Opinions of the Press

From the San Francisco *Chronicle*

A Readable Record of Travel—There is no literary quality in "Travel," by Emil Klopfer; the narrative of the author's remarkable experiences in all quarters of the globe is frequently marred by grammatical errors; but the story is so full of genuine human nature and so abounding in stirring incident that any one who picks it up will be sure te read it. The author seems to have been born with the true passion for travel. As a lad he left Hamburg for the Phillipines, but after spending some time in Manila he began that life of adventure which carried him from China to California and from Panama to Peru. Incidentally, he fought in the Army of Maximilian and was in the pay of a Central American dictator. The volume leaves him in Chile, but he promises in another to take up his wanderings. What will impress any reader of this book is the real Americanism of the author. Born in Hamburg and bred under conditions of life very different from ours, he early developed the passion for personal freedom which can best be gratified in America. He had also the American's hearty contempt for a man who cannot turn his hand to any useful work. In his time he served as foremast hand and fireman at sea and as woodchopper, farmer, miner, dishwasher, car driver, and horse trader on land. In all his adventures there is the breezy confidence of a hero of Smollett or Fielding, which is rarely found nowadays and which is very enjoyable. One may also learn much of human nature from this book, in which the author has shown so little reticence. Its best lesson, perhaps, is that sterling good qualities may be found in all races and that he makes a great mistake who starts out with prejudices against any race because of color or customs. No better moral lesson was ever preached than in the short account of the German Count who proved so dismal a failure as a dishwasher in a San Francisco Hotel, yet whose foolish pride in his name and ancestry remained even when he was forced to beg for bread. The book contains many episodes of life that are extremely interesting, because of the absolute lack of self-consciousness with which they are told.

From the New York *World*

A man who has had a good many adventures in this life, and made notes of them, has the right to print them, if he pleases, at his own expense, and this Mr. Emil Klopfer, of Alameda, Cal., has done. His

book, "Travel and Experiences," private and personal as it is to a great extent, is much more interesting than many more pretentious books of travel.

From the San Francisco *Call*

The life of any man contains matter of interest for other men. Much more the lives of those among us who, fond of adventure, have wandered over the face of the earth. "Travel, Reminiscences and Experiences," by Emil Klopfer, will prove pleasant reading to those who love changing scenes and conditions. It is a plain unvarnished narration of the writer's experiences in various countries. At an early age Emil Klopfer left Hamburg, and, on a sailing vessel, voyaged to the Phillipine Islands. In the light of modern ocean travel his experiences are curious reading. Then he made his way to California, Nicaragua, Mexico, Cuba, Argentine, Chile, etc., in each country earning his own living and saving money for future journeys. A jack-of-all-trades he must have been gifted with great powers of adaptability. A man who can turn to and work as a sailor, a miner, a ditch digger, a steamship fireman, a fruit-peddler, a boot-black, a newspaper boy, a farmer, a soldier, a coat trimmer, a book-keeper, a steward, etc., could have no difficulty in getting along. Among other experiences he served as a soldier on the side of Maximilian in the Mexican War, and his account of that event is very instructive.

From the Oakland *Tribune*

Emil Klopfer, of Alameda, has, under the title of "Travel," just issued a very interesting work reminiscent of his experiences in the four quarters of the globe. Starting in from his birthplace in Hamburg, he takes his readers to the most interesting parts of the world, and in a vigorous, graphic style describes his adventures and impressions, at the same time giving strict attention to matters of geographical and historical interest. It is a book that is readable in every page, and should command a big sale.

From the New Orleans *Picayune*

The author of this extremely fascinating book is a German, well educated, able to express himself to the point, who, in his youth, possessed with the fever of travel, left his home in Hamburg and set out to see the world. He sailed first to Manilla, and thence to China. Then, his money giving out, he shipped as a common sailor and reached San Francisco, and so to various other parts of the world. He was now a sailor, again a waiter, a bootblack, a fruit peddler, a newsboy, an

organ grinder a cowboy, a soldier in the army of Maximilian, and a little of everything else. His adventures, observations (very practical and wise they are) and experiences are narrated in an artless, direct manner, which reminds the reader strongly of Robinson Crusoe. But Robinson never had more thrilling adventures than are here narrated. The adventurer is cast away on the China Sea, takes part in a fierce and bloody battle against a horde of Chinese steerage passengers, who try to capture the vessel, is mangled, bruised and left for dead on a Mexican battle field, and has a hundred other thrilling adventures, which makes the reader doubt whether the tale be truth or fiction. It reads, anyway, wonderfully like the truth, and whether true or not makes most delightful reading for the lover of adventure.

From the San Francisco *Report*

"Travel" is the somewhat unusual title of a book by Emil Klopfer The author has unquestionably the stuff in him that makes the traveler. There are two kinds of travelers. One is the gilded youth, whose education is not complete until he has made the grand tour, which runs in certain well-known grooves. He has plenty of money and every facility for making travel a luxury.

The other is such as our author, who has practically nothing but his own indomitable determination. But of such is the real traveler composed. The story of his adventures will revive memories of glorious Robinson Crusoe, the hero of our boyish days, not from any especial resemblance between them, but from the manner of telling. Altogether, it can be recommended as being one of the most interesting of its kind.

From the San Jose *Mercury*

Mr. Klopfer is both the author and the publisher of his book, and in the character of an author deserves better treatment than as a publisher he has accorded to himself. He has traveled far and wide under circumstances so different from those of most travelers, that his story possesses qualities not usually found in works of the kind. He has not been simply a visitor to noted scenes and places, but a worker in many lands. His book deals not with descriptions of scenery and themes worn threadbare by many writers, but with his personal adventures, and these have been sufficiently varied to be interesting at almost all times. As an illustration of the various aspects under which he saw the world, it may be stated that he crossed the Pacific Ocean as a sailor, worked in Vancouver as a miner, in Oregon as a waiter, in California as a fruit peddler, a bootblack and a newsboy, a farmer and a miner, served in Mexico as a soldier under Maximilian, was an organ grinder

in the West Indies, a car driver in New York, a book-keeper in Brazil, a wood chopper in Argentine, a horse trader in Chili, and a saltpetre contractor in Peru. His many adventures in these various employments are narrated with no great literary skill, but with a sufficient directness and vigor to make them vivid and entertaining.

From the New York *Recorder*

In "Travel" Emil Klopfer, of Alameda, Cal., tells part of the story of a model soldier of fortune; of his experiences in many lands and many trades—car driver in New York, soldier in Mexico, coal trimmer at sea, and the like. It is an interesting book, as any book must be which deals with raw facts not badly.

From the San Luis Obispo *Tribune*

Once upon a time books of travel were read and written for the information they contained of the places visited and described. To-day, such has been the multiplication of such books, so complete are the guide books and atlases, and the extended use of photography and engraving, that there are few prominent places in the world which offer to the traveler an opportunity to tell new tales which will be received with much favor by the attentive reader. The world is covered with beaten tracks which ramify in every direction, and about which only a personal inspection can give new impressions. To-day the book of travels is in reality only a picture of the writer. The reading public is chiefly interested in seeing what sort of an impression is produced upon the individual writing by the familiar scenes. In this view, we think the unpretentious work of Mr. Emil Klopfer will be read with much curiosity. He presents a character of an unusual kind. The book might rather be entitled a biography, and as such is worth studying. It is the life history of a young German imbued with an inveterate desire for wandering over the face of the earth, and who, without means or influence, makes his way to the remotest corners of the earth, eternally hungering for new sights and new people, and managing to go where he will. Occasional hardships only lend zest to his enjoyment. The constantly recurring fact that he is a penniless stranger in a strange land does not in the least trouble him. With a fine contempt for money grubbing, and an utter disregard for social caste, the first occupation that offers itself to him is promptly embraced, with the result that he runs the gamut of all known employments. Withal he has a keen appreciation of the main chance, and whether he is figuring as a merchant, miner, cook or organ grinder, in any and every position, he fills his pockets. But that end attained, he drops his job and is off again to some other region which promises novelty to him. The book is a plain unvarnished tale, as simple and candid as De Foe might have told it, and of course abounds in interesting incident and adventure.

From the Philadelphia *Press*

Emil Klopfer's volume of reminiscences and experiences, collectively entitled "Travel" is a delightful bundle of chatty sketches, full of interesting incident.

TRAVEL

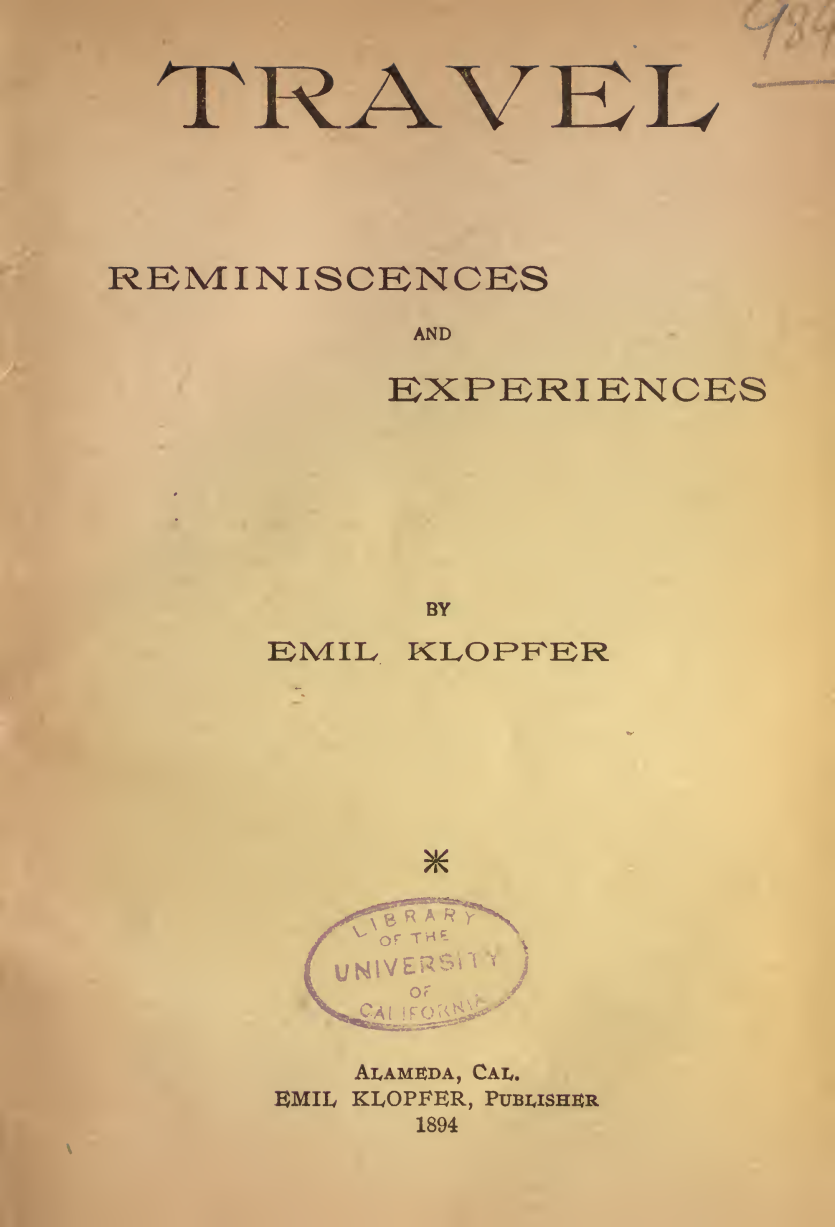
REMINISCENCES

AND

EXPERIENCES

BY

EMIL KLOPFER



ALAMEDA, CAL.
EMIL KLOPFER, PUBLISHER
1894

PREFACE

THIS book contains the account of travels and experiences of a young man, whose greatest desire from childhood was to seek Nature in her grandest and most charming moods, and to acquaint himself with the customs, habits and peculiarities of her many children.

Every one, has perhaps, had at one time the same desire, but found no opportunity of realizing it; such will read this book with interest and pleasure, and will find in it a true friend of a similar mind.

THE AUTHOR.

ALAMEDA, CAL.
1894

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TRAVEL

REMINISCENCES AND EXPERIENCES

CHAPTER I

ORN at Hamburg, I had from my earliest childhood the brisk and active life of a great and world-renowned commercial metropolis all about me.

The innumerable incoming and outgoing vessels, the constantly changing scene and action which the whole year round was presented to one's view in the safe and spacious harbor, made such an indelible impression upon my mind, that, even as a child, the riverside was my favorite resort. I stood there for hours at a stretch, watching with the liveliest interest the wind and weather-beaten vessels that came sailing up the river from foreign lands, picturing to myself the strange and exciting scenes the men aboard them might have

experienced in those out-of-the-way parts of the world.

But it was still more attractive in the sunny spring-time, when vessels, bound for tropical countries, glided on the tide, or in tow of the puffing, snorting, little tugs, down the Elbe. My desire to go along was then often so strong that I could hardly conquer my inclination to run away from home to see the world.

These scenes, so dear to me, worked in such a way upon my mind that it became my one ambition to leave Europe as soon as possible. During the day my thoughts were wandering about in different parts of our beautiful world, and at night, in pleasant dreams I found myself amid the forest, or on the plains of South and North America.

When I quitted school I was scarcely fourteen years of age, but in spite of my youth I would have left Europe at once with pleasure. In Germany no one will admit self-reliance to be a virtue in young people, and all elderly persons insist that they must be guided exactly as little children. In my family the same idea prevailed, and an aversion to causing trouble by any act of mine, determined me to submit to the wishes of my people, and to accept the position of an apprentice to a commercial firm.

I felt ashamed, that I, a strong, sturdy youth, confident of his ability to make his own way in the world, was obliged to submit to being clothed and supported during a three-years' apprenticeship by

my relations, and to give my labor without remuneration of any kind, merely in the interest of my chiefs.

When parents feed and clothe their sons until they leave school, which in many families is of itself a great burden, one would think that the parents should expect to see them supporting themselves by their own unaided efforts, and without the assistance of any one.

Numbers of establishments, ranging from the pettiest shoemaker shop to the largest and wealthiest commercial houses, are kept in existence solely through the revenue from their apprentices and their unsalaried services.

In some places the term of apprenticeship is three, in others four, and in some even five years. The boys render obedience and service for absolutely nothing, and when, perhaps, a few dollars are given them as a Christmas present, these short-sighted youths are completely overcome by the liberal generosity of their kind-hearted masters!

To leave one's apprenticeship before the stipulated time has expired, according to German ideas, disgraces not only the apprentice, but his family also.

The desire to shorten my term of apprenticeship by the simple but effective means of leaving my employer's service came very often into my mind, and only a reluctance to cause my relatives any trouble deterred me from carrying the idea into effect.

I learnt what I could during my hours of work, and used the rest of my time in studying and increasing my knowledge of those things which had more interest for me, and which, as I thought, would perhaps some day prove of greater value to me.

In Germany a young man who wishes to see the world and gain knowledge by practical experience, has always to contend with a great many difficulties placed in his way by relatives, and especially when those relatives had never, or at least very seldom, traveled beyond the boundaries of their native city.

Advice and expostulation are brought to bear, all tending to convince the adventurous youth that it would be far better to earn a living at home than to venture amid the dangers and temptations of the great outside world.

Whether those ideas are sound or not, I will leave to the decision of others. I know that they made no impression upon me, and that they only strenghtened my desire to get out of the Old World as soon as possible.

When I had finished my apprenticeship in Hamburg I was told that I could go to the Philippines, and in order to get away from Europe I eagerly accepted the proposition.

In the early part of 1861, I took passage by a sailing vessel, the *Bella Gallega*, bound direct to Manila, and in the delightful excitement of anticipation I could hardly wait for the vessel to sail.

In those days the trade with the Philippines was so insignificant that the *Bella Gallega* was delayed for months before sufficient freight could be secured to complete her cargo. At length the consignees advised me that the vessel, on account of her draught, had dropped down to Brunshausen to take the remainder of her cargo, and that she would sail within a day or two. I therefore joined her at once, but was astonished to hear from the officers on board that at least a week would elapse before she would be ready to sail. I placed my baggage in my cabin and decided to return to Hamburg, spending the few days yet left to me in Europe with my relations and friends.

At the end of the week I returned to Brunshausen, where I heard the same old story again, and indeed, I could see for myself that nothing about the ship herself indicated a speedy departure, but as I did not feel inclined to return to Hamburg, I possessed myself with patience and remained aboard.

The days of waiting I got through as best as I could; the mornings were spent in long walks to Stade or other places in the vicinity; the afternoons in playing billiards or nine-pins with our German pilot; and the evenings in playing chess with my shipmates, during which amusements the conversation had to be carried on by signs, as they could neither understand me nor I them. But at the end of about a week, the captain, with the rest

of the passengers having arrived from Spain, we sailed.

The *Bella Gallega*, between whose wooden walls I was to find my only home during the next five or six months, was a Spanish ship of about 900 tons register. Her long yards, her heavy masts and rigging gave to the dark and gloomy interior of the vessel an additional shadow. Everything aboard, even the peculiar ship's odor, seemed strange to me.

The vessel, built in Manila, of the strong Molave wood, was a little more than forty years old. Of a plump and clumsy model, she was a slow sailer and a bad sea weatherer; but her cabins, staterooms and quarter-decks were large and spacious, and in these respects, at least, she promised a pleasant and comfortable voyage.

Beside the captain and two mates, we had a carpenter, boatswain, cook, dishwasher, two cabin boys and thirty men-before-the-mast in our ship's company.

The captain, Don Bautista Onaindi, and the carpenter were European Spaniards; the mates Mestizos; the balance of the crew Indios from the Philippines.

My traveling companions were: Doña Anselma Suarez from Malaga, with her little son, Juanito, and Don Vicente Onaindi, brother of the captain. Consequently there were in all six Europeans aboard, of whom, save myself, all spoke the Spanish lan-

guage. The mates spoke Spanish also, but they, as well as the crew, preferred their own native tongue—Tagaloc.

Shortly after the captain arrived on board we were taken in tow by a small tug, and glided down the river. Close to Cuxhaven the tug cast off, and opposite Neuwerk we dropped our pilot.

The weather was delightful and the wind favorable. Past the Island of Heligoland, along the German, Dutch and Belgian coasts, towards the Channel, we sailed under full canvas.

The old ship made a fairly quick run across the North Sea, and we expected to have the same good fortune in our run down the Channel. But our fond expectations were doomed to disappointment; before we had scarcely reached the entrance to the Channel the wind and weather changed completely, and as a little later a dense, impenetrable fog settled down over the sea, our captain thought it best to come to anchor.

The number of ships constantly cruising about in so narrow a sheet of water as the Channel are compelled out of regard for their own safety to use the utmost precaution, especially in foggy or stormy weather. During the balance of that day and the following night, every ship within hearing distance kept her fog horn sounding, and the dreary, God-forsaken moaning and groaning across that ghostly expanse of mist-laden sea, produced an impression upon my mind that time has not eradicated.

By the next morning a strong southerly breeze had lifted the fog, and when the sun rose lighting up the boldly rugged coast of England, we had before us a most beautiful panorama. We lay about two miles off shore, immediately opposite Dover, surrounded by hundreds of other vessels, which, like ourselves, were pitching and rolling in the short, choppy sea of the Channel.

Innumerable fishing smacks could be seen in every direction, loaded with the last night's catch, returning to port. Some of these small craft came alongside and exchanged for a few bottles of gin or brandy whole basketsful of the choicest fish. Getting our anchors aboard, we made sail and with the wind on our beam beat up the Channel, but in a few hours the fog came down as thickly as ever, and once more we sought safety in our anchors and fog-horns.

The sea ran high, a storm of wind and rain set in, and so unfavorable was the weather that it took us almost a week to get out of the Channel into the open ocean.

We had scarcely left Cuxhaven, when, in spite of the tranquillity of the North Sea, I felt the horrible sensation of sea-sickness coming over me, but in the Channel, where our vessel was tossed and jerked about most pitilessly I became worse, and suffered dreadfully. Acting upon the advice of our captain, I remained on deck in the fresh air, instead of following my own inclination and seek-

ing my berth. His ideas in regard to sea-sickness, and I have since proved the practicability of them by actual experience and observation, were that no medical man can prescribe any remedy for it, and that the only relief from the horrible sensation is to be found in nourishment and in the fresh air on deck. Of course, such a treatment requires a good amount of moral courage to carry out, but those who have it will always find it efficacious.

Heavily dressed and wrapped in oil skins, I remained on the quarter-deck in the worst of weather, trembling all over from cold and nervousness, the latter caused by continuous vomiting. I became at last so weak and was in such a wretched condition that life seemed to have lost all its attractions, and I often thought that the hour of death could not be far away. Sea-sickness, with all its horrors, is at the same time entirely harmless, never proving fatal, although one expects death almost hourly.

Six long and weary days, appearing to me as so many years, I suffered the most horrible tortures before I began to recover. My meals were brought to me on deck, where I lay, lashed to the mizzen-mast, more dead than alive. The odor even of food was repulsive to me, but in spite of this I always forced myself to eat a little, knowing that a few minutes later I would have to part with it.

Only those who have experienced similar sufferings, can fully appreciate my joy and delight

when the sensation at last left me. Everything appeared to me in the rosiest colors, and this beautiful world of ours more charming and alluring than ever.

Neither Doña Anselma, her little boy, nor Don Vicente were troubled with sea-sickness. The former, whose father was a sea-faring man, had spent a great deal of her childhood at sea, and the latter, a sea captain himself, was on his way to the Philippines to take command of a vessel belonging to the owners of the *Bella Gallega*. Children are seldom affected with sea-sickness, and never as severely as adul s.

After leaving the Channel behind, the fleet of vessels which hitherto surrounded us, dispersed in all directions, and we perceived only occasionally a sail far down on the horizon. We crossed the Gulf of Biscay, steered along the Spanish and Portuguese coasts, and sighted at some distance, Madeira, the Canarios and the Cape Verde Islands.

The weather at this time was perfect, but the glare of the sun increased every day until the heat became so great that exertion of any kind seemed a burden, and we were glad to lie in the shadow of the awnings, too exhausted even for conversation. A light, but steady breeze hardly gave us way and eventually carried us down to the equator at an average rate of from four to five miles per hour.

In this region, I, for the first time, saw a shark. I remember still the very first one we caught. The

great brute, over twelve feet long, was of such a tremendous weight that it took the united strength of our sailors to heave him on board. As usual, those that were caught were butchered, cut to pieces and no mercy whatever shown to them. A portion of the meat, especially that of the young sharks, was cooked and eaten by our sailors, seemingly with much relish.

A long voyage aboard a sailing vessel offers as every one knows, a very limited variety of distractions, and appears to most people, obliged to travel in this way, a tedious and uninteresting undertaking. Having merely the place of destination in view they care but to get there, and make no effort to contribute to the amusement or comfort on board, nor even take advantage of the opportunity offered to increase their knowledge by study and observation. Many of them, disappointed at the unavoidably lengthened voyage, and irritated by the slow progress, so often made in the face of adverse winds and currents, become actively ill-tempered, and make the lives of the other passengers and the officers of the ship miserable by continual bickerings and quarreling.

In those days when steamer connections were scarce, traveling by sailing vessel was quite common. A journey, in the early sixties, by the steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Mail Steamship Company from London to Hongkong, by way of Alexandria, Cairo, and Suez—a distance of about

ten thousand miles—took from forty to fifty days, and cost from six to eight hundred dollars.

Taking into consideration the fact that now-a-days, in consequence of competition, one can make the journey from China to Europe, or *vice-versa*, at a cost of less than three hundred and fifty Mexican dollars, and in about thirty days, the fare of three hundred and twenty-five Spanish dollars, which I paid for my passage from Hamburg to Manila seems excessive.

In spite of being the only German among so many Spaniards, Mestizos and Indios, whose language at first I was perfectly ignorant of, I had but little opportunity to feel bored and lonely. My time was fully occupied, and the longer the voyage lasted the more at home I felt on shipboard, and actually became so contented that I often regretted that the voyage was not to be a longer one. Much of this contentment should be attributed to the good nature of our officers and my traveling companions, who assisted me in every way to familiarize myself with their language and the habits and customs of their people.

After my sea-sickness had passed away and I became accustomed to the movement of the vessel, I decided to systematize my day's work into a regular order. I had brought a lark and canary with me from Hamburg. Their cages hung from the ceiling of my cabin, and they awakened me at sunrise every morning with their exquisite notes.

Sometimes I arose even before dawn, dressed, drank a cup of chocolate, lighted my pipe and walked the deck with the officer of the watch an hour or so.

Later I took my salt-water bath, attended to my birds, and otherwise occupied myself until half-past nine, when breakfast was served. The captain, who sat at the head of the table, had at his right Doña Anselma, her little boy, and Don Vicente, and to his left the mates and myself.

The breakfast consisted of soup, besides four or five other courses, dessert, two kinds of Spanish wine, coffee and fresh rolls, which our cook was obliged to bake every day during the voyage. The food was invariably well cooked and served, and of unexceptional quality. We were usually at table an hour or more, and while drinking, eating and conversing, enjoyed ourselves during that time in a manner only understood by people of Southern descent.

From the very first I took a great liking to the Spanish manner of cooking and must say that even now I prefer it to any others. Such dishes as Paella à la Valenziana, Menudo à la Andaluza, Bacalao à la Bizcaina and many others I could mention, if properly cooked and served would tickle the palate of even a Parisian épicure.

The siesta, or noon rest, so necessary to people accustomed to life in tropical countries, was never omitted on board our vessel. During rainy and

stormy weather every one sought shelter below, but in fine weather the whole ship's company, save the officer on watch, found rest and comfort, under the awnings on deck, passing the time in general conversation until at length the gentle rise and fall of the ship on the swell lulled us to sleep.

Dinner was served at four thirty, and consisted of about the same number of dishes as the morning meal. Between the courses, according to Spanish custom, every one who wished to, smoked a cigarette. Dinner finished, we returned to the deck where for hours we passed the time in talking, smoking, promenading, and admiring those marvelous tropical sunsets with all their wealth of color.

At eight o'clock in the evening coffee, tea and chocolate were served, either on deck or in the cabin.

In common with most persons of Southern blood, the Spaniards on board were very musical. After the coffee, etc., had been removed, the guitars and mandolins were brought out, and the evening made musical by the notes of the exquisitely sad and beautiful melodies of their native land—the music of the instruments being accompanied by singing and clapping of hands. Sometimes, when in the humor, we danced to the measure of a Bolero or Jota Aragonez just as lively as to the steps of a waltz or polka, and on such occasions the gentlemen of our party regretted that Doña Anselma could not multiply herself into partners for all.

As long as we navigated in the tropics, the evenings were spent mostly on deck, where we remained up to midnight or even later; the exquisite soft balminess of the air inviting us to stay there rather than in a close cabin.

The captain told me several times that off the African coast it was not advisable to sleep on the deck, as the winds from the land were laden with desert sand, which affected the eyes, and had proved fatal on many occasions to travelers, as well as sailors. I thanked him for his kind advice, but most always ignored it. The charm of a tropical night, illuminated by the myriads of brilliant stars, was so alluring that I usually slept on deck until the chill morning air drove me below to my cabin.

The foolish and obsolete custom of baptizing and ducking passengers, when crossing the equator for the first time, was not countenanced on board the *Bella Gallega.* When we crossed the line we were at dinner, and our captain celebrated the occasion in champagne, remarking that so important an occurrence in our lives should be duly signalized in some manner. We drank to the health of one another, and the sparkling wine had a very happy effect upon our little company's spirits during the evening.

As soon as we had left the Elbe, the mates and boatswain at once began to treat the men in such a brutally, cruel fashion that my manhood revolted at it. I knew that according to

the maritime laws of civilized countries, neither captain nor mates were allowed to chastise their men. I knew, too, that officers of vessels are not always guided by the strict letter of the law, but I did not know that in other parts of the world were men whom it was impossible to control by kindness, but only by fear of corporal punishment.

Our sailors were the representatives of such species. They belonged to the Malay race, and were an ugly, dirty and very lazy lot of little fellows. Owing to their little physical strength we carried thirty men before the mast, but they could with the greatest difficulty accomplish what fifteen white sailors would have done with ease. However, they were supple, quick and hardy, and could have accomplished their work easily enough had it not been for their incorrigible laziness.

In the simplest, lightest duties they were called upon to perform, they all shirked the work as much as possible, each one of them trusting some one else would do his share, and their's, too. The boatswain, understanding this peculiarity, drew out his knout, which, as his badge of office, he always carried in his sash, and gave a good lashing to every one of them. He was a horrid-looking fellow, his face deeply scarred by smallpox, and seemed to be well fitted for the post of tormentor of our sailors.

At the beginning, such a system of punishment appeared to me hard, cruel and most inhu-

man, but, as I came to know the disposition of the Indians better, I found out that at times it was absolutely necessary, and that without it our vessel might never have reached the port of destination.

If white sailors had been treated in the same manner, they certainly would have killed and thrown overboard every officer, from captain to boatswain. But our Indians were of a different temperament; after a good, sound thrashing they always appeared quicker, and more obedient and satisfied than ever, and it almost seemed as if our men missed something necessary to their well-being when for twenty-four hours, perhaps, the usual punishment had been omitted.

That our officers should become angry, when, especially in bad weather, their orders were not promptly executed, was to be expected; but that the boatswain should fall upon his countrymen at scarcely a sign from his superior, I never could understand.

As petty officer, our boatswain's position would not have protected him from corporal punishment. He was treated and addressed in the same manner as all the rest of the Indians—with *tu*, or in the second person — and received, though not so frequently, always a slight castigation. On these occasions he was lashed across a cannon, and the first sailor at hand had to administer the punishment with a rope's end, consisting as to the will of

the captain, of a certain number of lashes. The spite and hatred which all our sailors had for the boatswain were surety enough that the lashes, counted one by one as they were laid on, did not fall any too softly upon the wretched creature's bare back.

With the exception of our carpenter none of the crew escaped those paternal corrections, sailors and cabin boys, boatswain and cooks, all had their turn sooner or later.

Our cook, by name Perico, was, without doubt, one of the dirtiest and laziest fellows ever born, and his assistant, on a smaller scale, his exact counterpart. Both had the true criminal face and head, and were as dirty and repulsive in person as the interior of their kitchen, where pots, skillets and dishes, even brushes and wearing apparel, lay heaped together in the closest proximity and greatest possible disorder.

Our Indian sailors were entirely without self-respect or sense of moral responsibility, and utterly unreliable. They had to be watched like children, and if this supervision was relaxed in the slightest degree, then some stupid, inexcusable blunder was certain to be made.

Just before passing the equator in the Atlantic, a case of this kind happened. In fine weather the carpenter had to stand watch during the meal hours of the officers and passengers, but on that particular morning he must have left the upper-

deck, when the man at the wheel at once took advantage of his absence.

As we sat at breakfast we suddenly heard the sails flapping and banging against the masts. The second mate hurried on deck, and found the wheelman steering an entirely wrong course. He, of course, was raging, and slapped his face, whereupon the sailor drew his knife and attacked him. The mate grasped a belaying pin and knocked him down, but before doing so received two ugly cuts, one in his arm and the other in his neck.

The sailor was immediately lashed to a cannon, and after the wounds of the mate had been dressed, we returned to the cabin and finished our interrupted breakfast.

Fifty lashes with a rope's end to begin with, and twenty-five to be administered every day for the three following days, was the punishment meted out to the man.

Another occurrence, which might have terminated more seriously, happened in the Indian Ocean, when seven or eight of the crew sneaked into the hold and opened several cases of gin and brandy. Later they came up on deck under the influence of liquor, and began to quarrel and fight among themselves with fists and knives. The officers ordered them to be quiet, inquiring at the same time as to the cause of their condition. Instead of answering they drew their knives and attacked them, but, prepared for such an assault, the officers

seized belaying-pins and knocked several of the belligerent drunkards senseless.

A severe and merciless sentence was at once passed upon the offenders. The ring-leaders received fifty, and the rest twenty-five lashes apiece with a rope's end, besides, their wounds were rubbed with salt and pepper, in order, as was said, that they might heal more quickly. With the omission of the rubbing in of the salt and pepper, the punishment was repeated every day for the following three days.

Doña Anselma begged the captain to moderate the sentence, but her request was disregarded. He said he was forced in this case to make an example of these men so that such an affair might never occur again.

Fighting with fists, and sometimes even with knives was quite common among the men, but as soon as it came to the officers' knowledge, the fighters were seized, bound to a mast, and the boatswain's knout called into service.

In consequence of the unbroken harmony that continued during our long voyage, passengers and officers became at length such close friends that sometimes we felt as though we were members of one and the same family. A certain stiffness and restraint, which always prevails among newly acquainted people, was known on board the *Bella Gallega* only at the very beginning of our voyage.

Spaniards are very fond of personal comfort,

and are as well very obliging to others, consequently every one was at liberty to make himself as comfortable as circumstances permitted, without discommoding any one else.

In the tropics, where especially on calm, sultry days, the fiery sun shone almost suffocating upon us, we wore as little clothing as possible, only the garments absolutely necessary. A cap, shirt and trousers were, with shoes as protection against the hot deck, about all. Doña Anselma usually appeared in a roomy, comfortable morning wrapper, a pair of light shoes on her feet, and bareheaded, her long, black and silky hair hanging over her shoulders, while her little boy, Juanito, played about in the same costume that, according to the statement of eye witnesses, Adam and Eve affected in Paradise.

But our Indians, accustomed all their lives to a hot and suffocating climate, wore even in the tropics thick and heavy clothing, and it seemed their greatest delight to stretch themselves upon the deck in the full glare of the burning sun, and lie there absolutely idle. How they stood that intense heat as they lay asleep or awake with no coverings upon their heads, I could never understand.

Our sailors, and all other Indians included, were a dirty lot of coffee-colored, monkey-like fellows, and in order to avoid any unpleasantness it was best to leave them severely alone, and keep a certain distance away from them.

