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Amelia Sakelb.,  
from her kind friend  
Miss Woodford

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J. R. Jordan

Mode of Firing Tea

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9



# ROMANCE

OF

# MODERN TRAVEL:

A Year-Book of Adventure.

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'Tis pleasant by the cheerful hearth to hear  
Of tempests and the dangers of the deep,  
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe;  
Then listen to the perilous tale again,  
And, with an eager and suspended soul,  
Woo Terror to delight us.

SOUTHEY.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE favour with which his little annual volume of selections has been received, has induced the Editor to use every effort for its improvement. In the present volume it will be seen he has been enabled to procure from foreign sources much most interesting material—some of it translated for the first time, and from works hitherto unknown in this country. In proof of the value and interest of such selections, he need only point, amongst others, to the article on “the Bull-Fights of Spain”—the most graphic and animated description of this great national spectacle that has ever appeared in the English language.

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ROMANCE  
OF  
MODERN TRAVEL.

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ATTACK ON A PARTY OF SETTLERS BY THE  
CAMANCHES.\*

ONE bright morning, when most of the men were off on a mustang drive (the pursuit of wild horses,) a number of boys—children of my nearest neighbours—had collected to bathe in a pretty little basin, formed by an eddy of the river opposite my house. I heard their merry yells, and taking down my gun—a precaution grown as habitual, before going out, as putting on my cap—I walked listlessly down to the river bank, to look at them.

There were five houses within half a mile, above and below me. The women, with their sun-bonnets on, were tripping across from one house to the other, to pay neighbourly gossiping visits; the house-dogs jogged lazily along behind them; the goats were frisking and butting at each other outside the picket-

\* A wild tribe of American Indians.

ing ; a man at the plough was whistling a sleepy roundelay ; groups of cattle in sight were reclining on the grass, slowly grinding away at the everlasting cud ; and the thin wreaths of opaque smoke from the chimneys were clearly defined against the intensely brilliant transparency of a cloudless blue sky. The whole scene was the very ideal of quiet, delicious repose.

I remember being particularly struck with the happy and harmonious calm that had fallen upon our sometime stormy home, and of thinking how perfectly the poet's dream might now be realized ; how pleasant here,

“ Until life's sunny day be quite gone down,  
To sit and smile with joy ;”

when suddenly the sound of a gun caused me to turn my head.

The first object that met my view was the whistling ploughman scampering, as if for dear life, towards his home, yelling, “ Indians ! Indians !” Further on, around the most distant house in sight, I could distinguish forty or fifty dark riders, who were galloping to and fro with great rapidity, gathering together our horses and mules. I sent on the warning cry, at the top of my lungs, to the women ; and then such consternation, shrieks, and splashing as there was among the little scamps in the water, you can conceive, if you have ever seen a hawk dip down among a covey of wild ducks.

I called to the boys to run to my house, which

was about four hundred paces off, for I saw some of the Indians were coming toward us at full speed; and the little fellows, shaking the water from their dripping hair, some stopping to pick up a shirt, and others bare as they came into the world, scrambled up the bank and plied their tiny feet, screaming all the way, to the picketing. One or two of them were out some distance in the stream, and were delayed by their fright in getting up the bank; so that by the time they reached me the Indians were too close to permit them to escape to the house unaided, and but for my gun they would have lost their scalps.

The foremost Indian galloped up very close, but, on my raising my gun, wheeled to avoid my shot; and with my face turned toward the savage to keep him at bay—the little fellows, almost frantic with fright, clinging to my legs—I commenced my backward retreat toward the house.

The Camanches will seldom rush upon any one who has a gun in his hand, and shows by his deliberation that he is perfectly cool—until he has fired; after that, they will run upon him before he can load again. It is, therefore, very easy to keep a number of them at a very respectful distance by raising your gun, as if to shoot, whenever they come too close.

Four of the savage rascals had by this time come up, and were circling around me, endeavouring, by their yells, clamours, and threatening gestures, to draw my fire. I was aware that if I fired I might be sure of instant death, and so backed slowly and

steadily on toward the picketing; but the little boys clung to me so desperately with their naked limbs as seriously to impede my progress.

The savages, with tufts of horse-hair streaming from their limbs, and circlets and plumes of gaudy feathers flaunting from their heads and the manes and tails of their horses, whooped, yelled, and clattered their long lances against their white shields of bull's hide, as they scudded to and fro around me, with the swiftness of sea-birds, becoming more and more eager, and closing their circle nearer, as I approached the picket.

My gun, fortunately, was a double barrel. I knew they would make a final and desperate rush to prevent my escape. We were now within eighty rods of the picket stiles; the main body of the Indians had nearly reached us, and there was no time to lose.

Two Indians, who seemed to take their position with the design of maintaining it, were between us and the stiles. I walked steadily toward them, and levelled my gun. They swung themselves down behind the bodies of their horses, leaving nothing exposed but the leg by which they clung to the saddle. I told the boys to run toward them, intending to fire as they raised themselves in the saddle to strike; but the cunning rascals were watching me from under their horses' necks, and, seeing that they must catch it if they raised themselves to shoot, wisely started their horses on, shooting several arrows without changing their position, and wounding the boys considerably.



I saw my young charges reach the steps. Now was my time to run for it, for fifty Camanches were within as many paces of me, thundering on at full speed. I started for precious life. There was a general howl and rush toward me from every side ; and I felt the prick of several arrows. It was only twenty paces now to the stiles. I wheeled and fired at the nearest—they all recoiled for an instant; a few desperate bounds, and my foot was on the lower stile, when a lance whizzed passed my ear and quivered in the post, while a deafening, furious roar burst from every throat.

I faced about again. The foremost Indian was within ten feet, standing in his horse's stirrups, in the very act of plunging his lance at me. Quick as thought I fired in his face, and sprang, or rather tumbled, over the stile into my yard.

When I picked myself up, I heard the hoarse gnashing of their disappointed rage, and the clatter of retreating hoofs.

This was a pretty close graze ; nothing saved me but the last charge of my faithful double barrel ; and as it was, several of their confounded little arrows were sticking about me for mementos.

The whole scene, long as it takes to give you an idea of it, could not have occupied over two minutes ; but in that paltry fraction of time, how fiercely vivid had been the transition from the very poetry of rural quiet to the stormy and terrible reality of savage war ! But this was not the last of it, by a good deal.

I climbed to the top of the stiles again, after loading my gun, just in time to see the scalp torn from the head of one of our men, who was returning from a hunt on foot, and was so hard pressed as to be compelled to fire his rifle. He had been instantly borne to the earth by a dozen lances, in full view of his own house.

Their failure and loss in my case had greatly infuriated them, and although poor Thomson had been steady and cool, like a veteran frontiersman as he was, yet they had rushed upon him in a body, determined to have a scalp if it cost a warrior.

It did, and one of their chiefs, too; for the eye and nerve of the gallant fellow did not fail him in that fearful moment, when they closed so madly, dashing around him, that their lances met, grating, in his body. A chief, whose lance first touched him, tumbled stiffly forward amid the trampling hoofs, and the hunter was avenged.

One of the women made a very narrow escape, and was only saved by the courage of her dog, who sprang at the nose of the Camanche's horse, and made the animal shy just as the rider was about to transfix her, as she was climbing the picket stiles. She got over safe, and the baffled rascal pursued the gallant dog into the river, where it also escaped, much to my gratification.

During these scenes, a portion of the Indians had been busily engaged in collecting all our mules and horses that were loose on the prairie, and now they started after the frightened animals, who were tear-

ing off like mad in the direction they wished them to go.

In a few moments more, they were out of sight, and all was still for a little while as before ; but, fortunately, we had not been quite so silly as to have turned out our favourite riding-horses, and in a short time there was a gathering, in hot haste, of all the men who were at home.

They came galloping up to my house from every direction, rifles in hand, with hot brows, flaming eyes, and curses deep-breathed between their teeth, eager to be led in the pursuit for vengeance.

Still more fortunately, just as we were starting on the trail, the very party which had been absent on the mustang drive came, breathless and foaming, up. It seems they had met with the Camanche trail, and suspecting what had occurred, had run their horses in at full speed. With a few hasty words, explaining the extent of the mischief, and a wild shout of vengeance for poor Thomson, we were off on the chase, numbering thirty determined men.

Of course, there was no difficulty in tracing the trail, which was broad as a wagon-road through the grass; and we followed at the best pace of our horses, for our success in coming up with them all depended upon the speed of our animals.

As we swept by the farm of old Hicks, one of the earlier settlers, who had posted himself on the very outskirts of the grant, the gray-haired veteran was seen urging his horse across his field to meet us. As he approached, we could see, from the eagerness

of his gestures, that something was wrong. We halted for an instant, and the glare of his eyes, and ashy pallor of his rigid face as he joined us, were even more eloquent of his terrible news than the few words he with difficulty gasped out from between his clenched teeth, "My children!"

Nothing more was spoken; but bending forward, with a perfect howl of fury, the rangers lashed their horses like madmen. Such an incident was sufficiently calculated to rouse a delirium of wrath in their fiery natures.

In addition to the other outrages, these two children had been torn from their old parent, to be dragged off to a horrible captivity in the distant hills, unless we could catch the brutal spoilers before they had gained a covert.

No marvel that horses were goaded even when faithfully at their utmost speed; that swollen veins were knotted along flushed temples, and curses and yells burst at intervals from tightly-drawn lips, as the image of those fair young children, writhing in the black, naked arms of a filthy and ferocious warrior, would rise up before us. For everybody loved little Molly Hicks, "wi' the lint-white locks," and Johnny was a second "Benjamin, the child of his old age," to the hardy pioneer.

As he rode in front, which position he somehow maintained, with all the headlong eagerness of the younger members of the party, with his features stiffened and set, his eyes fixed on the distance before him, and his long, white hair streaming from

his uncovered head, I thought I had never looked upon a more striking picture of stern, mute agony.

The trail was leading in the direction of the densest portion of the Cross Timber, where, too, among wooded and broken ridges, the head waters of the River Trinity took their origin, breaking in numerous springs from dark gorges ; and in this rugged and extensive tract we supposed they would endeavour to conceal themselves by throwing us off the trail.

Soon we were scudding beneath the shade of the tall forest. There was no undergrowth, but the shaft-like trunks rose dark and bare to a considerable height, leaving long open vistas between them. A chill awe came over us at this swift transition from the sunny expanse of the prairie to the solemn gloom of this great natural temple.

Contrary to our expectations, the trail, instead of diverging north toward the hills, kept on west, directly through the belt of the Cross Timber. These Indians have an unconquerable aversion to the brush, and our hopes were greatly elated to find that, true to this instinct, they were keeping in the open woods, and probably making for the plains beyond the deep forest.

This course offered us much greater assurance that we should be able to keep the trail, and finally overtake them. But it was nearly six miles across, and our reckless haste was beginning to tell upon our horses ; so that, with all the tumult and intensity of our excitement, we were obliged somewhat to check our speed.

For several miles we continued silently galloping down those dim, leaf-fretted aisles, the old man still retaining his position in front, never for an instant turning his eyes to the right or to the left, but staring fixedly ahead.

Suddenly he raised himself quickly in the stirrups, and with a sharp, shrill shout, "There!" plunged the spurs into his horse. I looked ahead, and could just distinguish objects gleaming swiftly past the trees far before us.

With a shout that made those tangled arches shiver again, we all followed him. The wild whirl of maddening excitement was beyond any description. The men fairly shrieked with the exultation of savage joy.

Our horses caught the spirit, and seemed energized with supernatural speed, as they fled by the trees so swiftly that the trunks seemed run into each other, and to form a continuous wall. Now and then, through a wider opening before us, we would get a full, but momentary view of the spotted horses of the foe streaking across it. Then such a burst of shouting from our men!

In this way the chase had continued for several miles, without lessening materially the distance between us, and we were beginning to fear that our horses would fail us, when the old man, pointing ahead, laughed out with the exultation of a fiend; and, as we swept past the object, I saw it was a horse of one of the warriors that had dropped dead from exhaustion. How the men yelled at this sight.

Their horses were giving out, and we were sure of them? Another—and yet another—laid by the trail! I saw one of the warriors on foot running off through the woods! But on, on—never mind him! The main body is before!

Suddenly, we burst upon the dazzling light of the prairie. There they are. The whole body of them, within a quarter of a mile, strung winding along the deep grass like a great snake.

The clamour of pursuing wolves never sounded more terrible to a herd of exhausted deer than did our shout to these frightened thieves.

See how they look behind. They are uncertain what to do.

Ha! they make to the timber again. The rapid tramp of the avengers' tread turns, too. They are panic-stricken. That old man, with the unearthly wildness of his mien, looks enough like a phantom of wrath to strike an army with terror.

They rush to the edge of the timber, and throw themselves, in frantic hurry, from their horses' backs, some head-foremost.

We, too, have dismounted quicker than thought; the black tubes are ranged, and the belching platoon hurtles a leaden hail among them before they reach the trees.

Such staggering and tumbling; but not a sound from them. With guns club-fashion we rush after the old man into the timber; and now the struggle is hand to hand, and foot to foot, with the lithe, desperate wretches.

They turn at bay a moment behind the covert of the trunks; but the fury of our charge overbears everything. For a moment, the rustle of struggling feet, the dull ring of crushing blows, the low groan and heavy fall, are the only sounds that break the awful silence; and then the peal of our victorious shout proclaims that they are flying.

The pursuit is continued for some distance, but they are too swift for us; and one after another of the members of our scattered party, panting and exhausted, make their appearance on the prairie.

“The children—the children! Have they been seen?” I shouted.

“Here they are!” replied a deep voice from some distance in the woods.

We all ran in; and never shall I forget that scene. At the foot of a large tree the old man was bending over his boy, who had been pierced by the lance of a Camanche, and lay pleading for water, writhing like a trodden worm. Little Mary, with large blue tearless eyes that looked as if they would never wink again, stood by him, holding his hand. The shattered and bloody gun of the old man lay on the ground by him, while his nearest neighbour, a tall, powerful man, stood off, in respect for the sacredness of grief, gazing upon the group with dimmed eyes.

There was a heavy pause. The old man looked up with blood-shot eyes, saying, “Water, men!—water, water!”

We had all been so much shocked by the scene



as to have lost our presence of mind for the moment; but instantly, as he spoke, a dozen men sprang off and ran to where our horses had been left, for their water-gourds.

The boy grasped one with a famished eagerness it is impossible to convey, and drank copiously. In a moment, the colour began to return to his blue lips, and light to his glazing eyes.

This convinced me that his wound was not so desperate as we had feared. No one had examined it; for there was the lance leaning against the tree, with the red stain upon its blade for several inches; and that, we had thought, was conclusive enough.

As I was stooping to bathe his feverish temples, and examine the wound, little Molly turned her quiet eyes upon my face, and said, with a solemn innocence that thrilled me strangely, "The bad Injuns wouldn't kill me!"

I could not resist catching the little creature in my arms and kissing her, while the hot tears burned over my lids at this touching exhibition of forgetfulness of self in the sister's love.

On examination, the wound looked bad enough, to be sure. There was nothing for it, however, but to prepare a litter and get him home.

This the men soon did with twigs and the buffalorobes which the Indians had thrown away, together with all their arms, in the flight.

Poor little boy! his plaintive moans were very distressing. The rudest of the men, with all the flush of fight upon them, seemed to be greatly moved;

and gentle Molly was carried with as considerate tenderness as if all the crowns of all the world had been her heritage.

It is a custom, never deviated from by the Camanches, to kill their male prisoners, of whatever age, when they see a probability of their being retaken.

If it be a child, as in this instance, they say, with stern foresight, "It is one future warrior out of the way!" For, as their "hand is," emphatically, "against every man, and every man's against them," all mankind are alike their enemies; but there is too much savage chivalry among them ever to kill or misuse a female prisoner—a thing they have never been known to do. They will kill them, and take their scalps in attacking a town or settlement; but when they have once spared them as prisoners, their persons are for ever afterward sacred.

There is a vast deal of rude nobility about these Camanches; and if they should ever learn to use rifles well, they will be far the most formidable enemy our race have yet had to dispute the possession of territory with. That they have not yet overcome their superstitious dread of fire-arms is the sole reason why they are still able to cope with them at such disadvantages.

We learned from little Mary's story that the Indians having herself and brother in charge had, when we rushed into the timber after them—although she and her brother were standing hand-in-hand—only struck him down with the lance, and left her unmolested. "*The bad Injuns wouldn't kill me!*"

We had lost two men in the skirmish among the timber, and had several wounded. There were ten Indians that we knew to be slain. We recovered all our horses and mules, and, in addition, secured forty or fifty Indian horses, with all their quaint accoutrements. Some of these horses were noble animals, and most of them curiously and beautifully marked.

They seem to have a great fancy for pied and mottled horses. The animal which fell to my lot, in the distribution of the plunder which followed, was the most serviceable creature I ever strode, and most singularly marked with bluish-black spots, near the size of a Mexican dollar, and almost as uniform as the spots on a leopard.

Our return home was a painful blending of sadness and triumph; but it was a prodigious relief to us all when we heard, next morning, that little Johnny was doing well. Indeed, in about two months, he had almost entirely recovered.

*“Adventures in the Camanche Country.”*

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#### OPIUM SMOKING IN CHINA.

THE utensils used in preparing the opium for smoking consist chiefly of three hemispherical brass pans, two bamboo filters, two portable furnaces, earthen pots, ladles, straining-cloths, and sprinklers. The ball being cut in two, the interior is taken out, and the opium adhering to or contained in the leafy

covering is previously simmered three several times, each time using a pint of spring water, and straining it into an earthen pot; some cold water is poured over the dregs after the third boiling, and from half a cake (weighing at first about 28lbs., and with which this process is supposed to be conducted) there will be about five pints of liquid. The interior of the cake is then boiled with this liquid for about an hour, until all is reduced to a paste, which is spread out with a spatula in two pans, and exposed to the fire for two or three minutes at a time, till the water is all driven off; during this operation, it is often broken up and re-spread, and at the last drying cut across with a knife. It is all then spread out in one cake, and covered with six pints of water, and allowed to remain several hours over night, for digestion. When sufficiently soaked, a rag filter is placed on the edge of the pan, and the whole of the valuable part drips slowly through the rag into a basket lined with coarse bamboo paper, from which it falls into the other brass pan, about as much liquid going through as there was water poured over the cake. The dregs are again soaked, and immediately filtered till found to be nearly tasteless; this weaker part usually makes about six pints of liquid.

The first six pints are then briskly boiled, being sprinkled with cold water to allay the heat so as not to boil over, and removing the scum, by a feather, into a separate vessel. After boiling twenty minutes, five pints of the weak liquid are poured in and boiled with it, until the whole is evaporated to about three

pints, when it is strained through paper into another pan, and the remaining pint thrown into the pan just emptied, to wash away any portion that may remain in it, and also boiled a little while, when it is also strained into the three pints. The whole is then placed over a slow fire in the small furnace, and boiled down to a proper consistency for smoking; while it is evaporating, a ring forms around the edge, and the pan is taken off the fire at intervals to prolong the process, the mass being the while rapidly stirred with sticks and fanned, until it becomes like thick treacle, when it is taken out and put into small pots for smoking. The boxes in which it is retailed are made of buffalo's horn, of such a size as easily to be carried about the person. The dregs containing the vegetable residuum, together with the scum and washings of the pans, are lastly strained and boiled with water, producing about six pints of thin brownish liquid, which is evaporated to a proper consistence for selling to the poor. The process of seething the crude opium is exceedingly unpleasant to those unaccustomed to it, from the overpowering narcotic fumes which arise, and this odour marks every shop where it is prepared, and every person who smokes it. The loss in weight by this mode of preparation is about one-half. The Malays prepare it in much the same manner. The custom in Penang is to reduce the dry cake made on the first evaporation to a powder; and when it is digested and again strained and evaporated, reducing it to a consistence resembling shoemaker's wax.

The opium pipe consists of a tube of heavy wood, furnished at the head with a cup, which serves to collect the residuum or ashes left after combustion; this cup is usually a small cavity in the end of the pipe, and serves to elevate the bowl to a level with the lamp. The bowl of the pipe is made of earthenware, of an ellipsoid shape, and sets down upon the hole, itself having a small rimmed orifice on the flat side. The opium-smoker always lies down; and the singular picture given by Davis, of a "Mandarin smoking an opium pipe," dressed in his official robes and sitting up at a table, was probably made to order by some artist who had never seen anybody use it. Lying along the couch, he holds the pipe, aptly called *yen tsiang*—i. e., smoking-pistol, by the Chinese, so near the lamp that the bowl can be brought up to it without stirring himself. A little opium, of the size of a pea, being taken on the end of a spoon-headed needle, is put upon the hole of the bowl, and set on fire at the lamp, and inhaled at one whiff, so that none of the smoke shall be lost. Old smokers will retain the breath a long time, filling the lungs, and exhaling the fumes through the nose. The taste of the half-fluid extract is sweetish and oily, somewhat like rich cream, but the smell of the burning drug is rather sickening. When the pipe has burned out, the smoker lies listless for a moment while the fumes are dissipating, and then repeats the process until he has spent all his purchase, or taken his prescribed dose. When the smoking commences, the man becomes loquacious, and breaks out into boisterous

silly merriment, which gradually changes to a vacant paleness and shrinking of the features, as the quantity increases and the narcotic acts. A deep sleep supervenes from half an hour to three or four hours' duration, during which the pulse becomes slower, softer, and smaller than before the debauch. No refreshment is felt from this sleep, when the person has become a victim to the habit, but a universal sinking of the powers of the body and mind is experienced, and complete recklessness, so be it that the appetite for more be gratified.

A novice is content with one or two whiffs, which produce vertigo, nausea, and headach, though practice enables him to gradually increase the quantity; "temperate smokers," warned by the sad example of the numerous victims around them, endeavour to keep within bounds, and walk as near the precipice as they can without falling into hopeless ruin. In order to do this, they limit themselves to a certain quantity daily, and take it at, or soon after meals, so that the stomach may not be so much weakened. A "temperate smoker" (though this term is like that of a *temperate* robber, who only takes shillings from his employer's till, or a *temperate* blood-letter, who only takes a spoonful daily from his veins) can seldom exceed a mace weight, or about as much of prepared opium as will balance a pistareen or a franc piece; this quantity will fill twelve pipes. Two mace weight taken daily is considered an immoderate dose, which few can bear for any length of time; and those who are afraid of the effects of the drug

upon themselves endeavour not to exceed a mace. Some persons, who have strong constitutions, and stronger resolution, continue the use of the drug, within these limits, for many years, without disastrous effect upon their health and spirits; though most of even these moderate smokers are so much the slaves of the habit, that they feel too wretched, nerveless, and imbecile, to go on with their business without the stimulus.

The testimony regarding the evil effects of the use of this pernicious drug, which deserves better to be called an "article of destruction" than an "article of luxury," are so unanimous, that few can be found to stand up strongly in its favour. Dr. Smith, a physician in charge of the hospital at Penang, says, "The baneful effects of this habit on the human constitution are particularly displayed by stupor, forgetfulness, general deterioration of all the mental faculties, emaciation, debility, sallow complexion, lividness of lips and eyelids, languor and lack-lustre of eye, and appetite either destroyed or depraved, sweetmeats or sugar being the articles that are most relished." These symptoms appear when the habit has weakened the physical powers, but the unhappy man soon begins to feel the power of the drug in a general languor and sinking, which disables him mentally more than bodily from carrying on his ordinary pursuits. A dose of opium does not produce the intoxication of ardent spirits, and so far as the community and his family are concerned, the smoker is less troublesome than the drunkard; the



former never throws the chairs and tables about the room, or drives his wife out of doors in his furious rage; he never goes reeling through the streets, or takes lodgings in the gutter; but contrariwise, he is quiet or pleasant, and fretful only when the effects of the pipe are gone. It is in the insupportable languor throughout the whole frame, the gnawing at the stomach, pulling at the shoulders, and failing of the spirits, that the tremendous power of this vice lies, compelling the "victimized" slave "to seek it yet again." There has not yet been opportunity to make those minute investigations respecting the extent opium is used among the Chinese, what classes of people use it, their daily dose, the proportion of reprobate smokers, and many other points which have been narrowly examined into in regard to the use of alcohol; so that it is impossible to decide the question as to which of the two is the most dreadful habit. These statistics have, heretofore, been impossible to obtain in China, and it will be very difficult to obtain them, even when a person, who may have the leisure and abilities, shall undertake the task.

