, bread-fruit—I cannot attempt to name them all; they would more than fill this book. But I must mention the wourali poison, in which the Indian dips his arrow or sharp lance ere he goes to the

chase. Sometimes he takes his hollow blowing-cane, which is some ten feet long, and uses a splint of poisoned palm; with this he can shoot as well as with a gun. This poison will kill men. It affects its victim in very much the same way as the bite of a serpent, which reptiles, by the way, abound here.

Now let us turn to one of the provinces, of which there are twenty. Take Rio de Janeiro, for instance. How gay its streets are, and how hot. Those men walking about all buttoned up in long coats are padres or priests. It is a Roman Catholic country. There is a grand festival going on. Oddly enough, St. George of England is patron saint here. See his rosy wooden effigy is riding through the streets on a trained horse, followed by an admiring crowd. Or it is "Judas' Day," when a figure, as awkward and ugly as a Guy Fawkes, is dressed up in gaudy robes and paraded about the town, accompanied by dragons and imps of all sorts and sizes; then, when he has been stared at enough, he will be flung in the road, and kicked and cuffed, and pelted and poked by the boys, until nothing is left of him.

A NATIVE WAITER.
"*Coming, Sir, coming.*"

There are a great many religious shows and festivals here, where pretty little girls, dressed in white, with butterfly wings, flit about; they are called "anginos" (angels). There are lights and fireworks everywhere. The whole Negro and Indian population turn out to see these sights; the black women are very smart, some decked out with strings of gold beads and large crosses and earrings, and all with very high combs, and their hair finely decorated. The black folks are not as badly treated and looked down upon as in other countries. Here is a party all with great sacks on their heads, and ringing a little bell as they run past us; they are the coffee carriers; the strongest man is captain. Each of his men will hoist a bag of coffee weighing 160 pounds on his head, and away they go shouting and singing at the top of their lungs, making



BRAZIL NUTS.

so much noise that once the citizens complained, and they were ordered to do their work quietly; but they could not get on at all, became mournful, miserable, and slow, and so they were allowed to rattle away again, and all was well; they were noisy, content, and happy.

These coffee carriers and other out-of-door freed slaves come from Benin in Africa, and are very strong and independent; all the dirty or hard work is done by native Indians, though some work at trades and are very skilful.

It is funny to notice how the natives carry everything on their heads—

umbrellas, bottles, trays. I heard of one who, being sent for a large wheel-barrow, brought it on his head, instead of wheeling it along.

The little white children, "meninas and meninos," are terribly spoiled here; they are in charge of the negresses, who let them have their own wilful way too much, and so they are generally rather troublesome.

Here comes an old black fruit-woman, or *quitandeira.* She carries a basket on her head piled full of tempting oranges, mangoes, passion flower-pods, barley-sugar, and sugar-cane. She stops before the windows that the children in the house may hear, and sings at the top of her voice—

"Cry, meninas; cry, meninos!
Papa has plenty of money;
Come buy, mininha, come buy!
Papa has money—cry, dears, cry!"

I do not suppose papa is half as pleased to hear this invitation as the young people for whose edification it is given.

Next is heard the sound of the "côrade," or measuring-stick, of that delight of the grown lady's heart—the pedlar. She does not often visit a shop, but buys everything at her own house. He is followed by negroes, who carry his boxes and know how to show his wares to the best effect. So do the young black women, who are met with everywhere, balancing large trays of "doces," or sweetmeats, for sale. They are generally sent out with these things by their mistresses, who are not ashamed to make money this way.

In the sunshiny streets are cooks getting water from the public fountains, unless the mistress prefers paying the water-carrier, who brings it in his cart, and pours it into large open jars, which stand ready on the landing. Tea and coffee are drunk here, but not so much as "maté"—a wild leaf, which grows in great plenty; and instead of wheat, the flour of the manioc root is used.

Of course, you will like to hear more about the "meninas and meninos," or girls and boys. They are not, as a rule, taught very much, but have a comfortably good opinion of themselves. The girl leaves school at about thirteen or fourteen—her education finished. She does not go out much except to mass, and, by-and-by, when married, her time is taken up with looking after her maids, and in getting all the profit she can out of the beautiful lace they make and sell for her benefit.

As to the boys, at about ten years old, they are gentlemanly, quiet, well-

behaved, well-oiled, well-brushed young men, in stiff collar, hat, and cane. They attend college, and I hope learn many good things.

In the neighbourhood of Tejuco are great diamond works. The river is drained in parts by means of pumps and water-wheels, and naked negroes rake a portion of the gravel or "cascaltion." Then, as each negro finds a diamond, he stands up and claps his hands, holding out his treasure, which an overseer takes from him, and places in a bowl of clear water; when the day's work is done, these are emptied out and weighed, and registered in a book kept for the purpose.

Not long ago there were many negro slaves; now they are free—at least they are working out their freedom, and their children are born free citizens.

GOSSIPS.

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