Washing, cleaning or keeping themselves in any sort of decent physical condition was considered by those half-savages as superfluous. If they had not been drenched occasionally by the bursting of a rain-cloud, or perhaps, during the morning, while scrubbing down the deck, they certainly would never have known what water felt like on the skin, for they never voluntarily applied it.

Their long, black and coarse hair, in which any number of multi-legged inhabitants could be found, hung over their dirty, tar and grease besmeared faces, and gave those ugly fellows a decidedly wild and savage expression.

If there was no pressing work at hand every one took life easy, and none of them had occasion for complaint on the score of overwork, yet what little work was necessary was done slowly and grudgingly.

Next to passing their time in absolute idleness, the sailors' greatest enjoyment seemed to be when they could stoop together like monkeys, picking vermin from each other's heads, and he whose head was undergoing this operation stood, lay or sat with closed eyes and an expression of the utmost stupidity upon his face. The sight of such an offensive and loathsome performance, so evidently enjoyed by both sexes of these savages or semi-savages, forces one to the conclusion that, possibly, the much discussed theory of the evolution of man from monkeydom may be the true one.

When not sleeping or hunting vermin, much of their time was passed in eating and drinking. They had coffee, tea and biscuits served twice daily, in addition to three square meals, consisting of rice, cooked to a stiff, almost dry mass, and numerous little dishes of pork, beef, fish and vegetables. Aside from rice, which was cooked in Asiatic style, all the other food was served swimming in fat, with highly seasoned sauces, and the stench of garlic and other strong seasonings they used, could often be noticed to an offensive degree in all parts of the ship. When pots, kettles and dishes were placed on deck the men clustered about them, and laughed, chatted and ate, and seemingly enjoyed themselves immensely.

All over Asia, where rice is the principal food of the natives, soups, meat, fish and vegetables are considered more or less as side dishes.

Our Indians, having no more sense of decency in their manner of feeding than in any other mode of life, used their fingers instead of knives and forks, simply pressing the rice into little balls, and laying the backs of the finger tips against their lower lips, with their thumbs they shot the rice balls into their mouths, with a dexterity truly marvelous.

Out of the different pots, containing meat or soup-like messes, every one ate and drank just as he pleased, and it almost seemed as though they took particular pains to slobber over the brims of the vessels. Pieces of meat were seized with dirty

fingers, and after a quantity had been torn or bitten off, the remainder was thrown back into the pot.

But the most disgusting scenes were enacted when flies and other vermin, which stuck to them like leeches, had to be quieted during their meals. In such cases their fingers were kept busy about in their heads amongst the dirty hair, matted with grease and cocoanut oil, and then again, without having been wiped, inside the steaming and savory smelling rice and meat pots.

When I first watched them preparing to eat, I thought that they would at least wash their fingers before commencing their meals, but I was mistaken. The only attempt at cleanliness was to draw them through their dirty mouths and wipe them off on their tarred and greasy trousers. A sight of this kind, so repulsive to any one accustomed to cleanly habits of living, destroyed my appetite for the rest of the day.

But if the men who lived in the forecastle ever went so far in their dirty practices as to disgust even the dwellers in the cabin, then immediately the orders came to clean the whole lot thoroughly. Under the inspection of the carpenter, all the Indians had to strip, and were compelled to wash and scrub one another, and the dark brown, leather-like skins were well scoured with sand soap and ashes. After they had had their hair cut, and were dressed in clean clothing, they looked a very different lot of men, indeed, almost respectable.

But with a race of men who are happiest and best contented when they can live as nearly as possible upon an equality with hogs, such a cleaning process has but a slight effect and is of short duration.

In the Atlantic Ocean, about the tenth degree of southern latitude, we one morning saw at the verge of the northeastern horizon a steamer heading directly towards us, and our captain took her at once for one of the many British men-of-war which are constantly cruising along the African coast in an endeavor to suppress the slave trade. His surmise proved to be right. The man-of-war had scarcely neared us sufficiently when she signalled for our name, what port we had sailed from, where we were bound for, and numerous other questions, all of which we replied to after running up our red and yellow flag. But her commander, apparently, was not satisfied with our answers. He ordered us to lie to, at the same time lowering a boat and sending two officers aboard of us. They demanded to be shown the ship's papers, after examining which they apologized for their unfounded suspicions and started to take leave of us.

But the courteous Spanish hospitality with which our captain offered them a glass of his finest Taragona wine seemed rather too tempting to be declined, and, as a little later, the slim and graceful figure of Doña Anselma descended from the quarter-deck and offered the British officers a hearty welcome to Spanish ground, every one sat down in the

cabin and enjoyed a glass of wine and the flavor of some good Manila cigars. But the Spaniards did not understand English any better than the British officers understood Spanish, and therefore I had to be interpreter and the deliverer of some polite and tender compliments to our Doña Anselma.

After we had emptied several glasses, toasting the health of Doña Anselma, and drinking to a mutual pleasant and prosperous voyage, the British officers left us. We squared our yards again and continued our interrupted voyage, wishing each other, after the manner of sailors, a hearty farewell.

Down to the thirtieth degree south, the weather remained warm and pleasant, but in that latitude it began to get cold and stormy, and the trade winds ceased entirely. We felt regret for those beautiful days we had hitherto enjoyed and that the rough and stormy winter of the Southern hemisphere was now to take their place.

In this cold and unpleasant region the feeling of debility and exhaustion began to pervade my whole system. I suffered pain, especially in my joints, and in spite of my striving to throw it off it got worse, and in the latitude of Capetown I broke down completely.

A fever, which shook and undermined my whole nervous system, confined me to my bed, where for three weeks, raving in delirium, I suffered severely.

The gales and winter storms of the Cape of

Good Hope, and the short, but high and powerful running seas with which our vessel had to battle, threw me about in the most pitiless manner, causing me pain and misery impossible to describe. Helpless and unable to move myself I lay in my berth, utterly dependent upon the kindess of my fellow passengers and the officers of the ship.

The captain acted as medical adviser. He read and studied his medical books, but could not find what he wanted. He tried many of the drugs in his ship's medicine chest on me, but none of them had the slightest effect, and he, therefore, came to the conclusion that my fever had to run its course before it would pass away.

The kind care bestowed upon me by every one was extreme and self-denying, and the tears would often rise to my eyes out of pure gratitude.

In consequence of the increasing bad weather, the officers and even the brother of the captain were obliged to remain, at times, days and nights together on deck, and then Doña Anselma was kind enough to share their watches with me. She sat day after day at my bedside, encouraging me in every way, and telling me so many things about her beautiful and fondly beloved Spain.

As all things mortal must end, so did my sickness. I recovered my strength so rapidly that I was soon able to walk for a while about the deck during the daytime, with the assistance of my attentive nurses.

During my convalescence a heavy gale suddenly swept down upon us one morning, which, increasing from hour to hour, soon developed into a hurricane. Our vessel rolled, pitched and tossed most terribly, and the seas broke with such tremendous force upon our decks as to almost sink us—one great sea hurling its awful weight against the cabin door, smashed it in, and turned cabin and state-rooms into a foaming sheet of water. Then again the seas washed clear over our upper-deck, destroying, in spite of the screen of canvas and planks, the skylights, and sending cataracts of water down into the cabin.

The galley fires were swamped, and it was impossible to cook anything. The officers, dressed in oilskins, scarcely left the deck and had no time to think of us. They came below at intervals to refresh themselves with a glass of wine or spirits, endeavoring, at the same time, to cheer us up with words of hope.

Under a pitch-dark sky, from which the rain poured in sheets, our vessel labored that whole day before the hurricane, rising and falling upon the enormous seas, roaring and foaming under her.

When night came on, it found our little Juanito crying in his berth, with Doña Anselma and myself sitting at one end of the cabin table, braced with one hand on the table and the other on the back of our seats, so as to keep ourselves in place. While Doña Anselma wept and prayed, thinking

that at any moment we might go to the bottom, I groaned inwardly, biting my lips to suppress the pain which the continuous jerking of the vessel caused me.

The lamp over the cabin table had been broken in the morning, and we had only the dim gleam of an old ship's lantern in place of it. In such a cheerless situation the minutes seemed to us like hours, and we experienced all the horrors that loneliness, hunger, and the momentary expectation of death has for those in such a position of utter helplessness.

We were just upon the point of retiring to our staterooms when a tremendous sea struck the quarter-deck, and, after smashing everything in its way, poured with a roar like thunder down upon the cabin table, drenching us to the skin. Lifting me from the seat I was hurled to the floor, and washed from side to side until my feet stuck fast under the berth in a stateroom, the door of which stood open. Pinned and jammed as I was, the receding waters failed to dislodge me, and I was obliged to lie there, one moment picked up by the rush of the water and half strangled, the next left hanging by my heels, almost suspended in mid-air.

Doña Anselma, seeing me struggling in the water, and realizing the gravity of my situation and my inability to assist myself, with all the nobility of a true Spanish lady forgot herself and her own safety, and made an heroic attempt to assist me in one

way or another. But the movement of the vessel and the force of the water were too much for her; she was flung to the floor at once and washed from side to side of the cabin several times before she could regain her former seat.

One of the officers chancing to come down just then, rescued us from our critical position. He released my feet from their very unpleasant holding place and assisted me into my cabin, where I found almost everything soaking wet, with water several feet deep on the floor.

Doña Anselma's room, which was at the stern to one side of the rudder, was in a still worse condition than mine. The seas had smashed windows and shutters, fairly flooding her stateroom. Boxes, satchels and wearing apparel were drifting about in the greatest confusion, while her little son, lashed securely in the upper berth, cried with cold, wet and fright as loud as he possibly could.

While trying to devise some means whereby I might best get through the night with at least a small degree of comfort, Doña Anselma, accompanied by her little boy, came timidly into my cabin. The feeling of loneliness and misery in her wet and gloomy apartment had impelled her to this action. After arranging her son in a comparatively dry corner of my upper berth, covering him as warmly as possible, she and I, wrapping ourselves in blankets, sat upon a trunk, our backs against the partition, and with our arms

braced against the upper berth, we strove to minimise the motion of the vessel. In this uncomfortable position, unable to close our eyes for a moment, we spent the long and weary hours of that dreadful night.

When morning dawned we learned with the utmost delight that the worst of the storm was over, and when a little later the sun broke the clouds and shone for a moment in at my cabin window, we felt as though we had been reprieved from a sentence of death.

During the day, as is usually the case after a severe storm, a calm set in, and the vessel pitched and rolled most terribly in the heavy cross-swell that the storm had left behind. Our vessel suffered considerable damage during the storm; it looked more like a wreck, or a ship that had been in battle, than anything else.

To repair the damage to the deck, masts, sails, yards and rigging, required an amount of activity and energy on board during the following week that had been hitherto unknown. Every one was busy hammering, calking, painting, tarring, sewing, greasing or patching, and the men seemed to work more steadily and with a better will than ever before, but it was, perhaps, for the sake of the gin and brandy which was very liberally supplied them.

The loss of my canary bird was regretted by every one in the cabin. I found him the morning

after the storm in his broken cage, lying in a corner under my berth, dead.

In consequence of adverse winds, coupled with cold and stormy weather, our captain decided to go no further down than to the forty-fifth degree south. We, therefore, changed our course and steered east by north directly for Australia, but from which a waste of some four thousand miles of water still separated us.

While traversing the whole width of the Indian Ocean we did not see even a sail, and literally nothing but sky and water. During all this time the sun seldom made its appearance; the sea ran high and the weather remained cold, rainy and unpleasant, offering but little encouragement to tempt one on deck. We preferred to stay below in the cabin where we felt more at home, and where, with closed doors and windows, our stove gave out almost a tropical heat.

The only amusement we found on deck consisted in watching and feeding the different sea and storm birds that sometimes flocked about the ship in thousands. Blue and variegated sea-swallows, gray and white feathered sea-gulls, darker gray-brown, dirty looking albatrosses, which for voracity and greediness are phenomenal, were our only companions during the long and lonely journey across the Indian Ocean.

At times, out of mere dearth of something to do, we shot into these great flocks of sea-fowl, and so

utterly greedy and rapacious are they that when one was killed or wounded and fell to the water, the others swooped down upon him, and screaming and fighting tore the still living body to pieces, and in a few minutes were ready for more.

Then again we caught them with hook and line, baited with any sort of food, and when hauled upon deck their clumsiness was very amusing. Owing to their webbed feet they were unable to steady themselves on the wet slanting decks, and slid about in the most fantastic fashion, striking and snapping at the legs of every one that came near them, with their bills. When we became tired of this distraction we threw them overboard.

At last the tedious journey across this weary waste of water was at an end, and one morning, with the greatest delight, when we were about the twenty-fifth degree of southern latitude, we sighted at a distance of some thirty miles the coast of West Australia. The unpleasant experiences of the last five weeks were soon forgotten, as with fair winds and all our canvas set, we again approached the tropics.

After the cold and stormy weather we were now inclined to be more easily satisfied, and appreciated the mild, salubrious climate far more than ever before. We longed only to renew our long interrupted studies and amusements, and even Don Vicento, who had a passionate fondness for the noble and necessary trade of shoe-making, again

followed his hobby. Smoking his cigarillo he sat all day long in the shadow of the awnings, lashing, hammering and stitching shoes and slippers for whoever wished them.

The evenings and the early mornings, just before sunset and sunrise, are so transcendently beautiful in this part of the world, that once seen they can never be forgotten. Wrapped in dreams I sat for hours in the tops, enjoying the grandeur of our enchanting world.

Droves of dolphin, numberless turtle, strange sea and land birds, bark, trunks and limbs of trees, sedge, reeds, water-lilies and water-roses adrift about us, indicated the proximity of land, when one day, at noon, the southeast point of the Island of Java rose above the horizon. With a stiff breeze, and steering an easterly course, we soon lost sight of it, but early the next morning the Island of Bali, as though produced by magic power, spread itself before our eyes. We sailed close in along the coast, and upon reaching the east point of the island changed our course and entered the Strait of Lombock.

In this narrow channel we tacked from one side to the other until the current became so strong and the wind so unfavorable that our captain thought best to wear ship and try his luck in another passage. The current, which ran from five to six miles an hour, soon took us out of the Lombock Strait and brought us to where we entered a few hours before.

During that night and the following day we sailed along the south coast of Lombock, and towards evening of the second day reached the east point of it. As darkness would soon fall our captain decided to wait for daybreak before attempting the channel, and to stand off and on during the night. It was exquisitely calm and charming. Myriads of stars shone out and glittered in all their tropical splendor, and the moon throwing a silvery veil of light over all. The serenity of the night was hardly interrupted, and then only by the hollow boom of the breaking surf, by the plashing of little waves against the sides of the vessel, and by the hiss of the sea in our wake as it spread away behind us in long lines of wonderful phosphorescent light.

At daybreak we made a northerly course, and sunrise found us at the entrance of the Allas Strait. We encountered a strong adverse current, almost sufficient to check our progress, in spite of a fresh and favorable breeze. In this narrow and crooked strait, hemmed in by the Islands of Lombock and Sumbava, we drifted as though on a lake, and the views spread before us were unspeakably grand.

In the afternoon we reached Bali, a little Malay village on the Island of Sumbava, and as our captain intended to replenish the water casks and take in some fresh provisions, we dropped our anchor just opposite the little settlement. Our sailors were still busy furling the sails when a little canoe, containing about half a dozen Malays, came alongside.

Some of them, with wooden swords slung around their waists, climbed on deck with monkey-like agility, and presented us with baskets of the choicest tropical fruits.

They were dressed lightly, comfortably and very airily, in almost the same costume as when they came into the world. As such a sight was new to some of us, we felt rather uncomfortable as we beheld these little coffee-colored, betel-nut-chewing, monkeyish creatures jumping and dancing about the deck almost stark naked.

While the Malay-speaking mates had to translate the captain's questions to the natives, we pounced upon the exquisite looking, but still better tasting fruits, in an endeavor to empty the baskets in as short a time as possible.

With the intention to arrange matters with the chief of this district himself, and to examine the spring from which we were to refill our water casks, the first mate was ordered on shore. The carpenter and I accompanied him, and half an hour later I stood on solid ground for the first time in four months. The impression that it made upon me as I set my foot, for the first time in my life, upon tropical soil, surrounded by a forest of graceful cocoanut palms, will never fade from my memory.

Guided by some natives, who in turn were followed by a filthy crowd of nude and semi-nude friends and relatives, some of them adorned with

rings, beads, gay feathers and wooden weapons, we marched directly to the residence of the chieftain.

A miserable, half-decayed bamboo hut, resting on piles about six feet above the ground, was pointed out to us as the end of our journey. We climbed an old ladder that had evidently done duty in a hen-coop, and found upon reaching the top of it, his Honor, the governor of this district, at home.

He was a fat, clumsy and ill-smelling old fellow, and received us with a savage gesture of welcome. After having returned the salutation we followed his example and squatted upon a rotten old mat, smoking, talking and gazing at one another.

The mate had scarcely introduced his business when some half a dozen women, clad as lightly as possible, entered from different apartments, and, taking little or no notice of us, grouped themselves about their lord and master. The chief, in possession of such a bevy of charmers, possibly intended to dazzle us with the beauties of his harem. Then, instead of answering the questions put to him by the mate, he reclined gracefully upon the mat, with his head pillowed in the lap of one of his dulcineas, and with closed eyes and an expression of intense stupidity upon his face enjoyed the usual search through his disgustingly filthy head.

The mate had brought a bottle of brandy along with him, and when he saw that this lord of the island preferred the rosy chains of love to the baser cares of business, he produced it, and after we had

sampled it presented the remainder to the chief. The bribe was too much for him. He immediately arose from his recumbent position and deserted Venus for Bacchus. Slinging an old wooden sword around his bare belly he descended the old ladder like a crab, backward, and marching at the head of a rabble of his people led us through a lovely stretch of country to a spring most beautifully located. Before returning to the beach we refreshed ourselves with great draughts of the exquisite liquid that gushed clear and cool from a cleft rock, and in half an hour's time were aboard ship again, where we found Doña Anselma all anxiety to hear our adventures.

We remained upon deck until a late hour that night. The sight of our vessel, as she lay at anchor with furled sails, and surrounded by land, was as new and interesting to us as the scene ashore, where the natives danced and enjoyed themselves upon the beach by the light of torches.

Early next morning the largest boat we had was manned, and with four water casks in tow went ashore for water. While the men, commanded by the carpenter and boatswain, were filling the casks, the second mate and I made a little tour about the vicinity of the spring.

At noon, the casks being filled and slung at the side of the boat, we left the shore and steered for the ship, but the current was strong, and the breeze which in the meantime had sprung up, raised such

a sea that it made rowing very difficult. We had scarcely made half the distance to the ship when, owing to the pitching of the boat, the water casks began to work loose, and while trying to secure them in place the current whirled the boat about, and carried it rapidly out of sight of the ship.

The mate, still hoping to save at least some of the casks, ordered the men to pull for the nearest shore, but when we got close in, a side current caught us, and swept us swiftly upon a reef that lay just under water. In a moment all the casks had broken away and disappeared from us forever. The boat was swamped, and turned completely upon her side, and as but little hope remained of saving her from destruction, we had to think about our own safety. A sailor swam to land, fastened a line to a tree, and by means of it we reached the shore, soaking wet, and full of the sea water we had swallowed.

Bidding farewell to the wreck of our boat, we started in a northerly direction along the coast. The experiences of the last few hours kept us all busy, each with his own thoughts, so that at first we tramped along in perfect silence. When night fell, with tropical suddenness, we were forced to camp where darkness found us. Parched with thirst, and worn out by exertion, we lay ourselves upon the sand of the beach, and within a few moments were dead to the world.

The next morning I noticed that I had suffered considerably from sunburn, and my feet, sore and

blistered, made walking almost impossible. My canvas shoes were full of sand and gravel, and as I could walk with less pain without than with them, I threw them aside, and hobbled along in bare feet.

At noon we reached a pretty little grove of trees, and decided to rest for awhile in the shade. Some of the sailors, who had gone in search of water and fruits, returned with pineapples, chicos, mangoes and bananas, bringing in their greasy old caps the most delicious spring water. Although the water was ill smelling from its contact with these filthy caps, I raised one to my lips and drank, and never before have I enjoyed so delicious a draught. The marvelous beauty of the scenery caused me to completely forget my misery. Exquisite orchids, glowing with blossoms of great beauty and fragrance; lofty trees, festooned with parasitic vines, its rich, velvet-like foliage forming an impenetrable screen from the rays of the scorching sun; butterflies, humming-birds, parrots and cockatoos, of the most brilliantly variegated colors; innumerable monkeys, leaping, jumping and climbing in the most daringly ludicrous style from tree to tree interested me to the exclusion of my own sorrow.

Near evening, as we rounded a headland, we came in sight of our dear old *Bella Gallega*. The delight we felt evinced itself in the speed with which we made our way to the nearest point, where the boat, which the captain sent off as soon as he

caught sight of us, could land, and in an hour's time we were once more on board.

The captain took the whole affair very coolly and seemed only too glad to see us all safe on board. We had still two boats and plenty of empty water casks, so that the loss was not at all an irreparable one.

After we had refreshed ourselves with food and drink, and talked over our adventures for a short time, I wished the company good-night and crawled into my berth. My appearance next morning created the greatest laughter. The furnace-like heat of a tropical sun had treated me rather unkindly, and my face, neck and arms were red as a beet.

A little after daybreak, the first mate, the boatswain and a number of sailors went ashore, and when they returned with four filled water-casks we were ready to sail and had to wait only for the provisions ordered.

A business-like activity prevailed all day long on deck, with such a noise and confusion as I had never seen nor heard before. The numerous Malays, both women and men, who came on board, used the deck as a salesroom for their different kinds of merchandise. They did not care much for cash, but preferred to exchange their wares for something that had more value for them than money. Some traded beads, glass buttons and other worthless stuff for the prettiest parrots, cocka-

toos and humming birds; others, for greasy, worn-out clothing, gave the finest tropical fruits, sugar-cane and jellies; while others again, in exchange for rusty old cutlery, traded mats, monkeys and wooden weapons.

The sight of such a crowd of extraordinary creatures, with their peculiar costumes, or, rather, lack of costumes, their monkey-like quickness of movement and gesture, was at once most interesting and amusing.

It was comical, indeed, to watch a dirty Malay strutting about the deck with an assumption of immense superiority to his fellows, as he proudly displayed a pair of brass rings in his ears—the rest of him almost as naked as the moment he was born. Or a woman, her head decorated with upstanding feathers, assuming the airs and graces of a queen, on account of a filthy sailor's waist-coat that she was wearing wrong side behind.

The impression made by those Malay women was not in the least favorable. Grace, beauty or good manners are equally unknown among them.

Late in the afternoon the chief arrived on board, accompanied by a lot of half-naked women, and brought us chickens, ducks, geese, eggs, a calf, several pitchers of milk, spices, fruits and vegetables, for which the captain paid him a sum equal to about twelve Mexican dollars. The whole company was thereupon treated to gin and biscuits, and a little later ordered to leave the vessel. To

get rid of the rubbish these people had left behind the whole deck was at once scrubbed down thoroughly.

Next morning at daybreak we set sail and left. We passed the Pic of Sumbava, caught a favorable breeze, and under a full press of canvas made good progress. The Macassar Strait is about three hundred and fifty miles long. We navigated this sheet of water with difficulty, owing to the stiff current and the constant veering of the wind; sometimes our ship losing during the night all the headway she had made the previous day.

After we left Bali our ship resembled a menagerie more than anything else. Cages, filled with birds of all kinds and plumage, were standing and hanging about in every available place; chickens, ducks and geese, their wings clipped to prevent their flying overboard, were turned loose on deck, where they fraternized with the drove of swine we carried, which also had the liberty of the deck. Added to all these were the monkeys, most amusing little brutes with their queer antics, but so obscene in act and gesture that we were obliged to banish them to the society of the men in the forecastle. The constant screeching, chucking, quacking, crowing and grunting of all this livestock became almost unbearable, and would have driven a nervous person mad.

At the further end of the Macassar Strait, when crossing the Equator for the second time

during our voyage, the low-hanging, pitch-black clouds poured down rain in such a tropical fashion, that we really feared the weight of the water, which came cataract-like upon us, would sink us to the bottom of that vast, lonely waste of ocean. The quantity of water which fell upon our decks was so great that the scuppers could not drain it off quickly enough, consequently we soon had a considerable depth inside our bulwarks, in which everything floatable in the way of deck hamper, animals and human beings were washed from side to side with every roll of the ship.

At length we left the Strait of Macassar behind us, and with a fair and fresh breeze made good time across the Sea of Celebes, when, one morning, we sighted the Sulu or Jolo Islands. Steering a northwesterly course we kept in view of them, but on the evening of the second day came to anchor scarcely a mile off shore, owing to unfavorable winds and a strong current setting in to the land.

The Islands of Jolo, which, even at that time, had cost the Spanish government a great many lives as well as much treasure, have during later years been brought more completely under its rule.

The inhabitants were Mahometans, and had the reputation of being fanatical haters of Christians, and fierce and fearless pirates. They selected the Southern Philippines as a good field for plunder, to which they sallied forth in small, but swift sailing boats, called vintas. Under cover of night

they landed their crews, and attacked the unsuspecting settlements, burning and looting them, and with plunder and prisoners retreated to their ships. If the prisoners had friends willing and able to ransom them, the Moros would give them their liberty, but if not, they were enslaved under the most cruel task-masters for the balance of their lives.

In later years I became acquainted with several Spaniards, Mestizos and Indios in the Southern Philippines, all of whom had been captured in this way and carried off by Moros, but as their ransom was forthcoming they were returned, after a short captivity to their homes and families—reduced to skeletons and covered with sores and wounds. Years after this had happened the remembrance alone terrified them—so horrible an experience had it been.

Seafaring men, who, in the sixties or earlier, sailed these seas in which the Jolo Islands are situated, could tell many tales of attack and fierce battles they had gone through at the hands of the savage inhabitants.

During the time we were at anchor the Moros did not molest us at all. We, of course, took all necessary precautions, keeping our cannon and guns loaded and in readiness for anything that might happen. But instead of the expected piratical hordes, a swarm of troublesome, blood-thirsty insects were blown over to us, and attacked, bit and

stung us so unmercifully that our faces and hands were swollen and disfigured for the next few days.

The following morning, as a fresh land breeze sprung up, we weighed anchor and continued our voyage. A few days later we entered the Strait of Basilan, lying between the Islands of Basilan and Mindanao, the Spanish flag floating above the fortification walls of Zamboanga as we drifted into Philippine waters—into the Sea of Jolo.

The further north we sailed the more interesting appeared the scenes about us, and we could notice from the number of vessels afloat that we were nearing the port of destination—the capital of the Philippine Islands. Besides *Pancos*, *Cascos*, *Barangayanes*, *Vilos*, *Paraos* and other small native boats, rigged with bamboo masts, and sails of matting and palm leaves, we noticed many larger craft of more modern build, which traded between Manila and the islands of the Southern Philippines.

Our passage amid this wonderful little world of islands was really grand. Surrounded so closely by them that sometimes we could see no outlet, it seemed as though we were gliding along on the mirror-like surface of a beautiful lake. No matter in which direction we turned our eyes, everywhere we saw the same wealth, the same splendor of tropical soil. The shore scenery reflected in the calm, mirror-like water, which in the sunlight appeared a beautiful light-green color, and so clear that in places we could see and admire the wonders which

grew, swam, fought or lay still at the bottom of the sea. In this delightful part of the world I spent hours upon hours in the mast-tops of our vessel, from whence I could enjoy the enchantment of nature to far better advantage than from the deck.

The winds were usually very light, and as the current ran strong in these narrow channels, we were obliged to drop our anchors almost every night, and sometimes even during the day.

That everything in this world, even the very best, has its drawbacks is a truism, and we, among the Philippine paradise, had to bow, too, to the inevitable. Insects, which seemed to be created only for the annoyance of human beings, drifted on board while we lay at anchor, in swarms of thousands, and tortured Doña Anselma, her little boy and myself in such a cruel fashion that from itching, pricking and buzzing sensations we were driven almost to desperation.

The rest of our ship's company, having more or less the hot tropical blood running in their veins, suffered less, the bites and stings causing scarcely any swelling.

We passed between the Islands of Luzon and Mindoro, through the Strait of Bernardino, carried along by a stiff breeze up the coast, and a few hours later reached the Island of Corrigidor. We saluted the Spanish flag which flew above the walls of the fort, and answered to the questions that were signaled us.

The Island of Corrigidor lies at the entrance to the spacious bay at Manila, and divides the entrance into two almost equal parts, the northern of which is known as the Boca Grande, and the southern as the Boca Chica.

Our captain decided to go through Boca Chica, but scarcely had we reached the channel when we collided with another incoming vessel, a three-masted schooner from Bremen. With the exception of the mate on watch, we were at dinner when the collision occurred. We immediately hurried on deck, and found to our greatest surprise the bowsprit of the green and black-painted schooner fast in our rigging, with the schooner herself close alongside to starboard. The officers and crew of the schooner shouted and cursed in Low German, blaming us and threatening to hold us responsible for everything. Our people, in Spanish and Tagaloc, returned the compliment, but in more temperate language.

The fact that neither party understood what the other said cut no figure in this interchange of compliments—both parties were worked up to such a pitch of excitement that this fact was overlooked completely. Finally our captain requested me to act as interpreter, and the anger of both sides having cooled, they soon arrived at an understanding and with good will and the united strength of both crews the men set to work to release the vessels and repair damages. In a short time the sailors had

succeeded in disengaging them, and when they drifted apart we found to our mutual satisfaction that neither ship had sustained any material damage.

It was difficult to decide whether the Spanish or the German vessel was to blame for this accident, as it occurred in such a narrow channel, where currents, changeable winds, and other obstacles have to be taken into consideration. In such cases, usually, both parties are equally to blame, although each plays the innocent and tries to throw the responsibility upon the other.

In the beautiful bay of Manila, surrounded on all sides by lofty, imposing ranges of mountains, we drifted in a continuous calm fully twenty-four hours before we could reach the anchor ground. Any number of vesssels, from the stately frigate to the smallest pontin, shared the same fate with us, and we all seemed to be glued to the oily, mirror-like surface of the water.

As we approached our destination—Manila—the more heartfelt were my regrets that our memorable voyage, in which I had spent so many happy days in company with our amiable Spanish friends, was soon to end. I could hardly think it possible that this day would be my last on board of our good old *Bella Gallega*, which during a hundred and ninety days had lodged me so comfortably, and carried me through so many perils and dangers. It was hard for me to realize that within a few hours

we should part company, perhaps forever, and the thought made me feel so sad and depressed that tears came constantly to my eyes.

The impressions a young man receives during his first experience in the great world are always very clearly defined, and usually remain to the very hour of death in his memory, whether they be pleasant or otherwise.

The many villages scattered along the shore, surrounded by trees and the splendor of tropical vegetation, afforded a most interesting view, and panorama-like moved slowly before our eyes. We passed the war-harbor Cavite, once so renowned in the annals of Spanish history, and from its cleanliness and charming situation called the "Cadiz of the Philippines," and in the afternoon dropped anchor about two miles from shore, just opposite Manila.

According to an old and obsolete custom, no one is allowed to communicate with a newly-arrived vessel in Spanish waters until the harbor, the custom-house and the sanitary authorities have made their official visits. It seemed that on this particular day the Spanish authorities had taken an unusually long nap, or, perhaps, they did not consider it worth while to row out so far upon the bay during the afternoon, for the sake of an old sailing vessel.

At all events, the hours passed slowly by, one after another, and still the officials did not make their appearance. In the meantime half a dozen bancas

arrived—little rowboats, with awnings of palm-leaves, and constructed of the trunks of trees, which, however, kept some forty or fifty feet away, out of respect for the port regulations. From one of these boats piped the voice of Doña Anselma's husband; his happy face smiled over to her, but under the present circumstances he was allowed only to salute his pretty wife from a distance.

One could hardly blame him when he became wild at the behavior of his countrymen, and vented his anger in a variety of expressive, but not very flattering remarks. After he had waited for about half an hour he went on shore again, as he said, with the intention of "making those lazy fellows get up," and to "remind them in plain language of their duty." We on board, however, arrived at the conclusion that the bull-headed authorities took no notice of his remonstrances, as they thought it best to let us lay where we were until the next morning.

As night came on we went below, and for the last time grouped ourselves about the cabin table for dinner. Our captain treated us to champagne, and did everything to make the last hours on board as happy and comfortable as possible.

The following morning the so-called *Faluas de la Capitania del Puerto* and *del Resguardo de la Bahia* came alongside our vessel. They were broad, clumsy rowboats, half roofed over, and resembled in many ways the galleys of former cen-

turies. Several gentlemen, some in civilian costume, and others in uniform, crawled out from under the roofs, and with a certain Spanish nonchalance at once climbed on deck. A few moments later such a kissing, embracing and handclapping followed as almost made me weak and faint. Doña Anselma introduced us to her husband who was a civil government official, and he did the honors to the rest of the party. After business matters had been arranged we stepped into the cabin, where, over a glass of wine and fresh Manila cigars, we soon found ourselves talking and laughing like old-time friends and acquaintances.

With the greatest politeness the Spanish officers placed their boats at our disposal, and invited us to go ashore with them. We accepted their kind invitation, and half an hour later stood on *terra firma*.

In the course of a few minutes all our baggage, which was scarcely opened, was passed through the custom-house, and we were then at liberty to go where and do whatever we pleased. Whether such a fair dispatch on the part of the polite Spanish custom-house officers is in the interest of the government I do not wish to discuss. I only know that it makes a better impression upon travelers than when trunks, boxes and satchels, even those of ladies, are searched and scrutinized by clumsy and impolite officials, as in Germany, for instance, where this body is composed mostly of retired military petty officers.