The thirst and burning sensation in the throat which the wretched sufferer feels, only to be removed by a repetition of the dose, proves one of the strongest links in the chain which drags him to his ruin. At this stage of the habit his case is almost hopeless; if the pipe be delayed too long, vertigo, complete prostration, and discharge of water from the eyes, ensue; if entirely withheld, coldness and aching pains are

felt over the body, an obstinate diarrhœa supervenes, and death closes the scene. The disastrous effects of the drug upon the constitution seem to be somewhat delayed or modified by the quantity of nourishing food the person can procure, and consequently it is among the poor, who can least afford the pipe, and still less the injury done to their energies, that the destruction of life is the greatest. The evils suffered and crimes committed by the desperate victims of the opium pipe are dreadful and multiplied. Theft, arson, murder, and suicide, are perpetrated in order to obtain it or escape its effects. Some try to break off the fatal habit by taking a tincture of the opium dirt in spirits, gradually diminishing its strength until it is left off entirely; others mix opium with tobacco, and smoke the compound in a less and less proportion, until tobacco alone remains. The general belief is, that the vice can be overcome without fatal results, if the person firmly resolve to forsake it, and keep away from sight and smell of the pipe, labouring as much as his strength will allow in the open air, until he recovers his spirits, and no longer feels a longing for it. Few, very few, however, ever emancipate themselves from the tyrannous habit which enslaves them; they are able to resist its insidious effects until the habit has become strong, and the resolution to break it off is generally delayed until their chains are forged, and deliverance felt to be hopeless. The resolution in their case has, alas! none of the awful motives to enforce its observance,

which a knowledge of the Bible would give it; the heathen dieth in his ignorance.

Opium is often employed to commit suicide, by swallowing it in spite, when displeased with others, or to escape from death, oppression, or other evils. The missionary physicians are often called upon to rescue persons who have taken a dose, and been found before life is gone, and the number of these applications painfully show how lightly the Chinese esteem life. A comparison is sometimes drawn between the opium-smoker and drunkard, and the former averred to be less injured by the habit; but the balance is struck between two terrible evils, both of which end in the loss of health, property, mind, influence, and life. Opium imparts no benefit to the smoker, impairs his bodily vigour, beclouds his mind, and unfits him for his station in society; he is miserable without it, and at last dies by what he lives upon. The manufacture is beyond the country, so that every cent paid for the drug is carried abroad, and misery in every shape of poverty, disease, and dementation left in its stead, attended with mere transitory pleasure while the pipe is in the mouth. Fully one hundred millions of dollars have "oozed" out of China within the last fifty years for this article alone, and its productive capital decreased fully twice that sum.

*Williams's "Chinese Empire."*

## THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

THE catacombs of Paris form one of its most singular objects of interest. For years past it has been very difficult to obtain permission to enter them. A visitor is said to have lost himself in the labyrinth of subterranean passages, and to have been never heard of again. The roofs of the quarries have also been in a dangerous condition. For these reasons, and because, also, as I learned afterwards, some persons had abused the permission granted them, and carried away some of the bones of the dead, the catacombs have been almost entirely closed against visitors.\* Although I had a strong desire to visit them, I hardly hoped to obtain permission, but in this, as in other instances, I have to acknowledge the marked kindness of our minister, General Cass, whose attentions to our party, during our stay in Paris were as useful as they were gratifying. Having expressed to him our wish to see this subterranean world of the dead, and, at the same time, our fears that we should not be able to gratify it, he kindly replied, that he would address a note to the minister and ask permission for us.

Accordingly, a few days after, the permission

\* "A few persons have, by great interest, been allowed by the prefect of police to enter; but, in general, permission may be said to be impossible to be obtained."—*Galignani*.

came, with the note, "M. Durban pourra se faire accompagner par quatre amis." But Mr. G., of New York, desired also to be of our party; so here were *five* instead of four. What was to be done? We concluded to repair to the spot at the appointed hour, and see if we could not make *four* mean *five*. So, on Monday, June 20, at eleven o'clock, we went, as directed, to the house of M. Fourcy, engineer of the Royal Corps of Miners, who was to be our guide, and from thence to the Barrière d'Enfer, where is the principal entrance to the catacombs. We found our passport wide enough to obtain admission for us all without question. Before taking the reader with me in this *voyage souterrain*, as our permission phrased, it may be well to give him a brief account of these caverns consecrated to death.

That part of Paris which lies upon the south side of the Seine is the oldest; and from time immemorial, the stone for building was obtained from quarries lying under the city, principally under the Faubourgs St. Marcel, St. Germain, St. Chaillot, and St. Jaques. It is supposed that the excavations extend under one sixth of the city. Many years ago it was found necessary to prop the quarries in various quarters, and they are yet considered dangerous to the parts of the city above them, as one or two houses have fallen in of late. The suggestion of converting them into receptacles for the dead was made by an officer of police, I think, in 1785, and it was favourably received, from the necessity of removing the vast accumulations of bodies from the

cemeteries of the city. It was finally decided that the millions that had passed away from the capital during ten centuries, should be removed to these subterranean abodes. The rubbish was removed, pillars were built up in solid masonry, and particular portions separated from the rest by strong doors, with locks to serve as the first receptacles. A consecration took place, with imposing religious ceremonies, on the 7th of April, 1786, when the removal from the cemetery of the Innocents began. The work was performed at night; the bones were conveyed in funeral cars, followed by priests chanting the service for the dead, and were precipitated down a perpendicular shaft into the quarries below. The contents of other cemeteries were soon placed in the catacombs, which were rapidly augmented by the massacres of the revolution.

A little building is erected outside the Barrière d'Enfer, in which is the opening of the principal shaft. We descended by ninety steps, and found ourselves alone in the caverns. Following our guide about twenty minutes, we came to a strong door, each side of which was ornamented with pillars of Tuscan architecture. Over the door is the inscription, *Has ultra metas requiescunt beatam spem spectantes*. Our guide opened the heavy door, and, as it grated on its hinges, I felt an involuntary shudder, which was not quieted when we passed the threshold and found ourselves surrounded by walls of human bones, which the glare of our tapers showed to be regularly piled from the floor to the roof of the

quarries. The bones of the legs and arms are laid closely in order, with their ends outward, and at regular intervals skulls are interspersed in three horizontal ranges, disposed so as to present alternate rows of the back and front of the head; and sometimes a single perpendicular range is seen, still further varying the general outline. Passing along what seemed to be interminable ranges of these piles of human remains, we came to several apartments arranged like chapels, with varied dispositions of the piles of legs, arms, and grinning skulls. Here, too, were vases and altars, some formed of bones entirely, and others surrounded with them. On many of these were inscriptions, generally of a religious bearing. How new, how strange were the associations of the place! Over our heads was rolling the vast tide of life in the gay and wicked city; its millions of inhabitants were jostling each other on the high roads of business or pleasure; while here were the remains of four times their number lying in silent, motionless piles, in the depths below! And we, the living of to-day, were standing among the dead of a thousand years, in the quiet bosom of our mother-earth. Religion, too, had thrown her rays of light into this empire of death; and we read in an inscription before us, the sure word declaring that even this universal empire shall be broken: *They that dwell in the dust of the earth shall arise, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.* On a stone pillar near by, is the admonition so generally unheeded, but here irresistible, enforced as it is

by the mute, but eloquent evidences around. "Remember that thou art dust." The inscriptions "*Tombeau de la Revolution*," "*Tombeau des Victimes*," over two chapels, built up with bones, tell of the days of strife and blood between 1789 and 1793, and here are the remains of those who perished in their frightful massacres. Altogether the effect of the place and its associations was oppressive in the extreme.

It was pleasant to find, in one of these lanes of the dead, a deep well of living water. It lies immediately in the gangway, and is defended by an iron railing. A little further on, too, were a number of gold fish sporting in a pure spring, about fifteen inches deep, with a clean, pebbly bottom.

After wandering through the principal avenues, and examining all the chapels and altars of the catacombs, we commenced our return. After proceeding a short distance, we perceived, with some trepidation, that part of our company were missing. Even the possibility that they might be lost, and, like the wretched being whose sad fate I alluded to before, wander in this revolting place, and perish at last in despair, thrilled us with horror. We were soon relieved by their voices rolling towards us; our guide shouted back, and in a few moments we were together again. We retraced our steps rapidly to the foot of the shaft, ascended, and gladly emerged into the world of life again. Our guide refused to accept any remuneration for his services, saying that he was employed and paid by the government.

*Durbin's "Travels in Europe."*



IMMOLATION OF WIDOWS AMONGST THE  
BALINESE.

THE Bálinese of Lombok burn their dead. This is accompanied by very many ceremonies, which cost incredible sums of money. The poor, for this reason, often bury their dead, but always so that they can recover the bones should it ever happen that they can gather together enough of money to meet the expenses of a cremation. The rich after death are embalmed, because months and even years often elapse before they are burned.

In Lombok, wives may suffer themselves to be burned after the death of their husbands. They are not compelled to it. Such an event very seldom occurs, and during my stay there was only a single widow who allowed herself to be krisied, [stabbed with a dagger]. They have the choice of allowing themselves to be burned or krisied. The first is the most rare. The wives of the Rájás, however, must suffer themselves to be burned. When a Rájá dies, some women are always burned, even should they be but slaves. The wives of the priests never kill themselves. Having been present at one of these horrible spectacles, I relate how it was conducted.

The gusti, who died at Ampanan, left three wives. One of them would let herself be krisied for his honour, and that against the will of all, on both sides

of her family. The woman was still young and beautiful; she had no children. They said to me that a woman who, under such circumstances, suffered herself to be killed, had indeed loved her husband. She intended to accompany him on his long journey to the gods, and she hoped to be his favourite in the other world.

The day after the death of the *gusti*, his wife took many baths; she was clothed in the richest manner; she passed the day with her relatives and friends, in eating, drinking, chewing of *sirih*, and praying. About the middle of the space before the house they had erected two scaffoldings or platforms of bambu of the length of a man, and three feet above the ground. Under these they had dug a small pit to receive the water and the blood that should flow. In a small house at one side, and opposite these frame works, were two others entirely similar. This house was immediately behind the *bali bali*.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, men brought out the body of the *gusti* wrapped in fine linen, and placed it on the left of the two central platforms. A priest of Mataram removed the cloth from the body, They threw much water over the corpse, washed it, combed the hair, and covered the whole body with *chám páká* and *káná ngá* flowers. They then brought a white net. The priest took a silver cup filled with holy water, (called *chor*,) on which he strewed flowers. He first sprinkled the deceased with this water, and then poured it through the net on his body, which

he blessed, praying, singing, and making various mystical and symbolical motions. He afterwards powdered it with flour of coloured rice and chopped flowers, and placed it on dry mats.

Women brought out the wife of the gusti with her arms crossed. She was clothed with a piece of white linen only. Her hair was crowned with flowers of the *Chrysanthemum Indicum*. She was quiet, and betrayed neither fear nor regret. She placed herself standing before the body of her husband, raised her arms on high, and made a prayer in silence. Women approached her and presented to her small bouquets of *kembang spatu*, and other flowers. She took them one by one, and placed them between the fingers of her hands raised above her head. On this the women took them away and dried them. On receiving and giving back each bouquet, the wife of the gusti turned a little to the right, so that when she had received the whole she had turned quite round. She prayed anew in silence, went to the corpse of her husband, kissed it on the head, the breast, below the navel, the knees, the feet, and returned to her place. They took off her rings. She crossed her arms on her breast. Two women took her by the arms. Her brother (this time a brother by adoption) placed himself before her, and asked her with a soft voice if she was determined to die, and when she gave a sign of assent with her head, he asked her forgiveness for being obliged to kill her. At once he seized his kris [dagger] and stabbed her on the left

side of the breast, but not deeply, so that she remained standing. He then threw his kris down and ran off. A man of consideration approached her, and buried his kris to the hilt in the breast of the unfortunate woman, who sunk down at once without emitting a cry. The women placed her on a mat, and sought, by rolling and pressure, to cause the blood to flow as quickly as possible. The victim being not yet dead, she was stabbed again with a kris between the shoulders. They then laid her on the second platform near her husband. The same ceremonies that had taken place for him now began for the wife. When all was ended, both bodies were covered with resin and cosmetic stuffs, enveloped in white linen, and placed in the small side house on the platforms. There they remain until the time is come when they are burned together.

It is always a near relation who gives the first wound with the kris, but never father or son. Sometimes dreadful spectacles occur; such was one at which Mr. King was present. The woman had received eight kris stabs, and was yet quite sensible. At last, she screamed out, driven by the dreadful pain, "Cruel wretches! are you not able to give me a stab that will kill me!" A gusti, who stood behind her, on this pierced her through and through with his kris.

The native spectators, whom I had around me, saw in this slaughter which took place before our eyes, nothing shocking. They laughed and talked as if it was nothing. The man who had given the

three last stabs wiped his kris, and restored it to its place, in as cold blooded a manner as a butcher would have done after slaughtering an animal.

Only the wives of the more considerable personages of the land allow themselves to be burned, because this is attended with much more expense than kriting. They then make a very high platform of bambu. The woman ascends after many ceremonies; and when the fire is at its greatest heat, she then springs from above into the middle of the flames.

*Zollinger's "Researches in Bali and Lombok."*

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#### THE TEA-PLANT; ITS CULTURE, AND THE MANUFACTURE OF TEA.

AMONG the branches of Chinese industry, the growth and preparation of tea has been most celebrated abroad; and the gradual introduction and use of this beverage among the nations of the west, and the important consequences of bringing the two into more intimate intercourse, and opening to the Chinese the blessings of Christian civilization resulting from the trade, is one of the most interesting results that have ever flowed from commerce. The demand for it gradually encouraged the Chinese to a greater production, and then succeeded the consumption of one and another foreign article taken in exchange for it, while the governments of the west derive too much advantage from the duties on it lightly to permit the Chinese to interfere with or hamper the

trade, much less stop it. Thus one influence and another, some beneficial and others adverse, have been brought into action, until the encouraging prospect is now held out that this hitherto secluded portion of mankind is to be introduced into the family of nations, and partake of their privileges; and these consequences have gradually come about from the predilection for a pleasant beverage. Tea, gunpowder, printing, and the compass, are four things which have worked marvellous changes in the social condition, intercourse, disputes, and mental improvement of mankind; and probably all of them are traceable to China and Chinese ingenuity: if Christianity, and its outflow of good government, intelligence, and improvement in the arts of life, can now be exchanged for them, both parties will be great gainers. No commerce is so profitable as that in mental and moral acquisitions, and upon none has there been so prohibitive a tariff.

The notices of the growth, production, and kinds of tea here given, are principally taken from an article in the eighth volume of the *Repository*, the writer of which obtained them chiefly from a manuscript account written by one of the teamen, who bring it to Canton. The English word *tea* is derived from the sound given to it by the Fuhkien people, from whom at Amoy or Java the first cargoes were obtained. When first written *tea*, it no doubt was intended to be pronounced *tay*, as the French *thé* is, and therefore, whether intentionally or not, the common Irish pronunciation is in this case the right one.

All other nations call it *cha*, or that word slightly modified, from the name usually given it by the Chinese. The plant grows in almost every part of the provinces, in Corea, Japan, Annam, and the adjacent regions, and its infusion forms a common beverage for nearly two-thirds of the human race. Its progress has been gradual in all those countries, and in Europe it has been well compared to that of truth: "suspected at first, though very palatable to those who had the courage to taste it; resisted as it encroached; abused as its popularity seemed to spread; and establishing its triumph at last, in cheering the whole land, from the palace to the cottage, only by the slow and resistless effects of time and its own virtues." Wherever, indeed, it has been denounced, the opposition may usually be traced to the use of a simulated preparation.

The knowledge of the tea-plant among the Chinese cannot be traced back further than A.D. 350, but its general introduction does not date prior to about A.D. 800, at which time it was called *tu*; the character soon after underwent a slight change, and received its present name of *cha*. Its botanical affinities ally it to the *Camellia*, and both have the same name among the Chinese; botanists call it *Thea*, and it is still a matter of dispute whether the different sorts are distinct species or mere varieties. They were perhaps originally the same, and long cultivation in different soils, temperature, and situation, has wrought changes similar to those seen in the apple or cherry. Mr. Fortune found them grow-

ing together, and Loureiro, a medical missionary in China, regards all the varieties as ascribable to these causes; though De Candolle divides them into three species, *bohea*, *viridis*, and *cochinsinensis*. The plant is from three to six feet high, and usually presents a dense mass of foliage on an infinite number of small twigs, a result of the practice of cutting it down. In Assam, where it has been found wild, it reaches the height of thirty feet. The leaf is a dark green colour, of an oblong oval shape, and the flowers are white, inodorous, and single; the seeds are like hazel-nuts in size and colour, three of them being inclosed in a hard husk, and so oily as to corrupt soon after ripening; this oil is rather acrid and bitter, but is useful for various purposes. The soil most favourable for the growth of tea is a rich sandy earth, with a large proportion of vegetable mould in it, and situations on the sides of hills, where there is a good exposure and supply of water, produce the best flavoured leaves. The patches above the rice grounds are favourite situations, but the plant is seldom cultivated on the plains or lowlands. A loamy subsoil, with a sandy loose covering, produces a good crop of leaves, and in the plantations visited in the Ankoï hills in Fuhkien, much of it is coloured with iron. The greater part of the tea exported is grown in the provinces of Fuhkien, Chehkiang, and Kiangsu, but all the eighteen produce it, except in the northern regions lying along the base of the table-land in Chihlí and Shansí, though the eastern parts, between the parallels of 25° and 35° north, afford it in the



greatest perfection and abundance. With the increased demand, its cultivation has extended, and perhaps that of cotton has diminished in a corresponding degree; the southern hills of Fuhkien, the western parts of Kwangtung, and districts in Kwangsí, also afford it for foreign markets. Russia is supplied from Sz'chuen and the adjoining region; while Birmah gets a part from Yunnan.

Tea is usually raised by individuals who cultivate a few dozen or scores of shrubs upon their own lands, and either cure the leaves themselves, or sell them to their neighbours after assorting them according to their quality. There are very few large plantations under the care of rich landlords, but each little farmer raises tea as he does cotton, silk, or rice, upon his own premises. The seeds are thickly planted in nursery beds, because many of them fail from their oily nature, and when the nurslings are a foot or more high they are transplanted into rows about four feet apart; sometimes they are put in the spot designed for them, and if more than one seed in a hole succeeds, it is removed. No preparation of the ground is necessary, nor is much care taken to keep the shrubs in a healthy state; those near Canton are usually covered with lichens, and when thus neglected, worms attack the wood. The leaves are picked from the plant when three years old, but it does not attain full size before six or seven, and thrives according to circumstances and care from fifteen to twenty years, being in fact gradually killed by constantly depriving it of its foliage. Pruning

the twigs to increase the quantity of leaves develops the branches laterally, so that large healthy shrubs resemble a collection of plants rather than a single bush. The interspaces are frequently sown with vegetables, and the practice is to spread them as much as possible in order to prevent their being shaded. In the Bohea hills, where the best tea is produced, there is, according to the Chinese, considerable difference in the quality of the leaves from gardens not very far apart, and connoisseurs are as particular to inquire the name of the place whence their tea comes as western wine drinkers are to learn the names of the vineyards producing the best brands. The produce of old and celebrated nurseries is carefully collected and cured by itself, and one native authority states that the prices of these particular lots vary from three to twenty pounds per pound weight!

The annual produce of a single plant of large size is said to be from sixteen or eighteen to twenty-four ounces; but an English visitor to the Ankoï hills ascertained that the common average yield was not far from six ounces, and that a thousand square yards contained between 300 and 400 plants. Three crops of leaves are gathered during the season. The first picking is about the middle of April, or whenever the tender leaf-buds begin to open, and while the leaves are still covered with a whitish down; these, though not very numerous, produce the finest tea, and the notion that some of the delicate sorts of tea are made from the flowers has originated from

the whitish appearance this down imparts to them; for no tea can be made from the thin scentless petals of the tea blossom. The second gathering is about the 1st of May, when the shrubs are covered with full-sized leaves. Chinese writers say that the weather has great influence upon the condition of the leaves, and that an excess or want of rain mildews or withers them, so as materially to affect the quality and quantity of the crop. When the proper time has arrived, a large number of hands should be employed to gather the leaves rapidly, and at this period the whole population, men, women, and children, find employment. The leaves are collected by handfuls, stripping them off the branches as rapidly as possible, and throwing them into open baskets slung around the neck, in which they are taken to the curing-houses. Each person can on an average pick 13 lbs. of leaves in a day, for which the wages are about six cents. The third crop is collected about the middle of July, and there is also a fourth gleaning in August, called *tsiu lu*, i. e., autumn dew, from the name of the season in which it takes place; the three previous ones are called first, second, and third springs. The two last crops afford only inferior kinds, seldom exported.

The quality of the different kinds of tea depends almost as much upon the mode of curing as upon the nature of the soil or the age of the leaf; some sorts are quite changed in their particular flavour by the curing and mixing processes they undergo. The operations of rolling are very simple. After the

leaves are gathered and housed, they are carefully assorted, and the yellow and old ones picked out. The remainder are thinly spread upon bamboo trays, and placed in the wind upon frames, where they remain until the leaves begin to soften; then, while lying upon the tray, they are gently rolled and rubbed until red spots begin to appear, when they are tested by pouring hot water upon them, to see if the edge of the leaf turns yellowish. They must be rolled many times, and from the labour attending this process the tea is called *kungfu cha*, or worked tea, whence the name *congo*. When the leaves have been rolled, they are ready for firing. The iron pan having been previously heated, the workman takes a handful of leaves and sprinkles them upon it, and waits until each leaf pops, when he brushes them off before they are charred. Such is the Chinese account of the mode practised in the Bohea hills. The pans are the iron boilers used in cooking, set in mason-work in an inclined position and at a convenient height; three or four are put into the same form, and heated by means of a flue passing lengthwise under the whole. The testing and rolling prior to firing is omitted in the common sorts, and the fresh leaves are thrown upon the hot pans, and there turned over and kept in motion by a workman before each pan, while another carefully attends to the fire. The heat soon forces the oil out of the leaves, and they crack and soften, and after four or five minutes are taken out into trays for rolling. This operation is performed upon tables made of

split bamboos laid alongside each other with their round sides up. The workmen take a handful of the hot leaves in their hands, and roll and knead them upon the table, in order to drive out the oily green juice, which runs through upon the floor.

After the leaves are thus rolled, they are shaken out loosely upon basket-trays, and exposed to the air to complete the drying, the object being to dry them in the gentlest manner that they may not lose their brittleness, nor become crisp in the sun. When dried, the leaves are again thrown in larger quantities into the pans, now heated to a less degree than before, and there stirred and thrown about and upon the masonry behind, in order that all may be equably dried and none be scorched. If they were previously well rolled, this operation causes them to shrivel and twist more closely, and as they grow hotter they are stirred by a brush, and thrown up until they are completely dried, which usually requires an hour. Sometimes the leaves are placed in trays over a charcoal fire covered with ashes, after exposure to the air, and there dried for two or three hours, which renders them of a darker colour than when rapidly fired in the pans.

The process here described is occasionally varied. After the leaves have been put into the firing-pan to be subjected to the heat, rolled upon the table or tray, and exposed to the sun instead of being returned to the pans, they are scattered upon a fine sieve placed over the same fire, the iron pan having been taken out. This fire is of charcoal, and covered

with ashes to prevent smoking the leaves, and while over it they are slowly turned over until thoroughly dried. They are then removed to a coarser sieve, and the fine and coarse leaves in this way partially separated before packing. This mode of drying gives the leaves a greenish hue, varying in degree according to the length of time they are exposed to the sun and fire. The common sorts of black tea are left in the sun and air after the first process of firing and rolling a much longer time, even for two days, until a partial decomposition of the leaves has begun from the effects of the heating and squeezing they have undergone; they are, moreover, again thrown into the pans, and rolled and stirred about for a longer time when intended for exportation than when put up for domestic use, almost a partial charring being requisite in the former case, to prevent them turning mouldy during their long voyage.

In curing the finest kinds, not more than a handful of leaves is sprinkled on the pans, and only a pound or so dried in the baskets at once. The firing of the common sorts is done in a more expeditious way, and the leaves much more broken by the operation. During the first firing, an acrid, greenish juice exudes, and is partially evaporated, but as it is pressed out upon the table, affects and irritates the hands of the workmen; and when they are again put over the fire, the hot dust rising in a cloud from the boilers or baskets fills the air; to avoid this, the workmen sometimes cover their mouths.

As soon as the curing is finished, the finer sorts

are inclosed in canisters, or small paper packages, and packed in boxes lined with lead, but the common kinds are merely packed in tubs and boxes, and marked for shipment. There are, however, particular operations performed on different sorts of tea, though these are the usual modes of curing black tea; the leaves of Hungmuey are placed under cover till they almost begin to ferment, and then are exposed to the sun before the first roasting. The delicate flavour of Pecco, and other fine kinds made from the unexpanded leaves, would be spoiled on the hot pans where Souchong and Congo are cured; they are dried in baskets after a careful rolling. The round pellets of gunpowder-tea are rolled singly, when damp, into a compact ball. When over the fire for the ultimate drying, fresh flowers of the Chloranthus, Olea, Aglaia, and other plants, are placed between the heated tea-leaves, by putting one basket of tea over the flowers as they lie on the top of an under basket, and then stirring them a little, without mixing the two. It is not unlikely, however, that the flowers are occasionally mixed with the tea to increase its weight, but such is not the intention in scenting it; the scented tea must be immediately packed to preserve the flavour thus given it. Only the finer kinds of green and black tea are thus treated, but Chinese amateurs are somewhat fastidious as to the kind of flowers used, and the degree of scent imparted to their favourite beverage.

The questions have been often discussed whether black or green teas are made from the same plant,

or whether they were made from each other. Mr. Fortune found that the *Thea viridis*, or green tea, was cultivated in Fuhkien and Kiangsu, and *Thea bohea* at Canton, and that green and black teas were made indiscriminately from either. The Chinese account referred to on a previous page, ascribes the difference in the colour of black and green tea wholly to the mode of preparation; green tea is cured more rapidly over the fire than the black, and not dried in baskets afterwards; but throwing the leaf into red-hot pans, and subsequently exposing it to the sun, and drying it over a covered fire, makes it black. Green tea can therefore be changed into black, but the contrary cannot be done, because the leaf is already black. Green tea is made by simply drying the leaves, "young ones over a gentle heat, and old ones over a hot fire, for about half an hour, or while two incense-sticks can burn out." By this mode, more of the essential oil remains in the leaf, and is one reason, perhaps, why a greater proportion of green tea spoils or becomes musty during the long land journey to Canton. It is not surprising, indeed, that the manipulations in curing a leaf raised over so large an extent of country, and to such an enormous amount, should slightly differ, but there is no mystery about the processes. The tea cured for home consumption is not as carefully or thoroughly fired as that intended for exportation, and consequently probably retains more of its peculiar properties.

Both kinds are repeatedly tested during the various stages of manufacture by pouring boiling water on



a few leaves, to observe the colour, aroma, taste, strength, and other properties of the infusion. As many as fifteen drawings can be made from the best leaves before the infusion runs off limpid. In the usual manner of Chinese writings, ten things are specifically mentioned by the native author to be observed in selecting green tea ; such as, that the leaf must be green, firmly rolled, and fleshy ; there must be no petioles adhering, no dirty or broken leaves or twigs ; and the infusion should be greenish, aromatic, and oily. In selecting all kinds of tea, the colour, clearness, taste, and strength of the infusion are the principal criteria ; the weight of the parcels, taste and colour of the dry leaf, and its smell when strongly breathed upon, are also noticed. Some Ankoï teas are tried by a loadstone to detect the presence of minute particles of iron. It has been the prevailing opinion, that the effects usually experienced upon the nerves after drinking green tea, and its peculiar taste, are owing to its being cured upon copper. A moment's thought would show the impossibility of copper contracting any verdigris when constantly heated over the fire, even if it were employed, which is never done. The difference in taste is perhaps partly owing to the greater proportion of oil remaining in the green tea, but far more to an artificial colouring given to it in order to make the lots present a uniform and merchantable colour ; for the operations of firing and rolling just described give a different shade to the leaves as they come more or less in contact with the iron, or are exposed to

the sun, and the manufacturer wishes to render these tints uniform before selling his goods. The finest kinds of green tea do not probably undergo this operation, nor that used by the people themselves in those districts, but the colour of the cheaper sorts is artificial. The leaves, when in the pans the second time, are sprinkled with turmeric powder, to give them a yellow tint, and then with a mixture of gypsum and Prussian blue, or gypsum and indigo finely combined, which imparts the desired bloom to the yellowish leaves as they are rolled over in the heated pans. If our taste inclined us to prefer a yellow or blue tea instead of a light green, it could therefore be easily gratified. It is likely that most of the green tea exported undergoes some process of this sort to colour it uniformly; but the principal safeguard, as Davis remarks, against injury from the colouring matter, is in the minute proportion in which the deleterious substances are combined. At Canton, on occasion of an unexpected demand some years since for some particular descriptions of green tea, it was ascertained that even black tea was thus coloured to stimulate the required article; but such stuff forms a very small part of the exportation.

During the transportation to Canton, the tea sometimes gathers dampness, or meets with accidents which require it to be refired before shipping; in such cases it is unpacked, and subjected to a second drying in the pans. It is also repacked into chests of such sizes and descriptions as the foreign customer wishes; but much of the tea is sent abroad in the

original cases, and its quality examined for the first time since it left the interior of China, perhaps in Ohio, or New South Wales. The manufacture of the chests, lining them with lead, and transporting them to the ship, gives occupation at Canton alone to many thousands of carpenters, painters, plumbers, printers, boatmen, and porters, besides the countless numbers of men, women, and children, who elsewhere find employment in picking, rolling, sorting, and curing the leaves.

The native names given to the various sorts of tea are derived, for the most part, from their appearance, or place of growth; the names of many of the best kinds are not commonly known abroad. *Bohea* is the name of the Wu-í hills, (or Bu-í, as the people on the spot call them,) where the tea is grown, and not a term for a particular sort among the Chinese, though it is applied to a very poor kind of black tea at Canton; *Sunglo* is likewise a general term for the green teas produced on the hills in Kiangsu. The names of the principal varieties of black tea are as follows:—*Pecco*, “white hairs,” so called from the whitish down on the young leaves, is one of the choicest kinds, and has a peculiar taste; *Orange Pecco*, called *shang hiang*, or “most fragrant,” differs from it slightly; *Hungmuey*, “red plum blossoms,” has a slightly reddish tinge; the terms *prince’s eyebrows*, *carnation hair*, *lotus kernel*, *sparrow’s tongue*, *fir-leaf pattern*, *dragon’s pellet*, and *dragon’s whiskers*, are all translations of the native names of different kinds of Souchong or Pecco. *Souchong*, or *siau chung*,

means *little plant*, or sort, as *Pouchong*, or *folded sort*, refers to the mode of packing it; *Campoï* is corrupted from *kan pei*—i. e., carefully fired; *Chulan* is the tea scented with the chulan flower, and applied to some kinds of scented green tea. The names of green teas are less numerous. *Gunpowder*, or *ma chu*—i. e., hemp pearl—derives its name from the form into which the leaves are rolled; *ta chu*, or “great pearl,” and *chu lan*, or “pearl flower,” denote two kinds of *Imperial*; *Hyson*, or *yu tsien*—i. e., before the rains—originally denoted the tenderest leaves of the plant, and is now applied to *Young Hyson*; as is also another name, *mei pien*, or “plum petals;” while *hí chun*, “flourishing spring,” describes *Hyson*; *Twankay* is the name of a stream in Cheh-kiang, where this sort is produced; and *Hyson skin*, or *pí cha*—i. e., skin tea—is the poorest kind, the siftings of the other varieties; *Oolung*, “black dragon,” is a kind of black tea with green flavour. Ankoï teas are produced in the district of Ngankí, not far from Tsiuenchau fu, possessing a peculiar taste, supposed to be owing to the ferruginous nature of the soil. De Guignes speaks of the Pu-'rh tea, from the place in Kiangsu, where it grows, and says it is cured from wild plants found there; the infusion is unpleasant, and used for medical purposes. The Mongols, and others in the west of China, prepare tea by pressing it, when fresh, into cakes, like bricks, and thoroughly drying it in that shape to carry in their wanderings.

Considering the enormous labour of preparing tea,

it is surprising that even the poorest kind can be afforded to the foreign purchaser at Canton, more than a thousand miles from the place of its growth, for ninepence or even less a pound; and in their ability to furnish it at this rate, the Chinese have a security of retaining the trade in their hands, notwithstanding the efforts to grow the plant elsewhere. Comparatively little adulteration is practised, if the amount used at home and abroad be considered, though the temptation is great, as the infusion of other plants is drunk instead of the true tea. The poorer natives substitute the leaves of a species of *Rhamnus*, or *Fallopia*, which they dry; *Camellia* leaves are perhaps mixed with it, but probably to no great extent. The refuse of packing-houses is sold to the poor at a low rate, under the names of tea-endings and tea-bones; and if a few of the rarest sorts do not go abroad, neither do the poorest. It is a necessary of life to all classes of Chinese, and that its use is not injurious is abundantly evident from its general acceptance and extending adoption; and the prejudice against it among some out of China may be attributed chiefly to the use of strong green tea, which is no doubt prejudicial. If those who have given it up on this account will adopt a weaker infusion of black tea, general experience is proof that it will do them no great harm, and they may be sure that they will not be so likely to be deceived by a coloured article. Neither the Chinese nor Japanese use milk or sugar in their tea, and the peculiar taste and aroma of the infusion is much

better perceived without those additions, nor can it be drunk so strong without tasting an unpleasant bitterness, which the milk partly hides. The Japanese sometimes reduce the leaves to a powder, and pour boiling water through them in a cullender, in the same way that coffee is often made.

*Williams's "Chinese Empire."*

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RIVER TRAVELLING IN SOUTH AMERICA.—  
A VOYAGE ON THE MAGDALENA.

A CREW of bogas, or negro river labourers, at their daily meal, presents a scene worth describing. An immense red earthen pot is brought reeking hot into the midst of the savage group, as they are all seated, or rather squatted, down on their hams on the fore-deck, each man having a calabash shell and wooden spoon, with which he scoops up the messes of thick boiled rice, plantains, and bits of black jerked beef, all mixed together; they eat enormous quantities, and very fast, washing it all down with the water of the river, fresh and muddy as it runs past the boat. The "patron," or skipper, eats of the same food; but his mess is handed him aft, and I generally added something from my own table, with a glass of claret. The dinner hour of the bogas regulated our own, as it would have been very foolish to stop the boat again. Yet their behaviour on such occasions subjected us to witness the most revolting scenes of

filth, and conduct much below that of the brute creation.

Jan. 18th. Started at half-past five, A.M. Counted thirty-nine alligators, all of which were lying close together in one extended line. Some of them were very large. It is really horrible to witness them devouring that large fish called the bagre, for which they lie in wait in the current and eddies of the river. They bring their huge jaws together upon their prey with a great noise and splashing, and then raise their heads out of the water in order to devour them, which occupies more time than would be expected in such a monster. Should they happen to seize upon the fish crosswise, they have great trouble in placing it in a straight position that they may swallow it, the blood running all the time over their hideous jaws. They sleep a great deal in the sun, with their mouths wide extended. Our boat would frequently get within an oar's length of one without waking it up; and, at this short distance, once or twice I poured a whole charge of duck-shot directly into his throat; but whether he survived or not, I could not determine, as it invariably got to the water again. When we were about half a league from Los dos Caños we stopped for the night; the bogas stretched their straw mats on a beautiful playa (sand-bar) of white sand. These mats, with their toldas over their heads, are the only beds they have. Moving around a large fire in the night, cooking their supper, with the white toldas raised around, they would form an excellent tableau

for a painter. These fires are also essential for warding off the attacks of the tigers and other wild beasts, whose tracks are to be distinctly traced on every playa in the river. All night long the splashing of the caymans is to be heard as they pounce upon the unlucky fish; and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could pacify the women, and convince them of the impossibility of these animals reaching their heads above the gunwale and lugging them off.

19th. On our way at the usual hour. At the place where we stopped to make our morning meal I observed a fine field of maize; but the furrows were far too thickly set to yield well. The river is thickly studded with small islands, many of them scarcely containing a single acre, and are, evidently, nothing more than the formation of sand and drifted wood. Reached San Pedro at noon; a few straggling huts in a very pretty situation. We saw, for the first time, two pavas or wild turkeys to-day, but not within gunshot. I now regretted more than ever not having brought a rifle for the caymans; they were so numerous and daring, that one felt an unaccountable desire to lessen their numbers. We made Regidor at four P.M., where we stopped for the night; the place consists merely of a few poor huts.

20th. We were obliged to take that branch of the river by Ocaña, the Morales branch being too dry to venture upon with safety. The entrance is two miles above Regidor. It added two leagues to our journey, while the bogas received each an additional two dollars; for what reason no one knows, except



it be for old custom's sake. I was obliged again to scold them for impeding our progress by continually leaving their work to plunge into the water, as often as they chanced to espy a turtle-nest ashore, being extravagantly fond of the eggs. The facility with which they get them out is truly wonderful. We now arrived at the mouth of the Caño de Tamalaque, and about one league and a half up are the ruins of the city of that name, which was destroyed by the Spaniards. The estera, or mat of the country, is largely manufactured there. I saw this day larger timber than any we had as yet passed; also some cords of dyewoods piled up on the shore. Numbers of the ugly red monkeys assailed our ears with their disagreeable bellowings. We moored to a playa and caught some of the fish called "boca chica," (little mouth,) which are of the herring tribe, and are very nice eating when fried. We also shot two fine ducks. The people are very expert in casting the hand-net of the country, which is of a circular form, and requires much practice and skill to be thrown smoothly. The cooking of the fish seemed to occupy the crew half of the night, keeping us awake with their noise.

There are numerous plantations of the plantain on the river, of which, from time to time, a supply was obtained; while we took care to gauge the quantity taken by the distances between the places of supply, as there are whole leagues in many parts where not a single hut is to be seen. What a shame, in a country with such a soil as this! How would

the starvelings of old Europe revel in plenty here! But that time will not arrive while the present order and management of things continue in New Granada.

21st. One of the bogas took sick, and refused medicine, but wished rum. He got neither. We entered the port of Ocaña at eleven in the forenoon. Here were ten or twelve poor huts, and a storehouse for the goods which are sent to and brought from the interior. We remained in this place until the 24th, as no threat, no promise, nor alcalde, could move these villanous bogas a single step. The heat of the weather was rendered doubly intolerable by the fever of passion and vexation which raged within me at this shameful and provoking conduct of these men. The thermometer stood at 95°.

The women have a very simple way of making their toilet on the Magdalena; they bring to the river side a change of clean garments, and large calabashes for dipping up the water; after loosening the dress round the neck, they commence pouring over their heads calabash after calabash full of water, remaining all the time in a sitting posture; which ceremony being completed, they comb and braid their hair, dress, and retire. There is scarcely a white inhabitant to be seen in these small villages. There were two or three large champans lying here. On this day all my people mustered their guns and we killed five fine turkeys of the kind called gucharaca. I shot one which weighed thirty-eight pounds with a single ball; we came upon them by the side of a

small lake, deep in the forest. We could also have shot some fine ducks of the kind called the "pato real," (royal duck,) had we but had a dog to bring them out. In holding up my hand to put aside some branches in a thicket, I received a severe sting from a large black insect of the beetle tribe, which instantly caused a swelling and throbbing so violent, that, before gaining the village, it had reached the elbow, while the pain I suffered was almost insupportable. An Indian woman applied soaked tobacco-leaves, making me, at the same time, swallow some kind of potion, which had the effect of easing the pain in a very short time; and, in the course of the day, the swelling entirely disappeared. During the whole of this day's travel we did not see a single snake, but a great number of black wasps, lizards, and iguanas.

24th. After a loss of two days, our sooty crew were at last all ready for starting. On the morning of this day, at half-past six o'clock, we left the port of Ocaña, when the guide and the boy who served us in the capacity of cook were missing; the former (Bishop) had of late begun to show symptoms of misrule, in making much too free with the stores of liquors, for which I had more than once reprimanded him. I immediately suspected that he had purposely taken the cook, a fine little boy, with him as a security for our not starting without him, thinking we would not leave the boy, although we might do without his guideship; for I had become tired of the drunkard, and had found him to be but of very little

use to me in any respect. At the expiration of an hour they made their appearance, and it was found that Bishop had actually enticed the poor boy away, and forced him to sleep all night at Puerto Nacional, where he himself had been engaged in a drunken bout. We stopped this night at a playa, where we shot a fine wild duck, which much resembled one of the Muscovy breed. An iguana had been driven from her nest by some persons on the playa, and had taken to the water at a place where the width of the fork could not exceed sixty yards to the high banks on the opposite side. Thither we, who were watching the foolish little animal's expertness in swimming, presumed it was going; but, instead of this, it began swimming with all its might down the current to a jutting point of the playa, where lay a tier of some dozen caymans just showing the tops of their heads and great eyes out of the water. The iguana certainly must have seen her terrible foes lying there in wait for their prey, yet it bore directly down upon the very jaws of the first in the line, which made a pass at it, but succeeded only in clipping off a piece of its long tail; still it bore onward to a second and a third of these monsters, dexterously eluding the passes of its enemies by suddenly diving below the surface just as the cayman thrust out his head to seize upon it; but the fourth proved the best marksman, or perhaps the poor iguana had become wearied out from its previous exertions, for she immediately disappeared down the throat of the voracious monster.

25th. One can always judge of the humour in

which these bogas commence their labours by their morning orisons to the Virgin, uttered in a loud chanting voice by one of the crew just as the poles are raised and ready to drop into the water. In these are strangely mingled blessing and cursing; and the most singular petitions, either as regarding things temporal or spiritual, are offered up. The person generally selected for this office was a short, light-limbed blackamoor from Carthagera, nicknamed "the Carthagera Devil." His effusions on these occasions were all extemporaneous. The following, which I have translated, will serve as a specimen:—

"Oh, Mary, most powerful! Blessed queen of heaven! Mother of God! pity us poor bogas. May the stream *run up* with us this day, and may no rapids nor remolinos impede our progress! May the white man, our patron here, give us plenty of brandy, and perhaps a little butter to fry our fish with! Hurrah for the white patron and the pretty Indian girls of Ocaña! Hurrah for Mary, most holy St. Joseph, and all the saints!" This translation is as literal as possible. At the termination of each sentence they all shouted the one great Spanish oath. The language supplies no other; nor need it, for in that alone there is meaning expressive of everything that is bad and obscene. We had this day fine views of the Ocaña mountains. These mountain views were doubly appreciated after so many days' travel through low, marshy lands; yet there are many things to prevent one's enjoying fully the beautiful and novel scenery of the surrounding country, such as the un-

remitting attention one must constantly pay to his own person in order to pass along with but the endurance of life, comfort being entirely out of the question. There is the broiling sun when away from the boat! the heat and moschetoës when in it! fourteen bogas shouting and stamping with all their might! then the boat brushes past a tree, and a hundred or two of enraged wasps render it necessary to fall on the face and shout for assistance to the negroes, who dread them even more than the traveller himself. When they observe a nest before coming directly upon it, there is not a whisper from them until it be passed. Reached Badillo at half-past two, and spent the night again at a playa.

26th. Set off at six A.M. A cloudy morning, the first we had seen since embarking at Santa Marta, and it was quite a treat. At this season we might here safely reverse the message which a French resident in London is said to have sent by a friend about departing for "la belle France," in which he desired his compliments to be given to the sun in his own loved country. For, with equal truth of feeling, we might have said, "Commend us to the curtained canopy which o'erhangs the far-famed metropolis of Old England." We stopped at night about three leagues from San Pablo, and shot two fine guacharacas, and a brace or two of wood-pigeons, very fat and delicate. Finding on the playa a large quantity of dried driftwood, my people amused themselves with building up a huge stack and then

firing it. The large cane reeds, called here *guaduas*, blaze very freely.

27th. Came in sight of San Pablo at half-past five, P.M. Here a new feature in the character of the bogas made its appearance. They refused to go into San Pablo this night, as they said they were tired, and the sun had already set. At first I could not imagine for what purpose they wished to remain in the middle of the river, when a short half-hour would put them in the possession of as much rum and frolic as they could desire; but this was very soon explained, for it seems that the law allows them two days in this place, including the one in which they arrive! Here was cunning to the extreme! They wished to lie in the river all night, and then reach the town by sunrise next morning, thus gaining a day, notwithstanding they had one and all expressly stipulated with me not to seek even the customary rests. Farther, I had also offered them five dollars each if we should reach Honda in thirty days from starting, and ten dollars each to the two patrons. But the perverseness of these people kept them on the one hand from fulfilling their promises and engagements, and, on the other, led them to prefer a few shortlived drunken brawls to ensuring certain gain in the end. I am thus particular in stating these facts relative to the mode in which strangers are treated on this river, certainly not for any amusement the majority of readers may derive from the perusal of them, but that the detail may be useful

as a guide to others who may hereafter ascend the Magdalena. And it may be also of use to know the vast advantages they possess for travelling in their own favoured lands, and that they may the better learn to bear patiently the many trifling inconveniences which may occasionally take place to fret and annoy them at home.

I was fully resolved that these bogas should not, for this time at least, have the mastery. So, approaching the most daring of the ringleaders in my own boat, with my watch in my hand, I gave him just three minutes to resume his work, threatening that, if he persisted in his obstinacy, he should immediately be thrown into the river. Seeing eight of us well armed with a gun and pair of pistols each, and backed also by the patrons, they gave up, and we reached the village a little after sunset. We saw this day a large drove of wild hogs; but, although I followed them for a full half-hour, I could not get a shot. They finally concealed themselves so well in a small thicket, that we traversed it in every direction without being able to start them again. These can only be hunted with the aid of a good dog. San Pablo consists of about 100 huts, with the usual rude edifice which serves as their place of public worship. Boats coming down the river are overhauled here for smuggled tobacco.