CHAPTER II

During my sojourn on the hospitable shores of that delightful Spanish colony I enjoyed the pleasures of life to its fullest extent. I became so enamoured of that charming country, of its good-humored and good-natured inhabitants, and with the pleasing, cheerful ways of Philippine social life, that I decided to return within a number of years and make it my future home.

When not traveling in the interior of Luzon or on other islands in the vicinity, I usually spent the days in or near Manila, where the greatest variety of new, strange, and fascinating scenes constantly passed before my eyes. To hear wonderful music, to enjoy the pleasure of dancing, to see the extreme splendor of religious festivals, it is necessary to go to the Philippines.

There are but few countries on our globe in which the habits and peculiarities of former centuries are so rigidly adhered to, and where the admirer of nature finds such a rich, productive field for study as on the Philippines, which in this respect may be looked upon as the Jewel of the Orient.

In later years I was fortunate enough to become more familiar with the Philippine Islands than perhaps falls to the lot of many of my fellowmen. I was employed there first as a clerk, and later, in

Manila, Calle Anloague 8, for over twelve years, established under the firm of E. Klopfer & Co. During all this time traveling was my greatest pleasure, and at every opportunity possible I took a vacation, and left the capital, in order to see more of that beautiful country.

I have traveled on horseback thousands of miles, crossing the different islands from one side to the other, and never grew tired of the constantly changing scenes and the tropical luxuriance of that incomparable archipelago, which to this very day is so little known and appreciated in other parts of the world.

When I had been for nearly six months on the Philippines I was obliged to consider in earnest the question of my departure. It was harder for me than I imagined it would be to tear myself from a country whose seductive influences had taken such a hold upon me. It was, however, a disagreeable necessity; but he who yearns, as I did, to observe the marvels and beauties of this world of ours must not permit himself to become enamored of the charms of women in any particular locality.

I left Manila on the American bark *Early Bird.* It was evening when we made our way out of the harbor. The vessel was in ballast, bound for Hong Kong, where she had a better paying rice charter from the China Coast. A fresh land breeze carried us along nicely, and at daybreak the next morning

we found ourselves outside of the Island of Corrigidor.

In a heavy sea, with unfavorable winds, we beat up the coast as far as Cape Bolinao, from whence we steered a northwesterly course right into the heart of the China Sea. Wrapped in a dream, I stood to the last moment on the quarter deck, gazing with moistened eyes at the fast disappearing land which, during the past few months, had received and entertained me so hospitably. Now, as I found myself once more amid the waves of the heaving, restless ocean, surrounded by naught save sky and water, the recollection of those beautiful days I had spent there returned to my memory stronger than ever, causing a feeling of depression and melancholy.

The further we left the land behind us the more we noticed the effect of the strong northeast monsoon. The mountainous waves rolled their foaming crests alongside, and the beam seas, through which we ploughed during the whole voyage, treated our lightly ballasted bark most unmercifully. She rolled and pitched in such a dreadful manner that even the best sailors aboard were seized with nausea, their heads felt like bursting, and their stomachs rebelled.

Besides myself there was another passenger on board, a Mestizo from the interior of Luzon. This poor fellow, who had never been at sea before, became seasick before we left Manila. He at once

crawled into his berth and did not make his appearance until we had anchored in the calm waters of the harbor of Hong Kong. He then resembled a dried-up mummy, with his yellow, death-like complexion. He had an Indian boy along with him as servant, but as he shared the same fate of his master, the servant, too, had to be looked after by our steward. Securely lashed to their berths, both lay in the one stateroom, where they groaned and bewailed their fate in a most pitiful and heartrending manner.

It took us fully seven days to make Hong Kong, although the distance is not more than six hundred and fifty miles. The weather was very stormy, the dark, low-hanging clouds completely shut the sun from us, and the *Early Bird*, with reefed stormsails, could hardly make headway against the tremendous seas. Our experience of that week aboard the bark was a very unpleasant one, and the anxiety to reach Hong Kong was general and mutual. Without holding on to something one could neither walk nor stand, and unless firmly packed into our berths with mattresses and quilts, we would have certainly been pitched out of them during the night.

The captain, the mates and myself were the only ones able to come to table for our meals. The dreadful movement of the vessel took away all appetite for food, and the little one was able to eat was swallowed with the utmost aversion and difficulty. With our legs twisted about the legs of the

dining table, we sat there and tried our best to move our bodies in unison with the movement of the vessel, which the foaming and roaring seas tossed about like a nutshell.

Plates and dishes were set inside the squares of the storm-boards, fastened at right angles across the dining table. The steward stood by and did all he could to keep things in place, but neither he nor we could prevent them from flying from the table to the floor, against the walls, or into our laps, at every pitch from the bark. We balanced the plates with our left hand and, while watching a chance when the pitching and rolling was least severe, we shoveled the contents into our mouths as quickly as possible. In spite of all the care and watchfulness exercised, every now and then some one would spill a cup of tea or a plate of soup over himself or some one else, much to their mutual disgust.

In the morning of the last day of our voyage we sighted the bare and rugged coast of China. Wind and sea gradually subsiding, we were able to carry on under full sail, and threading our way through a fleet of thousands of Chinese fishing junks, arrived a little after sunset at our port of destination. We anchored scarcely half a mile from shore, in the midst of hundreds of vessels flying the flags of almost every nationality in the world.

The bustle and business-like activity which prevailed in the waters of the harbor were really

astonishing, and as new and interesting to me as the mixed crowd of Chinese, both men and women, who, with the object of recommending themselves to us in their different lines of business, came and went, thronging the deck of our vessel.

On account of the late hour of our arrival I remained the night on board, and enjoyed the beautiful sights which Hong Kong affords when seen from the water or opposite shore, after dark. Next morning I took leave of the *Early Bird*, at whose mizzen gaff the stars and stripes, the symbol of freedom and liberty, were flying, and went ashore in a sampan with our white-bearded captain.

I stepped into a chair and ordered the coolies to carry me up the hill to the Hotel de l'Europe. A young Scotchman, a junior partner in one of the largest English firms on the China Coast, who had read my name in the passenger list, and whose acquaintance I had made in the Philippines, came a few hours later to the hotel and invited me to make my home with him. I accepted his kind invitation, and lived with him during my stay in Hong Kong.

During my life on the China Coast I traveled about a good deal, and was almost continually on the road. From Canton to Peking I saw, perhaps, everything worth seeing, trying at the same time, to familiarize myself with the customs, habits and peculiarities of these strange people.

China, in no way, made a favorable impres-

sion upon me, not even in later years, during which, at different times, I have traveled in this extraordinary country. The natural beauties of the country are very commonplace when compared with other lands. The cities, towns and villages are all built after the same pattern, resembling one another as much as one egg does the rest of a dozen, and the people always showing their most unfavorable characteristics to foreigners.

With but few exceptions, I have found everywhere the same viciousness, the same immorality, the same poverty and misery, the same want of sympathy, the same mean, low and cunning faces, and even the same objectionable odor. Ignorance, tyranny and hatred of foreigners shows itself everywhere, and makes a long residence among these people neither pleasant nor desirable.

In the beginning of the early sixties, probably in consequence of the punishment administered to them by the French and English, the Chinese appeared to be afraid of foreigners, and showed a wholesome respect for their arts of war. But this prestige has gradually been lost and since the last Tong King war, especially since the catastrophe at Langsom, it has almost ceased to exist. The Chinese are now prouder and haughtier than ever, and it positively seems as though they looked upon themselves as the future conquerors of the world.

No thoughtful person can deny that China is the nation of the future. Neither we nor our chil-

dren will see it, but the time may come when every other country in the world will be forced to submit to Chinese rule. Such a country as China, as large as Europe, with almost double the population of that whole continent, is, in spite of the less war-like qualities of its people, always a very dangerous rival, and not to be underrated.

It is impossible for any one to clearly understand the subtlety and intricate cunning of the Chinese, who has not lived among and studied them exclusively and without bias for many years. Neither in Europe nor America, not even in the State of California, which is the American Eldorado of the Chinese, has any one, up to the present time, seemed to grasp the real estimate of these stupid-looking, pig-tailed Asiatics. Their sagacity, their ability, their tenacity of purpose, and their self-confidence beats everything, and no other nation in the world can compete with them in these attributes, which go so far towards success.

The poverty of their own over-crowded country drives them abroad, where, through their ruinous competition, they have often become a burden and a nuisance in the labor market. Where the Chinese have once nested they never can be driven out. They increase almost as rapidly in numbers as rabbits, and in a way which people of other nationalities do not realize. If two hundred of them are killed to-day, then, to-morrow, three hundred come back to replace them.

Money is the only power, the only god the Chinese know. For money they do and suffer anything, even to the selling of wives and children. A Chinaman will "thank you" if you spit in his face and give him a dollar afterwards, and if you pitch him out of one door he will surely sneak in by another, if he thinks he can make any money by it; or when his cunning teaches him that, perhaps, one day he may find a field for his peculiar talents.

There are exceptions, but they are so very rare that they only prove the rule.

Besides, the Chinese understand most thoroughly the art of bribery, and realize fully the power of money to overcome obstacles—in many countries the very highest authorities have fallen victims to their temptations.

The Philippines, the Sunda Islands, the Moluccas, Siam, Birma, and many other of the Asiatic countries are to-day, more or less, under the control of the Chinese, and the greater proportion of their commerce is controlled by them.

The peculiar aptitude for mercantile affairs, combined with their industry and temperance, and the aptness with which they grasp new ideas, cannot but inspire admiration from all who even hate these people.

The smartest Jew turns pale with envy at the tricks of his Chinese competitor. As far as business ability is concerned, the Chinese are as far ahead of the Jews as the Jews are ahead of the Christians.

Having seen everything of the country that the time at my disposal would permit on this occasion, my desire to see America drove me to the New World. I had decided to make the necessary arrangements for a passage, when, one morning in the Queen's Road in Hong Kong, I met a captain of an English sailing vessel, whom I knew. He told me that he had just closed a charter at the office of his Comprador, and that he was to sail in ballast to Saigon, to bring a cargo of rice from thence to Hong Kong.

He invited me to join him in his short round voyage, and, as I was not pressed for time, I accepted his invitation with pleasure. I went home, packed a few necessaries in a satchel, and an hour later found myself on board, ready for the start.

Captain Scott was a jolly young Englishman, and owner as well as skipper of his beautiful little vessel of about 450 tons, which, in honor of his wife, he had named *Mary*. This lady accompanied us, with her sister, a charming girl of nineteen, with rosy cheeks, golden hair, light blue eyes, and the prettiest English expression of face.

The son of wealthy parents, he was not dependent upon the profits of his profession. When a good charter was offered him, he accepted, and when he could not get an advantageous one, he declined, awaiting better times, or he would sail in ballast for some other port. He combined the pleasant with

the practical side of a sailor's life, preferring rather to do nothing than to go through lots of work for no adequate reward.

The distance from Hong Kong to Saigon, the capital of the French possessions in Cochin-China, is about nine hundred miles. We expected to make the run down in from five to six days, and to be back in Hong Kong within a month.

The next morning we got our anchors aboard, and with a fresh, favorable breeze we soon lost sight of the romantic shores of the island of Hong Kong.

Life aboard the little bark was very pleasant, and the hours passed like a dream. The cabin and staterooms were large, airy and richly furnished, and afforded all the comforts of a parlor on land.

With the exception of breakfast, dinner and supper time, and the hours the ladies devoted to music, vocal and instrumental, we spent the whole day in the fresh air, under the double awnings on our quarter deck. We would sit or lie in comfortable Chinese rattan chairs, employing our time in reading, talking, chess or checkers; sometimes walking the deck for hours.

On the morning of the fifth day of our voyage, just after we had seated ourselves at the breakfast table, an event of the most disastrous nature suddenly befell us. A horrible crash, that made the vessel tremble in every rib and joint, turned our thoughts and anticipations to terror, and flung us

against the walls, against each other, or to the floor with great force. Recovering ourselves, we at once rushed upon deck, where we found everything in the utmost confusion. The weeping of the women, the barking, grunting and cackling of our dogs, pigs and poultry, the flapping of the sails against the masts, the shouts, yells and curses of the officers and men, all joined to the heavy breakers about us, made confusion worse confounded. The ship was on the rocks, and every sea lifted her, carrying her crashing and grinding further onto them.

A dense fog lay upon the water, making our situation seem even more perilous than it was,—so thick and impenetrable was it that we could scarcely see our hands before our eyes.

Some of the officers went below into the hold and returned with the ill news that the sea was pouring in and had reached almost the level of itself. Our only hope, therefore, was in our boats, to which we at once turned for refuge. The two largest were lowered and hastily furnished with provisions, water, nautical instruments, blankets and other necessaries. Dressed in oilskins, and taking the most valuable of our possessions in little bundles with us, we descended the ladder. We took along two dogs and a cat; the other animals had to be left to their fate.

In the boat which the captain commanded, were his wife, his sister-in-law, the second mate, six sailors and myself. The other boat, under the com-

mand of the first mate, contained the rest of the crew, the dogs and the cat.

The heat of the sun had dispersed the fog before we deserted the unfortunate *Mary*. To avoid damage from the breakers we pulled a good distance to sea, when we ceased rowing, in order to overlook the locality which had proved so fatal to us.

The vessel had fallen a victim to a heavy fog and the changeable currents of these seas. She had been driven off her course, and at a speed of about four miles an hour, carried upon the reefs of the eastern Paracels.

We were fortunate, after all, having to thank the weather at least for our lives, for had there been a heavy wind, with a high sea at the time the bark went on the rocks, our escape would have been almost impossible, and probably we would have all perished with the vessel.

The captain having issued sailing instructions, we wished each other farewell, rigged our sails and steered for the nearest coast, that of Anam, about two hundred miles distant.

For the first two days we had the finest kind of weather, and with the exception of the scorching heat of the sun, the effect of which was increased to still greater intensity by reflection from the water, no cause for complaint. Propelled by our oars, and aided by a light breeze, which scarcely filled our little sail, we skimmed over the mirror-like surface of the ocean, heaving in long, even

swells gently beneath us. Even the nights were calm and beautiful, and we all felt thankful that our unfortunate women, shortly before so happily situated, could enjoy a short rest, forgetting for a few hours their sadly dangerous situation in blessed sleep.

On the morning of the third day dark clouds began to gather upon the southern horizon. They gradually overspread the heavens, and a few hours later a thunder storm, accompanied by a cloudburst of rain, swept upon us. From the moment this storm overtook us our boat became a small lake, and we unfortunates, drenched to our skin, had up to the hour of our rescue not a dry stitch on our bodies.

The weather grew from bad to worse, the former mirror-like surface of the ocean presenting in a short time a totally different appearance. The foaming seas, breaking with deafening roars about us, rolled mountains high along, threatening to engulf our little boat and suck it down into the depths.

At noon of that day we made out, not far from us, a steamer bound south. Yearning for deliverance, we used our utmost efforts to attract the attention of her people, but our endeavors were in vain. Probably because of the rain, and the thick, murky atmosphere, they did not notice our little boat, as it appeared one moment at the top of an immense sea to be hidden deep in its trough the

next, and without taking the slightest notice of us the steamer passed by on her course. This disappointment had a crushing effect upon us all, especially upon our two unfortunate ladies, who fell back on their wringing wet pillows, weeping and throwing themselves about in such a manner that even the stoutest-hearted among us could not restrain his tears.

But the following night we experienced still more grievous perils, and drained the cup of misery to its very dregs. The fury of the gale increased from hour to hour, and as the night came on it reached such a pitch that we lost all hope of ever seeing the sun rise again. The blast swept howling by us, driving the spray, which stung the skin like hailstones, in our faces.

To prevent the seas from carrying us overboard we took refuge in the bottom of the boat. Shivering from cold and exposure, the water almost up to our necks, we clung to the seats in front of us. Under the seat nearest the rudder sat the captain, his wife, her sister and myself. We placed the two women between us, so as to assist them to the best of our ability, but it took all our strength to hold them in position, and to prevent the seas from carrying them away before our very eyes. In such an utterly helpless condition we passed the hours of that long and dreadful night.

Next morning a sad loss was revealed to us which the darkness and turmoil of the night before

had veiled from our eyes. The number of our sailors had been reduced to four. The two missing men were probably washed overboard, not having strength to hold on to their seats. The tragic fate of these men made a deeply painful impression upon us, particularly as we could not tell who might be taken next. Those who were left had suffered considerably, and we all showed the effects of last night's misery. The seas, while striking us with great force, had thumped our heads against the seats and sides of the boat, bruising our faces and making them sore and swollen, while our dripping hair, hanging over our eyes, gave us the appearance of a lot of savages.

Rudder and sails, oars, blankets and provisions, en fin, everything floatable had disappeared, and we were left utterly at the mercy of the waves and fate.

At noon the weather began to mend, and the blessed sun at times found its way through the dark, low-hanging clouds, giving us new encouragement. We bailed the water out, and with our hands and the seats of our boat paddled slowly along.

At sunset we sighted the smoke, and a little later the dark lines, of a north-going steamer, which, coming nearer and nearer, kept at a distance of about four miles from us. With the few resources at our disposal we did our best to make ourselves known to the people on board, but it seemed at first that they did not notice us. The vessel had already passed us a good distance when suddenly she turned

and held right for us. The joy with which we were seized as the long-expected rescue was at hand is hard to describe ; we cried, laughed and embraced one another, and behaved like little children.

When the steamer was close enough she threw us a line, and five minutes later we found ourselves aboard the English steamer *Siam*, bound for Hong Kong. Officers and passengers received us with the utmost kindness. The women showered kisses and embraces upon our two distressed ladies, who were taken in charge and provided with everything they needed. With the exception of the kissing and embracing, the same kindness was bestowed upon the rest of us, and every one strove to comfort us after our terrible experiences.

Three days later I again stepped ashore at Hong Kong.

CHAPTER III

In consequence of the costly life on the China Coast my resources had become very much reduced, and I had not sufficient money to pay my fare from Hong Kong to San Francisco, a distance of about six thousand miles.

In those days steamer connection between China and California was not established, and the entire communication between the two ports was carried on by means of sailing vessels. The fare from port to port was three hundred dollars, and the average time of a voyage about fifty days.

A young man is often actuated by false shame, and I dreaded that my acquaintances in China should know how little money I had.

During my residence on the China Coast I associated with and had the entree to the houses of the wealthiest and most exclusive merchants, and many thought that I controlled large if not inexhaustible resources.

The fallacy common among a certain class of Europeans, that manual labor dishonors a man, and that he who works for an honest living lowers and degrades himself, is shared not only in China, but in all other Asiatic countries.

I was young, strong and healthy, not afraid of the hardest kind of work, and had imbibed the

idea that it would reflect honor rather than dishonor on the person performing it. Therefore, I decided to ship as a sailor on board of one of the vessels loading for San Francisco. I understood the English and Spanish words of command, and knew almost everything concerning the masts, sails, yards and rigging of a ship, and besides, I had a good deal of general knowledge pertaining to nautical affairs.

When I spoke to my young Scotch friend regarding my plan, he laughed in my face and asked if I had gone mad. He told me that, if my situation was as I explained he would pay my passage, advancing me a few hundred dollars besides, which I could repay at any time. But I did not feel disposed to cumber myself with debts, preferring to earn instead of to borrow, and thanking him for his generous offer, I declined.

Three vessels, an American, a German and an English, were loading at Hong Kong for San Francisco at this time, so I took a sampan, and rowing about the bay had a look at them all, and decided at once in favor of the American.

The graceful, symmetrical lines of American sailing vessels, compared with the more or less plump though clumsy build of those of other nationalities, made from the very first a most favorable impression upon me. In later years, having had the opportunity of seeing vessels of almost every country of our globe, I am still convinced that my early

conclusions were correct, and in this I am borne out by all of practical experience.

My last day in Hong Kong I spent in purchasing the necessaries for my future profession and in wandering about the hills, slopes and valleys of this romantic little island. Viewing their charms and beauties, made greater by the improvements under way, I was forced to admire the energy of the English, who, since the year 1842, when they took possession of the island, had made out of a bare rock a second paradise, for there is nothing to compare with it on the whole China Coast.

After my last dinner in Hong Kong I played a few games of billiards, packed my belongings into a sampan, and toward midnight went aboard the American ship, *Annie Clune*, which on the following day was to sail for San Francisco.

The difference between my last meal ashore and my first aboard was very remarkable, and showed me for the first time to what strange and different positions in life a person can shift within a few hours. I had to laugh to myself as during the following morning I ate my frugal breakfast from tin plates and tin dishes, and in company with a crowd of more or less rough-spoken fellows.

In the house of my late host in Hong Kong the stiff, old-time English custom prevailed, to which, especially at dinner, every one was expected to conform strictly. The dinner party appeared in full evening dress, and consisted of the two partners,

two or three guests, and about a dozen clerks of the firm.

Sherry and bitters, to give zest to the appetite, were served before dinner, whereupon each one took the seat assigned to him. Behind each chair stood a Chinese boy, whose sole duty it was to attend to the wants of the guest. They were dressed in blouses and trousers of the same shade of silk, and moved in their thick-soled felt shoes noiselessly to and fro.

Upon the dining table, decorated with fragrant flowers and illuminated with candles in richly ornamented candlesticks, stood, under white metal covers, the greatest variety of toothsome viands. Plates and dishes had double bottoms, between which, to keep the contents warm, hot water was poured. Sherry was served with soup, Rhine wine with fish, Bordeaux with the other courses, champagne at dessert, cognac and liquor with coffee. As soon as the dessert was placed upon the table, one of the partners, rising and wine glass in hand, said: "Gentlemen—sweethearts and wives!" whereupon each one emptied his glass of champagne. Later, the other partner stood up and drank to "Absent friends."

After dinner, which always lasted about two hours, every one was at liberty to do whatever he pleased. Some stayed at home, played billiards, chess or cards, and others went wherever they thought they could enjoy themselves better. Poker, at which large sums of money were lost and won,

was always the most popular game. Up to the present day no entertainment is imaginable on the China Coast without poker, champagne and women.

The *Annie Clune*, aboard which I was to live for many weeks to come, was a large, handsomely modeled American ship, of about 1500 registered tons. Besides the captain, who carried his wife, three children and their governess with him, we had two mates, one boatswain, one carpenter, one sail maker, one colored cook, two stewards and twenty sailors in our ship's company, consisting of Americans, English, Irish, two Swedes, one Norwegian and myself.

The cargo of the vessel consisted of rice, sugar, and a miscellanous lot of Asiatic products.

A proud and self-opinionated English nobleman, who, as it seemed, intended to teach the Americans some aristocratic manners, was, with his English servant, the only cabin passenger on board.

In the steerage we had about 800 Chinese, and among them, under the protection of an old, weather-beaten "aunt," some fifty red-painted Chinese maidens, who, in one way or another, intended to make a fortune in the Californian Eldorado.

The Chinese paid for their passage twenty-five dollars each, but were obliged to board themselves, and to cook their rice and all the many different, horrible-smelling dishes in a kitchen erected expressly for them on deck.

On account of the numerous pieces of baggage, the quantity of Chinese provisions, and the number of passengers we had to take on board, our departure was delayed for a few days. At last everything was ready, and to the words and air of the merry sailors' song "I wish I had a Yankee Girl," we heaved our anchors, made sail, and with a fresh breeze were soon out of sight of land.

During the first part of our voyage we had to contend with a good many difficulties, which prevented us from making as fast time as we expected, but later, to the delight of every one on board, our clipper cut the water like an arrow.

The sailor life aboard the *Annie Clune* was, under the circumstances, a very pleasant one, and none but a weak or lazy man could find any cause for complaint. To this very minute I think with pleasure of those days, and I gained by experience and observation a good deal of knowledge, which I had not even the slightest idea of before. I used about the same language as my companions, and did my best to live as nearly upon an equality with them as possible.

The crew was about equally divided between the watches of the first and second mates. We had four hours on deck, and four hours below, and, in order to make a change in the rotation of the watches, from four to eight in the evening, two watches of two hours each. During the whole voyage, which lasted sixty-two days, all hands were

ordered on deck, on account of bad weather, not more than a half a dozen times.

I was on good terms with the greater part of the crew, and quarrels or violent disputes were almost unknown. I had one enemy on board, however, a sailor from Oregon, with whom, from the very beginning, I failed to agree. He belonged to the same watch as I, and in spite of the fact that I had never provoked him in the least, had a feeling of hatred for me, which one day resulted in quite a lively fight.

It happened one morning when, from four to eight, our watch was on deck. We were busy cleaning the deck, when, as usual every one had to stand at a place assigned to him. Some of us scrubbed with sand and pumice stone, others drew water and poured it into tubs, from which others again carried it in buckets to those who were in charge of the deck washing.

I was returning with empty buckets, as my old friend, with two full ones, ran against me. It seemed that he could restrain his grudge no longer, and swung, while passing me, one of his buckets with such a force against my shin-bone, that I fell in a heap groaning with pain. I sprang up at once, jumped at him, and threw him to the deck, where we belabored each other with our fists in a very lively manner.

The vessel, heeling over, rolled us into a corner, where by chance I came up atop of him. I seized

him by the throat, twisting my legs about his body, and thus had him at my mercy, although he was stronger than I. Our shipmates, who in the meantime had formed a circle around us, urged us on, only too anxious to see the fight out.

We were both bleeding from mouths and noses when, at last, we were separated, and I declared the better man. We washed our faces with salt water, and went, as if nothing had happened, to our work again. Almost every man in the crew was on my side, and even the mate patted me on the shoulder and said: "Good boy, you." My opponent was certainly less satisfied, he felt sore over his defeat and the congratulations showered upon me, and planned revenge.

A few minutes later, as we passed each other again, he suddenly threw down his buckets, got out his knife and came at me. But some of the others about were quicker than he, and before he could use it they jumped at him, knocked him down, and gave him such a fearful beating that he had to be carried to his bunk more dead than alive, where he lay for eight days or so, scarcely able to move.

I felt pleased and highly gratified at the fair dealing and honest feeling of my shipmates, and came to the conclusion, that sailors, in general, are far better fellows than the world esteems them. A fray with equal weapons, man against man, is upheld, while a fight with unequal weapons, or under unfair conditions, is opposed and detested by them.

Our work on board consisted chiefly in changing, fastening or loosening sails, in deck scrubbing, washing and sweeping, in steering and pumping. Besides, we had to keep watch of our Chinese on deck as well as under deck, and to look out that they didn't perish in their own filth, and that the vermin, which stuck to them like leeches, didn't run away with our vessel.

The steerage of the *Annie Clune* smelled and looked exactly the same as the interior of any Chinese town. Some of the passengers lay all day long in their bunks, which they had decorated with matting, colored paper, gaily-painted boards and signs, spending the hours in gambling, reading, chatting, sleeping, smoking opium, or searching for vermin. Others walked up and down in the street-like gangways between the bunks, packed full with all sorts of dirty, horrible-smelling stuff, while the rest grouped together on deck, making at times such a noise that we had to drive them below.

With the exception of one sailing vessel, we did not see a craft of any kind while crossing the Pacific; this vessel we sighted about two thousand miles off the American Coast. She signaled that in consequence of bad weather she was over three months out, asking us at the same time if we could spare and send over to her some provisions, as the seas had smashed her boats. She was the Prussian bark, *Luise*. She came from Macao, and had a few hundred Chinese for San Francisco on board.

In assent to the wishes of the German we at once hove to, lowered a boat, put some flour, salt meat, potatoes, biscuits and other food into it, and in charge of the second mate pulled over to her. While the stores were being taken aboard I talked with some of the sailors. The poor fellows looked pitifully, and complained of the misery which prevailed on board of their rotten old tub.

It seems incredible that owners should send such decrepit old hulks to sea, which in America would not be used for kindling-wood. Only absolute necessity can force men, with perhaps wives and children to support, to risk their lives in such a miserable, worn-out craft. We pitied those half-starved fellows on board her, who, compared with us, looked like skeletons. One word on our part would have been sufficient to have induced them to desert and come over to us.

After the seafaring style we wished each other a happy voyage, squared our yards, and dropped the Prussian peat-cutter soon out of sight.

One Sunday we crossed the one hundred and eightieth degree of eastern longitude and gained, while going east, twenty-four hours in our time table. The weather was cold and unpleasant, and as on Sundays only necessary work is done, but a few men were required on deck, the rest going to the forecastle, where they spent the time in recreation.

Suddenly we were alarmed by shouts and cries on deck; at the same time the yards swung about

and the sails flapped against the masts. We hastened up, and found the greatest excitement prevailing among the Chinese, who in throngs came swarming from the steerage, increasing the tumult materially.

They had cut some of the running gear, and armed with chopping knives and bamboo poles, were busy in doing some more mischief.

In a moment the men had grasped the intention of the Chinese; they jumped for the handspikes and went for them, striking them down as fast they could. The captain called all hands aft, provided them with rifles and swords, and held them ready for action.

The first mate, revolver in hand, went towards the Chinese, ordering them to be quiet and to go below at once; but instead of obeying they flung stones and knives at him. Seeing this, our captain gave the word of command · "Go ahead, boys." We then gave a volley and charged the yelling, roaring crowd with bayonets and cutlasses. A hand-to-hand fight and terrible butchery followed, out of which we emerged victors. Every one of them who could not escape in time was cut down, or seized and thrown over board.

During all this time the vessel had to be left to herself and to the mercy of the waves; she was tossed about, and served, with her loosely-swinging yards and sails, as a plaything for the foaming mountains of water which came rolling alongside. The deck presented a ghastly sight. Dead and

wounded Chinese lay strewn about in every direction, and among them some of our unfortunate comrades. One sailor's scull was split open, and his brains had scattered over a dead Chinaman who lay underneath him. Pools of blood and the crimson-tinted water which washed from one side of the deck to the other, gave evidence of the severity of the conflict.

After driving the remaining Chinese below and closing the hatches, we threw the dead overboard and carried our wounded shipmates to the cabin, where the best and kindest nursing awaited them. Our dead comrade was wrapped in the American flag, lashed to a stone-weighted board and committed to the sea while the captain read a short funeral service. It was a solemn and impressive moment, the memory of which will never fade from the mind of those who were present. Splashed and clotted with blood, bare-headed, with tears in our eyes, we stood there and listened to the words of our commander.

We worked all night on deck, on the yards and in the rigging, and at dawn next morning the greater part of the damage had been repaired.

At noon the next day we opened the hatches and allowed some of the Chinese to come on deck. They told us that during the night many of their countrymen had died, and that a considerable number of them would probably share the same fate.

In order to prevent a similar outbreak in the future, we, from the day of our trouble, used the greatest precautions towards our treacherous and blood-thirsty passengers. We only allowed a small number of them at a time on deck, and instantly put a stop to the continuous rows and quarrels among themselves.

The real cause of their uprising we could never ascertain, in spite of questioning some of the better class of Chinese about it. They remained mute and would not or could not give us the desired explanation. These hardened, suspicious and malicious fellows are fighting, slashing and tyrannizing the weaker among themselves all the time, but against the hated foreigner they stand together as one man.

We thought, however, that their intention was to put us out of the way, so that they could take possession of the ship, cargo and everything else. But such a project, usually, is far easier planned than carried out, and besides, our Chinese did not take the fact into consideration that in the event of success certain death would have awaited them. Mutiny and bloody fights among themselves would probably have taken place, and being absolutely ignorant of navigating or sailing the vessel, nothing in the world could have saved them from becoming a prey to the ocean.

Many vessels, loaded with coolies, have left the China Coast and never reached port. What became

of them no one knows, and no one will ever know. Whether they fell a victim to Chinese mutiny or to the fury of wind and weather, the ocean alone can tell.

The ladies defended the entrance to the cabin during the fight. Revolver in hand they stood there, watching with beating hearts the result of the struggle. They were determined to blow their brains out in case of our defeat, rather than surrender to the victorious Chinese.

During the hours of danger and peril our noble lord had disappeared, thinking it wiser to sneak away and hide himself behind the door of his stateroom. He reappeared as everything was over, and then tried his best to play the bold and fearless nobleman again.

The fact that on account of his cowardly conduct he was looked upon with contempt by both women and men, did not worry him at all. In his aristocratic pride and haughtiness he felt himself above such rebukes, and did not pay the slightest attention to what common people, like ourselves, said or thought about him.

The ignorant stupidity that stared from the eyes of this fellow led one easily to infer that excepting himself, he found everything else in life imperfect and defective. Through his self-conceit he had made himself from the first most disagreeable to every one in the cabin. To speak to the mates, or even the captain, he considered beneath

his dignity, and only condescended to notice the ladies at intervals.

About thirty miles from the coast, close to the Farallones de los Frayles, we took a pilot aboard, and shortly after luncheon sailed through the beautiful Golden Gate, dropping anchor in the spacious Bay of San Francisco amid a fleet of hundreds of vessels.

CHAPTER IV

In the meantime, a lot of rough and wild-looking fellows had boarded us. They did not take the slightest notice of our officers, and behaved almost as if they were the owners of our stately *Annie Clune*. They were runners for sailor boarding and lodging houses, and did not make a very winning or favorable impression upon me. There was the keenest rivalry and competition between them to induce our men to patronize their respective houses.

A few hours later we weighed anchor and brought our vessel to Pacific-street wharf, when our duties as seamen were finished, as far as the *Annie Clune* was concerned. In company with some of my shipmates I went to one of those sailors' shanties, where, for a few days, I made myself as comfortable as possible.

The day after reaching port we were paid off. I had about seventy dollars to my credit. It was the very first money I had ever earned in my life, and the feeling of having gained it in an honest way, and gathered experience as well, gave me far greater satisfaction than the mere possession of it.

During the first few days in San Francisco I spent the time from morning to evening strolling about the streets and in the neighborhood of the city, and never grew weary of the many new and interesting scenes which met my eyes at every turn.

In my boarding house, as in all establishments of like kind, a very rude and noisy life prevailed. The one aim in life of the keepers of these places is to gain possession of the hard-earned money of the newly-landed sailors, and the attention, at first showered on the men, usually ceases when the last dollar has disappeared from their pockets. When there is nothing more to get, nothing more to be squeezed out of them, they are either kicked into the streets or shipped on an outgoing vessel.

No matter at what hour I entered the bar-room of this delightful resort for poor Jack, I could always be sure of finding an awful row going on, and sometimes the scenes were very horrible ones. Sailors are proverbially generous with their hard-earned money, and as long as they have a dollar will loaf about these groggeries, treating one another, until the room is filled with men in all stages of drunkenness. Some of them lay grunting and snoring upon the benches and floors, while others hung on to the bar, pouring out libations to their only God.

The sight, a very repulsive one to me, was calculated to make an unfavorable impression upon any sober person. When my shipmates caught sight of me they pounced upon me with drunken embraces, insisting upon my drinking with them. As a refusal to drink is considered an insult, and hurts the feelings of a good many people, I most generally accepted their invitation and returned it by treating the whole lot to drinks or cigars.

It is almost impossible to realize the quantities of liquor that seafaring men consume. My experience in that lodging house has convinced me that such a business leaves a tremendous margin of profit. Less fiery drinks than brandy and whisky were not favored, and looked upon with contempt. Each drink cost one bit, or twelve and one-half cents. Two and a half, five, ten, even twenty-dollar gold pieces were thrown about as carelessly as if they were so many worthless copper coins, and in the matter of change and accounting neither party was at all particular. I had never before seen such a phase, and would have thought it impossible that people could allow others to pluck and cheat them in such a barefaced manner.

The business methods of my boarding house master did not agree with my ideas, and I decided to move to a more reputable quarter of the city.

With few exceptions, sailors are the same the world over. They are fickle, credulous, and squander time and money without thought of the future. The present—never the future holds any interest for them, and therefore the earnings of their dangerous and arduous calling soon vanish. As long as a dollar remains in their pocket they feel uncomfortable, and continue their wild, dissipated career ashore. The last dollar gone, the charms of a life afloat renew themselves. They ship again for another voyage—never realizing that they are growing older from day to day, that they remain always

in the same class of life, and that at last, with muscles and joints grown stiff, they are even unfit for sailors. While sailors are young they usually don't care to increase their knowledge of navigation or anything that would be useful to them—these things only strike them when they are old, when it is too late to recall the past.

On the evening of my fourth day in San Francisco I returned to my boarding house as usual, ate my supper and went to bed.

When I awoke I found myself lying on the floor, in a strange place, scantily dressed and surrounded by a crowd of grunting, groaning and cursing fellows. I was shivering with cold, for my covering was but of the lightest. A thick crust of dried mud stuck to my limbs, and when I moved the effort caused me considerable pain. My head, heavy and dizzy, was filled with fantastic ideas and dreams. I could scarcely gather my senses together, and was trying to account for the situation I found myself in, when I fell asleep again.

When at length some one awakened me it was bright daylight. A policeman stood before me, and ordered me to follow him. Puzzled and unable to account to myself for this situation, I rose from the floor and followed him into another room, where I was confronted with two men. Upon being asked whether I knew them or not, I answered that one was unknown to me, but that the other was the master of the sailor boarding house in which I lived.

After I had answered several other questions, I was told that I had been picked up in an unconscious condition near midnight of the previous night, in the vicinity of the Broadway wharf. The officer on the beat, noticing two suspicious-looking men carrying a heavy load, had ordered them to halt, whereupon the men had thrown their burden into the mud and started on a run, but were overhauled and taken to the nearest station, accompanied by their burden, which turned out to be myself.

As I had explained everything satisfactorily, they gave me some clothing to cover my half-naked body, and, accompanied by a police officer, I returned to my boarding house. Our appearance created the greatest excitement; my shipmates, upon hearing what had happened, grew wildly enraged and began to smash everything within reach, and to pull the old wooden shanty down.

I thanked the officer for his kind assistance, took my few belongings and moved into an uptown boarding house.

I had had a very narrow escape from falling a victim to the rascality of my landlord. In those days I had heard but little of the practice of "shanghaiing," and the thought that I might fall a victim to such a fate never entered my mind. In countries where sailors can earn more money by staying ashore than by going to sea, it is at times difficult to get the necessary number of men to complete the crews of outgoing vessels.

The masters of sailor boarding houses to whom the officers of these vessels apply, are obliged to find a remedy for this scarcity of seamen in one way or another. If sailors are not obtainable they manage to get hold of "green hands," entice them to their dens, and after drugging or getting them under the influence of liquor they are brought aboard a vessel, lying in the stream ready to sail. The "blood-money" which masters have to pay to these gentlemen always amounts to one or two months' wages for every man they put on board.

When later these poor fellows come to their senses they find the vessel at sea, far away from port. It is too late then for remonstrances, they are of no avail and only make the situation worse. Under such circumstances nothing can be done but submit to the inevitable.

Men of all trades, without the slightest idea of a seaman's duties, have been "shanghaied" in this fashion. Many a poor fellow has jumped overboard in desperation at finding himself in such a pitiable plight, while others take the matter philosophically, make the best of the situation, do their duty the best they know how, and eventually return to the port of departure to succeed in meting out justice to the dealers who stole and sold them into slavery.

During the past thirty years things may have changed considerably for the better, as far as this business is concerned, but from time to time "shanghaiing" is still going on.

CHAPTER V.

A few days later I read an account of the discovery of rich gold mines on the Leech River in Vancouver's Island, and at once made up my mind to try my luck in that part of the world. I secured a ticket and that same evening found myself on the way to Victoria, the Capital of British Columbia.

During the voyage, which lasted about four days, I made the acquaintance of a young fellow from New York, who had worked in the gold diggings of California and Colorado. Being of about the same age and having the same ideas as to travel, we soon became friends and agreed to manage our present undertaking for joint account.

There were a good many passengers on board who, like ourselves, misled by glowing newspaper accounts, expected to find up north a second Californian Eldorado.

Upon arriving at Victoria we at once made the necessary preparations, and as soon as everything was completed we started for our destination.

At the time of our advent at the mines there were already a few hundred men busy at work, digging, shoveling and washing the dirt they had heaped together. Newcomers arrived every day, of whom a good many brought their wives and children along with them ; they pitched their tents, as we and others had done, at a seemingly conveni-

ent place, but not finding what they expected shifted frequently. The camp, extending for miles up and down the river, soon assumed the appearance of a little town, in which from morning until evening the greatest activity prevailed.

Within a short time every one felt disappointed. What little gold could be found was so insignificant in quantity that it did not pay the daily expenses of a man, far less indemnify him for his hard and tedious labor. Some of the miners, whose provisions were consumed and who had not the means to buy the necessities of life from the camp dealers had left the field of their former hopes and dreams within a few weeks after their arrival; the others remained longer, or until they found themselves in the same circumstances and were forced to follow their example.

Any number of little stores and saloons, which sprung up like mushrooms from the ground, could be seen in every direction, and their proprietors did the best business of all of us. They sold liquor, implements, groceries, etc., at tremendously high prices, and one might say that all the money the men brought with them dropped into their pockets.

Life in camp was very wild and unrestrained, and offered opportunities for reverses which from day to day could be more plainly noticed. The greater part of these men belonged to a rough and desperate class who as they did not find the expected gold, became bitter and vengeful and spent most of

their time in drinking and gambling. Crimes of all sorts soon became so frequent that without revolver at hand no one dared to go out or lay down at night.

Our provisions, also, were soon exhausted, but fortunately we were so situated that we could replace them, and to do this one of us went to the nearest store every Saturday and bought the necessary supply for the following week. One evening it came my turn to do the purveying, and having arrived at the store and purchased the provisions I decided to take a glass of beer before going home.

Seating myself at a table I noticed two desperate looking fellows playing monte at the other end. They both had some gold coins lying before them, and while watching the game it seemed to me that the chances were more in favor of one than of the other gambler. The loosing miner had just parted with the last coin which lay before him, when he stuck his hand into his pocket, and drawing out a ten-dollar-piece, laid it on the table, with his revolver beside. The cards were drawn and again he lost. The winner, as if deciding what under the circumstances would be best to do, at last picked up the ten-dollar gold piece, and seeing this the looser fired at him, but missed, and before he could fire again his antagonist pulled his pistol and shot him down. He fell backward from the bench to the floor, rolled over once or twice, and expired without uttering a word. The other party put money and

revolver in his pocket, lighted his pipe, and went away as if nothing had happened.

I went home, spoke to my partner about the occurrence, and during the following night could hardly throw off the impressions of the last few hours.

At last, seeing the uselessness of remaining longer, we decided to return to Victoria.

Poorer in means, but richer in experience, I knew for the future that no confidence was to be placed in overdrawn newspaper accounts of mining districts. Booming up a country or a tract of land, in which this or the other party is more or less interested, always attracts a good many "greenhorns," who, usually, have to pay very dearly for their credulity.

CHAPTER VI

After I had seen the beautiful Puget Sound and the Gulf of Georgia, I left Victoria for Portland, Oregon.

There I lived in a boarding and lodging-house, until my money was nearly gone, when I obtained a situation in the house as waiter. The place was crowded with guests of different trades and nationalities. The men went to work in the morning, immediately after breakfast, returned at twelve for dinner, and at six in the evening for supper.

For breakfast they had porridge, fish, steak, mutton chops, ham and eggs, liver and bacon, sausage, baked, boiled and mashed potatoes. For dinner, soup, roast beef, reast mutton, roast veal, stew, vegetables, pie, pudding and fruits. For supper, steak, hash, cod-fish balls, pork and beans, and potatoes. Tea, coffee, milk, ice-water, butter, cheese, and different kinds of bread were served at every meal. On Sundays they had chocolate and a few extra dishes.

Breakfast was served from six to eight, dinner from twelve to two, and supper from half-past five to eight.

A cook and a dishwasher had to attend to the kitchen affairs; two chamber-maids made the beds and dusted the rooms; three waiters served the

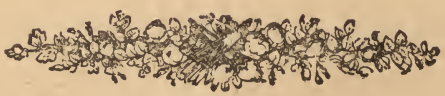
meals, and kept dining room, dining tables and everything else in this department in order, and a barkeeper attended to his bar and barroom, in which he was assisted by the proprietor, who managed his business entirely himself.

The guests paid from seven to ten dollars a week for their board and lodging, according to whether they had a room to themselves or with others.

For a single meal fifty cents was charged, and for a bed one dollar per night.

The cook was paid sixty, the barkeeper fifty, the waiters each forty, the chamber-maids each thirty-five, and the dishwasher thirty dollars a month.

No one of us expected, and none of our boarders or roomers ever gave us gratuities for services, for which we were paid by our employer. "Tipping," as it is called, so customary in Europe, especially Germany, was entirely unknown to us. In this country employers are forced to respect employés far more than they do in the Old World, and pay those whom they employ upon such a scale that they do not become a burden and a nuisance to the guests in the house.



CHAPTER VII

A few months later, as I had again accumulated a little money, I decided to leave Portland and return overland to San Francisco. In company with a young carpenter, whose acquaintance I had made in Portland, and who, like myself, wished to see the world, I left the picturesque shores of the Willamette one morning. Besides blankets, in which we wrapped our few possessions in the way of clothing, etc., we carried revolvers, guns and knives with us.

Happily and contentedly we tramped along, day after day, and in the evenings, at the end of our day's journey, selected some pretty spot for night-quarter. On the open plain, upon the bank of some rushing river, or under the spreading branches of the noble pines, with the star-studded heavens for a roof, we made our beds.

During all this time we lived mostly upon game, which we found in such abundance that we had but to make a choice. Sometimes early in the evening, at other's later, we kindled a fire, roasted a duck, a snipe, a goose, a quail, a rabbit, or a cut of venison, as the case might be, and after we had enjoyed our supper as only healthy men living in the open air can, lighted our pipes, wrapped our

blankets about us and whistled, laughed and conversed until sleep closed our eyes.

Surrounded by the most beautiful works of nature, perfectly well, with out a single care or sorrow, and blessed with youth, with all its capacity for enjoyment, I often felt as if I could have sung my heart out to the whole world.

Of course, we met with many difficulties and obstructions in our journey; the country was at places wild and rugged, the trails difficult, and the weather stormy, cold and rainy. For days at a time we were soaked to the skin, and from cold and hunger could scarcely close our eyes at night. But we looked at everything from the brightest point of view, bore cheerfully any of these adverse strokes of fortune, and when the storms cleared away and the sun shone again, nature seemed but the more beautiful to us from the contrast of her darker mood.

After a month's travel we found ourselves in the northern portion of California, in the vicinity of grandly impressive Mount Shasta.

The sight of this beautiful old volcano, with its conical peak, its glaciers, its snow-fields and its multitude of lesser peaks, was indescribably grand. For many days we had this wonderful panorama before us, and when, at last it disappeared in the hazy clouds of the northern horizon, we could not but feel sadly depressed and lonely.

On reaching Marysville my companion left me,

but I continued my journey, and a few days later obtained work with a farmer, in whose barn I had spent the night, as ditch digger.

His farm lay along the Sacramento River, and, to prevent the tide from overflowing the lower portion of his land, he was obliged to dig a trench along the river front, using the excavated earth to build a wall or levee along the outside of the dyke.

The farmer provided the necessary tools, paying me not a regular daily wage, but according to the amount of work I did, so much per yard. If I was industrious and worked conscientiously I could make as much as three dollars and more per day, but, of course, if I did not work hard and continuously I made less.

Besides myself there were five other young men employed upon the farm to do the plowing, sowing, milking and all the rest of the agricultural labor.

We were lodged together in a barn, and took our meals with the family, which consisted of the farmer, his wife and three pretty children.

After breakfast I went to ditch-digging, returned to the house at twelve o'clock for dinner, back to work until sundown, when we had supper; all the time working like a regular coolie.

A number of huge live-oak trees stood along the banks of the river, the limbs of which partly overhung the water. About every two hours I took a short rest, and in these trees found recreation and

comfort. I climbed into one of them, selected a comfortable limb, seated myself, lighted my pipe, and enjoyed for a few minutes the charming panorama which this richly endowed landscape presented in every direction.

Immediately after supper I went to bed, and utterly fatigued, I soon fell asleep not awaking until the cocks saluted the dawn.

The Sundays, when only absolutely necessary labor was performed, were always spent in a very pleasant fashion. After breakfast we went rowing, sailing, fishing or shooting water-fowl. After dinner we saddled some of the horses and rode about for hours, and after supper we grouped ourselves under the fruit trees which surrounded the house and barns, passing the evening in general conversation.

At length I became tired of this quiet, uneventful life, and resolved to return to San Francisco. The farmer paid me my money, I bade them good-bye, and made my way to the city by way of Sacramento.

CHAPTER VIII

Upon my arrival in San Francisco I moved into a boarding house, sharing a room with another young man, and intended to indemnify myself for all my hard work and privation by a short holiday of amusement and recreation.

But Providence had decided otherwise, for when I awoke on the morning of the third day I found the bed of my room-mate empty, and his trunk and other belongings gone. My hands went to the belt about my waist, where I carried my hard-earned money, and I discovered to my amazement that it had disappeared, and with it its contents of five, ten and twenty-dollar gold pieces. The rascal had even turned my trousers and waistcoat pockets inside out, and not left me a dime.

How he managed to rob me in such a daring way has always remained a puzzle to me. I dressed, went down and told the proprietor of what had happened. He professed the utmost sympathy with me at my loss, but that was all the good I got from him. He had no idea of what had become of my ex-room-mate, who settled his bill the night before, telling the landlord that he intended leaving early the next morning.

Downcast and depressed I returned to my room, brooding over my misfortune and the very

discouraging prospect before me. I had not a cent of my own, and besides I was indebted to the proprietor for my board and lodging from the day of my arrival.

Realizing that my position was not to be bettered by worrying over it, I soon gave that up and began to lay my plans for the future. I went down to the bar-room, got hold of a morning paper, and read in the "want" advertisements that firemen were wanted on the steamship *Golden City*. Fifteen minutes later I found myself aboard the steamer, applying for the job.

The chief engineer directed me to his first assistant, and he a few minutes later shipped me as a fireman, assigning me to the watch of the third assistant engineer.

I went back to the hotel, promised the proprietor to pay his bill on my return from Panama, then, with my few belongings under my arm, I returned on board. The vessel was not timed to sail until the following day, but I prepared to go aboard at once and remain there. They sent me down to the engine and fire-rooms, where I was kept busy in a number of ways.

The *Golden City* belonged to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and was one of a magnificent fleet of side-wheel steamers which in those days plied between Panama and San Francisco. She could steam at a rate of over twelve knots an hour, and registered about three thousand tons. She was

provided with all the luxuries that American ingenuity could suggest, and offered to passengers many comforts that even at the present time are unknown on board screw-steamers.

Any one who has known these floating palaces from experience must doubtless often recall the time of ocean side-wheelers. In the late sixties and early seventies these magnificently luxurious boats, some as large as five thousand tons, carried on the traffic between China, Japan and California. Some of these vessels were destroyed by fire and shipwreck, others were broken up and used as storeships, while others again were sold to Japan, where some of them are to-day still in existence and kept running along the coast and on the Inland Sea.

The next day we left San Francisco. We were in all twelve firemen and twelve trimmers aboard, equally assigned to the three watches of the first, second and third assistant engineers. Each watch was on duty for four hours at a stretch, with eight hours off. The fire-room was situated at the bottom of the hold, and contained twenty furnaces, ten on either side; each of these furnaces was about six feet deep, and consumed in one hour some two hundred pounds of coal. Each fireman on duty had five furnaces to attend to, and the coal-heaver's duty was to look out that a supply of coal was always at hand. The twenty furnaces consumed from forty to forty-five tons of coal every twenty-four hours, so that each fireman had during his watch of four

hours to shovel about four thousand pounds of coal into his five furnaces. At intervals of fifteen minutes we opened the doors and overhauled the fires. With long iron pokers, which became so hot that we could scarcely retain our hold upon them, we thrust into the glowing furnaces, stirred up the coals, removed the slag and ashes, and replenished them with fresh fuel. If we were not careful to do this regularly, then the steam pressure was reduced, and the engineer on duty greeted us with volumes of expressive, but not very complimentary language. So exhausting was this work, more particularly owing to the intense heat of the fire-room, that the ten minutes it took us to get through it left one often so tired out that his legs trembled under him and he could scarcely stand.

That five minutes during which we had an opportunity to recuperate ourselves for the next attack upon the furnaces we spent cooling our trembling and perspiring bodies under the ventilators, reveling in the fresh air.

The further south we steamed the more insupportable became the temperature in our fire-room, where the thermometer registered about one hundred and fifty degrees. Exposure to such a heat is sufficient to bring down the strength of even the strongest man. Every one of us showed the effects of it, and we all began to look pale and weak.

We kept our bodies covered to protect them from the glare of those pits of fire, but in spite of

all precaution the heat, cracking and drying the skin, soon made it sore, even underneath the cloth covering. As I became weaker my brain would reel, and the furnace and everything about seemed to dance a sort of devil's dance before my eyes, and then it seemed as though some irresistible power was impelling me to the embrace of the white heat of the seething lull.

The work was, I think, the most exhaustive that anyone was called upon to perform, but we were proportionately paid, and in order to recruit our energies the fare provided us was equal to that served at any first-rate hotel.

The firemen were paid at the rate of a hundred and the trimmers at the rate of eighty dollars per month. The work performed by the trimmers was a good deal easier than ours. They were not obliged to stand the intense heat of those awful furnaces, but simply to get the coal out of the bunkers, rake the slag and ashes together and heave them on deck and overboard.

Firemen and trimmers had sleeping and living quarters together in the same part of the ship. It was a large room lying below the water line. About its walls ran three tiers of bunks, one above another. Fresh air was supplied by ventilators in the deck above. In the center of the floor stood table and benches, while a number of lamps provided light.

The stewards were obliged to keep everything neat and ship-shape, and the men found their meals

served for them as soon as they came off watch. Returning from our work, we cleaned and washed ourselves, and then sat down to our meal. The table was served with every variety of food that any one could possibly wish—tea, coffee, iced water, butter, bread, cheese, soup, roasts, chops, stews, vegetable, pastry and fruits. Each one helped himself, and ate and drank whatever he pleased. The food remained on the table until the next watch came from its work ; then almost everything remaining was thrown overboard, and the table served again with fresh food for them.

Wine and spirits were served out to us in large quantities, and a bucket filled with lime-juice hung always in the fire-room.

In proportion to my loss of strength so also I lost appetite. Very often after my watch in the fire-room was ended I was unable to swallow a mouthful of food, and had only strength left to crawl into my bunk, where I at once fell into an exhausted sleep, which lasted until the call, "Eight bells," awoke me and drove me down to my fiery ordeal.

We called at different Mexican and Central American ports to land freight, mails and passengers.

Shortly after leaving Manzanillo one of the firemen on my watch, a tall, heavily-built Irishman, died. There were but few among us who during the trip did not faint at least once.

In such cases we were carried on deck, a few buckets of cold water were poured over us, and, reviving, had to go to work as usual. This happened to my Irish shipmate, who after his shower-bath reappeared in the furnace room, seemingly as well as ever. But it was not many minutes before he succumbed to the heat once more, and, although restoratives were again applied, he remained unconscious. The doctor was summoned, but could do nothing, as life had gone out of him. A little later his body was given to the insatiable sea.

Consideration on the part of our engineers could not be expected. The *Golden City* was a mail steamer and had to run according to schedule time. If the engineers had showed indulgence to any one of us, then all the others would have expected the same, and the vessel, instead of going ahead, would have been driven back by the current.

After my unfortunate shipmate's sad ending I felt in my own mind that very probably I would be the next one to go. We coaled at Acapulco and lay there for several hours. As we steamed into the harbor I sat on the railing, and gazing into the mirror-like surface of the water, debated with myself whether it would not be better to jump overboard and become a prey to the waiting sharks than to be slowly roasted and tortured to death in the infernal heat of our fire-room.

The love of life, however, was too strong in me,

so I decided to live ; but I made up my mind to run away, leaving everything behind me, as soon as we had reached the port of destination. When, however, we steamed into the harbor of Panama, I altered my determination, and in spite of my miserable condition of health and my sore and swollen hands, I came to a wiser and more sensible conclusion. I felt almost ashamed of my former weakness, and did not think another moment of such a thing as running away, to return to San Francisco as a coward and deserter.

The distance from San Francisco to Panama is not quite thirty-five hundred miles, and we made it, including stoppages, in thirteen days. The passengers, some five or six hundred in number, were landed at once and sent by rail across the Isthmus to Aspinwall, whence they took another steamer for New York.

In those day there were no overland railroads as now, and the travel by way of Panama and Nicaragua was brisk and lively. The saloon passage from San Francisco to New York was three hundred dollars, and steerage passage one hundred and fifty dollars. The trip from San Francisco to New York or *vice versa* usually took eighteen, but never more than twenty days.

We lay nine days in Panama, and found it time enough to regain strength and prepare for our homeward voyage. During these nine days there were no watches below for us; the furnaces remained

cold, and we only worked during the daytime, and not very hard even then.

With a full cargo and a large number of passengers we sailed from Panama, making the run to San Francisco in a little more than thirteen days.

CHAPTER IX

A few hours after our arrival in the home port we were paid off. I put my hard-earned money in my pocket, took leave of some of my shipmates, and went ashore. I at once paid the few dollars I owed my former landlord, and then started out to look up lodgings in some private house. My money I knew would not last very long, and so I was forced to get something else to earn a living by.

I did not care to accept a position as clerk in a commercial house, as I thought that the associations of such a pleasant, comfortable life would soon cool all my ambition to see the world.

Circumstances are always potent in men's lives. Many a man has gone into the world young and ardent, full of noble impulses for the good of himself and his fellows, only to find himself cribbed and checked at every turn, by circumstances too strong for him. I had brought from China letters of introduction to some half dozen or more of the principal commercial houses in San Francisco, but of all these letters I delivered just one, and that one I would not have delivered had my mail not been adressed in care of this firm.

The head partner of the house, an elderly gentleman of venerable appearance, was exceedingly kindly disposed toward me. He treated me almost

as his son, inviting me to make my home with him and to accept a position in his office. I thanked him for his good will and his fatherly advice, but felt sincerely sorry that I was unable to profit by them. Whenever I put in an appearance at his office for my mail, the old gentleman tried to persuade me to give up my "vagabond life," as he used to call it, and take a position in his house. Being afraid that he might frustrate my plans, though with the best intentions in the world, I never gave him any more information about myself than a few meager, unimportant facts, just enough to let him know that I was perfectly able to take care of myself, and incapable of following any calling in life, save an honorable one.

At length but a few dollars remained to me, and as I had to turn my hand to something, I invested in two large market baskets with handles, filled them with apples, selected the water front as a scene of operations, and started out as a fruit merchant.

The beginning was a very encouraging one; before evening my baskets were empty, and I had made a clear profit of more than four dollars. Although receipts for certain days were less encouraging, taking one day with another, I did very well in my new venture, and thus learned for the first time that the business of peddling fruit is much more lucrative than people generally imagine.

A box of fruit, which in the morning I bought

from the wholesalers at a cost of a dollar or a dollar and a half, I retailed at a profit of from four to five hundred per cent. If any were left over in the evening, which on account of its becoming too ripe would be unsaleable the next day, I ate it myself, or gave to the children of my landlord.

I remember still with pleasure an incident which occurred one day, as, with my baskets slung on my arms and munching away at an apple, I strolled about on the wharf. A captain of a ship came towards me and said, "Say, my boy, if you eat all the apples yourself, you won't have any profit." I laughed at his very true remark, and a little later had the satisfaction of selling him my whole stock. I took the apples on board for him, received my money with thanks, and wished that I might find such a customer as he every afternoon.

Very probably I would have continued in the fruit business a little longer, had not the humdrum life, together with the continuous loafing about the streets disgusted me with it. So I decided to turn my hands to something else, and most opportunely a bootblack boy with whom I had been acquainted, gave me a hint, which I followed, and with profit. As we were walking about the docks one day on the lookout for customers, discussing the merits of our respective lines of trade, he claimed that his business was more lucrative than mine, and also, with true professional jealousy, intimated that it was beneath *his* dignity, and *he* would be ashamed,

were he a great, strong, healthy fellow like I, to be peddling fruit from the basket.

Whether or no his contention was just and proper, I do not care to discuss ; suffice it to say that that same evening I sold my baskets and decided to become a bootblack. The slightest hints, if they come from practical men, even in the smallest way of business, are very often valuable, and I availed myself of all the knowledge of my new profession that I found an opportunity to absorb.

The very next morning after disposing of my baskets I bought the necessary kit of tools for my new trade, put them in a box, slung it over my shoulder, and was ready for business.

The comfortable and, I may say, almost elegant bootback-stands that are now so common in San Francisco, were then unknown. Any one who wanted a " shine " was obliged to stand on the street corner, his weight balanced on one foot, the other resting upon the more or less insecure footrest on the box of the artist, until that individual had " shined him up."

In those days the regular price for a shine was one bit—a " short bit " or ten cents, of course—it was the smallest coin known in California in those much-to-be-regretted days, when money had not the value it has now ; but often a customer threw a quarter or even a four-bit piece into my box, and to my delight, declined change. A first-class shine, a thoroughly careful brush given to

coat, trousers and hat, might well have induced to such generosity.

At the beginning of my career in this field of labor I stationed myself on the street corners in the upper part of the city, where, especially on damp, gloomy days, I drove a very flourishing trade. But later I discovered that the water front, at times, offered far better opportunities for making money than the more fashionable portion of the town. Sea-faring men, or those who have to do with vessels, are always liberal, and like to have their clothing brushed and generally tidied up as soon as they are through with work.

In spite of the strong competion which I encountered there, I was often kept so busy during the day that I could hardly get a minute's rest. I had no reason to complain of lack of customers and made far more than I expected to at first. Some days I earned as much as ten dollars, but, although it may sound like self-praise, I must say in justice to myself, that from early morning until late at night, in all sorts of weather, I was about looking out for customers.

In pursuit of my calling I naturally came more or less into contact with a good many newsboys who then as now, made the different ferry landings their headquarters. Leading an easier life then I, it seemed to me that they made money faster than I was able to. I inquired into it, and found that their profits were over one hundred per cent, and

that their unsold wares could be returned to the offices of the several papers.

Boys, who were not afraid to push themselves in any and everywhere, crying their merchandise in good stentorian tones, made a splendid profit; so I decided to give up boot-blacking and go into the newspaper business.

This new trade, at first, had a great attraction for me, so much the more as the goods went off rapidly, leaving a nice margin in the pockets of the seller for every sheet sold. More or less the whole day over business was bright, but especially so in the mornings and evenings when the first and last editions were brought out.

During the mornings I worked the water front; later in the day I strolled about the streets, or sprang from one street-car to another, crying my wares; and towards evening I returned to the wharves and ferries. Business men on their way home after their day's work in the city used to provide themselves there with the latest papers before crossing the bay.

CHAPTER X

After a time the life of a newsboy palled upon me, and I decided to change my vocation. As far as money-making was concerned I had no complaint to make. I had made hundreds of dollars during the last months, and felt that I was entitled to a little rest and recreation. I intended to make a trip into the interior and see some of the great natural wonders of California.

After a short rest in the city I strapped a few necessaries together and started on my travels with a light heart, a contented and happy mind.

A tramp of a few weeks brought me to the goal of all my dreams and aspirations. Here I found myself surrounded by the most beautiful and sublime creations of nature, in a spot where it seemed that she had lavished all her splendor and magnificence of form and coloring.

In that wonderful Yosemite Valley, among its enthralling surroundings, lying at my ease under the giant shadows of those stupendous titans of the Mariposa and Calaveras groves, I have steeped my soul in the sublime and exquisite beauty of our great mother.

When at length I was obliged to leave this bewilderingly engrossing bit of nature's handiwork, where I had experienced a sense of indescribable

calmness and serenity of mind such as I have never known elsewhere, I felt for many days sadly depressed, almost as though forsaken by all I held dear.

The forest of this remote valley reminded me in many ways of those of the Philippines, where are any numbers of trees that in point of size, quality of timber and beauty of form and foliage have few equals.

The wonderful molave wood of those islands excels even the famous mahogany of tropical America, and has, in fact, no equal in the world for hardness, fineness of texture, and beauty of grain. It is as heavy as iron, and its beautifully variegated surface takes the most brilliant polish.

There are vessels at the Phillipines constructed of molave wood that were built fully a hundred years ago. They have been retired from active service on account of their obsolete model and construction, but their timbers are as sound now as on the day they were launched. It is a fact, although almost incredible, that the molave wood corrodes and eats the iron bolts, but the bolts make hardly any impression upon the wood.

Some few years since I donated to the State Museum in San Francisco two table tops of molave wood, which on account of their dimensions alone are curiosities, even at the Philippines. One of them, circular in form, measures one hundred and seventy centimeters in diameter, the other, oblong,

with a length of two hundred and fifteen by a breadth of one hundred and fifteen centimeters.

During my journey back from the Yosemite I came to a farm in the San Joaquin Valley, which was so charmingly situated that I could not resist calling at the farm-house with the intention of offering my services to the proprietor. My desire was fulfilled, and a few minutes later I had accepted the position of a farm-hand, at a monthly wage of thirty-five dollars.

The farmer was an Irishman, and had recently married the daughter of one of his neighbors. Besides himself and wife, an unmarried sister of his lived at the farm, who assisted in the household work. The farm-house stood upon a gentle rise, surrounded by fruit trees, and at a little distance in the midst of clumps of powerful live-oaks, a few spacious barns.

Like most industrious and intelligent farmers in America, my employer was very well off. His land had increased materially in value since he bought it. Everything was in the best of order, and provided with all the necessary stock and machinery to carry on the business of farming.

The product, such as cheese, butter, eggs, fruit, hay, wheat, etc., were sent to Stockton, Sacramento and San Francisco, where it usually found a good market.

About one hundred cows were kept at this farm, which had to be milked every morning. Some

of the men were obliged to rise before daybreak, mount their horses and round up the cows to the corral, where the milkers were in readiness. The milking finished, we breakfasted. Our dinner was served at twelve o'clock, and supper at six. The work of the usual agricultural order was nearly altogether out-of-doors, and in consequence the life was a healthy one. To me, who loved the fresh air and the clear, natural surroundings, it became very charming, and had I not been of so restless a disposition I might have adopted the profession and remained a tiller of the soil all my days.

In the early morning, when I galloped along driving the cattle before me, the dew still glistening on the grass, the earth giving forth that subtle, exquisite perfume that one only experiences at this hour; when the sun mounted in the east, sending its long, level rays of quivering gold across the landscape at its magic touch, sky, grass, trees, all ablaze with wonderful colors; when the chirps and whistles of innumerable birds came from the thickets and groves, as they cleared their little throats for their usual matin songs; when rabbits, coyotes and squirrels, startled by the hoof-beats of my horse, scurried away in every direction—then I felt that exquisite, that indescribable joy of life that comes to us only in youth, when our hearts and souls are clean and unsullied by the world. A sense of sincerest gratitude towards the Creator of our beautiful world surged through my heart at such mo-

ments, and I could not but pity all those of my fellow-creatures who were not capable of this enthusiastic delight in the sublimity and tenderly exquisite beauty of nature.

We were nine young men in all employed on the farm. We lodged in one of the barns, and took our meals with the family of the farmer.

The evenings and Sundays were spent in much the same way as on the farm on which I worked on the upper Sacramento.

The farmer was noted all over the State for the successful manner in which he altered stallions, and made a very good yearly income from this branch of his work alone, stallions being brought to be operated upon from far and near, and there were always several of these at the farm.

This work, which was usually done of a Sunday morning, was always exciting, and had besides the additional attraction of giving the men a chance to make a few extra dollars.

We mounted our horses, lassoed the animals, threw and bound them, and performed in the shortest time possible the painful operation. When it was over and they were loosened, the tortured brutes sometimes put their heads between their fore-legs and ran for miles before they regained control of themselves.