This place, however, is very neat and clean in its appearance. On arriving, my first steps were bent towards the house of the inspector of bogas, as he is called, for I had been led to understand that the



man who held this office in San Pablo was accustomed to enforce the law which exacts from these the full performance of their duty. But this I found to be all a hoax. Neither obligations nor letters of introduction to the first people in the place, nor yet the full and explicit passport, as drawn up by my kind and obliging friend in New York, the New Grenada minister, setting forth the objects of the expedition, as being of advantage to the country, and requesting that authorities put no hinderance in my way to the capital, had any weight in the eyes of this little village alcalde, who kept a regular grog shop, which was supported almost exclusively by those very men against whom I was lodging my complaints. Shakspeare's Dogberry is a gentleman and a scholar compared with a Magdalena alcalde. So here in San Pablo we were obliged to remain two days. As the bogas had forfeited the extra five dollars from Barranquilla to Honda, I again offered them three dollars each if they would but proceed on the way without any more of this tedious stopping; but what was three dollars to a boga, when he could remain drunk the whole of that time in San Pablo for as many reals! There were many sick people in this place; and, as soon as it became known that white strangers had arrived, our boat was crowded with supplicants begging the medicos (as they insist upon calling all foreigners of respectable appearance, meaning physicians) to go to their houses, "por amor de Dios," and administer to the relief of their sick and dying friends. Their importunity was such that I promised

to call upon many of them; but told them, at the same time, that although I had an assortment of medicines to be used by any of us in cases of necessity, yet that I was no physician, nor did I dare to prescribe to any one in difficult cases. "Give us the medicines, then," they cried out, one and all; "we will run all the risk, for we know they will cure our friends." In the morning the guide and I visited several, and we found them almost all suffering from severe bilious attacks. The dreadful fever which prevails on the Magdalena was very prevalent, so were also intermittents. What could we do? The poor creatures even prostrated themselves on their knees before us; and, bringing down the little family cross, they presented it to us, and implored us with prayers and tears to save their friends. It was truly a heart-rending scene, and I never so strongly and earnestly wished to possess a thorough knowledge of the healing art. What a cruel neglect it is on the part of government not to make some provision against this evil, which exists to such an extent as to leave whole villages, and even districts of country, without a single physician, or any remedies whatever save those which unassisted nature herself affords!

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Feb. 10th. Finding that, in the prosecution of our voyage, we *must* await the pleasure of our masters, the bogas, and becoming a little used to it, as poor Pat said of hanging, we hired a canoe, and, accompanied by a guide, set out on a little trip up the Naré, as far as the bodegas, a distance of about two

leagues. We had furnished ourselves with guns, some bottles of wine, and a due proportion of cooked provisions, being determined, for one day at least, to shake off all thoughts of bogas, black alcaldes, &c., and to enjoy ourselves as we best could.

The moment we entered upon this delightful stream, the change of scenery and associations was instantaneous, and produced a magically pleasing effect. Within less than two miles up, the river narrows nearly one half. Neat little rosas line each shore at short and regular intervals, and the inhabitants appeared much better off and more cleanly clad than on the Magdalena. A fine, bright pebbly shore reminded me much of the banks of the silvery Tweed. After advancing two miles farther, the shores rose to a height of eight hundred or a thousand feet, and jutting in from the left-hand bank barely twenty paces, we gained the foot of a very picturesque waterfall, foaming and tumbling over a precipice of several hundred feet. But, with all our exertions, we could not reach the summit, as the sheet of water occupied nearly all the channel, and on either side were steep and slippery rocks; while farther on rose a thick forest, with underwood so matted and impenetrable as to defy all attempts to enter it. So, after many fruitless endeavours, we were fain to seat ourselves quietly down beside the basin at the foot, and enjoy the luxury of gazing upward and around upon such scenery as is rarely to be seen, and drinking in the delicious breeze created by the rush of waters. Journeying onward, the

river became in many parts very shallow, with slight rapids; the lofty perpendicular shores entirely excluding the sun's rays, although at the hour of eleven, A.M. We observed tracks of the danta on the white sands. It is just such haunts as these that this timid monster loves to frequent; so still and lonely! For here were no habitations; not a sound save the distant murmur of the waterfall we had just left, the wild, soft notes of the birds, and the deep, prolonged echoes of our own voices, as they died away among the everlasting hills.

When seven miles distant from the Naré, we reached the bodega, (storehouse,) a very neat brick building, the roof covered with tiles, having a house and garden attached for the accommodation of the keeper. Among a variety of merchandise which were here awaiting conveyance to the interior, I saw a two-horse pleasure-wagon, of American manufacture, the body being inclosed in a very heavy box; and we were told that sixteen Indians would be required to carry it over the mountains. There are no caymans in this stream, and I could get no information as to whether trout might be caught here. We saw no game of any kind, which appeared singular in a place seemingly so well adapted for their abode.

13th. Made the village of Buena Vista at half-past one, P.M. This is a place consisting of six very neat huts, standing in a cleared spot of about sixty acres, the shores being about ten feet high. The site of this little village I consider as next to Margarita

in point of beauty. Appearances of a large ancient cemetery suggest the idea that there must have once stood on this spot a much larger town; but I could get no one to give me the least information on the subject, save that some treasures had been dug up from the old Indian graves; a thing of frequent occurrence throughout this country, where the supposed sites of habitations belonging to the former lords of the soil are eagerly sought after, and the ground excavated in every direction for the precious stones and metals invariably deposited with the corpse of the more wealthy aborigines. A short distance beyond this village is the mouth of the Rio Negro, about a hundred yards wide; the water of which is very low at this season of the year, and of a deep black colour, though we found it very transparent on being dipped up into a tumbler.

14th. Started at our customary hour. During the previous night I lay for a long time awake, listening to the familiar note of a bird like that of the whippoorwill of the United States, and with fond memory leading me back to her loved haunts in the land of the "great and free;" to the country and friends who had received and cherished the wandering boy, and made him, under Providence, what he was; to the absent one of the soul's best affections, and to all the thousand and one little varied hopes and dreams of by-gone days. If any place in the world, besides the close walls of a prison, is calculated to cause a home-sickness to pervade the heart and weigh down the feelings, certainly it is such

a voyage up the river Magdalena as I experienced in the year 1836. The sandflies were now very annoying, continuing to plague us from sunrise to sunset; but our old acquaintances, the moschetoës, had for two nights past entirely disappeared. They are seldom to be seen above Naré. Some of my people had their feet and ankles so dreadfully swollen by the previous bites they had endured, that it was impossible for them to wear either boots or shoes. This circumstance shows the necessity of screening the feet by every possible means from the attacks of these little pests. Better, surely, is it to suffer the heat and inconvenience of a heavy boot or woollen stockings, than to be afflicted even for days after leaving the river with feet frightfully swollen.

We now began to encounter what are called "chorros," or rapids, in the river. The first of any consequence was at the last bend, just as we gained a view of the long-looked for bodegas of Madre de Dios. It is very severe labour for the bogas to ascend so strong a current by means of simple setting-poles. Frequently, we did not gain a single boat's length in ten minutes. Every man of us laid strong and stout hold of the poles, while the knowledge that our long and painful voyage would terminate with the chorro in question, added almost supernatural strength to our efforts. Sunset saw us safely moored at the bodega landing-place, which event we signalized by a feu-de-joie from a general discharge of all our firearms. The banks here were thirty feet

high; and the country around was cleared for some hundred acres.

We preferred landing here to the bodegas opposite Honda, as we thereby avoided several very troublesome rapids; and this situation is said to be much more agreeable.

Our first care was to have all our stores and luggage immediately removed up the bank and deposited in the storehouse of the place; after which we were delighted to find ourselves once more seated under the roof of something like a Christian-built dwelling; a very excellent one it was, too, when contrasted with most others of the same class in this country. The building was of one story, and composed of rammed earth, with a tile-covered roof; it consisted of four rooms, besides the very spacious and convenient part occupied as a storehouse. One of the rooms was used as a sort of retail store; the others serve for the accommodation of travellers like ourselves; and detached from the premises is a kitchen built of split cane, and thatched; which, with a shed for mules, comprises all the houses within sight. A Bogotá merchant had arrived from Jamaica a day or two before us, and occupied the best room in the gable-end of the building. Owing to this, we were obliged, after making a repast from our own stores, to spread our mattresses in the largest room, which had a wicket gate in lieu of a door. Through this, lizards and the hundred other crawling things that abound here gain free admission. I was awakened

several times during the night by the shrill outcries of the women as a harmless, yet icy-fleshed lizard crawled over their hands or face.

17th. What a scene at sunrise was here presented for the rich, mellow pencillings of a Claude! The mighty Magdalena at my feet rushing onward to the ocean in her dark sweeping course; to the right a succession of undulating, wood-crowned hills; to the left lay our route to the capital, a few conical-shaped hills plainly indicating that our passage over this ridge of Andes would partake much more of mountain than of prairie travel. But a little to the left, in facing the river, and as seen from the very threshold of the bodegas, is a truly grand and novel sight. I stood gazing upon it for upward of an hour without being wearied, and could still have continued gazing and indulging my fancy with picturing new beauties in the prospect before me. A huge rocky hill rises out from the midst of an evergreen prairie, the highest peak reaching probably to the height of two hundred feet, and the whole circumference at the base being about a quarter of a mile. The ruins of an ancient monastery, built upon some isolated rocks, is the nearest idea I can give of its appearance. A species of creeping plant, not unlike the ivy, covers just enough of the whole to render the illusion complete. There is apparently a low wall running the whole circuit of what would seem the building, partly tumbled down, with here and there a loophole for defence in perilous times. Three or four short square towers flank different points; while



high in the very centre of what appears to have been the great chapel, or body of the building, towers up a goodly portion of a once square and strongly-built steeple or dome, the ivy-plant hanging in thick festoons all around and above it, forming resemblances to Gothic windows, dilapidated walls, and dark figures of cowed monks; altogether a sight most wonderful to behold, and no attempt at description can give any idea of its beauty, and peculiarly singular and picturesque appearance.

We found it impracticable to purchase provisions of any kind here. A little guarápo, a drink made from the sugar-cane, was all we could procure; and we were obliged to send to Honda for beef, and even fish, although, with a net, they might be caught at the very door. A fine place of refreshment, truly, for a poor wretch just from the Magdalena! And yet, to read and hear of this bodega, one is actually tempted to believe it “una fonda donde hay cualquiera cosa le gusta”—a “place of entertainment, where everything that you wish is to be had.” We found only a young man in the bodega, who acted as superintendent during the absence of an older person, then sick, an Indian woman-cook, and I believe there were about twenty “peones” (labourers) employed by the company, who own the bodegas, in clearing land and cultivating sugar-cane. The nights we passed here were spent in the most delicious repose, with not a moscheto to annoy us!

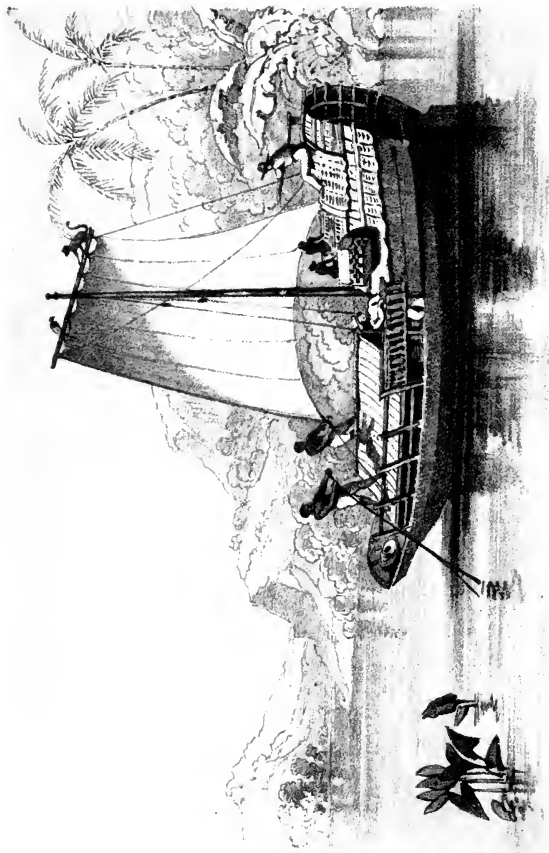
*Steuart's "Visit to Bogota."*

## BRAZILIAN RIVER CRAFT.

FEW objects at Pará attract more attention from the stranger than the fashionable craft of the river. Vessels of all sizes, from that of a sloop down to a shallop, are called *canoas*. Few canoes proper, however, are in use. The large *canoas* made for freighting on the river appear constructed for anything else rather than water craft. Both stem and stern are square; the hull towers up out of the water like a Chinese junk. Over the quarter-deck is constructed a species of awning, or roundhouse, generally made of thatch, to protect the navigator against the sun by day and the dew by night. Sometimes a similar roundhouse is constructed over the bows, and gives something like homogeneity to the appearance of the vessel. This arrangement renders it necessary to have a staging, or spar-deck, rigged up, on which to perform the labours of navigation. The steersman generally sits perched upon the roof of the after-roundhouse. The idea continually disturbing my mind while beholding these *canoas* was, that, being so top-heavy, they were liable to upset, as they most inevitably would if exposed to a gale of wind. They are thought, however, to answer very well their purpose of floating upon the tide. Moreover, one special advantage of the roundhouse is, that it furnishes room for the swinging of hammocks, and thus saves the canoe-







J.R.

Brazilian River Craft.



men the trouble of going on shore to suspend on trees! Mr. Mawe says, that, in descending the Amazon, he passed a man who had moored his canoe, while he fastened his bed upon some branches of a tree overhanging the water, and took a nap!

The street running parallel to the river, and connecting with the several landings, is that in which the commercial business of the place is principally transacted. At certain hours of the day it presents a very lively appearance.

Various objects and customs are observed at Pará that appear altogether peculiar to the place. In one section of the city, when animals are slaughtered for market, vast numbers of vultures are observed perched upon the trees, or wheeling lazily through the air. Along the margin of the river, both morning and evening, great numbers of people may be seen bathing. No ceremonies are observed at these very necessary, and no doubt very agreeable, ablutions. Men, women, and children, belonging to the lower classes, as a matter of course, may be seen at the same moment diving, plunging, and swimming in different directions.

There is generally a crowd of canoes around Pata das Pedras, the principal landing-place. These, together with the crowd of Indians busily hurrying to and fro, conversing in the mingled dialects of the Amazon, are peculiar to Pará. Here may be seen cargoes of Brazil nuts, cacao, vanilla, annatto, sarsaparilla, cinnamon, tapioca, balsam of copaiba in pots, coarse dried fish in packages, and baskets of fruit in

infinite variety, both green and dry. Here are also parrots, macaws, and other birds of gorgeous plumage, and occasionally monkeys and serpents, together with immense quantities of gum elastic shoes, which are generally brought to market suspended on long poles, to prevent them from coming in contact with each other.

*“Residence and Travels in Brazil.”*

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#### DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE RUSSIAN ARISTOCRACY.

Two days afterwards we quitted Kherson on a visit to the Marshal of the nobles, at whose country-house a numerous party had already assembled. Hospitality in Russia is exercised on a so far convenient principle that it requires little or no expenditure upon the article of furniture. The host and hostess take little heed whether their guests are ill or well-lodged, so that they are well fed. It never enters into their heads that there may be persons to whom a comfortable bed in a decently furnished chamber is at least as agreeable as a good dinner. Everything beyond the satisfaction of the palate is beyond the imagination of Russian politeness; in all other matters, the guest must do as well as he can for himself. Being, as we were, among the last arrivals, we had to put up with the worst of the bad accommodation. Four or five of us were thrust into a single room, the entire furniture of which consisted of two miserable deal beds, and here we were left to



shift for ourselves, as best we might. The house, a very grand one to all outward appearance, with a fine portico, a fine terrace, and fine vestibules, has within but two or three reception-rooms, and four or five garrets, dignified with the name of bed-chambers. Ostentation is an inherent feature of the Russian character, but it more peculiarly develops itself among the petty nobility, who sacrifice everything else to the attempted maintenance of an air of grandeur. They must have their four-horsed equipages, their gaudy drawing-rooms, their billiard rooms, their grand pianos, and these things attained, they themselves are well content to live upon peasant's fare, and to sleep in sheetless beds.

Articles of furniture which we consider of essential necessity are totally unknown in the great majority of the houses of the petty nobles of Russia. Notwithstanding the vaunted progress of civilization in Russia, it is almost impossible to find a basin and ewer in any of their bedrooms. Bedsteads are rarities; for the most part, you have only an indifferent sofa to sleep upon. A favoured and happy guest is he to whom the mistress of the house accords a counterpane and pillow. It is to be admitted that the host and hostess themselves are no better off; they almost universally afford examples of perfectly Spartan manners, as I had frequent opportunities of observing. Not even the Marshal himself had a private chamber; his eldest daughter, a very elegant and very coquettish girl, slept on the floor, wrapped in a cloak, like an old soldier. *Madame la Marechale,*

with three or four children, had her quarters in a closet, which, by day, served as a sort of boudoir, the Marshal himself taking his repose on one of the sofas in the drawing-room. As to the visitors, some slept on the billiard tables, some, like ourselves, fought for the possession of the two or three wretched stump beds in the wretched garrets, while the more independent spent the hours of night in drinking and playing.

I need not describe the manner in which the domestics are lodged; after what I have said as to the condition of the masters in this particular, the reader may form for himself a tolerably accurate conception on the subject. In Russia, no one ever troubles his head about his servants; they eat and drink, and at night stow themselves away how and where they can, their masters giving no heed to the matter. The family with whom I was now staying was a very numerous one, and I had all the better opportunity of making my observations upon national manners, and upon the notions prevalent as to education. A Swiss governess is an indispensable article of furniture in every house where there are children. She is expected to teach them reading and writing, to speak French, and to play a mazarca or two on the piano; this is the extent of what is required at their hands, solid education being a thing almost unknown among the petty nobility of Russia. A girl of fifteen who can do the honours of the drawing-room, and warble two or three French

romances, is considered as having completed her education.

It is among the families that reside permanently on their estates in the country that we find extant in all their vigour the prejudices, customs, and superstitions of old Russia, that have been handed down from generation to generation, as heirlooms. There is no nation more wretchedly superstitious than the Russian. You see them almost universally turn pale, and tremble with affright, at the sight of a pair of crossed forks, or an overturned saltcellar. There are certain black days in the calendar, on which all the gold in the world would not induce a Russ to commence a journey or an undertaking of any sort.

Among the Russian customs, to the preservation of which the greatest care is applied, is that of exchanging salutations on rising from table. Nothing can be more amusing to the stranger than to see, on these occasions, all the guests standing up and bowing right and left, to and fro, with a gravity clearly indicating the importance which they attach to this, in our eyes, singular formality. The children present set the example by rising and respectfully saluting their parents. At parties, the etiquette is for the young ladies, instead of proceeding to the drawing-room, to remain by themselves in an adjoining apartment, to which no young man is permitted entrance. After a while, should dancing be proposed in the *salon*, one of the more elderly matrons goes and fetches the *demoiselles* in, with a show of great

reluctance on their part. Once in the drawing-room, they may twirl and skip about to their heart's content, but still on no pretext must they remove themselves from the immediate supervision of their mother or other *chaperon*. A girl who should be found talking *tête-à-tête* with a young man but two steps from the ball-room, would be considered as having forfeited her reputation. Not that there is more morality in Russia than elsewhere; far from it; that genuine virtue which has its basis on solid principles of mind, and on an enlightened training, is a rare matter in Russia. *Mademoiselle* is watched, indeed, and with great strictness, as a matter of usage, and perhaps of necessity; but *Madame* is her own mistress, doing exactly what seems most agreeable to herself, the husband even having but very slight check upon her conduct. Though divorce is a matter of difficult attainment, nothing is more frequent than those amicable arrangements under which, practically separated, married couples consent to be blind to each other's peccadilloes; such compacts involve no scandal, and do not exclude the woman from society. I had occasion to hear of one divorce, however, attended with very singular circumstances. A young Pole, handsome and coquettish, was married to a nobleman of great wealth, but much older than herself, and with a coarseness of manners thoroughly Muscovite. After two or three years of mutual annoyance, this ill-assorted pair agreed to travel, in order to escape at least the ennui of their solitary château. In Italy, the lady was wooed and won by

a nobleman, whose passion ere long became so intense that nothing would satisfy him but a legal union with his beloved Pole. Divorce is an easy affair in the Papal States. Madame de K. had, accordingly, no difficulty in severing the marriage tie, the more especially that her lord and master—fully concurring with her in the object—gave his hearty assistance in undoing the knot. Nay more, the divorce effected, and the new marriage taking place, the Russ carried his complaisance or his precaution to such an extreme, as actually to attend at the ceremony, and give away the bride. Three or four children were the result of the new union; but the lady's happiness had its term. The machinations of her Italian husband's relatives introduced discord into her house, and he himself, perhaps, became less ardent in his attachment; at all events, after several months of humiliating and anxious altercations, a separation was effected, and the young Pole found herself, with her children, an outcast in a foreign land. Her first step was to return to Podolia, the land of her birth. And now comes the fact which gives a stamp of originality to the affair. No sooner did the Russian husband hear of her return, than, laying aside all his former coarse brutality, his scornful indifference, he applied every effort to induce her once more to dwell with him. By dint of the most pertinacious solicitation, he at length succeeded in removing her scruples, and received her once more, in triumph, beneath his roof, receiving with her, and with the utmost kindness, her Italian children, for whom he

afterwards richly provided. From that time forth, the greatest affection has prevailed between the re-united pair, and seems likely to continue.

The Russian makes a great point of maintaining the largest possible establishment of domestics; the pettiest proprietor would be wretched had he not at least five or six of these about him, yet their number does not prevent the existence of absolutely revolting dirt in every room of the house. The one or two show-rooms, indeed, have a superficial dusting given them now and then; the rest of the house is little better than a pigstye.

*Hommaire Von Hell, "Travels in Russia."*

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#### A BUFFALO HUNT.

*January 18.*—A bright, delicious morning. We were waked in high spirits by the lowing of a herd of buffalo, which seemed to have a serious notion of walking over us. They looked very innocent, crowding and pushing each other, and bellowing, with steaming nostrils, not a hundred paces off; but we soon let them know they were in an uncomfortable neighbourhood.

In the shortest possible time we were mounted and among them, banging away at their huge carcasses, and getting up a tremendous roaring, shouting, and shaking of the earth between us: for even a small herd of a few hundred, as this was, make the solid crust of things to tremble again, when,

thoroughly panic-stricken, they once get fairly under way for sundown.

After a delirium of something like twenty minutes, during which, I suppose, I was guilty of any amount of extravagances in the way of furious spurring, miscellaneous firing and yelling, I drew up my horse. For a moment or two I was perfectly confounded by wonderment as to what had become of all the slain after so much shooting and hurrah; but my sober senses came to my relief, and reminded me that few animals are ever obtained in a helter-skelter sally, such as ours had been.

The hunter must select his animal, and follow him up perseveringly with repeated shots until he falls. No single shot in a thousand, made by a man at full speed from off his horse, will kill a buffalo. Firing at different animals, as we did each time, was a wanton waste of lead; but we were not in need of meat, and felt like making a frolic out of the surprise of our unwieldy and astonished visitors.

The wind set toward us, and their usual sagacity had failed to detect our scent, until they had blundered close upon us.

One or two of our party had been more cool, and we had, after all, a fine juicy hump steak for breakfast.

We crossed the south fork of Red River. The stream was narrow and rapid, and the water a dark rusty colour, though pleasant enough to drink if you shut your eyes. Our course bearing west of north, over broken prairie, diversified by clumps or motts

of scrubby growth. Saw squads of animals a great distance off, which looked like young deer, darting with wonderful swiftness across these openings, which our guide says are antelopes. They seem to be very wild. We camped at a little pond of dirty water.

*January 19.*—Prairie more open to-day. Before we left the motts, we came suddenly upon a herd of full five hundred mustangs, feeding in a small meadow covered with young Gama grass.

The motts were clustered round it very thick, and we were within two hundred yards of them before they heard or saw us. As we rode, all at once, into the open ground, an old stallion sounded the alarm with a neigh like a trumpet-blast. They were all in a cluster, feeding, with their heads down.

In an instant, at the sound, it looked like a sea of heads and manes tossing in the air. Pausing a second for a glimpse at us, they burst away like a tornado broken loose, snorting and running against each other. In less time than you could think they had disappeared among the motts. The suddenness with which that little meadow was vacated appeared to be the effect of some powerful necromancy.

I noticed that, frightened as they were, no one of them ran into the bush. They scattered off on all sides, through the openings between the motts. Camanches and mustangs have, alike, an invincible horror of the bush. I had never obtained so close a view of so large a body of them before.

The first peculiarity of their appearance which



caught my eye was the predominance of white. Then the incalculable diversity of marks and mottles on this ground! The famous patriarchal "coat of many colours" seems to be "all the go" among these wild gentry.

The sultans of the herd, who act as sentinels, are very fearless, and, while their frightened seraglios are flying, always linger far in the rear, between them and pursuit, and have frequently been known to impede lasso-hunters, and prevent their success, by running across the track of their horses, kicking at them, and biting at the hunters themselves.

We passed a wide prairie, with buffalo in view on every side; antelopes frequently seen, but always running.

I had a great curiosity to kill some of them, but one might as soon expect to get within gun-shot of a comet or shooting-star. Our guide says the Indians must have been hunting here lately, which accounts in some degree for their shyness.

We crossed the plain, reached a long chain of motts before dusk, and camped by a clear beautiful little lake or pond. With patriarchal live-oaks, drooping their white beards for a canopy over us, we slept sweetly.

*January 20.*—Game appeared so abundant that we concluded to stop here to-day and prepare a fresh supply of jerked meat. A party of six set off at daybreak to get a buffalo, and have an antelope hunt. The others remained in camp to prepare fires, and so on, for curing the meat.

We had gone but a little way when we saw three straggling buffaloes. Our guide led us to the windward of them, so that we were pretty close before they took the alarm; then we had it, hurry-scurry, over the island-dotted plain.

The speed of locomotion these clumsy-looking, heavy-headed creatures display is perfectly astonishing. They seem as if they are going to pitch over on their noses every instant, for they run with heads low and tails stuck straight out into the air, and a stiff-jointed, reeling gait; but they do lumber over an unaccountable number of superficial feet in a given second.

It takes a good horse to bring you alongside, and good riding to keep you in the saddle when you get there; for such a dodge-ification as has to be kept up is rather perplexing to one's centrifugal aversions, which makes maintaining the "balance of power" rather a ticklish manœuvre.

When you have to look to your speed—keep your balance as aforesaid—manage your horse—fire your gun—dispose of that—draw your pistols—fire them—look out for "side-wipes"—fall back and load—gallop up alongside again—get close enough to almost touch its broad hairy back with the muzzle—fire again—wheel off at a tangent—at him again—look sharp lest his horns and your shins get too closely acquainted, (all this going at the rate of a mile in less than three minutes, over all sorts of ground, into gullies, up hill or down hill, for three or four miles :) then it is rather fortunate if your horse

does not fall and pitch you over his head, and the bellowing monster rip your buckskins for you as he sends you vaulting over his tail; or, at best, waddle off and leave you your bruises for your pains, you picking yourself up and looking very sheepish after your horse, who is frisking his heels at you on his way to join the nearest herd of mustangs!

Rather a rude business, on the whole, is buffalo hunting. Withal, we killed a fine young bull in a short time, and dispatched a man back to camp with such portions of it as were suitable for jerking, wrapped in the skin and swung over his horse. Here we got up an extempore breakfast, and gave our horses a good rest, preparatory to the antelope hunt we were to undertake, according to the instructions of our guide.

*“Adventures in the Camanche Country.”*

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CHAMOUNI.

AT four o'clock on a fine summer's morning we departed from Geneva for Sallenches, on our way to the far-famed valley of Chamouni. The road keeps the rolling Arve in sight during its whole course, and is full of interest. We obtained an excellent breakfast at Bonneville, above which town the river is spanned by a bridge some five hundred feet long. The Alps were before us. At twelve o'clock we reached the kingdom of mists. It was raining at intervals; clouds were floating around the sides, and

breaking upon the turretted heights of the mural precipices, sometimes concealing them, as the smoke of a broadside conceals a battery, and sometimes uncovering them to the view, when it was as if we had caught glimpses of a hundred gothic pinnacles upon some old cathedral, while the base on which they rested was hidden in the dense vapours below. At St. Martin we parted with our carriage, as the road becomes more difficult from that point, and took two *chars-à-banc*, a sort of settee on wheels, not very comfortable, but yet convenient.

The aspect of the country was wild and gloomy until we entered the pretty valley of Servoz, out of which the road passes by a defile of great depth, at the bottom of which the Arve rolls its rapid torrent. In an hour more we were in Chamouni, formerly one of the least known of the Alpine valleys, and now so constant a resort of tourists as to be as familiar, in name at least, as any English watering-place. Almost everybody in the *Hôtel de l'Union* came to the foot of its stone steps to meet us, attracted, doubtless, by the portentous cracking of the whips which our coachmen kept up. The houses of the peasants in the valley and dells of the Arve are generally built with one story of wood. The stable is not unfrequently under the same roof. Large quantities of wood, cut for winter use, were piled up under the eaves of every house and barn. Occasionally, we saw quantities of wood piled up near a large oven, where the bread of the neighbourhood is baked twice a week, a general custom in France,

Savoy, and Switzerland. The people prepare the bread generally in long cylindrical loaves, or in rings some twenty inches in diameter, and convey it to the ovens at a fixed hour, when it is baked in common. The women of these mountain districts have a better appearance than the men. They are not very large nor overburdened with flesh; tight, neat, apparently strong, but not handsome. Some of them were mowing in the fields as we passed, and the grass fell as under the stroke of a strong man. The men are not so large and brawny as I had expected in the Alpine regions.

After a sweet night's rest, we spent the next day in looking about the valley. It has been so often described, and, in truth with so little success, that I will not attempt a description. The green fields of the valley, the sombre forests of fir about the bases of the mountains, the picturesque cottages and hamlets, the lofty summits around, clad with eternal snow and ice, make up a scene of beauty and sublimity almost unrivalled even amid the glories of the Alpine world. We took a walk to the foot of the *Mer de Glace*, where it reaches down into the valley through a deep gorge of the mountains, to look upon one of the sources of the Arve. The raging waters whirled out from beneath an arch of ice, some seventy feet high, lessening as it receded into the vast glacier, which lay crystallized in greenish-blue pyramids of from twenty to fifty feet in height, or rent into yawning chasms whose deep green ice was formed beyond the memory of man. It was, indeed,

a sublime spectacle, heightened by the steepness of the glacier, which rose high up into the gorge.

The valley of Chamouni, at the foot of Mont Blanc, was almost unknown to Europe for several centuries. A Benedictine Convent was founded here in the eleventh century, and the valley was visited by the Bishop of Geneva in the fifteenth century, and also by Francis de Sales in the seventeenth; yet its very existence was known to few persons, even in Geneva, fifty miles distant, until an excursion was made to it by two English travellers, Messrs. Pocock and Wyndham, in 1741, whose report of its wonders excited the attention of Europe. Since that time it has been visited yearly by an increasing number of travellers. Its principal village is *the Priors*, containing a church and two good inns, at one of which, *l'Union*, as I have said, we found very comfortable quarters.

The finest excursion from Chamouni is that to the Montauvert, to visit the *Mer de Glace*, (sea of ice,) and also to see a little garden, that keeps its verdure amid surrounding snows and ice, more than eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. We fixed the 7th of July for this excursion. The morning opened sweetly upon this giant mountain world, and I rose early to prepare for the excursion. Looking out from the window of the hotel towards the church, I was struck with the appearance of a procession moving slowly around it, of persons arrayed in white, while a venerable bald-headed priest carried the cross before them. It was a funeral. The grave

received its charge inclosed in a rough pine coffin, upon which was laid a cross, and another weary mortal was at rest within the kind bosom of our common mother. The procession left the graveyard and entered the church; but one lone woman remained behind, and knelt upon the green earth. The early hour, the deep quiet of the valley amid these cloud-capped mountains, the anguish of the bereaved woman, all combined to render the scene impressive in the extreme.

Breakfast over, we hastened to the courtyard to mount our mules. There was a party of English, ladies and gentlemen, departing for Martigny, and mules were in demand; I went down last into the courtyard, and had Hobson's choice, but this was of little importance, as all were good and well trained. We set off in single file, our guide before on foot, and a boy behind carrying the ice pikes, about six feet long, armed with iron points.

Passing across the valley to the foot of the Mont-auvert, we commenced the ascent of the mountain, which at a distance had appeared absolutely impracticable. The way for some distance, through what may be called the *fragment* region, is impeded by masses of granite fallen from the heights.

Above us we heard the shrill notes of a brass band, and directly we turned an acute angle, saw a boy playing a medley of instruments by machinery, with which, like thousands of Swiss and Savoyards scattered all over the world, he gained his daily bread. After an hour's travel, we reached the *Caille*,

a fountain half way to the glacier, and paused to look back upon the valley. The patches of grain in the fields appeared like the squares of a chess-board; the houses like little boxes; and the Arve like a thread of silver winding over the varied surface. The mountains opposite seemed like the northern barrier of the world, for all was sky beyond; not the dim horizon of a level region, but the deep blue empyrean, interrupted but in one point by a gigantic Alp that lifted his dark gray head aloft, like a self-supported tower in the heavens.

The way now entered a pine forest, which refreshed us by its coolness; and though the ascent was steep, yet the path had more soil, which was grateful to the mules, and not unwelcome to us. At the end of another hour, our guide exclaimed, *Maison voilà*; and I heard my friend, Mr. S., hurrying from behind to be the first at the *Château de Blair*. To this I demurred; we tried the speed of our mules with whip and heel; I came in half a length ahead, and mountain and glacier rang with the gay hurrah of our little troop. This *Château de Blair* is a small pavilion, where beds and provisions are provided for visitors; it is so named from an Englishman, who erected a little hut here a number of years ago, now used as the stable of the establishment.

On a small stone over the door of the house is an inscription, "*à la Nature*;" appropriate enough, for surely I felt, while gazing upon the glacier and mountains around, that the hand of man had nothing to do in congealing that unmeasurable mass of ice,



or in building up and pinnacling those aerial summits on whose sky peaks an eagle might grow dizzy as he looked into the yawning chasms below.

After a rest of half an hour and some refreshments at the house, we set off on foot, pikes in hand. Our spirits were at the boiling point when we started, but it did not take many minutes to cool us down. I had heard of the difficulty of the pass from the Chateau de Blair to the left of Montauvert, but had no conception of what we had to encounter.

The mountain side on our right was increased with smooth strata of gneiss-rock, rising some three thousand feet above us, at an angle of eighty degrees, but seemingly perpendicular; while hundreds of feet below, yawned deep chasms of ice, in which were lodged large masses of granite, that had fallen from the heights above. We had to pass some fifteen or twenty feet along the face of this rock, where the only support for our feet was the narrow edge of a stratum, scarcely two inches wide, while with one hand we took hold of a similar one above, and with the other fixed our pikes in an edge below. After two achievements of this sort, we were congratulating ourselves upon having seen the worst of our pilgrimage, when the guide began to descend towards a vast field of ice-blocks and granite, the ruins of an avalanche, which had rushed down from above and been subsequently uncovered by the melting of the snows. We asked with one voice, if *that* was to be our course, and felt a little dashed by the calm *Oui* of our guide. There was no help for it, so we began

to leap from rock to rock, to slide down the surface of the ice-blocks, covered with powdered ice and small fragments broken by the contact of the granite masses in their fall; and to crawl under and over the masses where the distances were too great for a leap.

Having passed these mountain ruins, we turned upon the glacier itself, which had been upon our left for some time. We found our conceptions of the *Mer de Glace*, like those of most persons who only hear of it, to be quite erroneous. Instead of a sea of ice—smooth, hard, and level—it was a congealed mass of what we call *slush*, that had rushed down into the gorges in spring; in some places, where it had dissolved more perfectly, it was formed into clear and solid ice; in others it was soft snow, filling up the chasms. It is this last circumstance that makes the principal danger of the excursion, as the inexperienced *voyageur* cannot at first distinguish the solid ice from the treacherous snow. A Danish traveller, a number of years ago, on the glacier of Buet, disregarding the voice of the guide, was thus deceived, fell into one of these awful chasms, and was never heard of again. The surface of the glacier is of course very uneven, but rarely slippery, except early in the morning, before the sun has had time to make an impression. We found it no very pleasant *promenade*, ascending icy ridges from ten to thirty feet high, and frequently leaping over fissures from two to five feet wide, and of unknown depth. In one of the widest of these, a large block of granite had lodged two feet below the edge of the chasm, where our guide planted himself, and took each of us by the hand to help us over.

On the surface of the glacier little rills and streams collected their waters together, and now and then precipitated themselves into these icy caverns, through whose sub-glacial passages they find their way out into the valley at the base of the glacier, and from the Arve.

We passed several wells, which M. de Saussure caused to be sunk to the depth of three hundred feet into the ice, to ascertain its thickness, without success. Many huge blocks of granite were scattered over the glacier, some of which, from the melting of the ice around them by the heat which they reflected, were sunk deep into it; while others were poised above the surface on pyramids of ice, which they had protected from the rays of the sun. For three hours we had been approaching the lofty Mont Jorasses, which rose immediately before us, projecting into the glacier, leaving a gorge on the right toward Mont Blanc, and on the left a cove, in which lay the *Jardin*, concealed from our view. The spot seemed to be but a few hundred yards' distant, and we were not a little dismayed when the guide, in answer to a question in regard to the distance, replied, *deux bonnes heures*: But the worst was over. We went round the mountain; and at half-past three o'clock, after five hours' fatigue, sat down in the midst of this alpine oasis. The sward was rich, and decorated with many little wild flowers. The beams of the sun, collected by the precipitous rocks arranged round us in a semicircle, warmed and refreshed us, as they had warmed into life the verdure of this little spot, embosomed in eternal snows. We drank, from

a leathern cup, two toasts in the crystal snow water : the first, to our country and friends ; the second, to Mont Blanc, which stood directly before us, piercing the sky. Between us and the mountain, and descending its flank, like a frozen cataract, lay the *Mer de Glace*, studded with its blue-green pyramids, and rent into gaping chasms. Never had I such conception of the *wonderful power of God*, as when standing in the midst of this alpine world, upheaved out of the ancient ocean of which Moses spake when he said, "*The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the great deep.*"

" The Alps,

The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls  
Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps,  
And throned Eternity in icy halls  
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls  
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow !  
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,  
Gather around these summits, as to show  
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below."

My musings were cut short by the guide announcing that it was time for us to return. This was accomplished with much more ease than the ascent; and in three hours and a half I heard one of our party exclaim, as the little Château de Blair appeared before us, "That is a glorious sight." In a few minutes, we were stretched at full length in the pavilion, some on benches and some on the floor. If the rest was refreshing, the dinner—which we had ordered on our way up, and now found prepared for us—was not less so. Two of the party descended

after dinner to the village, where they arrived at half-past ten o'clock; but Mr. C. and myself slept at the château, and rising early next morning, reached our inn at Chamouni before breakfast. So ended our pilgrimage to the *Mer de Glace*, the most exciting and difficult excursion that I made while abroad. It thoroughly cured me of my desire to ascend to the summit of Mont Blanc; and if it had not, the wish must have remained ungratified, as the ascent at that time was impracticable, owing to the softening of the snow by the quantity of rain that had fallen for some days previously.

The sublime features of the Swiss scenery are the lofty Alps, and the glaciers which lie in their gorges, and extend down, like frozen cataracts, into the valleys below. It is estimated that there are three or four hundred of these glaciers in the alpine regions, of various extent, from small ice-fields to vast seas, such as the *Mer de Glace*, which I have attempted to describe. They are continually in process of formation and destruction, the snow drifting into the gorges in winter, and in summer partly dissolving during the day, and freezing during the night. The texture of the mass is not regular, but harder in some parts than others, and mixed up with fragments of stone, from a grain of sand to a thousand tons' weight. As summer advances, the mass lessens. The debris from the mountains appear on the surface in piles and ridges of from twenty to eighty feet in height. The increased temperature of the earth dissolves the ice in contact with it at the bottom, producing a slippery

surface, on which the mass descends slowly, by the force of gravitation, towards the valley. The advance of the *Mer de Glace* is supposed to be about five hundred feet annually. Another result of the dissolving of the ice is the rending of the mass into frightful chasms, into which the rushing rills, formed by dissolving snow, precipitate themselves, and issue in a collected stream into the vale below. The gradual descent of the mass to the valley, and the irresistible force of the sub-glacial torrents, bring down the fragments of rock, and discharge them far into the valley beneath, piling them up in frightful confusion, resembling the ruins of a mountain world.

The chasms which are visible at the surface of the glacier descend to unknown depths, and by the action of the running water and the temperature of the earth are enlarged into irregular caverns, which connect with each other by avenues propped by irregular ranges of ice pillars, and finally open into the valley at the foot of the glacier. Sometimes the adventurous shepherd falls into these frightful chasms; and there is a well-attested instance of one who wandered about in them, and by the aid of the dim twilight, which pierced through the ice, found his way out into the valley, having had only an arm broken.

Professor Hugi, of Soleure, entered these sub-glacial caverns by the bed of an exhausted torrent, and wandered through them for two hours, penetrating under the glacier for more than a mile. He describes the mass as worn away into dome-shaped

caverns, from two to twelve feet in height. Sometimes he could walk upright, but at others was obliged to crawl through the narrow fissures. A dim light was diffused everywhere, but not sufficient to enable him to read, except near the crevices. The water dropped upon him continually, from the white icy stalactites which depended from above.

Our adventure upon a glacier, the reader will remember, was upon the *Mer de Glace*, which is about twenty-five miles long and from two and a half to three wide, and descends from the flank of *Mont Blanc*, over steep slopes, and through gently-descending gorges. At a distance, the ice on the slopes appears to be formed into immense greenish-blue crystals, from ten to fifty feet in height; but upon examination they are found to be pillars of compact ice, from around which the snow and softer parts have dissolved, and left them standing as detached pyramids. They frequently give way as the summer advances, and fall down the frozen steep, carrying away others below them. We witnessed one of these avalanches over the icy precipice which descends headlong from the higher regions of the *Mer de Glace* into the valley of Chamouni; and the prolonged, interrupted, and reiterated thunder of the falling masses, as they dashed from height to height, or glided smoothly on the intervening inclined planes, increasing in bulk and velocity until shattered to pieces on the ruins below, was sublime beyond description as it reverberated from the surrounding heights, and died away in the distant gorges.

*Durbin's "Tour in Switzerland."*

PIRACY, AND SHIPWRECK OF THE  
"GENERAL WOOD."

THE ship General Wood, 700 tons, Captain Stokoe, belonging to Messrs. Jardine, Matheson, and Co., left Bombay for China. After remaining three months at anchor in Whampoa Reach, she proceeded to Hong Kong. Tenders were invited by government officials at Hong Kong; several applications were sent in; but that of the General Wood was accepted, the tender being for about 1,800 Spanish dollars. While the ship was at Whampoa, two Chinese lascars were shipped; one had previously been two years in the vessel, the other was a new hand. It will be seen in the sequel that one of these Chinese lascars was the leader of the mutiny, and was a very ferocious character. The General Wood remained four days at Hong Kong. When it was known that a number of convicts were to be received on board, Captain Stokoe authorised the Serang to ship eight additional hands, three to work as lascars, and five to do duty as sepoys. One of the latter was an European, named John Green, who had been employed as an assistant-engineer, and desired to work his passage to Bombay. On the 9th of November, 1847, the Chinese convicts, 92 in number, and one Portuguese (Goa), transported for piracy, were received on board. When taken on board they were secured by leg-irons and handcuffs, and accompanied to the vessel by a guard of the



Hong-Kong police. A prison had been constructed between decks for their reception. When placed in the prison, the handcuffs were removed and taken on shore. Captain Stokoe informed the writer that, when he reached the vessel and found that the handcuffs were taken away, he applied to the authorities and received 53 pairs of handcuffs, to be used in the event of any of the convicts being troublesome. When at Hong Kong, a chain secured the convicts within the limits of the temporary prison. The convicts behaved so well during the passage down from China, that but seven pairs of handcuffs were in use. The writer visited the vessel several times while she was at Singapore, and was told by two or three of the Chinese that they had experienced kind usage from the captain; they were, for the most part, under 30 years of age; one of the number spoke English fluently, having been interpreter at Hong Kong, where, giving a false interpretation to some witness's evidence, in a case of murder, by which the villains escaped justice, the interpreter was convicted and sentenced to transportation for life; seventeen were transported for piracy, and several for murder. In fact they were the twice rejected of China. The Portuguese convict was kept apart from the Chinese; he was formerly the servant of Captain Chamberlain, who was cut off and barbarously murdered by the pirates who attacked the schooner Omega, in March last: it was sworn at the trial that this Portuguese gave information to the parties at Hong Kong who fitted out the piratical expedition. The General

Wood, as noticed in the *Straits Times* of Dec. 1st, 1847, narrowly escaped being wrecked in a typhoon near the island of Hainan on the 11th of November. On arrival of the General Wood at Singapore, on Nov. 23rd it was endeavoured to procure freight to Bombay. At that time purchasers of sugar for that market were not buying, owing to the low price of sugar at Bombay, and the expected heavy arrivals from Siam. This circumstance, trifling in itself, served to delay the vessel several weeks at this port. A good cargo was ultimately obtained, consisting of sugar, sago, tin, and cigars. Lieut. Seymour, of the Bombay Cavalry, with his wife, (newly married,) and Mr. Andrew Farquhar, their cousin, were passengers, the latter to Penang only, and the former two to Bombay. After the departure of the General Wood some anxiety was felt for her fate, more especially as she had not been seen in the straits, nor had reached her destination, Penang. The general impression was that the ship had passed Penang in the night, and would be a long time in working up against the monsoon.