About this time a circumstance occurred which caused me deep gloom. One of my companions, a young Englishman, with whom I was very friendly,

lost his life in a most dreadful manner while driving a fractious team attached to a mowing machine one day. He fell from his seat to the ground, the guards in front of the knife caught him, and the horses, unchecked and startled, ran away, causing the knife to work furiously.

At a little distance, in the same field, I, too, was driving a mower, when his horses, running at racing speed, attracted my attention. I hurried to find out what had happened. The horses had at last torn loose from the harness, leaving the broken machine behind them.

When I reached it a sight met my eyes which froze the blood in my veins. The machine was completely covered with blood, and to and between the iron points tatters of clothing and pieces of mutilated flesh were hanging. I followed the path over which the mower, in its wild flight, had passed, and found everywhere portions of the body of my unfortunate friend. With the aid of others, who in the meantime had hurried to the scene, we gathered together all that was left of him and carried it to the house. The women fainted when they saw the bloody remains of our young friend, who, scarcely an hour ago, sat happy, hearty and contented among them.

The next day we buried his remains among a group of liveoak trees. As he left nothing among his possessions that could give any information about his people in England, I fear that his

parents will never know what became of their son.

Before this awful affair happened I had made the acquaintance of a young fellow who worked in a butcher shop in the vicinity, and after the death of my unfortunate friend I found more distraction in his company than in that of my companions, who seemed to have no interest in anything but farming. After I had finished my supper I usually rode over to where he lived, and, tying my horse to a fence we strolled about together for hours.

Young men, full of life and animal spirits, are always ripe for fun, and we were no exception to the rule. In our endeavors to amuse ourselves we played many foolish, but at the same time innocent, harmless tricks, such as changing the sign of a doctor or lawyer for that of a midwife, hanging an old coat or empty tin can on a barber's pole, or sticking a shaved pigtail into some one's keyhole.

One evening my young friend had a whole package of neatly dressed pigtails, when we started upon our nocturnal pilgrimage. We were busy trying to squeeze one as tightly as possible into the keyhole of a house door, when suddenly several men pounced upon us, and gave us such a trouncing that I shall never forget it. Defense was out of the question, and we were only too glad when we could escape, avoiding further punishment.

I jumped on my horse and galloped back to the farm. On taking stock of my injuries I found

I had a swollen nose, a split lip, a scratched face, and a pair of black eyes, out of which for the next few days I could hardly see. At the farm, of course, every one was anxious to know how I could have got myself into such a battered condition, and, ashamed to tell the truth, I tried to make them believe that it was the result of a fall from my horse.

The next evening I rode over to see my friend, whose face, too, looked like a jelly. We joked and laughed over our last night's experience, but came to the conclusion to cease for the future those foolish boys' tricks, which might easily have got us into much more serious trouble. A good sound thrashing had brought us to our senses in time, and upon calmly thinking the matter over we had to admit, that under similar circumstances, had we been in their places, we would have pursued the same course of action as the men who had beaten us the night before.

CHAPTER XI

At length I grew tired of farming, and as my friend, about the same time, grew tired of his way of life, we agreed to leave our places and try our luck for a while in the gold producing region of the Sierra Nevada.

The farmer paid me my wages. I took leave of him, his family and my companions, and in company with my friend, the ex-butcher, set out for my northern destination. In Sacramento we rested for a few days, provided ourselves with tools and provisions, and pursued our way into the mountains.

The district in and about Dutch Flat, in the early days, was one of the richest gold-producing placer diggings in California, but since then it has dwindled in importance, and, as the old pioneer miners say, was at the time of our arrival scarcely a shadow in comparison to former years. Quartz and hydraulic mining have replaced this primitive fashion of gold producing, and left but little chance to a poor fellow who comes with his shovel, pick-axe, and prospecting pans to dig and wash the ground.

Still the sight was grand and inspirating. On the river, on the forks, and on the artificial ditches the greatest activity prevailed from morning to

night, and for miles and miles canvas tents and log cabins could be seen standing thickly together.

Gold was the only attraction, the only motive power that held those people, composed of almost every nationality in the world, together. They were so strange to one another's ways, so different in their ideas, that, without this momentary expectation of finding a fortune, the greater part of them would have left long before, or, perhaps, would never have come at all.

The incoming parties usually brought a little money and plenty of hope with them, but the departing crowd almost always left with empty pockets, and with blighted hopes and expectations. New arrivals tried prospecting for a while, and, when they thought they had struck a convenient place, settled down and commenced to shovel and wash the dirt. We did the same, but were always disappointed, when, instead of shining gold dust, nothing but sand and gravel remained at the bottom of our pans.

A few days after our arrival we made the acquaintance of an old miner, who, with wife and children, lived in a very rough-looking log cabin. He told us that he intended to sell out and return to San Francisco with what little money he had. He made us a proposal to sell us his claim, with everything pertaining to it, and, as his demands were reasonable, we closed the bargain, and the following day commenced work on our own account.

The hut was of a very primitive form ; it was more like a smoke-house than anything else, and it took me many days to become accustomed to it. Built of logs of trees, laid one on top of the other, and roofed with a sort of shingle, the whole cabin measured twelve feet long, eight wide and seven high. The cracks between the logs were filled with mud, and a small, square hole, through which we had to crawl on hands and knees, did duty for door, windows and ventilator, all at the same time. In the middle of the room was the fire-place, where day and night the butt of a tree was kept burning. With our feet towards the fire and wrapped in blankets, we slept on the ground, and, on account of the smoke, usually with an open door.

At night we always kept revolvers close at hand, but never found occasion for using them. Theft was a very rare crime in the camp. Any one, who was dishonest enough to steal, knew exactly what punishment awaited him. The fear of being shot down, strung to a limb of a tree, or at least, of receiving a terrible beating, took away all the appetite for other's goods.

But, instead of the expected thieves, a wandering pole-cat often came sneaking in. Of all the vermin, reptiles or quadrupeds I have found in the interior of countries, the pole-cat was always the most disagreeable to me. The odor which these animals exhale is dreadful, and even days after one had paid us a visit the nauseous stench remained.

After working for several months, my desire for new sights, became so strong that I could withstand it no longer and had to go. I tried to persuade my partner to accompany me to San Francisco, where we would make plans for the future, but he would not. Money had greater attractions for him than for me, and he preferred to remain where we both had been very fortunate. We divided our dust and squared our accounts, then wishing him further prosperity, I left.

CHAPTER XII

In Sacramento I changed my gold dust for solid coin, and found myself richer than ever in my life before. After a short stay in the capital I took passage on one of the beautiful river steamers to San Francisco, a distance of a little over a hundred miles.

During later years I have seen the river and lake steamers of almost every country in Europe, and must say that they are simply cattle and freight carriers in comparison to those two, three and four-decked floating palaces that ply by the thousands on the rivers and lakes of the American Union. Europeans who do not believe this statement have only to visit America, or those other countries where the elegant and comfortable American river boats have also been introduced.

In San Francisco I became acquainted with several young men, some of whom had lived in Nicaragua. They told me that they intended going back there, starting the business of cotton growing, as a great part of the country was well adapted to this crop. The idea was rather romantic, and, perhaps, for that reason I felt a desire to accompany them. After much deliberation we decided to form a co-partnership, and to carry on our undertaking for joint account. We were eight in number, all

industrious young fellows, full of love of adventure, and of different trades and nationalities. Each one of us had at least one thousand dollars in cash at his disposal, so that, as far as the important question of money was concerned, we had no reason to worry.

Provided with provisions, tools, agricultural implements, seeds, medicines and other necessaries, we sailed from San Francisco for San Juan del Sur. Immediately upon our arrival there we purchased horses and pack mules, and as soon as we had our arrangements completed started for the interior. On the east side of the Lake of Nicaragua, in a valley, most charmingly situated, we decided to make our future home.

While some of our party rode to the nearest settlement to obtain information and arrange some business matters, the rest of us settled down to take life as comfortable as possible until they returned. Receiving favorable news we went to work at once, building huts and barns, chopping down and burning trees and underbrush, plowing, planting and sowing, buying cows, hogs and poultry, and transformed the place within a few months from a virgin valley into a bustling scene of activity and life.

Very probably we would have succeeded in our undertaking had not the climate set at naught all our calculations. Obstacles and difficulties that we never dreamed existed in this country presented themselves from the very moment our project was

put to the test. We had forgotten to take the fact into consideration that people bred and reared in a temperate climate were not adapted to the heat and miasma of the tropics, more particularly when the exposure was augmented by arduous labor in the fields. Such kind of work must be left to natives, or to those who have by long residence become accustomed and acclimated. The heat and the miasmatic exhalation from the swamps soon sapped our health and frustrated our hopes.

Every one of our number, sooner or later, suffered from the attack of the Terciana, a fever resembling the ague of northern countries. It was weakening and depressing, and reduced us to mere skeletons. Our eyes sunk in our heads, our cheek and frontal bones, bare of flesh, stuck out and our skins took on the color of a dead Chinaman. We became utterly devoid of energy, and lay about in our huts or in the shade of the adjacent trees, listlessly indolent and careless of everything, even of life itself.

Of all the drugs we had, quinine was the only one that relieved us at all. We used it in such quantities and so constantly that we grew to feel that it was absolutely indispensible to us, and consequently our stock of it decreased rapidly.

In spite of our many troubles, we still trusted that we might in time become acclimated and that our project would be ultimately successful, but finally the disease brought on dysentery, and when

one of our companions, a few days later died, we at once decided to return to California.

Our young friend who met such an untimely end was an American, from Ohio, scarcely twenty years of age. We buried him in the shadow of a group of palms, under which in life had been his favorite seat.

After this sad duty we packed our most valuable chattels on our mules and left the field of our dissipated aspirations. Some of us were so weak and faint from the effects of the fever that we could scarcely keep our seats in the saddle.

The serious condition of one of our party forced us to take a day's rest before crossing the lake. We cared for him to the best of our ability, and did all we could to check the course of his disease, but unfortunately our efforts were of no avail. The little strength he still had now left him entirely. Dysentery, accompanied by fever, and at times vomiting, had such a disastrously weakening effect upon him that during the following morning he also expired. We dug a grave under the very tree which overshadowed the poor fellow's death-bed, and there buried him. He was a Scotchman, who but a year before had left his native land, where he had been a law student. Impelled by that dash of nomad that makes men wanderers, he met his death in this lonely land, far away from all who loved him.

A little later we resumed our journey, and after

a long and tedious trip the rest of us, a most pitiful looking lot, reached the coast—the same point from which some six months ago eight young, strong and healthy men, full of hope and determination, had started. At San Juan we had to wait for a steamer, and during this delay we sold everything we could get a decent offer for; the rest we took back to California.

The sight of the Pacific, rolling its long and gentle swells at our feet, inspired us with new life and spirit, and we gained strength from the day we again saw the ocean.

Ten days later we landed in San Francisco once more, where we intended to recuperate for a while from our late hardships. The wonderful climate of California, which we could now appreciate far more than ever before, soon restored us, and in a short time we had regained our normal mental and physical condition.

CHAPTER XIII

As the love of life returned to me and the charms of the world regained their former hold, I again began to plan for my future.

With one of my late partners, a young medical student from Illinois, I strolled through the different markets of San Francisco one day. The brisk activity which prevailed there made a favorable impression upon us, and prompted the idea of going into business as fruit and vegetable dealers. We spoke to different people in the business, with the view of buying them out, and found at length a Frenchman who wished to sell and return to his native land. He made us a proposition to buy his business, and as his terms were agreeable we did so, but with the condition that for a few days he was to be our adviser in chief and to acquaint us with the secrets of the trade.

We dealt in everything in the line of fruits and vegetables. Early in the morning we left our boarding-house, made our purchases and repaired to our market stall. One of us remained there during the day, while the other attended to the outside business. We changed watches or shifts every day; if I stayed at the stall to-day then my partner stayed to-morrow, and so on. People came and went, looked at this and that, bought or asked prices, and

kept us busy all day long. We retailed our merchandise at a profit of from twenty-five to more than one hundred per cent, and when closing our stand for the day and making up our accounts we were usually well satisfied with the result.

The outside business demanded a little extra work, but it had the advantage of higher profits. We had a good many first-class customers, living all over the city, who traded regularly with us. Every morning after we had made the necessary purchases and fitted up our stand in a proper shape, it took us a few hours to pack the different goods together with which to fill the orders left with us the previous day. When everything was ready, one of us procured a conveyance, loaded boxes, baskets, bags and packages into it, and delivered the several orders to our customers.

If while delivering the goods the orders for the next day could not be given to us at once, we called again in the afternoon. We collected our bills weekly, and customers who did not attend punctually to obligations paid for their negligence in one way or another.

In the evening after our day's work was done, my partner and myself strolled about in the less aristocratic parts of the town and visited the notorious gambling houses, the music and dance-halls, the lager beer saloons, crowded with female attendants, and the numerous other nocturnal resorts with which San Francisco was at that time so well provided.

Gambling dens, of which one formerly situated at the corner of Washington and Kearny Streets, was the most notorious in the city, having always a great attraction for people who, perhaps have never before seen anything of the vice. Places of this kind, where crimes of violence even were not uncommon at all, exist now only in the memory of older generations.

At the long tables, provided with different games of chance, sat the bank proprietors with their assistants. They were usually wrapped in dusters, wore large, old-style California felt hats, and kept their faces concealed behind wire masks. A crowd of people, in all costumes and of all shades and colors, came and went continually, keeping the gambling tables surrounded to a very late hour. For weak-minded people such places were of course dangerous, and the atmosphere, owing to the heat of the lamps and the foul breath and clothing of the reeking crowd, more than sickening.

Money was the world, all the rest of little or no account, and the amounts won and lost were sometimes fabulous. Every one was quiet, and with the exception of "all done—all set—all made—no more," often not a word could be heard. The cards were turned, the croupiers raked in and distributed money, and the game commenced anew.

One evening, as we were about to close our stand, the Frenchman from whom we had bought it made his appearance. He told us that he had

returned from France, where, on account of the despotic government of the Third Napoleon, he could not stay any longer, and that he was glad to be on free American soil again. He asked us if we were willing to sell him back his former business, and when leaving said, that he would call and see us the following morning.

My partner as well as myself had wished for some time to make a change, and, therefore, we had now the best opportunity to get rid of our business. When our Frenchman returned in the morning we soon came to an understanding, and a few hours later he sat once more as proprietor in his former fruit and vegetable stand. We stuck our money in our pockets, took a drink together, and parted good friends.

CHAPTER XIV

During the following weeks I visited San Mateo, San José, and Monterey, the former Capital of California, took a trip down to Los Angeles, and then returned to dear old San Francisco.

About this time the position of "runner" for the hotel in which I lived became vacant. I offered my services to the proprietor, and was at once accepted. I had still a good sum of money in my pocket, and, therefore, was not forced to accept this kind of work, but did it because I was tired of doing nothing, and besides I also wished to become acquainted with the peculiar methods of this not very reputable business.

I had my board and lodging, and was paid a commission on every guest I brought to the house, according to the length of time they lived there, of from one to four dollars each.

The greater part of the day I was out of doors. I strolled about the streets, visited the saloons, hung around the depot, awaiting the arrival of the San Mateo trains, and when the passengers alighted did my best to persuade them to take up their residence in the hotel I represented. But the most profitable field of operation was always on the water front, especially when the Sacramento, Stockton, and other river boats came in. The scenes that then

prevailed on the wharves and on board the arriving steamers were quite exciting, and the crying and howling of those who were striving to recommend their houses, sometimes almost deafening.

Most hotels, and boarding and lodging-houses had their runners, of whom a good many had criminal faces of the worse type. They wore badges with the names of the hotels around their hats or caps, and advertised themselves by cards, and with their bold and insolent manners.

Heavy, but very comfortable hotel coaches, resting, instead of springs, on broad leather belts, were close at hand, and ready to take in baggage and passengers.

Scarcely had a steamer tied to the wharf when the hordes of runners hastened on board, shouting the names of the houses they represented. They rushed about the vessel as if they were the owners of it, and used every effort, even resorting to personal violence to induce passengers to go to their hotels.

The audacity and unblushing effrontery of these fellows were astonishing, and a constant surprise to me. Sometimes they grasped astonished men and women by the arms and clothing, and hurried them half-resisting along; at others, without being ordered to, they grabbed hold of satchels and hand-bags, and, in some cases, picked up and carried off small children to their respective coaches, leaving the owners to follow at their leis-

ure. People confused by the noise and audacity of these men, were frequently carried to hotels that were most undesirable places of residence, and which they found it impossible to remain in.

Of later years this particular nuisance has been abated somewhat. Runners are allowed only at the entrance to the ferries, where at times they still make noise enough, but are not allowed to storm and carry by assault, ships and passengers, after the style of Chinese pirates.

From the very first I discovered that I was not fitted for this peculiar business. I often tried to follow the example of my self-confident and pushing rivals, but it was impossible. I saw that I could not compete with them, that from day to day I lost ground, that the proprietor could neither be pleased nor satisfied with my services, and, therefore, decided to give it up, before, perhaps he might discharge me.

Of all the many different occupations I have followed in my life, that of runner was the most detestable to me, and the only one in which my abilities did not bring me success. Nature has not supplied me with the necessary amount of "cheek" and brazen impudence, which is the prime qualification for such a business.

One day I spoke to the hotel proprietor about the matter, and asked him to be allowed to change occupations with the dishwasher, who had been a runner for the house before. Neither he nor the

dishwasher objecting, the change was made that very day.

While working as waiter in Oregon I found opportunity enough to study the several duties required of a kitchen boy, and consequently was not without experience in my new line of work. I was the assistant, and often right-hand man to our cook, who, at times, was inclined to be rather lazy.

In the morning, between four and five, I arose, built the fire, made the coffee, cut and dressed steaks, chops, and bacon, placed potatoes, hash and other things in the oven and on the range, whereupon I enjoyed a smoke, and with it the comfort of a cup of coffee. The chambermaids, who generally rose earlier than the male servants, and who never refused a good cup of coffee early in the morning, most always honored me with their company.

At six o'clock the breakfast bell rang. The boarders appeared in the dining-room, and after their meal went to work. At eight o'clock all work connected with breakfast was finished; the waiters closed the dining-room, and I my kitchen. During the following hours I was kept busy washing dishes, pots, pans and skillets, and in helping the cook prepare dinner. From twelve to two o'clock dinner was served. The quality and the number of dishes served were about the same as at the hotel in Portland.

After dinner more or less the same work was to be done over again, and likewise after supper,

which was served from six to eight o'clock in the evening. The boarders were usually seated at the table at the first bell-call, so that by seven o'clock the dining-room was almost empty. I at once began my work of cleaning the kitchen, peeling potatoes, chopping corned beef, onions, and other vegetables together for hash, making preparations for the following day, and generally by nine o'clock I had finished my day's work, and could do then as I pleased.

Behind the kitchen of the hotel, in a yard, stood a one-story frame house. Below were store-rooms and stables, and on the upper floor the sleeping apartments of all the male servants.

The cook deciding to leave, the proprietor asked me if I could fill the position, and, feeling that I was competent, answered in the affirmative, whereupon I was promoted accordingly. A Count, a few years older than myself, was assigned to me as dishwasher, who, as it appeared, had never in his life before stuck his nose inside a kitchen door.

In the veins of this young fellow ran blue, aristocratic blood. According to his story he had been an officer in the Prussian Garde du Corps, and left his fatherland on account of a duel which he had fought with a brother of his intended bride. Whether true or not, his story had not the slightest interest for us. We wanted him to do his work, and did not care whether he had left his country in consequence of love affairs, debts, or anything else.

Experience, however, has taught me that the greater number of titled personages coming to this country from the fatherland do so in order to escape creditors. A title-bearer, with debts more numerous than the hairs of his head, makes, even on brainless people, a bad impression, and therefore it is to the interest of these noblemen to invent tales of romantic love affairs with duel accompaniment.

From New York our Count found his way to San Francisco, where he lived in our hotel upon what money he brought along with him. In a few weeks it was gone, and he could not even pay his hotel bill. In spite of his presuming, overbearing manner, which was charged to him simply as ignorance, the proprietor felt sorry for him, and tried to give him a chance to earn a living within his house.

Of all the employés in the hotel we were the only two Germans, and I must say that I did not feel very much flattered to call such a green, stupid and stuck-up fellow my countryman.

I had to assist him in the very simplest duties; I had to tell him the same thing over every day, and then he was not able to do it by himself. When he peeled potatoes he cut the greater part of the vegetable away; when he washed and dried plates and dishes his clumsiness invariably resulted in breaking something; and when he built a fire or swept the floor the whole kitchen was a cloud of smoke or dust.

I took considerable work off his hands, as I preferred to do it myself to having it done bunglingly, slowly, and all wrong. If, while a dish-washer, I had not been of more assistance to the cook than this Count was to me, I am sure he would have driven me out of his kitchen within the first twenty-four hours.

One of the waiters, a bright young fellow from Boston, could not agree with the Count at all. They quarreled and fought, and were continually on the warpath. Sometimes the waiter told him that a free American would be ashamed to give himself such a nick-name, which smelled of decay and corruption, and which could be gained only by sneaking, by humilating one's self and staining one's honor, and by other equally contemptible courses. At other times he would tell him that such a stupid, lazy fellow as he, who only understood how to harass and torture poor defenseless soldiers, would in this country simply starve to death, and that the best thing he could do was to take a pistol and blow his brains out; but for such action he was, in spite of his noble blood, still too great a coward.

Compliments of this kind, which were in fact nothing less than the plain, unvarnished truth, brought our noble Count at times to his senses.

The wall at the side of his bed was decorated with photographs, pictures and trophies of his glorious past, and in order to give himself an air of greater importance, he was continually relating the

history of his life until he became so annoying that we were compelled to stop him. When he but opened his mouth we knew beforehand what he was going to say—the foolish, self-glorifying conversation so popular among these vain and conceited German military officers.

I told him often that for his own good he had better forget the past, and begin a new life in this hospitable country, peopled as it was by practical men. By indolence he surely would not advance himself, and by boasting and bragging of his noble birth he would only arouse the scorn and contempt of thoughtful, intelligent people.

But my advice was of no avail. His pride of ancestry, and his aristocratic arrogance, which he had become imbued with from his very mother's milk, could not be forgotten.

On the parade ground, as torturer of helpless German soldiers; in Berlin, *Unter den Linden*, as a male street-walker, he might have been in his place—but here in America, and especially in our kitchen in California, he was of no account whatever.

One morning the proprietor appeared in the kitchen and told my assistant that he had no further use for such a lazy, stupid fellow, who was but a burden and a nuisance to every one. He ordered him to get his things together, and gave our "King William," as we called him, his passport.

What became of him eventually I never learned. I only know that during the following weeks, reg-

ularly after dark, he came sneaking to our kitchen door, begging us to give him a loaf of bread, or anything that was left from the table. We all, even his enemy, the waiter, felt pity for him, and out of compassion always filled his little basket, at times twenty-five or fifty cents was given him, and then he disappeared for the next twenty-four hours.

CHAPTER XV

A few months later I gave up my position as cook, but remained for a short time boarding in the hotel. I then started out into the world again, and although more than twenty-five years have passed since then, I still look back with pleasure to the days I spent in the kitchen.

I had remained much longer in California than I at first intended. The charming surroundings, and glorious climate were so tempting that I postponed from time to time my intention of joining the Mexican army.

My republican ideas, my love of freedom and liberty, my enthusiasm for equality and the natural rights of men, were not strongly developed in those days. My only desire was to see the world, and I did not realize that it was a disgrace to fight for the cause of a hard-hearted, ambitious despot, and the suppression of a free and heroic people. My ideas have changed since then.

At last I took leave of my dearly beloved California, and embarked for Acapulco in Mexico. This city, the principal sea-port of the State of Guerrero, was of considerable importance during the time that Spanish tyranny dominated most of the world. For almost three centuries it was the headquarters of all those who carried on the trade between

Spain and the Phillippine Islands, which at that time were under the rule of the viceroy of Mexico. From here the celebrated Spanish *Naos* sailed every year for Manila, and returned within the following twelve months laden with treasure, products of the Philippines and other goods of value from Asiatic countries.

In consequence of the war, begun upon so frivolous a pretext by the third Napoleon, Acapulco renewed her activity in some small degree. In the beginning of the campaign it fell into the hands of the French, and on account of its strategic importance, Maximilian's party strained every nerve to keep possession of the place as long as possible.

Upon my arrival at Acapulco, I joined a Mexican cavalry regiment, formed principally of Mexicans, and commanded by Mexican officers. It was under orders to escort a transport of money, arms and merchandise to the Capital. The distance from Acapulco to the City of Mexico, by way of Chilpantzingo, Mescala and Cuernavaca, is a little over ninety leguas, and we thought to reach it within a week.

Shortly after leaving Acapulco I began to realize the difficulties, besetting the path of the newly established dynasty. With few exceptions the Mexicans were opposed to the usurper's government; they were republican in feeling almost to a man, and could only be intimidated for a time by French bayonets. As soon as this argument was

removed or weakened, the people arose in their might and strained every nerve to throw off the yoke of the foreign intruder.

Guerrilleros, under the command of celebrated heroes of liberty, were on the move in every direction, and held the greater portion of the country in their hands. They never yielded save to necessity and the overpowering force of numbers. When opposed by superior forces, they retreated into the caves and hiding places of their forests and mountains, reappearing when the enemy had passed, trying to inspire their countrymen anew with enthusiasm for the noble cause of liberty.

We had scarcely left the coast when these wandering Guerrilleros began to annoy us. They were continually at our heels; they watched all our movements; they took advantage of every opportunity to lessen our strength; they surprised us during the day as well as during the night, and we were never safe from their attacks in spite of all our caution. Sometimes they fired into us from an ambush, where we could not even see them; sometimes they charged upon us unexpectedly, and retreated as suddenly and mysteriously as they had come. The van and rear guards of our transport suffered most, and we lost men, both killed and wounded every day.

On the evening of the third day of our march, the van-guard was suddenly attacked by a body of cavalry, and at the same time a lively musketry

fire opened upon us from an ambuscade. The command to attack was given ; we formed, drew our swords, and charged the enemy. The struggle which followed, and out of which our party emerged victorious, must have been a hard and desperate one. I know very little of it, as a wound on my head brought me to the ground stunned, and left me but a slight recollection of what had happened and how the horses galloping over me, bruised and abraided my body with their hoofs.

When I recovered my senses, my first thought was that I had become blind. A stiffened blood crust covered my face and kept my eyes closed, but in my anxiety I moistened them with saliva, and was overjoyed that my fears were unfounded.

It was midnight, the weather cold and disagreeable, with a sharp, cutting wind whistling through the branches of the trees. The twinkling of a few stars illuminated the locality but faintly, and the groans and cries of pain from dying and wounded men and horses fell on my ears from all sides. I tried to rise, but too weak to do so, fell back and lost consciousness again.

When I reopened my eyes the sun stood high in the heavens. I pulled myself together, rose to my feet, and surveyed with terror our battle-field. Friend and foe had forgotten animosity and lay peacefully together, most of them dead, and the few alive either in the last struggle of agony, or cursing the originator of this horrible war.

Supporting myself with the scabbard of my sabre, I limped about the field of battle and death, and discovered at a little distance a young Mexican, an Alferez, or under lieutenant of my troop lying wounded on the field. This poor fellow had been shot through one leg, had a sabre cut on his arm, and had lost a great quantity of blood. He was lying between two dead horses, and as he perceived me a smile broke over his poor wan face, and a rather more cheerful expression took the place of utter hopelessness.

I assisted him to his feet and away from his former resting place. We dressed each other's wounds and decided to return to Acapulco together. Arm in arm we crept slowly along, until we reached, after a tedious journey, our destination.

At Acapulco I sought and obtained permission to retire from the service. I changed my uniform for civilians' clothes, remained a few days in the town and sailed on the first steamer for Panama. The bracing sea breeze, and the abundance of excellent food on board the *Constitution* had such a favorable effect upon me that I was soon as well as ever.

CHAPTER XVI

Panama, with its beautiful surroundings, is a perfect paradise. The old tumble-down buildings, the massive, but ruinous and crumbling fortification walls remind one of the time when mighty Spain was the most powerful nation in the world. For a few days I enjoyed myself here, and after viewing everything worth seeing, I began to make preparations for my trip across the Isthmus.

The railroad, connecting Aspinwall and Panama, is subject to no competition, and charged for transportation over a distance of not quite fifty miles the exorbitant sum of twenty-five dollars in gold. I was not inclined to pay so much money for a three hours' ride, and besides, I wished to see the country, for which a railroad car afforded but small opportunity.

One morning, with revolver in my belt, blankets over my shoulder, a heavy walking stick in my hand, I lighted my pipe and departed from Panama, happy and contented. The road I followed was the one traveled by the Indians hundreds of years before, and in later times by the Spaniards. It was about sixty miles in length, and led over hills, across rivers, through forests and valleys, and afforded the greatest variety and beauty of tropical scenery.

After a march of four days, I left this beautiful stretch of country behind, and found myself surrounded by swamps and morasses in the noisome town of Colon, or Aspinwall. Life here had no attractions for me whatever. I would have continued my journey at once with pleasure had I been able to do so.

The population of this town was made up of the scum and outcasts of every nation on earth, the negroes of Jamaica predominating. These people led the most abandoned lives, and were slaves to the lowest and basest passions.

A small American schooner was loading here for Kingston, Jamaica. I arranged for my passage to that port with the captain for the sum of twenty dollars, and was glad to leave Colon, the most important seaport on the east coast of Nueva Granada, or Colombia.

Our trip of ten days across the Caribbean Sea offered very little variety. The vessel was so small, and her cabin and deck packed so full of freight that but little room was left to move or walk about. For the purpose of getting exercise I assisted the sailors in their work, or climbed about in the rigging and masts of our miserable little tub.

The captain, who owned a share in the vessel himself, belonged to that class whose one ambition seems to be the accumulation of money. It is positive pain to them to spend it. Contrary to the rule of American vessels, the schooner was provisioned

in a manner that amounted to stinginess, and besides, the skipper treated his men so meanly, giving them scarcely enough to eat, that they were always at war with one another.

As punishment for his contemptible, niggardly behavior, some of the men made their way into his room one night and gave him such a frightful beating that for days he could not leave his bed. The crew stuck together, and as every one of them repudiated such a shameful deed, the perpetrators were never discovered. In addition to this, the men took advantage of every opportunity to creep into the storeroom, stealing everything they could lay hands on.

Sometimes I thought that such a mean, short-sighted man did not deserve pity. He himself was the cause of all his trouble. If he had treated his men fairly and justly, he would have escaped their hatred, and pecuniarily he would have been far better off.

The captain was a Southerner, a perfect fanatic on the subject of secession. He spoke of the question in dispute between the North and South with all the bitterness of a partisan, and when he discovered that I was a Union man, and not in sympathy with the Southern Confederation, he treated me with marked contempt.

My former intention was to go from Colon by the nearest way to Cuba. But now, finding myself already in the West Indies, new routes presented

themselves to me, and I decided to see other lands before proceeding there.

After a short sojourn in Jamaica, I embarked as a deck passenger on board the English steamer *Ocean Queen* for Puerto Rico. As deck passenger I was obliged to provide my own food, and only had the freedom of a very limited space at the fore end of the vessel.

The steamer plied to and from Central American ports, and had many passengers for St. Thomas and Europe on board, of whom the greater part traveled in the saloon. In the second cabin, or steerage, were comparatively few, and even these looked down superciliously upon the four or five miserable deck passengers.

In the morning I usually bought a loaf of bread from the baker, which I washed down with water, and it tasted better to me than many a luxurious meal I have eaten since. Sometimes I assisted in the kitchen, peeling potatoes or scraping turnips and carrots ; sometimes I fetched water and coal, for which service I was allowed to help myself to some scraps that came from the cabin tables.

When the nights were fine I slept on deck, and when not, I crawled under deck. My bed depended upon circumstances. Sometimes it was on cases, barrels or sacks, and sometimes in some out-of-the-way corner. But I had an especial fondness for a coil of rope for night quarters. I sat myself down in such a coil, sank gradually into it, doubled up

head and feet together, like a pocket-knife, and slept as well, if not better, than if wrapped in the finest eiderdown quilt.

Among the deck passengers was a young Italian, who was returning with a monkey and a squeaky organ from a professional expedition into Central America. Judging by his utterly woe-begone appearance he had not been very fortunate there, and now, for the same purpose, he intended to pay a visit to the Island of Puerto Rico.

Owing to his shabby, ragged and greasy clothing, and the awful odor of garlic emanating from his breath and person, even sailors and deck passengers kept at a respectable distance from him. This poor creature could not speak a word of English, and he and his monkey would probably have starved to death had I not taken pity on them. My services were accepted in the spirit offered and a friendship sprang up between us which resulted in our forming a partnership.

I had not much money left, but in comparison with him I was a Crœsus on a small scale. I bound myself to provide the monkey with a uniform and other articles necessary in his performances, and to have the old weather-beaten organ repaired and furbished up. He undertook to explain to me the various tricks of the monkey, and to familiarize me with the organ-grinding business generally. When we arrived at San Juan de Puerto Rico, the capital of the Island of Puerto Rico, my partner took the

organ on his back, I the monkey on my shoulder, and we went ashore.

In a narrow alley of the town, in the house of a Spanish mule-driver, we rented a small room; it contained no furniture whatever, but dirt and filth in abundance. We placed organ and monkey in one corner, our other few belongings in another, and sallied out to take a look at the town and to enjoy heartily a good Spanish meal.

A few days later, our mutual obligations being performed, everything was ready for a start. But before leaving for the interior of the island we decided to give a few performances in the city and suburbs, in order to earn a little money, and to find out how we might strike the musical taste of the Spaniards.