On the morning of February 10th, all doubts were set at rest by the publication of an "extraordinary" from the *Straits Times*, announcing the arrival at Singapore of a native prow from the North Natunas, the nakoda of which, Aboo, stated that the General Wood was lost on the 23rd of January, on Pulo Laot, the northernmost island of the North Natunas, in the China sea. Other particulars were also given, which left no doubt as to the fate of the missing

vessel. All was now anxiety for the fate of the passengers and other supposed survivors. This anxiety was increased by the occurrence at that time of a severe hurricane, in which it was feared the passengers would be lost. On February 20th, all anxiety was set at rest by the *Straits Times* publishing in a second edition the following intelligence, which was corroborated by subsequent intelligence received by the government:—

“On Sunday morning, January 2nd, at six, A.M., the General Wood got under weigh, and proceeded as far as the Carimons, where she anchored for the night. At one, A.M., on the 3rd January, a great noise was heard on deck, in consequence of the convicts having got loose. The convicts put out the cuddy lights. It was then the second mate's (Mr. Tummony's) watch, and he immediately aroused the chief mate, (Mr. T. Quintom,) and the third mate, (Mr. Gill.) On reaching the main deck the chief mate was struck on the head with pieces of firewood. Mr. Quintom fell down the hatchway from the effect of the blows, and went to the lower deck quarter gallery, from whence he managed to get into the sea, and was no more seen. The second mate, finding he could do nothing against so many convicts as assailed him, ran forward and jumped overboard, and he was seen no more. Mr. Gill, the third mate, on being roused, and looking out of his cabin-door, received a severe blow on the head; he then withdrew, got his pistols, and went out and fired amongst the convicts. Mr. Gill proceeded to Lieutenant Seymour's cabin, and

fell down groaning, from whence he made for the quarter gallery, and endeavoured to thrust his assailants with a bayonet; but after receiving many wounds, he got up through the gallery window to the deck, and from thence to the mizen-top, from whence he was dragged to the deck, where his hands were tied. In this exhausted state he remained till morning, and then expired. The captain (Stokoe) hearing the alarm, forced the cabin-door, with the assistance of the gunner, but shortly after retreated to Mr. Seymour's cabin, where he seems to have lost all presence of mind; at one time he seized his pistols, loaded them, and fired at random. Shortly after, Captain Stokoe endeavoured to cut away one of the quarter-boats, but was unsuccessful; he then got through the quarter gallery into the sea, and clung to the rope for some time, until, quite exhausted, his hold failed, and he sank to rise no more. When the convicts rose *en masse*, the lascar crew, alarmed, made for the rigging; others jumped overboard; and some were killed by the mutineers. At the time of the alarm, the passengers were asleep; on waking up, and finding the vessel in possession of the Chinese, they kept for some time in one cabin. Mr. Farquhar endeavoured to reach the deck from the quarter gallery; but observing a blow directed against his head, he dropped into the water, swam to the rudder, and held on till morning. At day-break the Chinese called all who were in the water to return to the ship, which they did; but on Mr. Farquhar attempting to regain the deck, he was struck by a cutlass on the hands,

and compelled to let go his hold; he again swam to the rudder, and held on for some hours. A second time he tried to reach the deck, and succeeded. The Chinese then got the ship under weigh, and managed to work her themselves, with the assistance of some of the crew, who were compelled to labour. After sailing twenty days in various directions, (the Chinese not knowing where to proceed,) about nine in the morning of January 23rd, the ship grounded on a reef, distant about nine miles from Pulo Laot, North Natunas. The Chinese, as many as could, including the passengers, took to the boats, and steered for Pulo Laot, which place they reached at about sunset, and landed. When about half-way to the island, the ship went down, head foremost, carrying down with her some of the crew and Chinese, for whom there was no room in the boats. On making the island, four Malays (the only residents in the place) met them; the Chinese endeavoured to prevent the passengers (who spoke Malayu) holding a conversation with the Malays. The latter succeeded in securing the whole of the passengers, and the remainder of the crew, and conveyed them to their houses, from whence the Malays returned to the beach to capture the convicts, but succeeded in getting only seventeen, the others having escaped in the ship's boats. The Malays managed to communicate with the Orang Kya, of Pulo Bungoran, who proceeded himself, before day-break, to Pulo Laot. From thence he conveyed the passengers and others to Bungoran. The Orang Kya then went in search of the other

Chinese who escaped, but the Malays did not succeed in falling in with them. The Orang Kya sent directions to the heads of the numerous islands forming the North Natuna group, to search for and secure the Chinese who escaped, and to forward them to Bungoran. Up to the date of the party leaving the latter place, nothing had been heard of the remaining convicts or the boats. Lieutenant Seymour received two cuts over the knee, and was thrown overboard; he fortunately succeeded in getting hold of a rope, and held on for some hours. From the statements of eye-witnesses it will be seen that the convicts possessed themselves of the arms' chest, which unhappily was left open under the poop ladder. The Chinese rigged themselves out in the captain's and mate's clothes, the better to disguise themselves if seen from another vessel."

Unhappily no preconcerted plan appears to have suggested itself to the officers and crew in the event of the convicts rising. The captain assured the writer that the convicts were, as children, "willing to do all that was required of them;" in vain did the writer endeavour to dissuade the commander, who was kind even to a fault—and, as is now seen, to a great fault too. The captain, officers, and crew appear to have been taken by a surprise that rendered them powerless, or the convicts would probably have been either overcome or made powerless, since their only means of offence at the onset consisted of billets of wood; they subsequently got possession of the arms on board, which gave them full possession of the vessel.

Only one convict died from a shot-wound, inflicted by Mr. Gill, the third mate—a mere youth—who persevered to the last in attacking the Chinese. On the morning after the tragedy, poor Gill, with hands secured together, was thrown upon the deck; he requested a drop of water, but the Chinese threatened with death whoever had the temerity to give this gallant youth (exhausted from loss of blood) a little water to drink! The Chinese appeared not to have the courage to throw Mr. Gill overboard. To hide his throes and wounds they threw over him a blanket, and, when dead, cast his body into the sea. Had Mr. Gill been aided by two others gallantly minded, like himself, the convicts would most likely have been subdued.

Lieut. Seymour, of the Bombay Cavalry, with his lady, also passengers, gives, perhaps, a somewhat fuller detail of what took place within the cabins; and, from that gentleman's statement the following is extracted:—

At about half-past one or two in the morning we were awakened by a loud noise on deck, and the smashing of glass inside the cuddy. I immediately rose and went to the door of our cabin, for the purpose of ascertaining the reason of the uproar. I had scarcely touched the handle, when the door which separates the captain's cabin from ours was thrown suddenly open, and Captain Stokoe rushed in, exclaiming, "For God's sake shut the door, and keep it fast!" He was almost immediately followed by Mr. Andrew Farquhar, one of the passengers.

Having secured the entrances, I turned and asked the captain to tell me what was the matter, but could get no reply from him. He [the captain] appeared to have lost all his presence of mind, and kept running up and down, exclaiming, at different intervals, "O, merciful Father, what have I done that this should happen?" "O, blessed Jesus, save us!" &c. All this time he had his pistol-case in his hands. After repeating the question over and over again as to what had occurred, he informed me that the convicts had risen, and had taken possession of the vessel and cuddy, where the arms had been placed. I then asked him as to whether anything could be done, and what had become of the mates and crew? His reply was, "The convicts have got the fire-arms; nothing can now be effected." He was ignorant of the fate of his officers, and the lascars must have all hid themselves. After this Captain Stokoe became calmer, and commenced loading his pistols. Just as this was done we heard the cries of Mr. Gill, the third officer, followed by heavy blows. The moans became fainter and fainter. Captain Stokoe went outside the cabin door, and fired his pistols without any effect. He then rushed back again, dragging Mr. Gill, whom he threw upon the mattress, which happened to be on the floor. Mr. Gill had a sheet thrown around him, and was one mass of blood from head to foot; he lay there groaning, and on our asking him where he was wounded, he said he did not know; but from the excruciating pain he was suffering in his thigh, thought it must be broken. He must have been



dreadfully mutilated, as not a white spot could be seen on his body from the large quantity of blood. Captain Stokoe was perfectly incapacitated from doing anything, and remained without acting at all. I put the question to him as to whether there was any way of getting down into the hold where we might hide Mrs. Seymour and her ayah; he said, at first, no, but afterwards commenced tearing up the planks which covered the locker, but to our disappointment the aperture by the rudder down into the hold was too small for even Mrs. Seymour to attempt. We then requested Captain Stokoe to speak to the Chinese, and offer them the boat if they would spare our lives. His answer was, "Those wretches know no mercy!" He said he would try and speak to the convicts, and went out of the quarter-gallery port for that purpose, after which we neither saw nor heard anything more of him. When Captain Stokoe had left us, I put out all the lights in our cabin for fear of the convicts seeing what we were about. During the time I held the door it was twice tried to be opened by the convicts, but, on finding it secured, they retired. I then directed Mrs. Seymour and the ayah to hide themselves in the quarter-gallery as the last resource. I could see through the chinks of the door what was going on in the cuddy. The convicts seemed busy knocking off their irons and rifling the mate's cabin. After some time a body of them, armed with the ship's axes, spears, &c., commenced breaking in the cabin doors, and, seeing it was then useless for me alone to stand by the door any longer,

I retired to the quarter-gallery, where the rest were, exclaiming, "The convicts are breaking open the doors." Mr. Andrew Farquhar then left us, and we saw no more of him until the morning. We then heard them breaking open our cabin door. There was a scuffle. Mr. Gill, who had been lying on the cabin floor, immediately rushed into the quarter-gallery, bringing with him a bayonet, (the only available weapon that we had during the whole period,) and closed the door after him, desiring me to assist him in securing the same. The convicts, after trying two or three times to force it, without success, withdrew. We now knew our only hope of safety lay in our remaining quiet where we were until daylight, which we thought must then be near at hand. At the time we imagined the convicts would either take to the boats and leave the ship, or some vessel might come down to render us assistance. We sat in dreadful suspense for about an hour or more, and our feelings may be well imagined when we heard over our heads the sound of a person being dragged forward, followed by blows, evidently inflicted by a heavy sharp instrument upon some soft substance, and then a dull splash in the water; this was repeated five times. After the lapse of a minute or two, we heard the clashing of the men's leg-irons as they again came to our door; on finding it secure they burst in one of the panels, and thrust their spears and swords through, upon which Mr. Gill called out, 'I say Foki, why for you want to kill me,' which was answered by 'Come out, come out,'

and a repetition of the thrusting of the spears and swords. Mr. Gill took the bayonet to offer resistance, but in the attempt got dreadfully cut and wounded about the hand, the Chinese taking good care not to come within the reach of any weapon that we might have, but to keep at spear's length; they then broke the rest of the door to splinters. Mr. Gill, being in the way of their weapons, was unable to stand the agony from the wounds he was receiving, got out of the quarter-gallery window, after which he was no more seen. I had taken up my sword, but found, owing to its length, and the confined place we were in, that I was unable to use it, especially, as I said before, on account of the convicts being out of the reach of any weapon. As yet, we hoped we might escape, for they were ignorant of our being on board, having broken open the door, and seeing the port open, and it also being dark, we remained unperceived, and the Chinese retired; it was, however, for a few paces only, for one of them returned bearing a lantern in his hand, from the reflection of which we were discovered. I was immediately dragged out and surrounded by a number of the convicts, armed with every description of arms that they had been able to lay hold of; they then forced me forward to the weather gangway, where they made signs I was to go overboard, and, to facilitate my egress, commenced to cut me down. I fell over some spars, and received two cutlass wounds, and in attempting to evade others, fell backwards with my head foremost into the sea. Not being

able to swim, I laid hold of a rope that was over the ship's side. Whilst in that position, two men were thrown overboard close to me—one a corpse, but the other not being hurt got into the main-chains, whence he would not render me any assistance, although I entreated him to do so. Not being able to hold any longer, and feeling almost sure that all had been murdered on board, I gave myself up as lost, and let go my hold. By chance I floated to the after part of the ship, where the ship's gig was suspended with one end in the water, (Captain Stokoe having attempted to cut it away during the night,) and remained there concealed until daylight,) when I was called up by the convicts, who assured me I should not be hurt if I came on board. I did so with difficulty, being very much bruised from the heavy swell that kept continually striking the boat against the ship's stern. I there met Mr. Farquhar and Mrs. Seymour, who had suffered no hurt, but had been dreadfully frightened by the Chinese, who had repeatedly menaced her life. They frequently said that had she been the wife of Mr. Caldwell, the deputy-superintendent of police at Hong-Kong, they would have chopped her into pieces. When on deck, I perceived a brig at anchor close to leeward of us. The Chinese, on finding we could not navigate the ship for them, confined us to our cabin, and being shown by the Chinese sailors on board, they slipped the cable and stood to the south-east, striving to avoid Singapore Harbour. After we were under weigh, I observed the ship's gig floating towards the land,

and the brig noticed before standing after us with all sail set, when she suddenly changed her course and steered for Singapore. The same evening we saw a ship standing towards us; the convicts then put the crew under hatches and handcuffed them. The ship passed on without noticing us. At night, the gunner's mate attempted to run the ship ashore; but the Chinese being too vigilant, he could not succeed. Mrs. Seymour's ayah, from the effects of the first night's fright, became deranged on the third day, and notwithstanding our endeavours to prevent her, jumped overboard and was drowned. After tacking off and on at the pleasure of the Chinese day after day, on Friday, Jan. 20, we sighted the Great Natunas.

Another eye-witness, referring to the body of poor Gill, remarks:—

"I saw a quantity of blood about the starboard gangway. Some one was lying on the starboard side of the poop, as if he was asleep. A blanket was thrown on him, on which was a quantity of blood, and some on the deck and hencoops. I saw the person under the blanket move several times. There were four or five Chinese keeping watch over him with cutlasses. . . . Saw neither captain nor officers. The Chinese tindal and carpenter were standing on the poop, giving directions how the ship should be steered. . . . On the 20th day the ship struck on a reef of coral; the ship had all sail set. Got out the boats. In the first cutter were about 45 Chinese. The passengers were on the poop. It was told the Chinese if they killed any one the Malays would not

spare them, as the country was under the rule of a Malay rajah. The convicts wanted to kill the lady passenger, but after it was explained to them that the Malays would look upon them as pirates, and treat them as such if they did so, they desisted. . . . One of the Chinese convicts hanged himself to a tree during the night, after which two of the crew kept watch over them with swords provided by the Dattoo Kya."—*Straits Times*, Feb. 24.

After detailing the melancholy affair of the General Wood, the editor of the *Straits Times* says:—

"We trust the melancholy fate of the General Wood will be the last instance of sending away convicts without a military guard. For the government to pass an act disallowing the transport of convicts without a military guard were an easy task, but the authorities generally do not impose responsibility on themselves. It would, perhaps, more effectually carry out the object were the insurance offices to unite, and all, without exception, refuse to grant policies unless military guards were placed on board convict ships. Government would be forced to comply with the reasonable demand of underwriters. The insurance offices here suffer considerable loss by the General Wood catastrophe. The ship, we suppose, was insured by her owners, Messrs. Jardine, Matheson, and Co., in China, but for what amount we do not know. The whole of the risks taken upon the vessel and cargo probably exceeded two lakhs of rupees, in addition to which there was a large amount of cargo shipped here by Arabs, who reli-

giously avoid opposing fate by insuring their property."

The convicts brought over in the Malay prows have been examined at the police-office, and committed for piracy and murder. They appear reckless as to their fate; one of the number is the interpreter referred to above. The Portuguese is reported to have behaved well; he not only cooked for the passengers, but at Pulo Laot he acted as sentry over the Chinese. The convicts will not be tried until the sessions next month; in the meantime the government has acted with great liberality towards the Orang Kya, or Rajah of the North Natunas. The Straits executive has resolved to present the Orang Kya with a gold-mounted kris, a silver seree box, and 500 Spanish dollars, as a token of remembrance for the great service rendered to British subjects thrown upon his shores. Nothing more has been heard respecting the 46 Chinese convicts that escaped in the long and quarter boats belonging to the ship; it is thought probable they would endeavour to reach the Anambas or South Natunas; in either case they would be delivered up to the English. The Hon. Company's steamer Hooghly, and her Majesty's sloop Ringdove, are about to proceed to the Natunas and Anambas, in search of the escaped pirates.

*"Daily News."*

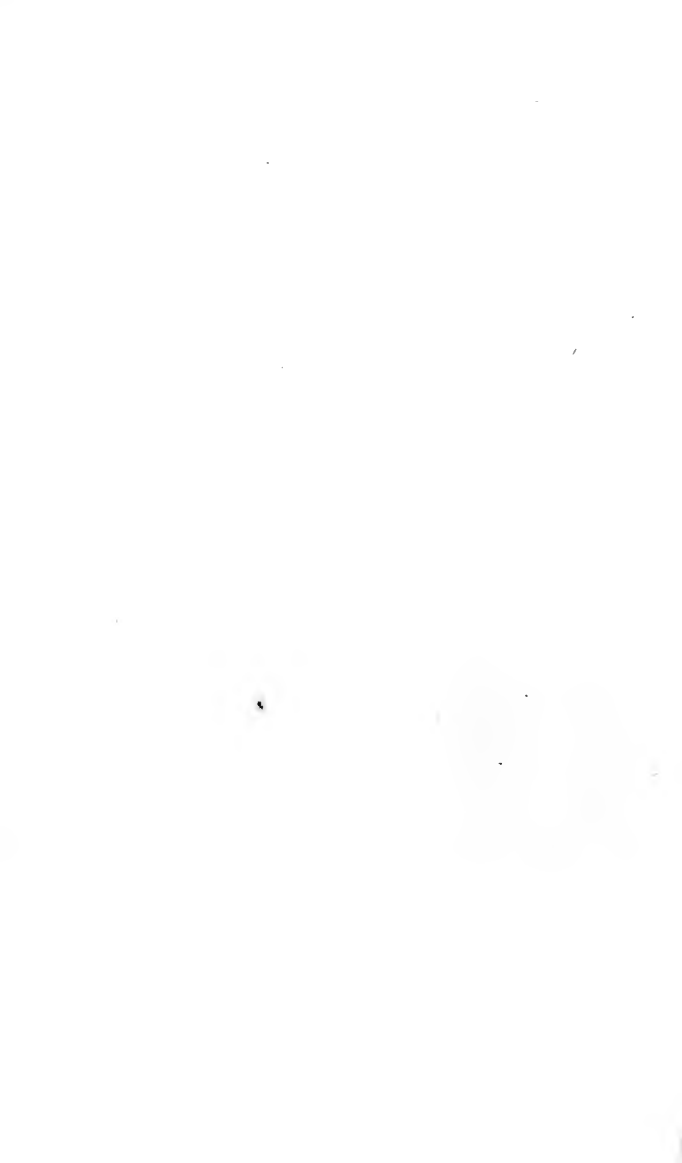
## CHINESE PUNISHMENTS.—THE CANGUE.

THE five kinds of punishment mentioned in the Chinese code of laws are from ten to fifty blows with the lesser bamboo, from fifty to one hundred with one greater, transportation, perpetual banishment, and death, each of them modified in various ways. The smaller bamboo weighs about two pounds, the larger nearly three. Public exposure in the *kia*, or cangue, is considered rather a kind of censure or reprimand than a punishment, and carries no disgrace with it, nor comparatively much bodily suffering if the person be fed and screened from the sun. The frame weighs between twenty and thirty pounds, and is made so as to rest upon the shoulders without chafing the neck, but so broad as to prevent the person from feeding himself. The name, residence, and offence of the delinquent are written upon it for the information of every passer-by, and a policeman is stationed over him to prevent escape. Branding is applied to deserters and banished persons. Imprisonment and fines are not regarded as legal punishments, but rather as correctives, and flogging is never wanting, it being always understood to form a preliminary accompaniment to every other kind of punishment.

Banishment and slavery are punishments for minor official delinquencies, and few officers who live long



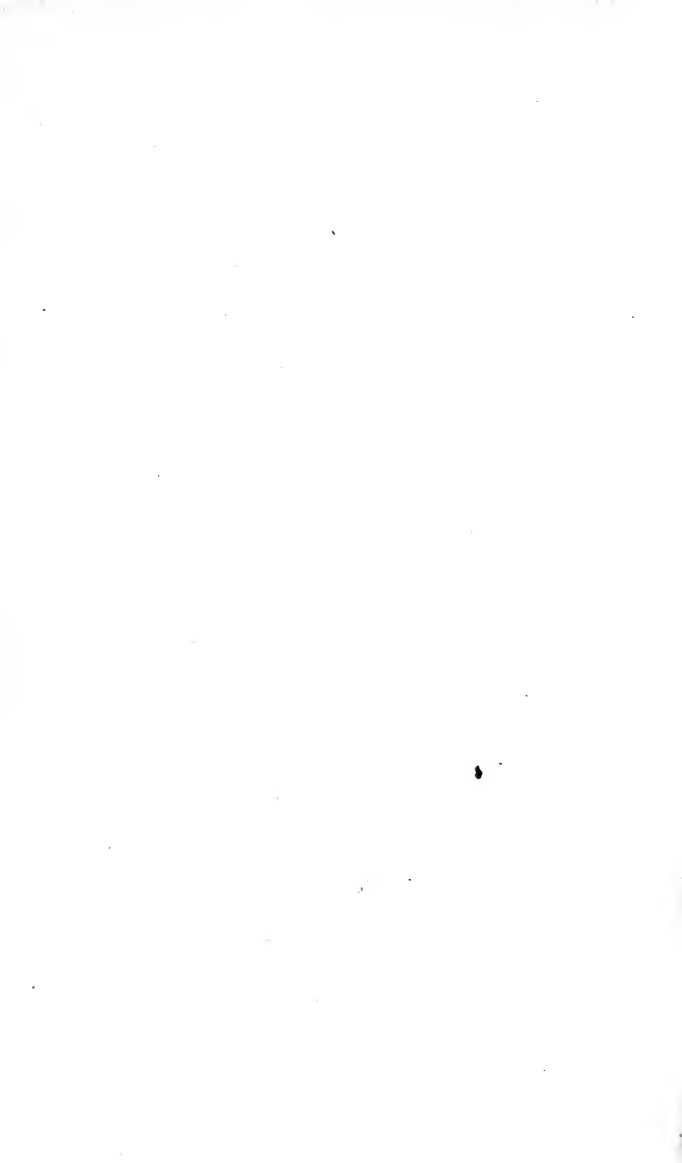






J R Johnson

Punishment of the Cangue.



in the emperor's service do not take an involuntary journey to Mongolia, Turkistan, or elsewhere, in the course of their lives. The fates and conduct of banished criminals are widely unlike; some doggedly serve out their time, others try to ingratiate themselves with their masters in order to alleviate or shorten their time of service, while hundreds contrive to escape and return to their homes, though this subjects them to increased suffering and punishment. Persons banished for treason are severely dealt with if they return without leave, and those convicted of crime in their place of banishment are increasingly punished; one man was sentenced to be outlawed for an offence at his place of banishment, but seeing that his aged mother had no other support than his labour, the emperor ordered that a small sum should be paid for her living out of the public treasury. Whipping a man through the streets as a public example to others is frequently practised upon persons detected in robbery, assault, or some other minor offences. The man is manacled, and one policeman goes before him carrying a tablet on which are written his name, crime, and punishment, accompanied by another bearing a gong. In some cases little sticks, bearing flags, are thrust through his ears as an additional punishment. The officer appointed to oversee the fulfilment of the sentence follows the executioner, who strikes the criminal with his whip as the rap on the gong denotes that the appointed number is not yet complete.

*"The Chinese Empire."*

## CANTON.

CANTON, designated by the Chinese Sang-Chien, is the capital of the province of Koung-Toung, the area of which is about equal to the one-half of France. The city is situated in the department of Kouang-tchaoufou, which itself comprises fifteen districts. The western portion of Canton is in the district of Nanhai, the eastern in that of Pouan-yu. This position of the larger Chinese cities in several districts is an almost general circumstance.

A wall, nearly square, encompasses the city, while another, running parallel with the river, divides it in unequal portions; the larger portion, stretching northward, and called the old, or Tartar city, has till recently remained closed to foreigners; an edict of the emperor has now opened its gates. The other portion, the new, or Chinese city, has always been accessible to strangers, who, however, are regarded with anything but favourable eyes. There are twelve gates in the outer wall; four others, in the inner wall, admit the population of the one city into the other.

Canton is traversed by several canals,\* which communicate a singular aspect to several quarters of the

\* At very high tides, several of the streets bordering the river become themselves canals, and the houses are accordingly built upon piles. The French factory is not unfrequently surrounded in this way, and can only be approached by boats.

city; the dyers' quarter more especially, where this singularity of appearance is increased by the long strips of cloth, which, dyed for the most part blue, float from the roof of each house. The waters of the canal in this district, as well as the streets which compose it, are peculiarly filthy, and the numerous tan-pits which are found here diffuse a most offensive miasma. The appearance of a foreigner among the population of this quarter is of very rare occurrence, and seems to create a sort of angry amazement in every mind.

Canton is said to contain about six hundred streets. Tortuous, and miserably—where at all—paved, these streets, or rather lanes, seldom exceed seven feet in width. At short intervals, gates are thrown across them, which are carefully closed every evening, so as to facilitate the operations of the police. In the winter time, as a further precaution, two or three planks, extended from one roof to its opposite neighbour, form a bridge, on whose fragile basis stands a sort of watch-box, whence the police, at intervals of a quarter of an hour, send forth a long and melancholy roll from their *tamtams*, in order to prove themselves on the watch, and to deter ill-doers. It is these watchmen who, on the appearance of fire, give forth the alarm, using, however, on such occasions a brass gong instead of a drum. These aerial police interchange communications by means of signals, so as from one man to the other, and from quarter to quarter, to be in correspondence throughout the whole city. The strange noises they

make thus high above your head, in the depth of night, produce an effect by no means agreeable upon the foreigner who has not yet become accustomed to them.

Some of the streets in the various quarters of Canton are inhabited exclusively by particular trades, and named accordingly, as Carpenters' Street, Physic Street, Lantern Makers' Street, and so on; others are shared by two or three branches of industry. Large sign boards, red, white, or black, well varnished and glittering in the sun, are placed vertically at the door of each shop, setting forth, on both sides, the name and calling of the trader, in large gilt letters, and in the three dialects, *tching*, *tchang*, and *Koua*.\* Along the walls of the shop, inside, are suspended large placards, on which are painted infinite very edifying commercial maxims, among which are interspersed warm eulogiums upon the particular commodities sold in the shop. The commodities themselves are arranged in neat compartments. A broad counter stretches across the bottom of the shop, and the shopmen occupy the narrow space between the counter and the wall, to which they have access by a side door. Above their heads there is invariably a niche in the wall, occupied by a

\* Here is one of these signs: "All honourable persons desirous of making a purchase, will do well to look up at the sign of this shop. All goods warranted, and at a fixed price. No cheating, whether of the old or of the young.

"Shop of Chen-ki, near the gate Tai-ping, Tchang-tcheou Street, Eastward."



more or less handsome altar, consecrated to Sing-Kouan, or Kouan-ti.\* The altar is decorated with leaves of tinsel, cut into various shapes, and sometimes with little pictures, representing all sorts of fantastic scenes. On a level with the altar, a sort of balcony opens from the wall, whence the master can superintend his men, and see what is going on. The whole is lighted by a skylight. In an inner portion of the warehouse there is generally a little altar consecrated to Toultai, the god of riches, a divinity held in especial respect by the Chinese traders of all time.

The finest shops in Canton are those of *Physic Street*, the widest, cleanest, and most airy thoroughfare in the whole city. Here are all the old curiosity shops, admission free, with their magnificent old China vases, of such exquisite design and workmanship, their antique bronzes, of every conceivable shape and description, their red lacquer chests, *chefs-d'œuvre* of carving, with all sorts of figures of men, boats, animals, flowers, and what not; elegant little vases of the most delicate fabric, bijoux encased in boxes whence they can only be raised with the utmost carefulness of touch; statuettes of divinities and of mortal sages; weapons and coins dating back to the most remote ages; and a thousand nicnacs, impossible to describe, or to appreciate the point of, but all bespeaking the skill and patience of the Chinese artist in their production.

\* Both names of Buddha.

A portion of *Ting-Noung-Kai Street* is occupied by the lantern sellers. These useful luminaries are presented to the eye under the most varied and most fantastic forms, some round, some square, some cylindrical, some corbel fashion, and some polyedron fashion; the frames of these lamps are generally composed of bamboo sticks, which may be extended or folded up at will, so as to produce a vast spheroid or a compact *faisceau*, as occasion requires. Transparent paper panes, with a coat of fine glue, are fastened to the framework, and obey, without injuring, the movement given to them, whether to open or to shut. Some lanterns are composed of glass, in such a manner as to be readily taken to pieces, and as readily reconstructed. Another portion of this street is devoted to the dealers in religious ornaments. These consist of flowers, doll-houses, set forth with tinsel, peacock's feathers, artificial flowers, grotesque figures, and so on. The Chinese delight in these nicnacs, with which they make it a pleasure as well as a merit to adorn their temples and the altars of their lares.

In Sapsa Monkai Street, or the street of the Thirteen Factories, are displayed for sale the porcelains of the province of Kiangsi; here, too, are found the dealers in mats, straw hats, basket-work, in pipes, canes, Nankin stuffs, and the batiste of Kouang-Tong. In the space between old and new China streets, sit the dealers in fish, in *pak-tsae*, or Nankin cabbage, in *ken*—a sort of viper's grass, and which the Chinese consume largely in default of

other vegetables, in Great Siam and other oranges, and in the sacred fruits. Further on are the hideous butchers' stalls, where enormous rats, flattened out, and dried after the fashion of our hams, hang side by side with roast fowls. There is one comfort in Canton, that, from the general use in their carpentry of odorous woods, and the prevalence of perfumes, the smell is less offended than the sight.

The population circulating through these narrow streets presents a singular spectacle. There is a fresh surprise at every step the foreigner advances. Here you come upon a row of some forty queer looking Chinese, upon whose motionless heads, in turn, barbers, as silent as he of the Arabian Nights purported to be, are operating with formidable razors; there a fortune-teller, seated at a table, has a levee of open-mouthed marvel-seekers, looking on while he satisfies the gaping blockhead in present consultation. The cabalistic apparatus of one of these astrologers is very curious; on his right hand stands a sort of wheel of fortune, with red, white, and black streamers; on his left hand the table is covered with mathematical instruments, and with all sorts of out-of-the-way figures of devils and divinities. The conjurer, whose face is well nigh covered with a pair of enormous round spectacles, has arranged before him paper and pens, wherewith to frame his calculations, and two or three mysterious-looking, dusty tomes, which every now and then he consults with an air of extreme mystery; after a while, he gets up and makes a long harangue, full of the longest and most sonorous

words he can muster, the invariable effect of which is to determine some new client to submit his hand, the lines of which the seer proceeds to examine with the gravest attention. Then having meditated and consulted his books, and meditated again, he communicates to the inquirer as to future fate, some prediction or other, apparently of a very vague and mystic character, judging from the perplexed air of the client, who then, having deposited the accustomed fee on the cunning man's table, withdraws to make room for another dupe. A few paces onward you come upon a quack administering a remedy peculiar to China, and instead of scratching his patients, as Mr. St. John Long, giving them a sound dig in the back as an universal recipe, mumbling some words of unknown import, for his peculiar share in the cure. Next you see a row of tinkers, and then half-a-dozen shoemakers, in full operation, and then a party of old women mending clothes. Here come a troop of sportsmen, with what seem small field-pieces, some two yards long at the least, and making a great flourish about their game—a wretched little bird or two suspended from their girdles. Over the way is a dog and cat shop, the poor animals being confined in strips of cages until wanted for dinner, so as to be quite fresh for the delicate appetite of the purchaser; he has also fighting quails for sale, quail fighting being a favourite pastime here. Next is a group looking at a learned pigeon, who, among a hundred grains of wheat, picks up the one placed there by his master, and at a wonderful cock with the legs of a duck, its

original appurtenances having been cut off, and artistically replaced by the supposititious support. Now you run against the first of a string of some sixteen blind beggars, parading the streets in Indian file, each with one hand thumping the ground with a long staff, and with the other rattling a pair of wooden castanets, by way of soliciting charity, or rather of extorting it from your desire to hasten the removal of their horrible uproar from your vicinity. Next, perhaps, we hear, scarcely more harmonious, a party of musicians, playing and singing the old national air, through all its stanzas. Further on sundry half-naked coolies are staggering under their double burdens, attached to either end of the long bamboo staves which they bear on their shoulders, and now you are thrust aside by the foremost of a couple of stout chairmen conveying some aristocratic passenger through the street in a sedan, open or covered, as the case may be. There goes a marriage party, preceded by its invariable roast pig, and then advances the procession of some *Kouang*, or mandarin, as we call him, with his soldiers, and his gong-players, and his parasol-bearers. But do not let your attention be too much absorbed; there are pickpockets here as expert as any in Europe, and sharpers as acute and adventurous.

There is plenty of what is called amusement at Canton; infinite gambling-houses, numerous theatres, incessant fêtes on land and on shore. The foreign trade of Canton procures for it luxuries and conveniences unknown to the rest of China, and opens to

its merchants a thousand sources of wealth. Fortunes are made here equalling those created in any part of the world : witness the wealth of Houkoua, of Poug-ting-Koua, of Pounkai-koua, of Ping-tiouang, &c.

. . . It is in the better sort of houses that we must observe the domestic architecture of the Chinese. These houses at once attract the attention by the form of the roof, which, covered with tiles, forms a graceful arch, a shape derived from the tent-habitations of the nomade tribes, who, from the west of Asia, settled in the flowery land. The predominant character of Chinese architecture is excessive *legereté*. The constructions are elegant, airy, frequently adorned with the most exquisite carvings and other works, but entirely destitute of solidity. Hence the almost entire absence from China of anything like ancient monuments. Few houses in Canton are more than one story high. The windows open on grooves, and not on hinges. Instead of glass panes, there is wooden trellis work, generally in simple squares, though sometimes elaborately carved in various designs, and the interstices are filled up with transparent shells, or, in houses of the more unpretending class, with paper.

The habitations of the rich are surrounded with walls, excluding them altogether from the vulgar gaze. Passing the gate of their wall, the visitor usually encounters a screen, designed to mask the interior of the house ; for it is one of the characteristics of the Chinese to prefer the enjoyment of their happiness, whatever it may be, unobserved by the

world. No precaution is deemed superfluous which serves to protect their treasures from the prying eyes of their neighbours, and especially of the mandarins, whose aroused jealousy might become formidable. Inside the gate, there is generally a porter's lodge. Two passages, right and left, lead from the screen into a court-yard, at the extremity of which is the reception-chamber, perfectly open in front. Against its inner wall stands an altar, consecrated to the lares of the house, or to some other divinity. On the altar, which is set forth with tinsel flowers and leaves, a lamp, ever burning, kindles for the faithful who attend to worship there, his perfumes and slips of gilt paper, after he has deposited on an adjoining table his more solid offerings. Long banners of red paper, covered with inscriptions in black characters, float from the side walls. From the ceiling hang numerous lanterns, of all shapes and sizes, some made simply of paper covered with the glue *agar-agar*, others of glass, and sometimes highly painted.

Right and left of the altar open two other doors, leading into a second court, overlooked by a broad balcony, extending all along the wall. Very frequently, however, the two doors from the reception-hall lead you at once, without any intermediate court, into the interior of the house—the one to the women's apartments, the other to the men's, these being kept entirely distinct. Where there are more stories than one, the upper floor is reached by a staircase of the narrowest possible dimensions. The

chambers, which are small and numerous, are furnished with small tables, and large, square arm-chairs with straight backs, extremely ugly and extremely uncomfortable. There are no curtains or draperies, except around the beds. The screens and the doors are ornamented with exquisite carvings, which do infinite honour to the skill and perseverance of Chinese art, whatever may be said of the taste displayed in the impossible landscapes and interiors painted on the lamps and lanterns. At short intervals round the room we find red scrolls, on which are inscribed sundry maxims, allegories, and compositions, chiefly in verse, the meaning whereof is not unfrequently obscure even to the Chinese themselves, close students as they characteristically are of the mystic. These scrolls are placed two and two, the inscription on the second forming the complement of that on the first; for instance: "Clear as the understanding of a learned man in his autumnal years;"—"And as the dew produced by a cloud gilded with the morning sun."

*Hausmann, "Observations sur la Chine."*

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#### SIGHTS AND SCENES ON THE PRAIRIE.

WE passed to-day over a lovely country, resembling, on a magnificent scale, the park scenery of England.

The beauty of some portions of these wide solitudes is surpassing, beyond all power of the most vivid imagination to conceive.



In one spot the landscape spreads before you, not a tree in sight; all one swelling, undulated field of prairie. A little further, and the trees, which follow the course of the streams, seem, in the far distance, like the hedges dividing the estates of some great nobleman.

On you ride, and before you loom up, rising from the valley and mounting the hills, huge herds of those shaggy cattle of the wilds, the buffalo, pursuing their path without being urged on by the herdsman.

Scarcely has your sight rested on these when, to your right, pass you, in all their graceful beauty, a herd of the more lightly-formed and poetical antelopes.

Scarcely have these glanced before your vision, when the trampling and snorting on your left announce a drove of mustangs, the barbs of the western hemisphere.

These Joseph-coated gentry, glorying in their motley coats, their liberty, and their speed, gaze at you from afar, and, if you approach toward them, scurry away with a thundering speed that makes the earth tremble beneath their unshod hoofs.

These are some of the sights and scenes of the prairie.

Is it a wonder that the ranger, who once feels the enchantment of these great plains, breathes their pure air, and feasts his eyes upon their glories; who finds the wants of his senses bountifully supplied around him, with just enough of the excitement of danger to give an adventurous spirit pleasure—is it

a wonder that he should turn aside from the confined and crowded haunts of man to revel in the embraces of Nature, when she thus woos him with her magnificent voluptuousness?

It is matter of surprise alone to me, that one who has enjoyed the freedom of these vast solitudes, who has experienced the glowing excitement of the hunt and the Indian skirmish, can ever rest satisfied among the dull scenes of civilization, where each successive day, in its unvarying round of employment, is but a prosy mimic of the day before, and the blood oozes slowly through the veins till it almost stagnates.

Let those born to plod and fulfil a destiny of dullness dole out their life in habitations they have raised around them, and die, and be gathered to their fathers; but let the bold, the impulsive, and adventurous, those whose souls can be moved to joy in the contemplation of Nature in her wild and wonderful moods—let such seek the solitudes of the vast prairie, and galloping over the boundless plains, or lolling at the camp fire, beneath the giant trees that guard the river side, drink in, with undisturbed hearts, the beauty and sublimity of her fresh presence!

\* \* \* \* \*

After passing the bottom of the creek on which we camped this morning, we came upon an open expanse, bounded only by the sky, where it shut down like a vast inverted basin upon the dead plain level. Out to our left a long, black, irregular line of buffalo

was stretched, like a great ragged blur upon the fair breadth of space.

It was a wonderful sight, those countless legions of dark moving things shearing the brown grass before them as they rolled slowly on!

For miles and miles the infinite multitude was thronging, until their rounded backs grew up against the sky, and the strained gaze felt weary in tracing them. I had never seen anything like this before. The pigeons, when they cloud the sun, can scarcely be more numerous.

We had been moving past them for several hours, and still were all gazing in mute astonishment at this marvellous array, when our guide suddenly exclaimed, pointing over to the right, "The prairie's on fire! The cussed Injuns want to burn us up!"

I turned quickly enough. Just under the horizon there was first merely a light smoky haze, which I should not have noticed as at all ominous; but in a moment this began to take on the appearance of a distant bank of mist, and then quick dim points of light would break through. I turned my head, and saw this threatening appearance rising, slowly and simultaneously, on the three sides of us which were nearest the timber, thus totally cutting us off from all hope of escape by flight. It rapidly changed its form, and came down upon us with fearful speed. Now the dense and blackish volumes rolled up from the plain in huge knotted wreaths, while every moment from the midst a pale red tongue of flame would leap, spiring up, and then sink, smothered in

the murky folds that, belied by the wind, swept heralding before.

Stretching far away, in front and behind, under the sky's rim, this terrible crescent seemed to be fast closing its fiery horns around us. Now the hot air struck us with its stifling currents, though there were yet miles between us and the flames; and, passing over, I could see when it had reached the herd of buffalo.

The mighty mass was still for an instant, and along the whole line I could distinguish the lifted heads of the startled leaders snuffing the danger.

Then there was a sudden tumult and recoiling, and the heavy roar of their affright boomed upon our ears; and, like a dark great river, troubled and tossed by a sudden eruption beneath its bed, and turned from out its channel, with a rumble that made the earth shiver as in a spasm, it burst, rushing and tumbling, a shoreless torrent, over the plain, scattered wide and wildly toward the west.

But our own case demanded all our attention. The Indians had waited until we were in the middle of this very extensive prairie, and then set fire to the windward of us along a line of several miles at the same time. The winter grass was tall and dry; the wind had been high before; but in a moment it rushed past us a perfect gale of hot air, bringing the flames along with awful rapidity.

The cowardly wretches had calculated well; as I glanced around, I could see little prospect of our escape. It was hopeless to think of outrunning it.

Herds of mustangs were sweeping past with streaming manes and heads turned back, snorting in affright; antelopes scudded by like sea-birds; and deer, tossing their antlers as they looked behind, bounded long and high over the grass: yet I knew few of them would escape, with all their frantic speed; and what hope had we?

We were all gathered in a cluster, looking round us in awe, silent and confused by the suddenness with which such terrible elements of fear had burst forth—I at a loss what step should be taken; when I heard the doctor say to our guide, in a sharp, nervous voice, “What are you about there, old man? I’m sure we are like to be roasted soon enough, without your hastening the thing!”

I turned, and saw him on his knees in the grass, blowing away eagerly at a spark he had struck with his flint and steel.

Ah, right! It instantly occurred to me that our only chance was “to burn against the fire,” as it is called; that is, set fire to the grass around us, and burn off all in the neighbourhood, so that, when the great flood met our lesser flood, there would be nothing left for it to feed on, and it must subside on either hand, and leave us.

The veteran’s long experience had promptly suggested to him the only resource under such circumstances, which might have occurred too late, if at all, to our comparative ignorance.

I quickly sprang down to my feet, calling the men to assist in kindling and spreading our fire.

Very soon a circle of flame began to widen off, and while yet it merely crept along the grass, we urged our trembling horses over it, and stood grouped on the hot and blackened ground, holding their bridles.

Our defensive fire spread rapidly; but the opposing torrent rolled on with appalling speed, the glowing billows leaping large lengths as they would burst for an instant through the advanced masses of dense smoke that were rushing, curled and writhing like huge phantom-snakes, over the bowed grass ahead, in swift chase, it seemed, of the poor animals; for every instant these shadowy monsters would devour one; then the flame behind would shoot up a quick, exulting spire!

On, on it came—far along, above us and below us!

The air became fiery hot, and hurled the eddying volumes of smoke upon us; and the hissing roar and glare raged fierce and high in terrible tumult close behind.

Our horses became almost unmanageable—we were suffocating; we threw our blankets over our heads, and struggled with the frantic animals, in the steadiness of despair!

It was an awful moment of darkened wrestling as the fiery hurricane swept over us, or rather past us; for, parting where the fire of our circle met it, it went charring, crackling, roaring by on either side, though close enough to almost reach our skins; and when we threw off the envelope of the blankets from our faces, the sea of flame had been passed,

and we stood safe, but astounded, upon the blackened, smoking plain.

After the line of the fire passed us, we could see nothing for the smoke, except now and then a burst of sparks and flame which would shoot up above it for a second, which our guide said indicated that some poor animal had been caught; and after a while, as we rode rapidly across the plain to get off the heated ground, we could see a "flare-up," as Hicks called it, occurring every instant, showing that the great herd of buffalo had been overtaken.

They were probably very many of them burned; for every few hundred paces we would pass the charred and shrivelled carcass of a mustang or deer, showing how fatal those glowing surges must have been in breaking over that countless multitude. I do not doubt that many thousands were burned to death.

After dark, we came to a stream about forty paces in width, which of course had bounded the action of the fire in this direction. We crossed, and are once more on the soft, fresh sod. We all took a bathe, and washed down our scorched and exhausted horses.

The excitement of the day has been such that I find it difficult to get to sleep to-night. I am acting as sentinel myself through the first watch, while the men sleep as if it would require a cannon to wake them.

*"Journal of Adventures in Search of a Gold Mine."*

## RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS AT BOGOTA.

DURING the great feasts and holydays of the church, religious processions are still kept up in Bogotá with all the pomp and display possible. In gazing out upon such an array of buffoonery, for it merits no other name, it is difficult to realize that the divine and glorious light of reason, since she found her purest, brightest helpmate, Christianity, has already entered the nineteenth century of her blessed reign upon earth. But what else can we expect from a hierarchy which, until within a very few years past, prohibited the females of this country from receiving the very rudiments of education save within the walls of a nunnery, from which place but few ever rejoined their fellows, and when they did so, came forth to the great world with understandings as warped and darkened as Jesuitical ingenuity could possibly accomplish?

Semana Santa, or Holy Week, is a time here of the greatest importance in the church. Business is suspended, and the whole mass of the population, arrayed in their very best costume, prepare to participate in the festivities. The Calle Real, and other streets through which the processions pass, are decorated with triumphal arches, with festoons of parti-coloured cottons and silks, flowers and ribands; as are also the balconies and doorways of the shops



and dwelling-houses. The one thousand bells are simultaneously made to send forth their discordant peals at double quick time, while rockets blaze, ordnance lends its thunder, and all to usher in a set of tawdry-dressed puppets, the handicraft of which would have disgraced the "Punch and Judy" times of "Old King Cole." What such *shows* may be in Rome, I know not; perhaps the sublime art of the sculptor and painter may modify their effects, and reconcile the mind to receive other impressions, and common sense be led captive through so fascinating a medium; but in Bogotá there is no such danger, as I can testify.

The different stages are termed "pasos," and vary during the different days of the week till the last, when all pass in procession together. They are intended to represent the birth, life, and passion of our Saviour, agreeably to the Roman Catholic version. Each church or convent furnishes one or more of the images, which are made of wax or wood, in the most clumsy manner imaginable. They are nearly as large as life, decked out to represent their particular characters, placed upon carpeted wooden platforms, and are thus borne along on the shoulders of men, who carry also stout staffs with iron crotches on which to rest the machine; this is done in case of a pause in the procession, and to rest the bearers themselves, as some of the images are of enormous weight, requiring eight men to support them, who fairly totter beneath their burden.

The dress of these men consists of a loose black

gown, enveloping the whole figure from head to foot, with two round holes to peer through, a belt fastening it around the waist. This is the same style of dress precisely as was used by the familiars of the Inquisition. Often one may observe a well-polished shoe and fine silk stocking appearing from beneath this black covering. The men thus employed are penitents, who receive such work as penance for some misdeeds. Peones and all are put upon this duty, the priests taking care so to order it as to have a goodly number of these penitents ready on such occasions, although the wealthy generally choose to buy themselves off, while some of the more superstitious hope by their performance of the work to merit a greater share of both heavenly and priestly favour. Altar-boys, and those who swing the censers containing the incense, wear high-peaked hats and girdles of sackcloth. All the various banners and symbols of the different churches are borne along on this occasion, and there is nothing neglected that could possibly add to the superstitious wonder and adoration of the gaping illiterate multitude.

Music, the only good thing they might muster on the occasion, is almost entirely neglected. Instead of calling in the aid of one of the fine military bands to drown the nasal twanging of the choir, the whole of their instrumental music consists of a couple of screeching violins, a flute or two, and a violoncello. Flowers are showered down upon the images and

processions from the balconies of the houses by the ladies, who crowd thither to witness the "pasos."

On Monday, the affair commenced with two of these "pasos," which were from the church of the Franciscans, who gave personal attendance. One represented Christ upon the Cross, with the Holy Mother and Mary Magdalen beside it. The other was the Virgin, attired in a very rich suit of mourning, a single figure. At the conclusion of the ceremony, these images were not returned on the same day to their own church, but left all night in that of Santo Domingo, where they are devoutly supposed to hold communion with the images of that church! This is no idle report, but a plain and solemn fact. On the next day, these two orders of carved saints are marched out together, and apparently on the most amicable terms possible.