We were disappointed from the start to find that the Spaniards were not the people we had expected them to be; they were not favorably impressed either with the clever, cunning tricks of our monkey, or in the droning tunes of our rickety, wheezy old organ. Scarcely had we commenced our performance on the corner of one of the streets when nearly all the windows and shutters of the surrounding houses were closed with a bang and from those that remained open, instead of the expected coins, we were assailed with rotten bananas, oranges, and insulting language.

Even the dogs in the streets showed their antipathy for us. They snarled at the organ and

showed their teeth at the monkey, and with indrawn tails retreated, growling at us from a distance. Very probably not being accustomed to such a sight, nor to the squeaking sounds of our instrument, they began, as soon as it struck up, to bark and howl in such an infernal manner that our monkey seemed to lose heart, and he became so frightened that he could not understand the commands given him.

Children of all shades and colors, usually stark naked, followed us in great numbers, acting as our body-guard, but the only encouragement we received from them was their good will. Unfortunately they had nothing else to give.

In the laborious work of our business we alternated our duties, as good comrades should. While one of us ground the old organ the other had to attend to the monkey. Held by a cord, we made him dance, jump, shoot, go through a drill, and when he had finished the tricks of his not very extensive repertoire, then he was supposed to collect the donations of the kind-hearted spectators.

In the capital, which we traversed in every direction, we did a very poor business. Whether we, our performances, or the Spaniards themselves were the cause of it, was, of course, hard to say, and under the circumstances of little importance, anyhow.

My partner had an idea that the Spaniards were rather behind the age, as they did not appreciate our artistic exhibition, and at the same time

he thought that the colored people in the interior of the island would have better taste, and reward our efforts in the way we had every right to expect.

So one morning we strapped our few belongings together, one took the organ on his back, the other the monkey on his shoulder, and each grasping a heavy walking-stick, left San Juan de Puerto Rico, which had shown itself so unappreciative.

Our intention was to go by way of Aguadilla, Mayaguez, to Ponce, where, upon our arrival, we would make plans for further journeys.

With our heavy burden on our backs, the road seemed far worse than it really was. We crept along so slowly that it took us almost a month to reach Mayaguez, a romantically situated little place, surrounded by numbers of tamarind and mango trees. In every village through which we passed we stopped a little while, and gave young and old the opportunity of enjoying a performance. We accepted anything that was given to us—grateful even for the smallest copper coin. Of course we didn't make a fortune, but made more than we, or at least I, had expected we would, and I began to believe that my partner's former expectations had not been too great after all.

After several days' performances in and about Mayaguez, a few hours before our intended departure, the cruel hand of destiny suddenly fell upon us, ruined our hopes, destroyed our plans, and ended our partnership. We lived there with an old

mulata, who for a small compensation rented us part of her tumble-down cottage. We slept on the bare ground, our monkey on his organ in one corner, and we in our blankets in the other.

The monkey, who answered to the name of Pietro, was a good-sized beast, and by reason of the ill treatment he had received at some time or another, a very vicious animal. From the beginning I had treated him with kindness; had allowed him to scratch my head at his leisure, and had shown him lots of other little favors. He proved thankful for it, struck up a great friendship with me, and was willing and obedient in every respect. With his master, who seemed to be jealous of our friendship, he was not on such good terms. He kicked and whipped the monkey upon the least provocation, and sometimes so cruelly that I was obliged to interfere. The consequence was that the monkey obeyed him only through fear, chattering and showing his teeth whenever he could.

During the night before our intended departure I was suddenly awakened by the call, "Emilio, la scimmia si è sciolta dalla catena, la scimmia mi morse." I jumped up, lighted a candle and crawled over to my partner where a bloody and shocking sight presented itself to my eyes. The Italian lay lamenting and groaning upon his blood-spotted blanket, and the monkey, with his bowels hanging out of his body, dead at his side.

Our Pietro, who could manage to free himself

from his chain one way or another, had jumped suddenly at his master's throat, and scratched and bit him so fiercely that in order to save his life he was forced to draw his stiletto and cut him down. His face, neck and arms were terribly lacerated, and out of his left cheek the infuriated animal had torn a large piece of flesh.

I fetched water, washed and laved his wounds, endeavouring to staunch the bleeding, and remained the rest of the night at his side. The following morning I went for a doctor. He came. dressed his wounds, and sent him to the hospital.

I arranged my affairs with him, visited him during the remaining days of my stay very often, and finally took leave of him.

CHAPTER XVII

The Spanish brig *Carmencita* was loading for Trinidad de Cuba. I took passage in her, and ten days later found myself on the south coast of this rich and charming island.

On account of a slave-trader, having arrived from the east coast of Africa on the previous day, a very brisk and active scene presented itself upon our arrival at Trinidad. Some hundred unfortunate creatures had already been landed, and were to be sold to the highest bidder.

Planters, agents, brokers, who for this purpose had come from far and near, inspected, examined by sight and touch, and appraised this human merchandise in exactly the same way as butchers do, when buying cattle.

Men, women and children were brought into a sort of barn, where they were washed, combed, brushed and furbished up, so as to remove the effects of a long sea voyage.

On the day of the auction they were led to the slave market, where they went off like hot cakes. The prices were in proportion to the quality of the merchandise. For strong, powerful men, up to fifteen hundred dollars were paid; for healthy, well-formed women, up to eight hundred dollars,

and for children according to age, from one to four hundred dollars.

During that sale there were scenes enacted that would have brought tears to the eyes of any honest-hearted man. To me such a spectacle was new. It angered me, filled me with rage and hatred against those miserable wretches, who, with the lives of their fellow-creatures as goods, were plying such an infamous trade.

By way of Cienfuegos and Villa Clara I went through the interior of the Island to Sagua la Grande, where I arrived after a very pleasant and interesting trip.

On the road, I now and again called upon Spanish and native planters, and at one plantation, charmingly situated in a little valley, I rested for quite a number of days. The proprietor received me with Spanish courtesy, inviting me to remain his guest for a few weeks. But anxious to reach Havana, I declined his invitation for a longer stay, and left his hospitable home on the morning of the third day.

He was one of the wealthiest and most influential planters on the Island, and on his extensive plantation had more than a thousand slaves. Provided with all the comforts of home, his spacious residence, surrounded by airy verandas, stood in the midst of a well-kept flower garden, and at the rear of this the engine-house, stables, barns, and the negroes' cottages.

Engineers, overseers or major-domos, and other white men employed on the plantation, lived by themselves, and had, excepting during business hours, no intercourse with the negroes whatever.

Two doctors, who, as they said, were always kept busy, lived with the family, which consisted of the planter, his wife, two sons, two grown-up and two half-grown daughters. It was the first plantation I had seen conducted on such a magnificent scale, and I must say that it made a strong impression upon me. It was quite a little world in itself, in which almost everything the heart might desire was to be found.

Comparing plantation life in Cuba with that in the Philippines proved very disparaging to the latter. The Philippines, so far off the beaten track of travel, were much neglected and had but little value to the Spaniards, whilst they held possession of the largest and wealthiest portions of the New World.

The plantations on the Philippine Archipelago are small, and miserably managed, while existence on them is arduous and wretched. Even to-day there is not one hacienda that produces more than twenty-five thousand picos, or about fifteen hundred tons of sugar in a year.

During the day I walked or rode with some one on the plantation; in the afternoon we drove in comfortable volantas about the vicinity, visiting friends of the family; and in the evenings, after

dinner, dancing, playing, and other amusements went on.

The slaves amused themselves, as soon as their day's work was done, in a similar way. They sat before their clean and neat little cottages, laughing and chatting, or romped about to their heart's content.

Accustomed from childhood to hardships, and a condition of servitude, they did not know even the meaning of liberty. They were happy because contented with their fate, which, perhaps, was better than might have befallen them in their own country. They had no worries of any kind, and if they were ill, or an accident happened, they were nursed and cared for with every attention.

They were, without doubt, far better off than are a good many white slaves in Europe, who work from early morning until late at night, and in spite of all their toil scarcely keep themselves from starvation.

My former idea on the subject, that black slaves are treated like dogs, has since changed to a considerable extent. It is easy to understand that a valuable article should naturally be taken better care of than a worthless one, if only to avoid heavy pecuniary loss.

If the German soldiers, who get, outside of their miserable barrack food, a payment of twenty pfennige, or five cents, a day, were treated half as humanely as the black slaves on the haciendas of Cuba, they might surely call themselves happy and fortunate.

CHAPTER XVIII

From Sagua la Grande I went by way of Cardenas, Matanzas, to Havana, where by calling I surprised a schoolmate of mine, who held a position as clerk in a Spanish firm. I also met some Spaniards whom I had known in the Philippines; they were Government officials, and in the meantime had been transferred from there to the Island of Cuba.

In Havana, which in regard to personal comfort is far behind the Philippines, I rested for a short time, during which I discussed with my friend plans for the future. I spoke to him of my experiences on the Philippines; of the better chances to succeed a business man has there; of the pleasant, hospitable manners of its good-natured inhabitants, and at last persuaded him to change Havana for Manila.

We intended to establish ourselves in Manila as partners, but before my friend would give up his position he insisted that I should first go to Europe and endeavor to arrange certain business matters. Later, if I should realize my expectations, he would leave Havana, we would meet in Europe, and together sail for the Philippines.

The distance from Havana to New York is about twelve hundred miles, and is made by the regular mail boats in from four to five days.

A large English steamer, lately arrived from Santo Domingo, was then advertising for freight and passengers for New York. She carried only saloon passengers, and thinking she would make the trip in the usual time, I purchased a ticket by her for fifty dollars. A number of other people, mostly Spanish, Mexican and English families, had taken passage also. But scarcely had we left the anchor ground when we found that the lying, overdrawn newspaper advertisements had deceived us all.

This vessel, advertised as a steamer, had a very elegant cabin outfit, but otherwise not even the good qualities of a middle-class sailing vessel. A miserable little engine, scarcely able to drive her at a speed of three miles an hour, constituted her steam power, and was for use only in case she could not make headway under sail. When a calm set in, the "coffee-machine" was set at work, but at the least puff of air the propeller was raised from the water and under sail we crept slowly along.

In our first excitement we reproached the captain in bitter terms, telling him that upon our arrival in New York we should make public the mean, contemptible trick played upon us. He answered that he was sorry for us with all his heart, but insisted that he was not to blame for it, and that with all his good will he could not make of his old, weather-beaten vessel a White Star ocean greyhound.

At last, knowing that our situation could not be

altered by grumbling, we quieted down and tried to make the best of our situation.

In addition to a few hundred barrels of pine-apples, and any quantity of bananas stored on deck, the cargo of the vessel consisted principally of sugar. In consequence of our long voyage, the pine-apples soon began to spoil, and to spread such a horrible odor all over the ship that they had to be thrown overboard. At this time we were, in spite of having had ever since leaving Havana the finest weather, not even half way to New York.

At noon of the second Sunday out dark clouds appeared on the northeastern horizon. They came nearer and nearer, enveloping us in darkness like night, while the storm swept howling and shrieking over our heads. The ocean, which shortly before had been so calm and quiet, presented a few hours later an entirely different appearance. The foaming, mountainous billows, lighted up at intervals by great flashes of lightning, were a terrible but grandly impressive sight, and the tremendous seas that washed the deck with deafening roars carried everything not fastened securely along with them.

The old, clumsy *India* was pitched about in a most merciless fashion, and made such a dreadful, squeaking noise that most of the passengers could neither walk, stand nor sleep during the following night. By the morning the tempest had passed, the sea quieted down, the jerking motion of the vessel ceased, and all sail could be set again.

Our joy at the passing of the storm was turned to anxiety when the captain told us that during the night his old tub had sprung a leak; that it had been found necessary to throw part of the cargo overboard, and that the pumps had to be kept going constantly. He told us this as we were sitting down to breakfast, and tried to tranquilize us by adding that no immediate danger was to be feared; but if the crew should not be able to keep the pumps going; if the pumps themselves could not avail against the incoming sea, or if foul weather were to overtake us again, then, of course, it would be a different matter, and rather questionable whether we would ever reach the port of destination.

His statement had a very painful effect upon the greater number of passengers, who cried, sobbed, fainted or gave other outward expressions to their feelings. Not only were delicate matrons and maidens lamenting, but strong and powerful men also, from whom one might have expected more courageous conduct.

During the following six days the passengers assisted the crew to the best of their ability, and did all they could to save themselves and the vessel from destruction. Whether, without our assistance, the vessel would ever have reached New York is very problematical and difficult to decide. The instinct of self-preservation animated every one of us, and even tender and delicate women stood to the pumps and worked as hard as the sailors.

We were in all about sixty adults in the cabin, of whom about half were women. Immediately after the captain had laid the fact of our situation before us, the passengers divided themselves into watches. In the beginning we decided to leave the women out, but they would not hear of such an arrangement, and urged that in cases of such imperative need they could devote their little strength to a common cause just as well as men.

On this occasion I formed a higher opinion of the energy, perseverence and moral courage of women than I, in common with other men, had hitherto held. Day and night food and drink were kept in readiness on the cabin table. As soon as we came from our work we refreshed ourselves and then lay down until our duty again called us on deck.

Those who have never been in a similar position can hardly imagine what a spectacle our rotton old ship presented, her hold and 'tween decks awash with a solution of sugar and salt water.

Spanish and Mexican beauties, who in all their lives had never dreamed of ever soiling their hands with work of any kind, stood to the pumps, wet and disheveled in draggled silk dresses, and showed themselves in a light that only such circumstances could account for. With their dainty little hands, sore and blistered, they pushed and pulled the pump handles up and down, to the shame of many of the male passengers, and worked so steadily and unre-

mittingly that even the weather-beaten, gray-bearded sailors were compelled to pay them a compliment of admiration and respect.

Far outside of Sandy Hook we took a pilot on board. A little tug-boat looking out for customers took hold of us and brought us in a few hours to port. We went on shore, and with few exceptions, to the same hotel, and slept after our hardships for the next twenty-four hours without awakening.

CHAPTER XIX

In New York I remained but a few days, embracing the first opportunity of getting to Hamburg. My means were very much reduced, and I did not feel inclined to spend the little I had left for steamer fare. I wished to save it, and, if possible, to work my passage.

At Hoboken the *Borussia* was loading for Hamburg. I went on board of her, told the chief engineer what I wanted, and was at once accepted as a coal-heaver, and assigned to the watch of the third assistant engineer.

From false economy on the part of the owners, the German steamer *Borussia* was short of hands. On the pier at Hoboken are always to be found men who would like to return to their native country, but on account of their empty pockets, are not able to do so. The owners take advantage of their poverty by engaging them to work their passage, and by such an arrangement save a good deal of money. They don't do it out of compassion or fellow feeling, but only on the score of economy.

Besides myself, a great many other young fellows worked their passage also, but they were shipped mostly as deck-hands, waiters, or in the kitchen.

A few days later we left New York, and arrived

at Hamburg, after a very rough and stormy passage of eighteen days.

The treatment I received on board the *Borussia* I probably will not forget as long as I live. Although more than a quarter of a century has passed since then, the scars on my hands still remind me of it.

The engineer to whose watch I had been assigned, took a dislike to me from the first. Whether I was too fine or too common, too well educated or too uneducated for him, I could not say. He himself was such a brute, and such a disgraceful wretch, that I have seldom or never found his equal. This fellow could not even speak his own mother tongue—high German—but in low German, swore, cursed and used a vocabulary of vulgar and abusive epithets, such as one only hears in the very lowest dives among the outcasts of humanity.

He tormented and tortured me where and whenever he could, and in such an infamous way that all my shipmates felt embittered towards him. But those poor creatures were so intimidated, and stood under so tyrannical a rule that they scarcely dared to open their mouths. An unfavorable word from the engineer would have thrown them out of work, and, perhaps, have brought them and their families into misery and want.

The firemen and trimmers did not earn even the sixth part of what we earned on board the

Golden City, and, in addition, they were treated by their superiors like dogs. Most of them were married men, and had to provide for wife and children. To make a little better living for their families, these men, who were mostly mechanics, worked at their various trades in their spare time—tailoring, shoemaking, barbering, or something else.

Accustomed to the simple and practical arrangements of the Americans, almost everything on board of the *Borussia* seemed to me clumsy and far behind the age. Especially was this the case in the arrangement for heaving the ashes from the fire-room on to the deck and overboard. It was so old-fashioned, requiring such a waste of strength that any American engineer would have ridiculed it.

In spite of all these drawbacks I would not have complained in the least, if the rowdy engineer had only let me alone. But it seemed that it gave him pleasure to bully and aggravate me at least once during my watch, regardless of whether I was working, or standing under the ventilators, panting for breath. His favorite torture was to order me with a sneering smile and in the most supercillious manner to a dark and gloomy place beneath the engine-room, where, owing to the low ceiling, I could neither stand nor walk, and where in a kneeling position, or half lying in cold, dirty water, I had for hours to scrape, clean and do other unnecessary work.

I never questioned his orders, but obeyed with

a look filled with contempt and indignation. Fortunately he never laid hands on me, otherwise I am positive that one of us would never have risen again.

My shipmates often told me that I should complain to the captain of his behavior toward me, but I considered it beneath my dignity to do so, and besides I would show no weakness to him, thinking that for the few days I could stand it anyhow.

My hands had suffered considerably; they were sore and inflamed, and cruel thumping pains in them often kept me awake for twenty-four hours at a stretch. My shipmates showed sympathy for me, but my cowardly, hard-hearted torturer not the very least.

One morning, when my right arm began to ache, and hung almost as though lead had been poured into its joints, I resolved to go and see the doctor. I knocked at his cabin, thought I heard "come in," and, therefore, opened the door. But he scarcely caught sight of me when in a deep bass voice he shouted: "How dare you—you insolent fellow you—to come in here—get out I tell you."

Rather puzzled at such a greeting, I closed the door, and waited outside until it pleased this ruffian to attend to me.

During my residence in beautifully free America, I had forgotten entirely that in my unfortunate fatherland, the members of the honest, useful working classes are treated like beasts of burden.

After this petty tyrant had kept me waiting, like a fool, for over half an hour he at length made his appearance. He caressed his beard, brought his golden eye-glasses into position, looked carelessly at my hands, and said, in an ironical and insulting tone: "That is simply nothing—bathe them in cold water, and work till they heal and fresh skin grows over the wounds." Without wasting as much as a glance at him, I turned my back and went forward.

If his hands had been but a shadow of mine, I am sure he would at once have crawled into his berth, and not appeared again for days.

He was a big, clumsy, bloated fellow, out of whose face stared ignorance, laziness, brutality and sensuousness, and who belonged to those that have stained the reputation of ships' doctors.

Owing to his indolent and luxurious life as a steamship doctor, he had become so lazy and stupid that he could not have made a living as a quack's assistant on shore. He rose late in the morning, went to sleep several times during the day, ate and drank, read brain-killing novels, and felt angry when, perhaps, once in a while a passenger, or one of the crew, came to consult him.

When at last we had reached our destination, and tied up to the *Pinas* in St. Pauly, I parted from my shipmates, took a cab and drove to my parental home.

CHAPTER XX

During my stay in Hamburg I was disappointed in many ways. I found that the ideas of freedom, liberty and equality, brought back with me from America, were not liked there at all, and that cringing and stooping hypocrisy, and servile submissiveness, were just as in former years the rule of German life.

A few days after my arrival, I tried to arrange the affairs which I had discussed with my friend in Havana. I used every argument I could bring to bear, but owing to the narrow-mindedness of those people, I did not succeed. If I had suited myself to their ways, and acted less freely and independently, I am sure that I could have succeeded. I asked for no alms whatever, only for credits, secured by good collateral, as every business man does.

To take the hat off, to throw the cigar away before entering the house, to knock at the office door, and wait like a fool, until it pleased those inside to say "come in," to ask humbly for mister so-and-so, and then to speak to some proud and haughty fellow in a slavish, humiliating way, did not suit me.

I abandoned the project soon after opening negotiations and wrote to my friend in Havana that all our arrangements must be considered at an end.

As soon as I had this affair off my mind I felt relieved, and the idea of leaving Europe as quickly as possible became my only absorbing thought.

With my relations I could not agree either. They said that all my former good habits had been ruined in America, and that it would have been far better for me if I had never left home. They could not understand why their ideas were not mine, why I preferred the wild, far-away country—as some called it—to civilized, illustrious Germany; why I felt neither happy nor contented in my own native country; and why I had not the desire to settle down with them as every good and obedient son should.

People born and reared in those tyrannically ruled countries, don't notice the pressure which lies like lead upon them. Knowing nothing better all their lives, they have become so accustomed to the iron rod, continually hanging over them, that in their minds they are the freest and most independent people in the world.

The more they tried to persuade me to remain there, the more I opposed them, and the end was that I did not part on as friendly terms as one should with relations.

The sailing vessel *Palmerston* was at this time advertised for freight and passengers for New York. Without telling my people in what way I intended to leave, I secured a steerage passage on her for forty dollars.

On board of this emigrant vessel were about eight hundred passengers, hailing from almost every country in northern Europe, and of whom scarcely the twentieth part traveled in the cabin.

Life, as it presented itself there, was worse than anything I had hitherto seen. Even on board a slave trader it could not have been worse, where they had advantages which we poor wretches on board the *Palmerston* had not. I had thought it impossible that ship-owners of my own native city, who, as zealous church-members stand in high repute, were not ashamed to carry on such a nefarious business.

Without heart, without feeling for the misery of their fellow-creatures, they sent emigrants like cattle across the ocean, and did not even provide them the most necessary things. Whether they reach the port of destination or succumb to the misery they find on board is entirely indifferent to them. They only have the money point in view, and look at all the rest merely as by-questions. They consider the human freight as merchandise, having no more claim to their compassion than so many tons of coal or other stuff.

Agents of those gentlemen traveled among the ignorant inhabitants of northern countries trying to entice them to Hamburg, and after the passage-money to America had been paid not the tenth part of all the promises were fulfilled.

Such traffic is very lucrative, and leaves an

enormous profit. The many palatial residences on the Elbe, on the Alster and in other so-called aristocratic localities, which have been built from the blood of such poor, unfortunate victims, are the best proof of it.

The officers and crew of an emigrant vessel are obliged to obey orders strictly, and carry into effect the wishes of their employers. If they do not, or if they show sympathy, no matter how little, with their wretched fellow-creatures aboard, then they are of no value, and are dismissed at the first opportunity. They have to be just as heartless and insensible to every kind of misery as their employers, and the more so they are the easier it is for them to work themselves up.

All those least commendable virtues were to be found on board the *Palmerston*. With but few exceptions, officers and men obeyed instructions to the letter. Besides, the crew was savage and brutal, and treated our poor, awkward emigrants in such an infamous fashion that many of them actually trembled with fear whenever they were spoken to. Kicks, slaps and blows were so liberally distributed that one could well imagine himself in a Russian penitentiary or on a German drill-ground.

The food served to us was in keeping with the other accommodations. The food supplied steerage passengers on American vessels was in comparison to ours the most luxurious.

Our cook was as mean as his employers; he,

too, was out for business. He issued such scanty rations that the greater number of the passengers were as hungry after their meals as before. If they wanted more the cook would furnish it, but only in return for pecuniary consideration.

Even the very sailors imitated his tricks, and sold for cash to our careworn and hungry passengers, every bit they could spare from their own miserable food. Many of the emigrants, men as well as women, courted the good will of sailors and deck boys in the most servile flattery, only to obtain some direct or indirect advantage for their griping stomachs.

In the upper part of the ship's hold, before used to store freight in, were two plank scaffolds, one above the other. With the exception of a few narrow gangways, the whole surface of those rough boards and planks were divided by laths into squares of about four by six feet, in which two or three of us had to sleep. They reminded me of the worst kind of sheep pens. In those pens we lay like pickled herrings, and in which, on account of the low ceilings, we could not even sit upright. Small boxes, satchels, tin cups, plates and other utensils so necessary to emigrant vessels, shared the place.

Emigrants who had the means to buy in Hamburg straw mattresses lay, of course, on them, but those poor creatures who had not were obliged to lie during the whole voyage on the hard pine boards.

As men and women, girls, boys and little children lay in these pens without regard to decency, it is easy to comprehend that the meaning of "mine" and "thine" was often lost sight of.

To people who imagine that they would faint were they to stick their noses inside the steerage of an American vessel I can recommend, as a nerve-strengthening remedy, a voyage on board a German slave or emigrant ship.

In consequence of the continuous bad weather, the hatches, for days at a time, could not be opened, and the atmosphere in our pens was then simply horrible. The greater number of our emigrants had never been beyond the borders of their native villages until now, and naturally suffered severely from seasickness. They grunted, groaned and lamented in such a heartrending manner that the rest of us could scarcely hear ourselves speak.

There was not the slightest attempt made to render medical assistance on board in any way, not even in cases of childbirth and death, which frequently occurred. In the latter case the sailors carried the corpses on deck, wrapped them in old pieces of canvas, and threw them with a sort of "hurrah" overboard. Everyone looked out for her or himself, and God—so they said—did the same for all of us.

The officers never came into our part of the ship, and the sailors very seldom, and then only after taking all sorts of precaution—no doubt they

had a wholesome respect for the sickening atmosphere and the two, four and multi-legged inhabitants of our 'tween decks.

The stall immediately above that one occupied by myself and mates was tenanted by a family of Finns, consisting of father, mother and son, who, at times, became very offensive and annoying to us. These poor creatures were clothed in rags that scarcely sufficed to meet the ordinary demands of decency, and suffered from exposure most terribly. They resembled skeletons in appearance, they seldom came out of their stall, they scarcely ate anything, and it actually seemed that they must have buried themselves in their own filth. We did all we could to make them understand that we were alive below, and had a right to some consideration, but our remonstrances made not the slightest impression upon them, and horrible, unmentionable matter continued to drip down upon us.

An experience in the 'tween decks of our ship was the most effective means I know of for developing the brutish instincts of human beings.

Next to our pen, separated from us by two six-inch strips of lumber, was one occupied by a Polish couple and their daughter, a young girl almost grown to womanhood. The fat, ugly, and garlic-perspiring old Jewish woman became at times very annoying to me. She used, when asleep, to thrust her arms through the space between the slats that separated us, and wipe those fat, dirty appendages

of hers across my face. I would not have paid much attention to this kind of joke, had it not been for the horrible aroma of her breath that came full in my face and nauseated me almost to the verge of vomiting. Under the influence of such an atmosphere I often felt a premonition of seasickness, and to check an eruption in time I hung an old garment of mine to the partition slats, as a non-conductor of odor.

The husband of this woman, who at first seemed perfectly contented with his lot, and who quacked and chatted all day long, after the manner of his people, was suddenly taken ill, seized with a severe dysentery, wasted away to a skeleton, and after suffering intense pain, died.

His wife and daughter were so overcome by their own misery that the death of their bread winner seemed to make but little impression upon them. He died during the night, while a terrible gale swept over us. Our vessel rolled, pitched, creaked and groaned in such an infernal manner that but few on board could close their eyes.

My neighbor aroused me, told me what had happened, and begged me to fasten the lifeless body of her husband to the slats of the pen, in order to prevent it from being rolled over herself and daughter, by the pitching of the vessel. I did so, closed thereupon my nose and ears, and thus enjoyed a few hours' rest.

What I have suffered, and how my olfactory

nerves were tortured during the sickness of my unfortunate neighbor is almost impossible to say. At this writing, although more than twenty-five years have passed since that awful voyage, the aroma of those days and nights often seems to return to my nose.

The stench of a dunghill appeared to me as perfume in comparison to the odor that emanated from the pen occupied by my Polish neighbors.

My pen-mates and I only regretted that we could not have had the ship-owners along with us; for had the opportunity only presented itself, we certainly would have served them as one serves kittens when they commit a nuisance, and have rubbed the aristocratic noses of these gentlemen in the filth that trickled over and under our mattresses.

From the time of leaving Cuxhaven until we arrived in New York, we were continuously buffeted by storms of more or less severity. Our captain's first intention was to go through the Channel, but on account of heavy, foggy weather he gave that idea up, and decided to sail around Scotland. He enjoyed a high reputation among the greater part of my fellow-passengers. They looked upon him with admiration, and would certainly not have dared to even open their mouths in his presence.

That he could bring his vessel across the ocean with nothing in sight to steer by save water, sky, sun, moon and stars, was something that they could

not understand, and it remains, perhaps, to this very day a puzzle to them. They thought the route between Hamburg and New York would resemble somewhat the roads in their own countries, where, in order to direct one on his way, lamp-posts, sign-boards, and, once in awhile, a lager beer saloon could be found.

At last, at the end of the fifth week, we came in sight of land, when our joy was general and mutual.

Far from land we picked up a pilot. As he came on board and saw the filth and dirt on deck, his breath left him. Without saying a word he descended into his boat, wrapped himself in heavy oilcloth, changed his hat for an old south-wester, lighted his pipe, and then returned to us. One cannot wonder at an American, accustomed to neatness and cleanliness, becoming ill and faint at the sight of such a floating pig-pen.

Several tugs came alongside, but on account of the stinginess of our captain, their services were not accepted.

Inside of Sandy Hook we, for the first time during the voyage, enjoyed the life-giving rays of the sun. By hundreds the emigrants flocked on deck, and gazed with stupid, expressionless faces towards the land, where they thought that gold was to be picked from the ground.

"Over in America," "over in New York," was about all one could hear during the voyage. Of the political, social and commercial institutions of

the country they knew absolutely nothing, nor of the pitiful fate which awaited such ignorant, awkward creatures as themselves.

Whether New York was in America, America in New York, or New York and America districts of a Russian province at the other end of the world, was equally vague to them. They knew as little about it as they knew of the form of our globe, which, by a good many of my traveling companions was in shape compared to a limburger cheese.

One might be certain that other and perhaps greater misfortunes than they had yet experienced awaited our emigrants as soon as they stepped upon shore. They could neither speak the language, nor were they shrewd enough to protect themselves from the meanness and rascality of those who in every large seaport in America make a living by robbing and swindling ignorant emigrants. These outcasts of humanity, usually recruited from the ranks of their own countrymen, cheat, deceive and betray them, take possession of them as soon as they land, and if they have money, or anything worth money, hang on to them until the last cent is gone, and then kick them into the street.

The old world considers America as a kind of dumping ground for all the men and women they cannot use there. Whether escaped from prison or the gallows, whether poverty, or the cruel, unjust laws of kings, queens and emperors, drive the people away from there, makes no difference whatever—

all and everything, according to European ideas, is good enough for America. No one can deny that large numbers of honest, respectable and useful people are coming from Europe every month, but that a great deal of rubbish also finds its way to the American shores is equally true. Time and experience will surely tell whether or not it is to the interest of America and the American people to restrict the liberal emigration laws of to-day.

CHAPTER XXI

My intention was to go from New York to South America, and from there as circumstances would permit, to return to the Philippines. But fate decided otherwise, and for some unknown reason tossed me about for a time in the northern hemisphere.

One evening while sitting in the Atlantic Garden, on the Bowery, over a glass of beer, a gentleman came toward me, saluted me, and said that he felt sure that he must have seen me before in some part of the world. He sat down with me; we presently drifted into conversation, and found that we had met before at Acapulco.

He was a Hungarian, and at the time he had seen me at Acapulco held the rank of captain in an infantry regiment in Maximilian's army stationed there. On account of sickness he had quitted the service, in the meantime paid a visit to his friends in Europe, and was now on his return to Mexico.

We became quite friendly, used to meet frequently, and spend much of our time together strolling about New York, and talking over our Mexican experiences. I eventually became so interested in Mexico that I entirely forgot my intentions of going to South America, and made up my mind to return with him to the land of the Aztecs. We lived at

rather a lively pace in New York, until we had scarcely money enough left to pay our fares to Vera Cruz.

Immediately upon my arrival, I left with a body of cavalry for the interior. My Hungarian friend joined the infantry, and I left him on my departure, in Vera Cruz.

During the time I was in Mexico, I spent very many happy and pleasurable days, as well as sad and sorrowful ones, which, as long as life lasts, will remain engraven upon my memory. I have, perhaps, seen more of this beautiful country than the majority of my fellowmen, and from actual experience formed a high opinion of the patriotism of its noble and heroic people.

Owing to the indecision of our leaders, we were chased about the country in every direction; some days to the north or south, at others to the east or west; sometimes high on the plateau, at others deep in the valleys of this charming land, which, by the horrors of that utterly-useless and uncalled for war has suffered so immensely.

We scarcely had time to congratulate ourselves that after long, weary marches, skirmishes and battles we should now have an opportunity for a short rest, than we got new marching orders, and the morning saw us off to another district of this then unfortunate country.

The horrors of this war, which upon such a frivolous excuse was declared through the Napoleonic

arrogance, surpassed in many respects even the most barbarous excesses of former centuries, and the desperation with which both parties battled to the very last, scarcely finds a parallel in the annals of history.

It is, indeed, a misfortune that the story of all the infamous deeds committed in Mexico has never become public property in Europe, and that it exists only in the memories of those who, as facile tools, were forced to obey the cruel will of the European intruder.

In monarchical countries, which can exist only by fraud and oppression, truth is considered the greatest enemy of the state—rather of the monarch. All facts given to the public are distorted and twisted into such shape as will reflect most credit upon monarchical institutions, and enthuse the people for the government.

Experience shows that truth-loving Europe has often made a harmless, innocent lamb of a blood-thirsty tiger.

This cruel war, which was brought to an end by Mexico in such a glorious fashion, has shown to the world once more that republican liberty can always vanquish monarchical despotism. It has spoiled forever the lust of territory of those European despots who for decades have been casting envious eyes upon the American Republics, and it has plainly and distinctly given them to understand that free people will fight the sword with the

sword, until every son of the soil rests upon the shield stained with his blood, rather than see a despot's flag in free America.

Had it not been that the United States' hands were tied at that time, this scandalous campaign, which ended with the execution of Maximilian, would not and could not have taken place at all. The well-known "Monroe Doctrine," according to which no European power is allowed to interfere in the affairs of the new world, would have been enforced and respected, and not a single European despot would have dared to abrogate it.

The unfortunate breaking out of the Civil War in the United States shortly before the Mexican campaign was set afoot, lessened the influence of the American government in the affairs of the outside world. Europe saw her opportunity, and hoped to reap some benefits from it. With the exception of the Swiss, all the other governments of Europe expected and hoped for the success of the Southern Confederacy in that most awful war, and Napoleon, seeing his opportunity in Mexico, started his crusade.

Without any formal declaration of war, after the style of savages, rather than of so-called civilized nations, Spain, England and France, in the latter part of 1861, pounced upon Mexico. They seized Vera Cruz, murdered all those who opposed their arms, and advanced into the interior, plundering and pillaging.

The agreement between these three nations, however, did not last very long, and a few months later England and Spain withdrew their troops, which in the meantime had advanced beyond Orizaba, leaving the field of operations to the arrogant, intrigue-loving Napoleon.

The French army in Mexico numbered about forty thousand men, and in order to replace the enormous losses in battles, sickness and desertion, fresh troops had to be sent from Europe continually.

Napoleon at that time was the most powerful and influential personality in Europe. Every one bowed to his wishes, and obeying him with slavish snbmissiveness seemed to be considered, even by the others of the European sovereigns, the greatest possible honor.

After the capital of Mexico and many other important places had fallen into the possession of the foreign intruder, Napoleon thought it best to establish under his protection an hereditary monarchy in Mexico. French influence, backed by French gold, French bayonets and French promises, easily bought over a handful of venal traitors, who, in the name of the Mexican people, suggested the establishment of a monarchical form of government in their country.

This petition being duly laid before Napoleon, just as he had dictated it to the petitioners, he had an emperor ready at hand, in the proud and ambi-

tious Maximilian, who, tired of being a nonentity in Europe, was willing to be an emperor even in America. He jumped at the chance, and accepted Napoleon's terms at once, making, of course, the condition—a mere matter of form—that the Mexican people themselves should tender him this honor.

Some of the same traitors who had shortly before petitioned Napoleon, were called together and shipped to Europe with instructions to tender the imperial crown to Maximilian, and to concede any other formalities he might demand.

Maximilian's mentality was not of a high order, but in spite of that his common sense should have taught him that these men—self-seekers and traitors as they were—had neither the true interest of Mexico at heart, nor the right to speak for a whole nation, knowing, as he must have, that such creatures could not be the representatives of an heroic, freedom and liberty-loving nation.

But the ambition to rank with his imperial masters and kinsmen, and to have the same unlimited opportunities to plunder a whole nation on an imperial scale, was so tempting that he entirely forgot to take the more important points of the question into consideration.

He left his lovely home, his castle Miramar, so charmingly situated on the shores of the Adriatic, to invade, as usurper, a country in which the republican form of government existed as before, and

where, after a brief and troubled dream of imperial state, he met his richly deserved fate.

Maximilian's European connection which, by the way, is always glad to have an opportunity to increase and strengthen its forces by another crowned head had, of course, acknowledged him at once as emperor. America alone ignored him, treated him as an adventurer and interloper, and recognized, as before, the government of the President, Benito Juarez, as the only possible and lawful one.

Maximilian with his wife, the proud and ambitious Charlotte, landed during the summer of sixty-four at Vera Cruz, and in triumphal procession were escorted, under the protection of French bayonets, to their future residence, the capital city of Mexico.

For nearly three years the newly-made emperor lived happily and contentedly in a country, the language of which he could scarcely speak, and during this time strained every nerve to equal in the splendor of his state, and the luxury of his living his European kinsmen. Short-sighted, inexperienced in statecraft, without the qualities of a general or a fighter, he did not even take an interest in the affairs of his government. He enjoyed the fact of his really being an emperor, and left important affairs in the hands of his generals, and his Mexican and European advisers.

If right went before might, Maximilian would have had but little of the good things of life, but

as this, unfortunately, was not the case, he, from the very beginning, demanded a civil list—the word "salary" is too gross and vulgar for crowned heads—of three million six hundred thousand per year.

In spite of the poverty and misery which prevailed under his government, the kind-hearted Emperor—as he was called by his professed admirers—never forgot to pocket his ten thousand dollars every morning, which, as salary for the last twenty-four hours, became due to him.

Three million six hundred thousand dollars is a very large amount of money, and appears still larger by comparison. The Presidents of the United States do not receive such a sum of money in seventy years, or, to put it another way, Maximilian received in a space of five days just as much as the First Magistrate of the United States of America receives for a whole year's services.

The imperial households at the City of Mexico and Chapultepec squandered fabulous sums of money, and to scrape these together it was necessary to use strong measures — measures which would have brought a blush to the cheek of a Turkish tax-collector.

Court etiquette, and all the rest of the imperial humbuggery, had, of course, to be introduced into the New World also. Until the arrival of Maximilian and Charlotte, nothing of this tomfoolery was known in Mexico—the Mexicans did not even understand how to salute imperial majesties! Con-

sequently it called for an immense deal of brain-work, together with the combined wisdom of this tenderly-loving couple, to find a remedy for such an awful state of ignorance.

Everything needful was ordered from Europe; the Mexicans had to pay for it, and were supposed to consider it an honor to be allowed to provide these luxuries for such exalted personages.

Besides highly aristocratic, but hollow-headed, self-opinionated court ladies, any number of blue-blooded stable-boys, toilet-room and bed-chamber cleaners, porters, court clowns and hundreds of other useless individuals, with titles, decorations and bombastic names, arrived. They acquainted the Mexicans with the secrets of rotten, corrupt European court life, and taught them the art of handling majesties by the "Grace of God."

The aping of European court fashion and customs reached such a degree that even Maximilian's partisans became disgusted with such carnival and masquerade farces.

In Europe, Maximilian was considered the savior of a country which, without his aid, would have torn and rent itself to pieces in civil war. He was further looked upon as a noble philanthropist, willing to sacrifice his very life in the interest of civilization, and—as it was maliciously spread about—for the welfare of an incapable, lawless and savage race.

Believing this, a great many credulous, but

noble and well-meaning persons, followed in his train, who, had they realized the true state of affairs, would surely have remained at home.

That he might not be obliged to depend entirely upon the French forces in Mexico—the leaders, and even the very soldiers of whom laughed and sneered at the puppy, placed by the grace of their Emperor on the Mexican throne—Maximilian ordered so-called Mexican regiments to be enlisted. These were placed under the command of Mexican generals, and, like the Austrian and Belgian troops, had nothing whatever to do with the French.

The lust of pillage and blood overcame discipline, which among the invading forces was known hardly by name. As vandals, those hordes overran the beautiful country, and sacked and destroyed where and whenever they could. The provinces of Michoacan, Sinaloa, Chihuahua, Coahuila, Neuvo Leon and Tamaulipas suffered most, and the cruelties committed there will surely never be erased from the memories of the actors in those scenes.

Looting and thieving went on in the most scandalous fashion. From Maximilian down to the lowest soldier, almost everyone did his best to enrich himself, and to squeeze as much as possible out of his enemy, the unfortunate Mexican.

The courage and hope of the Republican troops and that of their leaders were but increased by misfortune. They fought for a just cause—for freedom, liberty, and the independence of their coun-

try—and in the fulfillment of their noble duty they gave the most brilliant proofs of perseverance, patience and bravery. To drive the hated invaders from Mexican soil was their only desire, and that they would eventually have succeeded, even had the French troops not been recalled, no one who knows Mexico and the Mexicans will ever doubt for a moment.

With the imperial party all was quite different. Many adherents lost courage and despaired as they saw themselves opposed by such an obstinate enemy, who took advantage of every opportunity to weaken and divide their strength.

Mercy, compassion, even common humanity, no longer existed ; every inhuman act that was done by either side—and they were, unfortunately, very frequent—was certain to be requited by the other.

Towns and villages were sacked, pillaged and laid in ashes. Men, women and children were butchered, outraged, lashed to the tails of horses and dragged amid rejoicing of the captors through the burning streets. Prisoners were hung head downwards to limbs of trees, and used as targets by the brutal, arrogant soldateska. Foot-traps were set, bear-pits were dug, covered with brushwood, and left for some one to fall into, whereupon the captives were stoned, or dragged out by lassoes, and tortured to death in one horrible way or another.

Every Mexican who fought for freedom, liberty and the independence of his country was—just as

in my unfortunate fatherland—declared an outlaw, and no punishment seemed too hard and cruel for him.

There were crimes committed in Mexico, during the war, which are of such a sickening detail that it would freeze the blood in the veins of almost anyone, and for all these atrocities no one, save the noble-minded Napoleon and the kind-hearted, philanthropical Maximilian, was to blame.

The termination of the American Civil War was a check to Napoleon's and Maximilian's ambitious schemes, and brought all their hopes and dreams to a sudden end.

In democratic fashion, in the plain, unvarnished words of republican simplicity, it was intimated to the French Emperor that he must withdraw his troops from Mexico, or the United States would take summary vengeance. And at the same time the Emperor of Austria was notified that he must keep at home a body of troops which stood ready to embark for Mexico, or the American minister would leave Vienna within twenty-four hours.

To get into trouble with the American Colossus, of course, did not suit either Napoleon, Franz Joseph, nor any other European sovereign, so they tried to make the best of a bad job, and did as they were ordered.

When this disastrous news reached Mexico, the imperial party became confused, and the little

remaining sense of those majesties by the "Grace of God" went entirely.

Charlotte went to Europe. She begged Napoleon to change his resolution; she implored the Pope for his benediction, and all the rest of her European kinsmen for their assistance in her just and lawful cause, and in her ignorance overlooked the fact entirely that the mainspring of all her misfortunes was not in Europe at all—but in America, in Washington.

When this proud, ambitious, and hard-hearted lady saw that the splendor of her imperial majesty would dwindle away, and fall to pieces like a miserable house of cards, she fell sick, and disappeared from the stage forever.

It was neither in Maximilian's nor in Charlotte's power to change the situation, otherwise they would not have hesitated a single moment to sacrifice the last of the Mexican race to their ambition.

While this approaching disaster culminated over the usurper's head, threatening to devour him and his party, Maximilian, for the first time, showed himself to the world in his true character. Partly through ignorance, partly through maliciousness, and partly through that savage instinct which tyrants and despots possess, he took one false step after another in quick succession, which railroaded him only so much the sooner towards the gallows.

To crush republicanism and, as he thought, to cure the Mexicans of their appetite for fighting

in the future, he enacted, near the latter part of sixty-five, some laws which, for barbarity, would have done credit to the very savages of the South Sea Islands.

Knowing it to be false, he caused the report to be spread about the country that Juarez had left the Mexican territory; that the Republican forces had ceased to exist, and that none but bandits and highwaymen were waging war against him.

He consequently decreed that prisoners, whatever their number or their rank might be, were to be shot at once; that those who sold horses, arms, war material or provisions to the enemy were to share the same fate; and that those who assisted the enemy in an indirect way, or who declined to accept an office under the monarchical rule, were to be imprisoned and their property confiscated.

Any one acquainted with Mexican affairs will know, that during all the years of war, President Benito Juarez never left Mexican soil. Most of the time he was with his government in Paso del Norte, and as in the beginning, so at the end of the war, in San Luis Potosi.

These cruel laws reacted upon the very men of Maximilian's own forces, for the other side, knowing that they had no mercy to expect, showed none, and both parties butchered their prisoners of war most cruelly.

By this barbarous decree Maximilian sacrificed thousands of Mexicans and foreigners, and called

down upon himself the condemnation, hatred and contempt, not alone of the Mexican nation, but of the whole right-feeling and thinking world.

When the last of the French troops had left Mexico, almost the entire country was in the possession of the Republican forces, but Maximilian's ambition could not bring itself to resign the imperial crown and retire from the country to which he had brought naught but misery and misfortune. He continually buoyed himself up with the belief that from some unexpected quarter he would find assistance and relief in his extremity; but the days he frittered away in this vain hope only sufficed to bind the iron bands of his enemies closer and closer about him.

At the capital, where every available man fit to bear arms had been pressed into his service, he brought his fighting strength up to about twenty thousand men. With these, in the beginning, he could easily have made his way to Acapulco or to Vera Cruz, from whence he could have taken refuge on board any foreign man-of-war in the harbor. His friends advised him to do this, but instead of following their advice he resolved upon the stupid plan of making for the north, into the very heart of his enemy's stronghold.

Maximilian left the defense of the capital in the hands of some of his friends, and taking with him about fifteen thousand men under the command of his three best generals, came with

them as far as Queretaro. As soon as he had shut himself up there the Republican General, Mariano Escobedo, laid siege to the town, and kept him like a mouse in a trap. Every attempt at escape was frustrated, every sortie was repulsed, and at the end of May the town was carried by the victorious Republicans.

That Queretaro fell by treachery into the hands of Escobedo is a mere myth—one of the many falsehoods which were spread abroad with the intention of gaining sympathy for Maximilian's cause.

Any one who knows Queretaro and the great advantages the besieging forces have over a garrison never believed such nonsense. From the beginning, the fall of Queretaro was but a question of time, which, of course, could have been hastened by a ruinous and destructive bombardment.

The Republicans were too humane to stoop to such a course, or they would have executed the usurper at once upon capturing him. Instead of this, they handed him over to a court-martial, which convicted him of crimes committed against the independence and the public security of the nation, and as a disturber and oppressor of freedom, liberty and the natural rights of men, and sentenced him to be shot.

On the 19th day of June, Maximilian and his two generals, Mejia and Miramon, were executed at the foot of the Cerro de las Campanas, a mile outside of Queretaro.

Unfortunately, experience has shown that upon the word of royalty one cannot always depend, otherwise Benito Juarez might have pardoned Maximilian and sent him, a played-out adventurer, back to his European kinsmen.

During the trial his lawyers and advisers did everything possible to save his life. Some of his friends even tried to gain by bribery what justice denied them.

The Princess Salm-Salm, perhaps more interested than any other person in the escape of Maximilian, played rather a dangerous game with his guardian, a renowned and heroic soldier of the republic. She thought that the vast sums of money which she could dispose of would be more than sufficient to buy his acquiescence of her schemes, and with gold transform a gallant Mexican officer into a miserable, contemptible traitor. He gave ear to her plans, and after learning all the details of the plot told her in a vague manner, which perhaps she did not understand, that it was necessary for him to advise first with his commanding officer.

On the following day, in company with the Italian, Austrian and Belgian ministers, this lady was expelled from Queretaro.

A little later the capital city, Mexico, fell into the hands of General Porfirio Diaz.

During my adventures in Mexico I was wounded several times, but was always fortunate enough to escape with my life. A blow that I received on the

head reminds me, even now, of the stirring events of those days.

It was on the plateau of Mexico that we were surprised one morning by the Republican forces. In the course of the fight the enemy formed squares and some of our cavalry were ordered to break them. We attacked, but were repulsed, and after being reinforced we charged again and succeeded in breaking the formation.

In the hand-to-hand struggle which followed my horse was shot under me. I was brought to the ground with him, and while trying to pick myself up a soldier struck me down again with the butt of his musket.

When I re-opened my eyes I thought I must be dreaming, for I was gazing into the faces of two beautiful women, who sat at the side of my bed applying iced cloths to my head. I seized their hands and asked them with tears in my eyes to tell me how I came in this situation. They told me that after the fight was over, and friends and enemies had left the battle-field, the inhabitants went out to gather up and carry the wounded into the houses in the vicinity.

I had been brought to the house of a noble-hearted Mexican family, where for many days I was treated tenderly, and with loving kindness.

Expressing to them my gratitude for all the generous care they had bestowed upon me, I, as soon as I had recovered sufficiently, took my leave and hastened to the City of Mexico.

Promoted to the rank of an officer, in the early part of the year sixty-seven I left the capital with a Mexican force. We joined the balance of the French troops, about ten thousand strong, who were marching to the coast on Vera Cruz.

Scarcely had we arrived there and entered the city when a republican force put in an appearance. They began the siege of the town at once, and blockaded every road leading to the interior.

After the French troops had sailed for Europe, we remained in Vera Cruz with about twelve hundred men, in order to hold the place as long as possible for the Imperialist party.

We held the city to the end of June, repulsed all attacks, and only surrendered after we had learned from American newspapers that Queretaro had been taken and Maximilian executed.

During the siege, which lasted a little over three months, Vera Cruz suffered considerably, and the number of its defenders had dwindled to less than half.

The harbor, with the fort San Juan de Ulua, remained, of course, in our possession, but in spite of this advantage, most of the necessaries of life became at last so scarce, and those that could be obtained so costly that every one within the walls had to suffer more or less.

The Republicans bombarded the place once or twice a day, and that it was not transformed into a heap of ruins was due only to the bad aim of the

enemy's gunners, whose projectiles mostly whistled over our heads, and plunged harmlessly into the bay.

Sorties on our part were made twice a week. They lasted sometimes all forenoon, and although always resulting in loss of life, gained us no advantage.

A great many of our men who escaped the enemy's fire, fell victims to that terrible fever, the vomito negro, which, during the siege of Vera Cruz, raged a most dreadful epidemic. It usually proved fatal within a few hours, and people who in the morning rose well and strong were often by noon safe under the ground.

Nature has furnished me with a strong constitution, but all during the siege of Vera Cruz I was never quite well. I was obliged to have recourse to quinine and bitter salt every day, and if for one day I neglected to swallow my dose, the rush of blood to my head, which surely followed the omission, gave it the sensation of being on the point of bursting. One evening I, too, was seized with an attack of this black vomiting, which, however, was checked by so-called home remedies administered to me by the wife of our colonel, in whose house I lived.

Social life in Vera Cruz during the siege was in many respects very pleasant and enjoyable. We became acquainted with many Mexican families, in whose hospitable houses we spent many a happy

and delightful hour. Dancing and musical entertainments were quite frequent, but often they were interrupted and brought to a sudden termination by the distant booming of the cannon, and the whistling and bursting of the enemy's shells overhead.

On the walls of Vera Cruz we had mounted about sixty cannon, but dating as they did from former centuries, they were liable to do just as deadly work to friend as to foe. One cannon exploded on one occasion, and tore half a dozen of our Spanish artillery men to pieces.

The news that Maximilian had been captured and executed came to us first by way of America, and when, a few days later, the besieging general sent us Mexican papers, confirming the complete downfall of the Imperialist cause, we agreed to his proposal to surrender. An instrument stipulating the terms of capitulation was drawn up, and was to have been signed on the following morning. But during the night our commanding officers, the comisario, the Prefecto, and with them the war chest, containing funds to the amount of about a million of dollars, disappeared.

A French corvette had left the harbor under cover of darkness, with these wretches aboard, and carried them to a foreign country, where, probably, they have since enjoyed the fruit of their treachery and dishonesty.

When the news of their escape reached the public, the greatest excitement and exasperation

prevailed. During the first outburst it was thought that the besieging general had made common cause with them, for which he ought to be called to account and punished.

Our artillery men, mostly composed of European Spaniards, made ready their cannon, and began to throw shot and shell into the enemy's camp again. Without knowing what might have happened in Vera Cruz, the besieging force seemed at first rather puzzled, but finally they loaded their guns and returned the compliment.

The cannon on our walls, when in full activity, fairly shook the little town, and the enemy's shells, which with deadly effect exploded in the streets and within or upon the roofs of the houses, terrified the inhabitants to such an extent that no one dared to move out of doors. They had thought the siege finished, all the horrors of war at an end, and consequently felt more than astonished to find hostilities renewed.

To prevent Vera Cruz from becoming a heap of ashes, at noon of that day the most influential citizens of the city appeared before our new commandant, and made him a proposition to stop the cannonade and withdraw his forces from the town.

After a short deliberation their proposition was accepted, and the siege of Vera Cruz, as far as we were concerned, at an end.

It cost the people of Vera Cruz a large amount of money to get rid of us, but as usual in such

cases, the ransom or indemnity was not as fairly divided as it should have been. Generals and commanders, numbering many more than necessary for an army twenty times as large as our little band, took all the fat for themselves, and left but the thin watery broth for officers and men.

The Mexican man-of-war *Tabasco*, a miserable little tub of four hundred tons, formerly the property of a Mexican shipping house, was furnished to transport us to the United States. In the shortest time possible she was coaled, provisioned, and as soon as everything was in readiness, the foreign troops and some Mexican officers of high rank, numbering in all about three hundred and fifty men, embarked and sailed for Mobile, Alabama.

CHAPTER XXII

The twenty-seventh day of June was the date of our departure, and surely the memory of that day will ever dwell in the minds of those who were present.

Before day dawn we assembled in our barracks, and marched in a mournful procession through the streets of the little town, which we had defended so long and so bravely. With moisted eyes and sadly depressed hearts we were leaving, perhaps for ever, a place within whose walls we had spent, in the society of amiable Mexican families, so many happy and delightful hours. Although it was scarcely day-break the windows and balconies of the houses on our route were crowded with Mexican matrons and maidens; they showered us with flowers, waved their handkerchiefs, and wished us a hearty farewell.

Immediately apon our arrival at the landing place we embarked, and a few hours later we were on our way north. Shortly before we left the anchor ground the Republican forces marched into Vera Cruz, and we could see the Imperial flag torn down and replaced by the victorious Republican banner.

Our voyage to Mobile was rather tiresome, and in some respects troublesome. It took us fully seven

days to run a distance of not quite one thousand miles.

We had the finest weather possible all the time, otherwise I do not know what would have become of us and our old coal barge.

The hold of the vessel was filled with coals, boxes, barrels and sacks, and the cabin and state-rooms were so small that scarcely the tenth part of us could have found accommodation in them. Therefore, the deck was the only spot where the bulk of us quartered. We lay there in the most democratic equality, and packed so closely together that at night, if one turned over, he could not avoid waking his neighbors on either side. Heavy showers of rain, drenching us to the skin, surprised us every few moments. But we could do nothing but grin and bear it, and await with what patience we might for the sun to dry us again.

Dried salt-codfish, worm-eaten biscuit, and stone-hard Edam cheese were the only food we had, and as the water on board was bad, and so scarce that the allowance to each man was not sufficient to quench the thirst that our dry, salt food engendered, the temper of almost every one on board showed itself in a not very favorable light.

As everything in the world must have an end, so did our voyage. Dangers and privations were soon forgotten as we came in sight of the American coast, and, as a little later, we passed the last arm of the Mississippi, and steamed into the Bay of

Mobile, no one thought of his past troubles, but only in what way he could best amuse himself in Dixie-land.

At the entrance to the bay, just opposite Fort Morgan, we anchored to await the sanitary authorities, and, when they arrived, they were informed that some deaths had occurred during the voyage, but that, at present, every one aboard was in good health. They left us with instructions to remain at anchor until we were advised as to our future disposition.

But the turbulent fellows aboard the *Tabasco* could not be thus easily controlled. Such authority as that could not keep them aboard ship when they wanted to go ashore. So they forced the captain to heave anchors, start his engines and continue on his way to Mobile.

Two shots from the fort were fired from behind us, but, as they did not hit the target, they saved their powder and ball and we steamed ahead for the city.

In the afternoon we reached Mobile, anchored in the stream, and made preparation for at once leaving the vessel. On shore, a great throng had gathered, which, as boat-load after boat-load landed on American soil, greeted them with cheers and jubilations. It was, without doubt, a strangly impressive sight to see this little body of men grouped together on shore, dressed out in gay and glittering, but soiled and torn uniforms, and among them

representatives of almost every country in Europe, and of a good many African districts also. It was a scene which, from its novelty, will long remain fresh in the memories of the inhabitants of Mobile.

The military officers, stationed at Mobile, stood on the embankment of the river and saluted their sun-burned Mexican camrades in the kindest way, giving them a most hearty welcome to American soil.

The reception by the Southern people of the remnants of the defeated Imperialist party was a very hearty one. Every one did his best to be obliging, and to make our stay with them as pleasant and comfortable as possible.

Proclamations in French and Spanish were posted in the streets, saying that the Police Department would cheerfully give any kind of information and take care of money, arms and other effects we might have. The newspapers said the same, and were high in their praise of the behavior of the men, pointing out at the same time the hardships the Imperial officers and soldiers had suffered.

The South sympathized at that time more or less with Maximilian and his party, and treated us almost as brothers in adversity. Like themselves, we, too, had fought for the sake of slavery and tyranny, and like themselves, we, too, had received the well-deserved punishment from the overwhelming strength of Republicanism.

After a rest of fourteen days in the State of

Alabama, I went, in company with a Spanish artillery officer, by way of New Orleans, Saint Louis and Chicago, to New York, where my companion embarked for Spain, leaving me on this side of the ocean. The trip, especially that part of it from New Orleans to Saint Louis, on board one of those luxuriously furnished paddle-wheel steamers, was delightful and the natural scenery really grand.

When at East Saint Louis we stepped into an elegant sleeping-car, my companion did not at first know what to say. He had expected to find European torture-cars and European baby-wagons, and therefore could scarcely understand that even in this respect Young America was at least half a century ahead of the Old World.

The kind and generous treatment that in the South was shown to us changed more and more as further north and east we came. It seemed as if the people here looked upon us with contempt, and as if they would give us to understand that we ought to be ashamed of ourselves for having fought to uphold slavery, and for the interest of a hard-hearted, ambitious despot.

In a trunk, which on my departure from New York for Mexico I had left in that city, I had still several suits of civilian's clothes. I therefore changed my uniform for one as soon as I could, and was glad not to attract any more attention.

When I left Vera Cruz I had a few hundred dollars in my possession. But this sum did not last

me very long, and disappeared faster than was altogether agreeable. Consequently, after a briefly-enjoyed holiday, I had to turn to work again.

One day I noticed in the "want columns" of a daily paper that an uptown family wanted a coachman. I knew New York sufficiently well, was accustomed to the care and use of horses, not inexperienced in the handling of carriages, and thought to try my luck for a while in this line of work.

Next morning I called at the address given, and was informed by the servants that the Gracious Master Baron could not be seen at such an early hour. I waited, opened a conversation with them, and found them willing enough to give me some information concerning the peculiarities, as I thought, of my future employer. Five servants, all Germans, were there, of which two belonged to the female sex. Notwithstanding that we had been acquainted only for a few minutes, they told me a great many things about the haughtiness and ignorant assumption of their aristocratic employers, and joked in such a way about them that a continuous laughing was kept up.

They told me that the Baron belonged to the tribe of Israel; that some years ago, while short of means, he came from abroad; that money and influence had bought him a title there, and that he insisted, that just as in his benighted native country, the same servile submissiveness should be bestowed upon him here in America. They further

told me that his wife and daughter insisted upon being treated with the same show of abasement; that from pride and vanity they were actually offensive, and could hardly contain themselves; that the domestics were changed frequently, and that those who could not, or would not, condescend to continually cringe, stoop and bow were dismissed at once.

Provided with such valuable information, I was at last led into a room where the aristocratic Baron received common, low-standing people, like myself. A little, well-fattened fellow, dressed in silk, and hung with diamonds, came towards me, and at once commenced a conversation, in the Berlin-Jewish dialect, concerning his yesterday's advertisement.

Regarding wages and the duties of my position we soon came to an understanding, and I was about taking my leave to go and fetch my trunk when he finally said, "But you will have to call me Gracious Sir, and my wife and daughter Gracious Ladies, and on our leaving or entering the carriage you must take off your hat and keep it in your hand till the carriage door is closed."

Smiling, I had listened to him at first, but now I could not restrain myself any longer and laughed outright in his face. I told him that here in this free and enlightened country, fortunately, such humbuggery was not known, and that he had better throw his titles and other make-believe stuff straight into the gutter.

But when I began to tell him the truth he felt that his dignity had been insulted. He puffed himself up like a toad, he hissed with rage like a snake, and cried, "You say Baron is humbug, titles are hocus-pocus, you mean, insolent fellow, you get out of here, or—" He intended to push me out of the door, and, while doing so, my hands came into collision with his face, broke his eye-glasses, and drew a little claret from his aristocratically-hooked nose.

He ran back to the middle of the room and cried like a madman: "He wants to murder me—Charley, Wilhelm, Mary, Johanna, come up, knock him down, kill him, throw him out of the house." Those to whom he called did not come, but, in their stead, his wife and daughter appeared on the scene, who, as they saw the gracious baron besmeared with blood, thought it best to go down in fainting fits.

When I arrived below stairs the servants could not contain themselves for laughter. They embraced me, squeezed my hands, and thought that "letters of nobility" of this kind, administered twice a week to this gracious baron, would soon bring the old fool to his senses.

Like so many other titled personages, it was simply for the sake of money that these people came to America. On account of their small cash supply they could not live in Europe in such style as they would have liked to, and, therefore, thought

that in this country they might find a better opportunity to scrape a fortune together.

Besides, these adventurers often find a chance to marry their empty title to the full money bags of an ambitious, but foolish and short-sighted American girl, and accept her as the fifth wheel of a coach.

Those title-hunting American girls, and their unpatriotic American parents are flattered and consider it the greatest possible honor to form the connection with these blue-blooded husbands and sons-in-law, whose reputations and moral standing are, in most cases, of the very lowest, although perfectly sure that their American money will be squandered in gambling, drinking, or—in company with other women.

During the ensuing time I lived in New York I was employed as driver and conductor on different street car lines. The life was very monotonous and about the same as the lives of drivers and conductors of to-day, the only difference being that then the wages were higher and the money collected less carefully looked after.

CHAPTER XXIII

At last I became tired of the life in New York, and concluded to put into effect my former intention of going to South America.

I went first to St. Thomas, where a little later I got a place as steward on the West India steamer *Columbia*. On board of this old, decrepit, but, at the same time, very comfortable vessel, I remained several months, and led a very pleasant life.

The *Columbia* carried mail, freight and passengers between the different islands of the Little Antilles, along the coast, and up and down the rivers of Venezuela and Nueva Granada. She called at lots of different ports, and the passengers, who came and went continuously, kept the five stewards on board always at work.

One morning we left Angostura on the Orinoco, and steamed with freight and a number of passengers to Para, in Brazil. The emotion with which I was seized, as after a journey of six days we entered the south-east arm of the largest river in the world, will ever remain fresh in my memory. The dreams of my childhood lay now in reality before me as the splendor of tropical shore scenery moved panorama-like slowly before my eyes.

My intention of leaving the vessel and remaining for a while near the shores of this grand and

imposing river, was to be realized sooner than I expected. A few days after our arrival at Para I went ashore with our chief steward one morning, and, after having arranged some business matters, we strolled about in the vicinity.

On one of the beautiful promenades, shaded by palm and tamarind trees, sat a young lady. She was occupied with needle-work, watching at the same time two little children playing about her. We passed, raised our hats, according to the style of polite Southerners, and went our way. The manner in which she responded to our salutation, and in which, out of a pretty face, a pair of black, sad-looking eyes gazed upon us, was so bewitching that my mind at once became disturbed.

Without betraying my feelings to the steward, I asked permission to stay on shore a few hours longer, and, on it being granted, I hurried back to the place where my unknown lady friend languished in solitude and loneliness.

I went to her, commenced under some clumsy pretext a conversation, and, as I saw that my boldness was not resented, I remained in her society till her little protegees asked to be taken home. With an agreement to meet on the following day, I took my leave of this charming creature.

When I found that on board they would not consent to my leaving the vessel, I made up my mind to desert her. I had still some twenty dollars coming to me, but I renounced it willingly, and

would have left even my personal property behind if I could not have managed otherwise. With the assistance of a sailor, during the following night, I slipped down a line, jumped into a canoe and paddled ashore.

My new acquaintance and I soon became intimate friends. She told me her history, concealing nothing in her past life, and became, therefore, most dearly beloved by me.

The daughter of a high Brazilian Government official, she was disowned by her parents, because a rascal deceived her, and failed to keep his promised troth.

Expelled from her home and driven into the street, this poor, inexperienced girl at first knew not what to do. With the little money she had in her possession she paid her fare to Para, where she gave music and singing lessons, and a little later accepted a situation as governess in a wealthy Brazilian family.

After I left the vessel she gave up her situation, and we took apartments together living as man and wife. We talked of love and happiness, and, our ideas being the same, pictured a future of the brightest hues.

During the time we remained on the shores of the Amazon, with the exception of each other, we scarcely thought of anything else. Surrounded by the natural beauties of this charming part of the world, we enjoyed felicity and happiness of love to

its fullest extent. The delicious days, which, in company with my beloved Lola, I spent there, will always recall with pleasure the time of my youthful manhood.

I do not know what might have become of me and my desire of travel, had not relentless death snatched my adorable Lola from me. With the intention of settling down in Rio de Janeiro, we left the romantic shores of the Amazon one day. A few days after our departure my companion began to feel ill. She complained of pain in her head, in the joints of her limbs, and between Bahia and Rio became so weak and faint that she was forced to remain in bed.

According to the wish of my intended bride, I, upon our arrival in Rio de Janeiro, hurried at once to the house of her parents. I met the mother, handed her a few lines from her daughter, telling her at the same time her wishes.

Overpowered by the emotion of joy in finding her daughter, whom she thought lost and forlorn, so near her, she broke down completely. She cried, sobbed, and repeated in endearing terms the name of her child. Other children came into the room, and, upon being told that their sister was living, threw their arms around their mother's neck and seemed to share her happiness.

Shortly after the parents had shown the door to their daughter, their consciences began to reproach them. They felt that they had acted neither justly

nor charitably, and longing to repair the wrong, searched and made enquiries all over the country, but without finding any trace of her.

A carriage stood at the doorway; the mother, a grown-up-daughter and myself stepped in, drove to the harbor, took my cruelly treated girl from her stateroom, and brought her to her home, which she had not seen for over a year.

The joy of seeing her mother, and the blessed knowledge of forgiveness and love, caused an excitement which aggravated her condition.

Medical assistance and the kindest and most unremitting attentions were of no avail in arresting the course of the disease.

On the morning of the third day after we brought her home she expired, and those eyes, in which I had so often seen my only delight and happiness, were closed forever. The grief and desperation of all those who stood about the cold and lifeless form of my departed Lola, who even in death was so beautiful, is almost impossible to describe.

Rio de Janeiro, with its wonderful surroundings, is a perfect paradise, but, unfortunately, I was in no mood to enjoy it as otherwise I surely would have done. Brooding over my loss, of which I had been deprived in so cruel a manner, I took no interest in anything, and often felt so despondent that self-destruction seemed the only relief to my misery. But youth, and love of life, decided differently.

Sitting in a café in the Rua Direita one morning, I saw, passing on the other side of the street, a gentleman in the well-worn uniform of a Mexican artillery officer. I rose, followed, and addressed him, and was pleasantly surprised to find in him a companion in arms of the Mexican campaign. We sat together, talked over old times, scenes and adventures in Mexico, and soon became friends.

He was a Frenchman, a few years older than myself, and came, as a lieutenant under Bazaine, to Mexico. When the French troops were withdrawn he remained, and joined a Mexican regiment. At the fall of the capital he was taken prisoner, and with the rest of his companions in captivity, sent to New Orleans, from whence he found his way down to Brazil.

When I met him he had been but a few days in the city, and was so short of money that he could hardly afford himself one meal a day. Being in far better circumstances than he, I felt glad that I was able to assist him and relieve him of a portion of his cares. I invited him to live with me, and offered to share, during the time we should be together, my lot with him.

His intention was to join the Brazilian army against Lopez in Paraguay, and, in order to carry out this project, he desired an interview with the emperor. Merely for the sake of curiosity to make Dom Pedro's acquaintance myself, I joined in with his scheme, under the pretext of a similar intention.

One afternoon we both took the road to Sao Cristovao, where Dom Pedro, twice a week, gave audience to any one anxious to see him. We passed the halberdiers on guard at the entrance to the palace, and were escorted by green-swallow-tailed lackeys to the audience chamber of the Brazilian sovereign.

A little later, the emperor, in evening dress, wearing some small orders pinned on the lapels of his coat, appeared on the scene. As I stood nearest to the entrance he first came towards me, and offered me, according to the custom of Catholic potentates, his hand to kiss.

Now, I have never objected to kiss the hand of a woman, but to kiss the hand of a man I considered beneath my dignity.

Smilingly I gazed into his face, without paying any attention to the honor which he intended to confer upon me. He noticed my intention, and I think, rather mortified, drew his hand back.

My petition for being permitted to join the Brazilian army against Lopez, he answered shortly by saying that I would have to apply to his minister of war for that. Without condescending to waste a further look, he turned his back upon me and addressed himself to my companion. He, reared under the iron rod of the third Napoleon, not seeing anything whatever degrading or humilating in such an act, bent his knees, pressed a juicy kiss on Dom Pedro's hand, and made his speech also. The

answer he received was about the same as was vouchsafed to me, save that the emperor assured him that he would speak to the minister of war himself.

The emperor then on his behalf extended to him the privilege of kissing his hand again, and, ignoring me entirely, disappeared by the same door through which he had come.

For a little while we looked about us in this sumptuous palace, and then returned to Rio de Janeiro.

Fourteen days later, my friend, as captain in a Brazilian artillery regiment, embarked to the seat of war in Paraguay.

During my residence in the capital of Brazil I did brokering and bookkeeping, and by the time I was ready to leave was provided with everything necessary.

I went by way of Sao Paulo, Lages, Port Alegre, Rio Grande do Sul, to Montevideo, where I arrived after a most interesting journey of about 150 days.

The scenery of those countries through which I passed was grand and wonderful, and so fascinating that it seems impossible to be ever forgotten. The most vivid imagination fades to nothing in comparison with the splendor of nature, which in every direction was displayed before my eyes.

The dense, impenetrable forests of Sao Paulo, Parana, and St^{a} Catarina, the extensive campos or

rolling prairies of the Province of Rio Grande do Sul, and the Republic of Uruguay, the mighty mountain ranges, and the labyrinth of streams and rivers, with their foaming and roaring cascades and cataracts, made an impression upon me which will last forever.

During my long and solitary journey I met with dangers and privations of different kinds, but I looked at them as matters of little importance, naturally thinking that he who wishes to enjoy the splendors of our world, ought not to be discouraged by such obstacles and difficulties.

I took only those things along which my horse, or, in case of necessity, I myself could carry, and sent the rest of my goods in a little trunk around the Horn to Valparaiso.

Horses and mules I rode during my journey by dozens. Prices in the interior were so insignificant that very often for three or four dollars I could buy the strongest and finest animals. Sometimes I exchanged them for fresh ones, paying a little to boot, and at others, when I could not do so, and they were tired and ridden sore, I gave them their liberty. About half a dozen I lost by disease, or in crossing rivers, and then often I had to travel for days afoot.

One horse I lost in the whirlpool of a cataract, and with it, saddle, blankets, sheepskins, lasso, and everything on its back. I myself was saved in an almost miraculous manner, and full of water, and

drenched to the skin, I could only fetch ashore what was fastened to my body.

Without meeting a human being I traveled afoot for many days, after that accident, living upon roots and the bottoms of the stalks of pampas grass, and in consequence of the cold nights I spent a very miserable time. At the first estanzia I came to I provided myself with the most necessary things before I continued on my journey.

In the interior of the country I very often lost my way, and sometimes it took days before I could find the right track again.

Once in a while I fell in with Troperos, people who drive cattle and horses, or bring country products from one place to another. I joined them, studied and learned the customs and habits of those hardy, pretenseless and sociable country people, and remained a day or two in their company.

Hospitality among the Brazilian estanzeiros is universal. Any one who calls upon them may be sure of the kindest reception. They are mostly wealthy, and in possession of immense tracts of land. Stock breeding and raising is their favorite occupation. I have seen stock farmers who had a hundred thousand cattle, horses and mules, ranging on the table land of Brazil; and grazing on the plains of Uruguay far more than half a million of sheep.

The lives of these land-owners is not interspersed with much luxury. They live in adobe

huts, and in low-roofed wooden cottages, in which but little furniture is to be found. Like many other natives they prefer to sleep on the ground. At night raw cow-hides are spread on the floor, upon which they make down their beds.

Their food is very plain, and consists of meat, black beans, flour, made from manioc, milk, fruit, and a sort of squash. Paraguay tea, or maté, they sip like most of the South American people, nearly all the time.

Chatting, gambling, music, singing and dancing, but especially riding, in which art, men as well as women, have reached a marvelous degree of perfection are their amusements. Elegant riding outfits, richly decorated with silver, are naturally the hobby of those daring and skillfull horsemen and women.

Education was almost unheard of. Reading and writing was to many of them a great art, and of the world outside the borders of their province, they had but a feeble idea. But they are good-natured, hospitable, brave and honest, and have enough to make life pleasant and enjoyable, even without knowledge and experience of the world.

Since royalty—in whose interest it was to keep the people in ignorance—has been driven from Brazilian soil, it may have changed for the better, and a Brazilian of to-day is, perhaps, quite another man from what he was some twenty-five years ago.

CHAPTER XXIV

After my arrival in Montevideo I rested for a while, and than went by way of Buenos Ayres, Rosario to Villa Nueva, from whence I intended to cross the continent to the Pacific Coast.

But a great many unexpected obstacles delayed my departure for a considerable length of time. The winter of sixty-nine was a very severe one on the southern hemisphere, and the immense quantities of snow which fell in the Cordilleras blocked the passes longer than usual.

I heard about this from natives coming from Mendoza, that before November one would hardly have any chance to cross the Andes.

It was the beginning of August when I arrived at Villa Nueva, and, therefore, although I traveled slowly, I would still have to wait a few weeks in Mendoza. To avoid this, and at the same time to increase my cash supply a little, I decided to accept any kind of work I could find. An opportunity was soon offered me, and on the following morning I left as wood-chopper for Monte de Jucat, a pretty little forest in the vicinity of Villa Nueva.

The distance from Rosario to Villa Nueva is about fifty leguas. It was at that time the terminus of the Ferro-Carril-Central-Argentino, a railroad, built by an English Company. For use of extending

the line further to Cordoba in Monte de Jucat, trees were cut down, sawed to pieces, and prepared for sleepers and stringers.

Besides two English engineers, one book-keeper and a few overseers, we were over two hundred wood-choppers, who, with the exception of about a dozen foreigners, were all natives of Argentine.

The foreigners lived together in large tents, and the natives with their families in rotten, half tumble-down adobe and brush huts, beneath the trees of the forest. We worked from seven in the morning until five o'clock in the evening, had one hour for dinner, and as we were not overworked, found no cause for complaint.

Life as it appeared to me there was quite enjoyable, in some respects even comfortable, and gave me an opportunity to study the bad as well as the pleasing and amusing habits of the natives of the Argentine Republic.

After our day's work we enjoyed ourselves in recreation, sometimes strolling about in the neighborhood, visiting the families of our native companions, where joy and merriment could always be found.

My desire to see Chili drove me westward, otherwise I would with pleasure have remained a little longer. I took leave of the inhabitants of Monte de Jucat, went to Villa Nueva, drew the money due me, and made preparations for my journey.

Provided with everything I needed, I started from the village and reached Mendoza after a journey of about thirty days. The trip across the Argentine Republic was very interesting, but the scenery is in no way comparable with the grandly wonderful sights I had presented to me in Brazil. With the exception of the Sierra de Cordoba and the Sierra de San Luis, the whole country is more or less a level plain, which on account of its monotony soon lost its charm.

Long, coarse pampas-grass; slow-moving streams and rivers; shallow, dried-up lakes, bordered by thickets of willows; bands of horses, cattle and sheep; sometimes rabbits and coyotes, and once in a while a filthy, half-decayed native adobe hut, was about all I saw during my tedious trip across the Pampas Argentinas.

Trees, even brushwood, were entirely unknown for sometimes a whole week. I always liked to spread my blankets at night under the foliage of some tree, but here, on the forsaken and deserted pampas, I was obliged to do without trees. Lying on the open field I had to tie the end of the lasso—the loop of which was about my horse's neck—to my body, to prevent the animal's escape during the night.

The two mountain ranges I had to cross were of course an exception to the dull, flat monotony of the country. They seemed splendid, and the vegetation which covered them appeared, after the

monotony of the barren, destitute pampas, perhaps even more exquisite than it really was.

In the interior of those scantily populated countries, where one may journey for weeks without seeing a hut or a human being, a traveler depends upon his horse or mule for everything—even for society. As necessity breeds invention, the inhabitants of those countries, born almost in the saddle, have invented saddles and saddle outfits which enable one to carry everything he needs along with him.

Knowing from my experience in Brazil the advantages of those riding outfits, I provided myself with them where and whenever I could.

In the morning, when saddling and packing for the start, I placed three or four dried sheepskins upon the back of my horse, and over them the saddle, which was composed simply of two half-round leathern bolsters, each about a foot long, placed one on either side of the animal's spine. Blankets and more sheepskins were placed on top of it, the whole being wrapped snugly together by a broad leathern girth or cinch, which was drawn tightly under the horse's belly; saddle-bag, drinking horns, lasso and dried meat were fastened in front and at the rear of the saddle, and off I went.

Preparing my night quarter, I used the sheepskins as mattress, the saddle as pillow, poncho and blankets as covering, and slept, if it didn't rain or

storm, just as softly, warmly and comfortably as if wrapped in the finest eiderdown quilts.

Drinking horns are on the pampas, where water is scarce, of the greatest necessity, and without them a good many people would perish of thirst. They are made of buffalo horns, closed at the lower end, and the larger ones will hold as much as four gallons. Two of them are fastened together by a leathern strap, and hung over the back of the animal.

The food a traveler in those countries carries with him, when on the road, consists of meat, dried in the sun into hard, tough, leather-like stuff, upon which he has to depend, not only for days, but at times even for weeks. If my meat supply became short, I bought a sheep or a lamb when I could, for which I paid from fifty to seventy-five cents. I killed it, cut the lean part into strips, threw the rest away, tied it on the back of my horse, and the sun did the rest; thus, for a number of days, I was provisioned again.

After my day's journey was ended I built a fire, roasted a piece of meat, used, instead of salt, a little gunpowder, and drinking water with it enjoyed my plain but tasty meal with much zest. If, on account of bad weather, I could not kindle a fire, then I had to eat the meat raw, moistened by the rain and seasoned with the animal's perspiration.

On the bare pampas it was often difficult to

find enough fuel to start a fire with in the evening, and therefore I had to begin in the morning to collect the excrement of my horse, as I went along, to use it as fuel at night.

Such a life was very interesting to me, and equally enjoyable as it would be to anyone who takes pleasure in traveling, is not rather particular in regard of eating and drinking, has a love for nature, and a good, strong constitution.

Here in the Argentine Republic I at times, too, fell in with Troperos or Arrieros. These men are happy and contented, in spite of the fact that their life is a continuous succession of trials and hardships.

I met tropas or caravans that consisted of hundreds of mules, bringing merchandise from one place to another. Each troop has its patron or proprietor, with his peons or assistants. One peon, usually, has to attend to twelve or fifteen laden animals. Every mule carries a load of about two hundred pounds, which, equally divided on either side, hangs to the wooden pack-saddles, and is lashed with leathern thongs to the bodies of the animals. According to the road and the pasture found on the way, from six to eight leguas per day are made, and once in seven a day of rest is taken for the animals and men.

In the evening, when a place for the night's camp is selected, loads and saddles are taken off the mules and they are turned loose and left to them-

selves. They are led by a mare with a bell hung about her neck, the sound of which they will never stay very far away from. A few riding-horses are kept tethered in the camp. Merchandise and pack-saddles are placed in a circle, inside of which each one makes down his bed.

A boy, whose duty it is to ride the bell-mare and attend to the cooking, prepares supper. He kindles a fire, puts on a pot of water, into which he throws pieces of meat and a handful of salt, and boils it into a soup. When this mess is cooked the men group around the pot and eat and drink as they like. After supper every one lights his cigarette, sips his maté, and goes to bed.

The following morning the boy prepares a caldo, or soup, the same as the night before. The mules, which have often strayed miles away, are rounded up, packed, and everything ready for a start, the journey is continued.

The boy on his madrina, or good mother, as the bell-mare is called, sets out in front, the animals in a long line following, while the patron and his peons form the tail-end of the procession. The men have always plenty to do. Sometimes a mule, under the weight of its burden, breaks down, a saddle and a load get out of position, or an animal runs away, whenever by means of jumping, kicking or bucking it can get rid of its burden.

Troperos whom I met during my trip across the pampas, were mostly Gauchos. They are very

sociable, perfectly natural and straight-forward, but rather ignorant, dirty and superstitious.

Cleanliness is not considered a virtue among the country people of South America. If any one thinks he cannot put up with such habits, then surely he had better stay away from that part of the world.

About two days' travel from Mendoza, one evening a little before sunset, I came in sight of the Cordilleras. It was a grand and imposing sight, and created an enthusiasm in me which I am utterly unable to reproduce on paper. The many privations of my solitary journey were soon forgotten as those mighty mountain ranges, veiled in snow and ice, loomed up in the west before me.

As I came nearer to Mendoza the more overwhelming became this glorious panorama, which must be seen to be appreciated.

While in Mendoza I roomed and boarded with a native family, consisting of mother, son and two daughters. They had a beautiful home in one of the suburbs, and during the time I was there I enjoyed their style of living very much.

The following morning after my arrival I visited the ruins of old Mendoza, where, during the earthquake of '61, over ten thousand people lost their lives in such a dreadful manner. I climbed over the ruins of that once charming place, now overgrown with trees and brushwood, and as I reflected upon the awful fate which so suddenly

befell its unfortunate inhabitants, my mood was a sadly depressed one.

The Mendoza of to-day is built to the south of the old town, and at the time of my visit was a very flourishing and beautiful city. I have seldom seen any place which for romantic situation can compare with Mendoza. It lies with its wonderful surroundings a perfect paradise on the eastern slopes of the Cordilleras, where it extends with its suburbs for miles.

Canals, bordered in places with rose bushes, in which the snow-fed waters of the Cordilleras flow swiftly, cross and re-cross the city and suburbs in every direction.

The number of people afflicted with goitre almost immediately attracted my attention. I have seen this disease before in mountainous districts, but never prevailing to such an extent as here, and in other localities of the Cordilleras. Whether it is to be attributed to the snow-water, intermingled, perhaps, with particles of herbs, or to some other cause, no one has yet determined.

About the middle of November, for the first time in nearly six months, the mail arrived from Chili by way of the Cordilleras. The carriers were Chilians, accustomed to mountain climbing, hardship and privation. With mountain sticks in hand, and mail-bags strapped to their backs, they had crossed from Santa Rosa de los Andes.

I consulted with them as to the condition of

the road, and a few days later made up my mind to start for my western destination.

The prairie-bred horse which I had brought along with me I sold, and bought an animal foaled and bred in the mountains, which could jump and climb almost as well as a goat. I engaged a guide, and one morning just before sunrise we left beautiful Mendoza.

A journey of fourteen days brought me to Santa Rosa de los Andes, a distance of about eighty leguas. Traveling for days at a stretch over snow and ice, in a forlorn and inhospitable part of the world, was quite a novelty to me. A multitude of magnificent views were, of course, displayed before my eyes, but even they did not repay me sufficiently for the hardships of such a journey. In summer it might be otherwise, but in the spring, after a severe winter, I would hesitate to cross those tremendous mountain ranges again.

Besides obstacles and privations of many kinds, the road was at some places so very dangerous that a less ardent admirer of nature than I surely would have turned back and given up the idea of crossing the Cordilleras.

Without a guide I could never have found my way, and would have lost my life on more than one occasion had it not been for his timely aid.

At times, streams, frozen with ice and covered with snow, broke under the weight of my horse and myself, and in I went, up to the waist in the chilly

water. At other times my horse stepped into holes filled level with snow, and sank so far into them that my guide had to come to my assistance and dig me out. Often our horses made missteps, a loose stone rolled under foot, and away went both horse and rider, down the mountain side. That we escaped breaking our necks, or being dashed to pieces, often seemed a wonder to me. After one of these slips, our poor brutes stood trembling like aspens, with the saddles either upon their necks, or hanging under their bellies, but we cinched them up and began the ascent—once more taking our lives in our hands.

At places the road led for miles through dark and narrow mountain cañons, in which the overhanging rocks came so close together that the sky could seldom be seen between them. Then again we had to skirt steep, almost perpendicular precipices, where a path, cut in the face of the wall of rock, was scarcely broad enough to allow a rider or a loaded animal to pass. Snow, ice and granite wall, and once in a while a dark and gloomy sky was all we could see, and the deafening noise of mountain torrents, rushing thousands of feet below us, all we could hear.

On a great many of those dangerous places, where from giddiness I feared to lose my balance, I closed my eyes, dropped the bridle on the neck of my horse, and let him do just as he pleased. It is remarkable with what caution and wonderful sagac-

ity, animals, bred in the mountains, follow the trail. They seem to know that a misstep might be disastrous to them. On dangerous spots they examine with their hoofs the condition of the road, often drawing the hoof several times back and forth before they decide to step down and go on.

Near those dangerous places, the steep mountain slopes are covered with the skeletons of animals which have been collecting for hundreds of years, and which are being constantly increased.

During the summer an active travel prevails between Mendoza and Santa Rosa de los Andes; troops of horses, cattle and loads of merchandise are continuously moving hither and thither. But in spite of all the precaution on the part of the leaders of those caravans, it sometimes happens that the animals become excited, and while trying to pass one another, lose their foothold, slip, and roll headlong into the depths. Rescue is impossible. The condors scent the blood from afar, pounce upon their prey, and within a few hours nothing but a cleanly picked skeleton is left.

About sixty leguas from Mendoza, still on Argentine soil, is the station of Punto de las Vacas. It consisted of half a dozen huts, occupied by Chilenos, who in this barren mountain country were hunting the guanaco or camel-sheep of the Cordilleras. The skin and the meat, dried in the sun, are brought to Chili, where both articles are always marketable.

To afford ourselves and our horses a needed rest, we intended to stay there one day, but the wild romantic mountain scenery, coupled with the hospitality of the inhabitants of Punto de las Vacas, and the novelty of guanaco hunting, induced me to prolong my stay a few days.

During the time I remained there I was entertained splendidly. In company with the Chileno, in whose hut I lived, I explored all that part of the Cordilleras. Of a morning we saddled our horses, took lasso and bolas, and rode into the mountains, followed by forty or fifty shaggy little dogs. At noon we returned, and usually with a few living guanacos.

The manner of hunting these animals is very interesting. The dogs, specially trained, drive them out of their hiding places, and in a direction where a rider can follow. If close enough the rider throws his bolas—three iron balls fastened to the end of leather straps from two to three feet in length—around its legs, and brings it almost always to the ground. The dogs pounce upon it, fasten to the wool, and keep the animal down until the hunter comes and lassoes it about the neck. At first a guanaco kicks, bucks, jumps, and makes every effort to get away, but soon finds out that struggling is in vain, that the leather only draws tighter, choking its tongue still further out of the mouth. Trembling it follows its captor, and often within a short time becomes as quiet and gentle as a lamb.

The meat and the milk from these animals, and a few times a day a little maté, is the only food of those hardy and good-natured Chilian hunters.

On the afternoon of the fourth day we took leave of Punto de las Vacas, so as to reach the same evening the foot of the Cumbre pass, a distance of about four leguas.

As soon as we had left the settlement the road began to trend upward, and brought us within a short march into the region of snow and ice. When we reached our destination it was dark, and the twinkling stars all we had to guide us. We shoveled the snow from the ground, spread our blankets down on the hard-frozen earth, tied some sheep skins over the backs of our horses, and turned in.

Our rest was broken by the coldness and unpleasantness of the night. A sharp cutting wind rushed howling over us, and when towards midnight a heavy snow storm set in, our situation began to go from bad to worse. Covered with snow and blankets, and shivering with cold, I lighted my pipe, and tried to keep my limbs from freezing.

Finding it impossible to sleep we got up before day-dawn, saddled our horses, sharpened the irons on their hoofs, and made ready to start on the tedious and perilous journey we had before us. Up a zig-zag path we climbed the face of an almost perpendicular mountain, at least a thousand feet in height, and arrived at the summit shortly after sun-

rise, dripping with perspiration in spite of the intense cold.

The panorama which spread itself before my eyes amply repaid the hardships of the last hours. It was so wonderful, so bewitching that I have never in my life seen anything to compare with it. No pen is able to describe, no brush to reproduce it. In spite of the icy cold and the intensely rarefied atmosphere, which forced the blood from my nose, I unthinkingly stopped my horse and indulged in a few minutes' contemplation of this grand display of Almighty power.

Tears came to my eyes at the sight of such a splendor, such a sublimity of nature. My guide called for me to hurry on, or I surely would have reveled a little longer in those thousands on thousands of peaks below us, covered with snow and ice, and glittering in the rays of the early sun like gold and precious stones.

At the end of this plateau, scarcely five hundred feet long, and about fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, stood a large wooden cross, roughly nailed together. It served as the boundary post or monument between Chili and Argentine.

From here our trail led downward very rapidly. The slopes on the Chilian side were steeper than those in Argentine, and the road full of obstacles and hinderances. By the evening we had the worst part of our journey behind us, and were out of the region of inhospitable snow and ice.

Just after dark we reached the station Guardia Vieja, situated in a green, romantic little valley, and decided to remain there over night.

In the house of our landlord, a Chilian farmer, joy and merriment prevailed. On the porch, covered with vines, men and women gathered, and sang to the music of the guitar, or danced, with all the abandon of passion, the national dance—the Samacueca.

We turned our horses into a meadow, where for the first time since we left Mendoza, they had a chance to enjoy a hearty feed of alfalfa. In the meantime supper was prepared for us, and when we had finished we joined for a while in their pleasant amusement. But our day's hardship had tired us out, and not in the mood for dancing and merriment we soon wished the company good-night, lay down, with our saddles for pillows, and slept soundly until the next morning.

The sun stood high in the heavens as we parted from Guardia Vieja. The road from here to Santa Rosa de los Andes was beautiful, and in comparison to that passed through the previous days, a regular boulevard ride. Along the bank of the Colorado river, through forest, dales and valleys, over hills, scarcely a few hundred feet in height, we followed our trail. In the afternoon we reached a little place, the home of my guide. I dismissed him, paid him his five dollars, with a little gratuity besides, and continued my way alone.

It was almost dark as I came in sight of Santa Rosa de los Andes. I felt pleased to have reached it, and it seemed that my horse felt so too, for he pricked up his ears, whinnied at the approaching night, and broke of his own accord into a faster gait.

About half a legua from Santa Rosa the road branched off in different directions. I stopped my horse a moment, hesitated, and then followed the trail, which, according to my calculations, ought to be the right one. The path becoming narrower, a little later formed a kind of mole, with a ditch at either side. Seeing my mistake I intended to turn, and while doing so my horse slipped and fell headlong into the icy waters of the Cordilleras.

Floundering up to my waist in it, and shivering with cold, I at last got my horse out on the opposite bank. Darkness in the meantime had settled down, and leading the horse I made my way across the meadows towards the gleam of a distant light.

An old Chilena, aroused by the barking of her dogs, received me at the entrance of her cottage, and invited me to step in and make myself comfortable. When I had told her of my bad luck, she gave me an old petticoat to wear while my clothes were being dried. I slipped it over my head, slung an old poncho around my shoulders, and sat down in front of the fire, which was burning on the ground. She led my horse to a meadow,

and made arrangements to prepare a supper for me.

A little later a young girl appeared in the cottage, whom the old Chilian woman introduced to me as her daughter. After I had eaten and warmed myself, the girl picked up a guitar, and to its accompaniment sang some of those sadly beautiful melodies of her South American home.

My stay in Santa Rosa de los Andes was of a longer duration than I originally intended to make it. The girl and I became great friends; we chatted and laughed and passed the time together most pleasantly. During the day I rode with her for hours in the charming country surrounding Santa Rosa, and when at last the day of my departure came, I felt depressed and miserable.

Concha—my young friend's name—had told me on the second day of our acquaintance that the old Chilena was not her mother, but a far-away relation, to whom, according to the custom of poor country people, her parents had pledged her for a small sum of money, which the old woman had loaned them. I promised her to return from Valparaiso, to redeem her, and to take her along with me to the coast.

I took leave of them, and by way of San Felipe, Llai-llai and Quillota in three days rode to Valparaiso, a distance of about thirty-five leguas.

CHAPTER XXV

My entrance into Valparaiso apparently attracted the attention of a good many of the passers-by, who may have taken me for a highwayman, judging from my torn and dirty clothing and the condition of my face, sore and scarred from the cold and winds of the mountains.

At a livery stable in the Calle del Cabo I sold my horse, and, although it was low in flesh and saddle-galled, I received thirty dollars for it. I had bought it in Mendoza for twelve dollars, and therefore got a hint, which resulted in my of later doing some business in horse-trading.

I secured my trunk, which in the meantime had arrived from Rio de Janeiro, went to a hotel, cleaned and dressed myself up, and appeared half an hour later outwardly a little more respectable.

Up to that time I had, during my not very long life, suffered from a good many diseases, but never before had they attacked me so suddenly and in such numbers as now, upon my arrival in Valparaiso.

Whether my state of health was to be attributed to the recent hardships and privations I had gone through was, of course, impossible to say, and, under the circumstances, of little importance anyhow.

First I suffered from inflammation of the liver, a little later from inflammation of the bowels, and had scarcely recovered from that when the dysentry came on top of it. The dysentry developed into such a severe type that within a few days I became a skeleton, and my weight was reduced from about 150 pounds to less than half.

During the time I suffered from imflammation of the liver and bowels I was cared for in a hospital, but during the attack of dysentry I was in my own room, which I had taken in a Chilian private family.

The dysentry sapped what little strength my other sickness had left and brought me to the helpless condition of a child. Three doctors, of different nationalities were called one after another, and every one quacksalved and tried his science on me, but without being able to stop the course of my disease.

One of those doctors, a very renowned man, gave me things to be swallowed, which, used as medicine, I had never heard of before. Sometimes it consisted of common blotting paper, rolled together in little balls, sometimes of pulverized charcoal, and sometimes again of brick-dust, moistened with turpentine.

Whether those medicines had cured his former patients or not, I, of course, do not know, but I do know that they did not have the slightest effect upon me.

A friend of my landlord, who was the captain of a Chilian gunboat, came into my room one day and said that he was to sail for the island of Juan Fernandez, inviting me at the same time to go along with him. He thought that a change of climate would be the only cure for me, and would do me more good than all the doctors and all the medicines in the world.

I accepted his kind invitation, and a few days later was on the way to those charming little islands, belonging to Chili, and situated scarcely 400 miles from the coast.

I was so weak that sailors were obliged to carry me from my bed into a carriage, from the carriage into a boat, and from there on board of the gunboat. The effect of the bracing, health-giving sea air upon me was wonderful, and when, fourteen days later, I returned to Valparaiso I felt as though returning to a new world.

After nature had restored me entirely I decided to carry out my former intention.

One morning I started for Santa Rosa de los Andes, and upon my arrival there was entranced to clasp my sweetheart to my breast. She owed the old Chilian woman some twenty dollars; I paid it, redeemed her, and took her along as my friend and companion.

In Santa Rosa de los Andes I had to wait for horses from Mendoza, and, when at last a troop arrived, I selected a number, and drove them with

the assistance of Concha and two peons to the coast.

Like all South American women, born and reared in the interior, Concha, too, was familiar with horses and everything cencerning them. During the day we traveled on an average of about ten leguas, and at night turned the animals into a corral, or into the meadow of some farmer living along the road.

It is necessary to see those women on horseback in order to form any idea of their splendid horsewomenship. Concha was as much at home on a bare-backed horse as in the saddle, and she could use her lasso with the same precision and dexterity as the peons used theirs. Any horse that took it into his head to run away from the band might be sure that within a few minutes it would be overtaken, and a lasso around its neck, brought back by her.

In my undertaking I was very fortunate from the beginning. Horses that I bought in Santa Rosa I could dispose of partly in the cities and villages through which I came, and the rest in Valparaiso during the first few days. The profit was a very good one, and repaid me sufficiently for the trouble connected with such a business.

Sometimes we remained only two or three days in Valparaiso before returning to Santa Rosa, where we bought another lot of horses, drove them toward the coast, and continued this

business until the winter closed the passes of the Cordilleras.

Then, as man and wife, we traveled about Chili, seeing and enjoying almost everything in this lovely country that nature could offer.

With my beloved Concha I led a most enviable life, and enjoyed, as surely but few of my fellowmen do, that pure happiness of love that exists only between men and women who are not yet polluted by the vices of this world. In her charming society the days passed as in a dream of delight, and I thought seriously of giving up all ideas of the Philippines and setting down with her in the southern part of Chili, in the Province of Valdivia, so abundantly blessed by nature.

But an eager desire to see Peru and the ruins of the ancient Inca rule I wished first to realize. Therefore we sailed for Iquique, from whence we intended to travel into the interior.

At the saltpetre mines in the Province of Tarapaca, still belonging in those days to Peru, offers were made me, which were so tempting that I decided to remain for a while at least, so as to become acquainted with this line of business and at the same time to increase my supply of cash.

The manner in which saltpetre is carried over the sandhills and deserts towards the coast, to Iquique, Mole, Mejillones, Pisagua and Junin, seems excessively cruel for those wretched little half-starved donkeys that pack this stuff. The poor

beasts receive from their hard-hearted drivers more lashes than food, and as long as a single bit of strength remains in them have to stagger on. When they break down in the road, and even the cruelest torturing cannot bring them up, they are left where they are. The salty evaporation of the soil dries them up to mummies, or the hawks and buzzards pick what little flesh is left from their bones.

Those barren, deserted wastes, where no water, no trees, no brushwood, not even a blade of grass can be found, are simply discouraging. The province is rich in underground treasure, but on the surface it is a picture of misery and desolation.

The water in the mines is bad, salty, and scarcely fit to drink, and on the coast, where it is condensed from salt water, very expensive. Sometimes when I came down to the coast my horse drank a dollar's worth of water within a few hours.

In a little cottage, in the vicinity of the mine La Noria, Concha and I lived, according to circumstances, quite comfortably.

We were on the eve of leaving this inhospitable district, when, one day, my companion was confined to her bed. Fever attacks, shivering, reddening of the skin, and intense pain in her spine set in, which by her Peruvian servant were taken as the prescience of viruelas negras. Her opinion, unfortunately, proved to be true; a few days later, face, arms, and a part of her body began to cover with the poisonous substance of this dreadful disease,

which in those countries is more or less always prevalent.

Medical assistance, which, perhaps, would anyway have been of no avail, could not be got. The only doctor in the district lived about three leguas away. I rode to him, begged and implored him to come with me, but from fear of his own safety he would not do it. Willingly I would have given him my very last dollar had he but returned with me and attempted to save my Concha.

The disease took a sudden turn. The viruelas settled in the windpipe and caused death by suffocation. Under immense efforts to breathe she expired one night in my arms.

The grief which came over me as I held the lifeless form of my departed love within my arms is impossible to describe, and can be understood only by those who, perhaps, have been in a similar situation.

I pressed fervent kisses on the disfigured countenance of my beloved Concha, and could scarcely believe it possible that the eyes, which had so often smiled on me in love and happiness, would never re-open in this world.

Scarcely had I laid the remains of my once charming companion to rest than I, too, was thrown on a sick bed, but fate treated me more kindly, and instead of viruelas prietas I was afflicted with viruelas locas (a mild form of smallpox), from which within a few weeks I had recovered.

Depressed and disgusted with myself for having left beautiful Chili, I stood almost despairing at the grave of my departed love. But I called all my self-control into play, pulled myself together, and decided to abandon a country in which, twice, the iron hand of destiny had destroyed my happiness in such a cruel manner.

I left Peru and went by way of San Francisco, Yokohama and Hongkong to Manila, where, after having been absent for about ten years, I, one morning re-appeared.

How I settled in the Philippines, how I built up a mercantile house, and how I traveled in Europe, Asia, America, Africa and Australia, will appear in a later volume.