Thursday and Friday are the two greatest days in the week; for then all the "pasos" are out, and among them I saw the following: 1st. Christ on the Cross, a very fair design. 2nd. Christ with the two thieves. 3rd. Christ on the Cross, the Virgin, and Mary Magdalen in scarlet velvet, highly tinselled and jewelled. But why they have chosen to give light-coloured hair to the Holy Mother, they best know. 4th. Christ scourged by two most excessively grim-looking Roman soldiers, into whose ample mouths are stuck *two segars*. 5th. Christ before the doctors, six in number. 6th. Christ after having been scourged, St. Peter kneeling before him, with a huge

key stuck in his girdle. 7th. The betrayal; Judas in the act of kissing, and Peter smiting off the servant's ear, and two soldiers. 8th. Christ bearing the Cross, the Virgin behind, bearing the crown of thorns. 9th. Christ in the judgment hall, crowned, with the reed in his hand, and buffeted by two soldiers; very good. 10th. Christ bearing his Cross, Simon the tanner, and a Roman trumpeter, who also holds the rope which binds the hands of Jesus. 11th. Christ extended on the ground, in the act of being nailed to the Cross, the two executioners mocking his sufferings, and the Virgin and Mary Magdalen; tolerably well designed. 12th. A massive wooden cross, borne on alone, having its foot fixed in a mound of flowers and evergreens, with a white napkin suspended over the crossbar; the only appropriate and touching "paso" of the whole, and the one best calculated to recal to the mind that sad, yet blessed event. Yet, coupled as this sight was with a score of others, whose sole tendency is to excite pity and contempt for such grave mummeries, its good effects were almost completely lost. 13th. A second cross of similar design, but much smaller, and painted black. 14th. The Virgin alone, under a canopy of black velvet, her dress of the same material; very good, had it not been for the intrusion of a misshapen-faced cherubim, which, midway up, supported her train. 15th. The bloody sweat of Gethsemane, the two disciples asleep. Here, too, the thing in itself was pretty fair; but who could resist the strong inclination to indulge the risible faculties on witnessing

at the same time, as a representation of one of the heavenly host ministering to the Saviour's wants, a figure, about the size of a large wax doll, with a chalice in its hand, perched upon one foot on the top of a little boxwood bush, meant to represent a large tree! 16th. Christ before Pilate's judgment seat, an attendant with a basin and ewer, and two other figures; tolerable. 17th. Christ scourged, second copy. 18th. Descent from the Cross, five figures. 19th. The Host, borne by five canons of the cathedral, a representation of a temple, two feet high at least, in massive silver. 20th. Santa (I forget her name) holding up the bloody white handkerchief with which the Saviour had wiped his face, with three impressions of it in blood!

These "pasos" have been classed, not according to historical order, but as they passed in succession before me. There may be several others, but these mentioned are all of any note, with the exception of the 21st and last, which is not brought out from the cathedral until Friday. It is the sepulchre, with Christ laid within, and Joseph of Arimathea standing by, while two others occupy a place in a stooping position at the head and foot of the tomb. This is shaped something like an ordinary bathing-tub, having heavy silver bars running up and down the sides, and is cased with the finest tortoise-shell. I was extremely sorry I could not get a nearer view of it, but am satisfied it is of admirable workmanship and of great value.

On the supposed day of the crucifixion, every one

who can do so dresses in white, and wears the gayest colours. The gentlemen put on white vests and white pantaloons; and this custom is supposed to have reference to the multitude who rejoiced at his death. The military are all out, and head the processions with reversed arms and muffled drums, while a company of them are dressed for the occasion in the uniform of Roman lictors. On Friday a different scene is presented, all appearing in deep mourning. Not a bell gives forth its customary sounds; the clocks do not even strike the hours. In the afternoon the military parade the city, passing from church to church, as if searching for the body of which they had charge in the sepulchre. At night the churches are all decked out and illuminated in the most splendid manner, and there the search for the body is still continued. On Saturday morning, at ten o'clock, I attended at the Cathedral to witness the "rending in twain of the veil of the temple," said to be well represented; but a more bungling piece of theatrical pageantry could not be perpetrated. A drop curtain of the most ragged, dirty silk, was suspended the whole depth of the church, running in front of the great altar, which it entirely concealed; the rent in the centre, where the great bubble was to burst, being quite apparent. After a very prolonged service, the archbishop himself officiating, sundry movements gave notice of the near approach of this great catastrophe, when, whew! the bells, crackers, and rockets all exploded some moments too soon, and the tawdry silk curtain was

jerked aside by the altar-boys as close upon the heels of this din as possible. Truly a most wretched affair. Now the bells made up for this day or two's silence; and one might descry, far and near, up in the various pigeon-hole-like places, the bell-ringers tugging away as if their life depended on their hard pulling. Next to a bochinca, bell-ringing is certainly a Bogotano's forte.

After this service came the blessing of the baptismal font, which is placed near the great front-door of the Cathedral. Such a rush then took place as I shall not soon forget; each individual endeavouring to obtain a small portion of the water in cups or tumblers, as they believe it to be very efficacious in the cure of diseases, in keeping away evil spirits, for consecrating themselves, and a host of other things. I believe they can baptize with it, also, in the absence of a priest.

June 3rd. "Corpus Christi" is rather the gayest of all their festivals here. The streets and houses are much more tastefully decorated than during the "Semana Santa." In fact, this is the period for nothing more nor less than the turning of the churches inside out, if I may use such an expression; for their finest paintings are all hung up along the streets, where each church erects covered altars, in which they deposit their patron saint, and various devices emblematical of their particular order. Private individuals also bring out their paintings on this occasion. As the processions move along, a service is performed in front of each of these altars. A troop of maskers

precede all. Why and wherefore they are thus attached to this religious ceremony I could not learn from any of my Bogotá friends. The first of these were dressed to represent native Indians at the time of the conquest by the Spaniards, while they played on an ancient war-fife and drum of the country, and whacked away at each other with short clubs, in a game like "single-stick." Little children were also dressed up to take a part in the spectacle, and leaped and chanted, as they followed the car of the Virgin, admirably well. I observed some most interesting faces among them. These latter "pasos" were well worth seeing, inasmuch as the images were all flesh and blood, and consisted, too, of the most beautiful children in the city or neighbourhood. The two little girls who enacted Judith and her maid (having the head of Holofernes) were truly like beings of another world—so fair their faces, so elegant their attire!

A description of one or two of these altars may give some farther insight into the customs and manners of this strange people. That of the Cathedral had for its principal figure a full-length statue, intended for the pope, dressed up in his robes of office; and at his feet, low crouched down, were three naked figures, all of equal size, having the faces of demons, their glistening, malicious eyes turned up to his holiness with a fearful scowl; but he did not appear to notice them, as he gazed towards heaven, and they were apparently ready to avert their looks the instant the attention of their most potent master was fixed upon them. In order to represent the extreme ease



with which his holiness controlled three such savage-looking wretches, there were attached to each of their thick necks a piece of slender riband, its end fastened to a feather, which was held in the pope's hand; thus leading at his will these representatives of Calvin, Luther, and Arius, and whose names appeared written underneath—certainly not for the benefit of their own stupid population, a sixteenth part of whom cannot read at all!

St. Peter was also here with his keys of office, and the scriptural sentence from which he draws his claim to their possession written in letters of silver under his feet. In a wing at the side of the altar was an odd representation of Nebuchadnezzar under sentence of expulsion from his fellows; while all of him that could be seen was a long protruding tail, and a face like a monkey's, the rest of the body being swallowed up among moss, grass, and evergreens. Then there was the altar of the little church of "Egypto," or Egypt, which represented Moses and the plague of the frogs, but which bore more resemblance to sea-crabs than frogs. They were composed of pasteboard, and were represented climbing up bedposts, into dishes and water-tanks. A regularly set table was afforded for their accommodation! After the car with the Virgin came a body of infantry. The president was richly attired, as during the *Semana Santa*, in a general's coat, with smallclothes of drab-coloured cloth, silk stockings, and pumps; and looked extremely well.

All the officers, civil and military, are obliged to

attend these processions. Banners of various kinds are often borne by the first young men in the place, who solicit the honour. But now comes the mighty finale! Hear it, oh ye republicans, limited monarchists, and every lover of freedom throughout the world, and see that ye guard well your own happier shores from the like insult! This procession, arriving opposite the church of Santa Domingo, in the Calle Real, halted for a while, the troops completely lining both sides of the street; and here the national standard of the republic of New Grenada was, in all due form and ceremony, prostrated on the ground at the feet of the archbishop, who, in presence of the whole assembled citizens of Bogotá, the chief of the nation, ministers of state, canons of the church, with the host elevated, and all the priesthood chanting their loudest, trampled over it! He then blessed it, and returned it to its proper officer!

Upon Sunday, the 19th of this same month, there was held a great "fiesta" at the church of "Our Mother of Snows;" when maskers again made part of the procession, the best among whom was a "John Bull," and one or two old women. The fellow who represented his Satanic majesty created no small degree of merriment by his use of a pair of old knee-breeches. The most interesting thing in the whole procession was the sight of two little girls, about the ages of seven and eight, who bore along the "Ark of the Covenant." Such beautiful and artless faces suited well the station. The out-door altars,

which were on this day erected around this church, were truly bungling affairs; some of them contained daubs by native artists of Paul's journey to Damascus, &c. Beautiful young girls, most richly and appropriately robed, represented the pope, King David, Pharaoh's daughter, and the Virgin, &c.

All Saints' Day, too, creates a great stir among these people, masses of whom pour along towards the two churchyards on the skirts of the town; the first and best laid out of which, and where the richer sort bury, is close to the Protestant one, and is strongly walled in. The other lies out by the San Victorina, enclosed by a low mud wall, and presenting an appearance the very opposite to that of a "Père la Chaise." I know it matters but little what place the body occupies after the spirit that animated it has taken its flight; but if surviving Christian friends think it going too far to deck the tomb in all the pomp and pride of "sculptured urn or animated bust," in places where pleasant avenues and delicious odours form a haunt of fairy mould, tempt the mourner to linger out a portion of each day by the spot which contains the sad remains of the dear departed one, surely, on the other hand, an absence of all order, and decency, and attention to the proper disposal of the remains of the nearest of friends, while it argues a want of refinement of character, goes not a little way to reclothe the grave with many of those feelings of horror and disgust which Christianity, through her exalting, purifying, and ennobling

influences, as well externally as otherwise, had banished from the heart of man by beautifully hallowing this, the body's last resting-place.

It was to the last-mentioned of these two churchyards, then, that some friends conducted me. The relatives of those who lie in the richer ground have masses said at the churches for the repose of their souls; but with those in this one it is different. True, a great general mass, which is paid for by public contributions, is said this day in the Cathedral, but this is not considered so beneficial to the sufferer in purgatory as if said for him in particular, even though it be but a single prayer muttered above the grave by a simple friar. We entered the churchyard from a field adjoining the Camino Real, passing through a low gateway crowded by people, who, with uncovered heads, were listening attentively to a priest of San Diego, as he chanted forth some Latin passages. We passed on and stood within the walls, for you can say no more of a plain field where not a single headstone was visible, and scarcely the little wooden cross which pious catholics in every other country still find means to plant at the head of the departed. I looked for the green grass mound which at least should have marked the burial-places, but not one was to be seen.

The only thing which showed it to be a "place of graves," was the loosened earth and stones which told each spot where lay the mouldering remains; while quantities of human bones and skulls were scattered

about, and we saw an ugly cur licking and snuffing at one of these last!

The graves of such as had been dead only a few months were easily recognised by friends, but not so those of older dates, as we observed more than once considerable indecision evinced by parties in pointing out the particular spot, while the friar's impatience to have them come to a conclusion, that he might finish his short prayer and be in readiness for a new set of customers, was ridiculous enough. The price paid by these poor people for each mass could not have been much; but I believe that, until some fixed sum had been deposited, the mass could not proceed, as we overheard a man and two females earnestly imploring some acquaintance or friend in the crowd of lookers on to give them three cuartillos, (fourpence-halfpenny,) to make up what was still lacking of the ghostly shriver's demand. The crowd was immense, while the thoroughfare to it was thronged for nearly the whole day.

As we regained the field beyond the walls, we saw two friars dividing a small lot of silver, and chuckling away as they indulged in some seemingly amusing colloquy.

*Steuart's "Residence in Bogotá."*

## VISIT TO A HAREEM IN CAIRO.

HAVING valuable letters of introduction to the princes of the land, we were invited to the principal hareems—the marble halls literally. Upon the first visit, we were not expected, and therefore saw the inmates without any previous preparation. A message was sent to the "*Sitty Gabeer*," (I write from ear, not knowledge,) or chief lady, that Frank ladies were coming to visit them. A eunuch *unlocked* the massive door, holding up the veil which hangs before it, and ushered us into a court surrounded by walls one could hardly see the top of. At the door of the house the chief lady, with a troop of damsels, waited to receive us—a mark of high honour—saluted us by touching our hands and snatching theirs away quickly, intimating, by way of compliment, their unworthiness; then touching, with the tips of their fingers, their own heart, token of love; and their forehead, token of great respect. The slaves (women of course) touched the ground with their right hand, and then the head. The chief lady then took me by the hand and led me up marble stairs, slaves holding up our dresses, and we came into an immense chamber, I should think one hundred feet long, the flooring of veined marble; the walls painted in the Byzantine style, with domed ceilings; immense windows, occupying generally a whole side and

sometimes two sides of the room, looking into a garden, at the bottom of which is a lake, convenient for obstreperous beauties. The form of the large chamber is a cross,  $\circ \mid \frac{\circ}{\circ} \frac{\circ}{\circ} \frac{\circ}{\circ}$ , one part of the short portion of the cross being a large room without a door, curtains being used instead, the other a bay window, small rooms going off in the nooks and sides. The lady led me to the divan, ordered pipes and coffee: the former we put to our lips, and, after a little while, gave to the slaves, who waited about in groups. The coffee was presented with much grace, and in cups of the most costly kind, mounted in brilliants and delicately painted in enamel; sherbet, sweetmeats, in quick succession. After a little while, the daughter-in-law came in, wife of the chief lady's son; she was very little and rather plump, of a sallow complexion, not ugly, not pretty. Her gait was slow and like that of a goose—here the model of grace! Venus, whence was thy cestus? Her dress—trousers of the richest, brightest gold-colour satin, embroidered in a large scroll pattern in gold. The jacket of the same material, without embroidery, edged with a narrow black velvet; a shawl or scarf round the waist over the trousers; before and behind a long straight piece of silk or other material, like some part of the dress. People of rank allow the piece at the back to trail on the ground: slaves may not do so. The head-dress is marvellous! A red tarbooch, with an enormous quantity of dark blue tassel, the same sort of thing one sees worn by the Turks here, but the tassel six times as thick. Below this cap, nearer the forehead,

black ribbon or silk, or anything they choose, is bound round the head, on which jewels are placed; but no description can give an idea of this complicated head-gear. A little frizzy hair is left straggling on the forehead, and innumerable small plats hang down the back. All colours, even green, are used and mixed with the most determined contempt either for contrast or harmony; pale blue trousers, &c., and a pale green jacket for instance. Some jackets (it being winter, although the heat was frequently at 90°,) were made of cloth with stand-up collars like a coachman's. Black is a new fashion in the hareem; it is much prized, and they have a respect for it. When there are entertainments given, it is the highest fashion to deck the slaves in jewels, the ladies being dressed, by comparison, very plainly, affecting, besides, European fashions in their materials and furniture. We had no interpreter, not expecting to be so unhesitatingly admitted. We made signs and laughed a good deal. At length a black slave was brought in, a very fine woman, who spoke a sort of *Lingua Franca*, a most abominable jargon; it served to convey a little of our meaning to each other. I asked how all the ladies employed themselves; the answer was, "they studied the graces to please." All wore white cotton stockings and common red slippers, which they dropped at the doorway of the room or on drawing up their feet on the divan. We took leave, and were escorted down stairs by a troop of slaves. All were slaves but the two ladies alluded to, and no slave can sit down in the presence of a wife



without her permission. We were, a short time after, invited to spend the day there, and desired, if we could, to bring a dragoman (lady.) They wanted us to go, only fancy, at seven in the morning; at last we got the sentence commuted to eleven. A carriage and four was sent to us with memloukes and runners, as you know, with a whip to make the people, &c. get out of the way. What a rate we went at through the few streets wide enough for a carriage! I don't think I have once hinted that what I am relating occurred at Cairo. Everything was upset that was not taken out of the way. The people gaped in utter amazement at a Pacha's carriage filled with four shameless, unveiled Christian women, driven by one of the Faithful. Again the sacred veil was raised to welcome Christian women, in a land, too, where a few years since a Christian's life was not safe. We were welcomed as their most honoured friends. This time, many met us in the court, and the great lady on the step of the door. On the first visit, to whichever room we went, a eunuch followed us, and stood at the doorway: this time, after we were admitted, he did not appear, except once with a message. They could not have supposed either of us to have been a man, yet I think it was caution in some way or other. Pipes and coffee, sherbet, sweetmeats, were handed at short intervals. We had three ladies to interpret, Italian, French, and English, and this time we got on famously. Then dinner. In the middle of the room, where dinner was to be taken, was spread at the time only, a small carpet worked

in splendid colours and gold. On this was placed the table, and this house being of the highest fashion, we had French chairs of crimson velvet and gold. The table was for ten, *of silver*; no table cloth, of course. In the middle was a small dish-frame, about two inches above the level of the table; around this, two rows of cut-glass dishes, about six inches long, and oval, containing salads of various sorts, pickles, hard eggs sliced in oils, preserves, &c. At the edge, opposite each guest, a large roll, an ivory spoon, and a gold spoon, one for sweets, the other for soups or anything savoury. On entering the room, slaves present basins and jugs in silver, and soap for washing hands. On sitting down to table, large napkins, embroidered in gold and colours on cambric, are put into the lap. Soup begins the repast. The wife only dines, the slaves do not eat in the presence of their superiors. I suppose there were fifty in attendance, and others going in and out and standing at our backs talking to those at table. The lady then begins, and after tasting, says, "Eat in God's name." Each person eats from one place only in the dish. No plates, except to the child, who could not reach to the middle of the table. Solid things are pulled by main force. It was a little awkward at first, but I soon found it very easy and natural. The dinner was a merciful dinner, being only about thirty dishes—fifty is a common number. The lady, as a compliment, frequently gives a nice bit with her own hand. You are bound to eat this, if you choke, generally; but here, this rule was not attended to,

the lady knowing a little of European manners. There is no settled plan for dinner: meat, fish, or sweets, follow each other indiscriminately. The cooking very excellent, but rather rich, and I never spared the magnesia afterwards. A great deal of honey is used in the pastry, and rose-water and almonds in the cookery generally. On rising from the table, you sit down on chairs or *divans*, spreading napkins on the knees; the slaves, kneeling, pour rose-water while you thoroughly cleanse your hands, an operation very agreeable and needful. Coffee is then brought, and pipes after, if you like, and so on till you go. One thing disgusted me excessively. When we were in the court, surrounded by women and one of the chief ladies, the eunuch, who was about to open the door to let us out, smacked his whip, and shouted out for them to go in—they scrambled in as fast as they could (I think women are considered much in the same way as we consider dogs.) They made all sorts of complimentary speeches, such as “You are the roof of our house,” &c., and a large basket of bon-bons was given to the children on leaving, covered with a pale lilac silk handkerchief. They are children in their ideas, being devoid of all cultivation. They were delighted with some miniatures I took with me. We visited them several times, and on the occasion of our farewell visit, after the usual routine, the daughter-in-law waited for us at the door of the house, attended by slaves holding a large tray with coloured glass basins with covers, containing some sweet liquid and sweetmeats; this

was the parting cup—the last act of hospitality. They kissed us on both cheeks, and the daughter, who had taken a strong liking to Julia, threw her arms round her, embracing her tenderly, and weeping. She wanted sadly to detain her there, and asked her to be the other wife of her own husband, because she could love her. This lady appeared to have more soul than most of them, for when her husband bought a slave, she fell ill, and was expected to die. She was never so gay as the other inmates. Her greatest grief was the want of children; her rival had had several. There are duennas in the hareems to teach the inmates their duties, superintend, and keep them in order.

*Literary Gazette.*

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## THE BIRDS OF FLORIDA.

### THE CRANE.

THIS is the most stately bird inhabiting the United States; with head erect, he stands fully five feet. On a still evening, I have heard his deep guttural notes (in the woods) for three miles: he is armed more formidably than the eagle, and may be roused to all *his* fierceness. Yet the crane, when taken young and petted, becomes peaceable and quiet; flashes of the old spirit, however, that is lying dormant in him, will, if you have not studied his disposition, occasionally break forth. A child lives in instinctive dread of him, and I have seen some grown persons flinch from the bold step with which he will

approach, to peck at a metal button, or other glistening enormity about your person, that has captivated his fancy.

A pet crane I had in Florida was equally useful in keeping off children and cockroaches; he frightened the one, and devoured the other. He roamed at will over an enclosure of some four or five acres; managed occasionally to creep over the steps with his long legs, but in his mild way would be chirping about the entrance again for admittance towards evening; he would walk up to his moss bed for the night, drop *backward* on his knees as all birds do, and thus being a foot and a half nearer the ground, he would let his body fall forward, thrust his bill, foreshortened by a fold or two in his neck, under his wing, and go to sleep. The crows were this bird's annoyance; accustomed to have the grove of live oaks which he was in, all to themselves, they naturally swooped downward in their flight, to have a nearer view of the lofty stranger; and such was the crane's nature, that nothing flying could come thus near to him without causing him to straighten to the full height of his person, and but that his wings were clipped, I can imagine what glorious satisfaction it would have been to impale a dozen of them of a bright afternoon.

The bill of the crane is not more useful to him than it is formidable to his enemies: he has been known to thrust it through the thigh of a man; and I knew a case where a wounded crane, when lying on the ground, pierced with it the fleshy part of the

arm; it is about seven inches long, nearly straight, and pointed. With this he makes his nest, plumes and feeds himself, seizes every insect within reach,—and if you give him entrance to your room, overturns every light movable piece of clothing or paper, in an active search after cockroaches, or any creeping things that haunt such places.

Whenever I leaned my face down close to this bird, and looked him straight in the eye, he would meet mine, but there would be no interchange of friendly feelings between us; he looked into them as if they were delicious morsels that his instinct told him he must not meddle with.

Nature, for some wise purpose, has given the crane a voice louder than most birds of the woods. It is evident tones so deep and guttural could not be formed in his larynx; for his organs of voice there are but small and imperfect, and he never uses them except when young, and then only in a gentle chirp; besides, it is too shallow, and placed too near the exit of the air, to give those slow and long vibrations necessary for a deep bass tone. This tone is formed in his breast-bone, fourteen inches from his larynx; his trachea, or windpipe, reaches the lower edge of this bone, and then runs round within it in a deep circular groove, scooped out of the bone, until it has made a complete curve. In fact, the whole arrangement is as much like a small single curved hunting-horn, as anything to which it can be compared—it is the prototype of the horn. The air is propelled into it from the lungs of the bird exactly as a horn

would be filled from the mouth of an individual; and if we place the fingers in the trumpet-shaped extremity, to modulate the notes, we only imitate the contraction and expansion of the glottis of the whooping crane. This astonishing anatomical arrangement I have never seen noticed except in a brief note, or some casual remark, that evidently showed the author had very vague ideas of what he was writing about; a single glance at this musical instrument evolves the doctrine of the adaptation of nature to work its own ends more perfectly than a volume.

It has been a momentous matter of dispute with the ornithologists whether there are two species of the crane family, or only one representative of the class. I incline to there being but one heir to the honours. The bird I had was brown, born near Tampa Bay, in Florida, and caught by an Indian when only a week or two old. A she one was brought in at the same time with him, and I tried in vain, in looking at their plumage, to distinguish them apart; the Indian, after hooting at my ignorance, pointed out the slightest possible curve in the bill of the female, which he seemed to think any one but a white man would have noticed.

These birds fly at an immense height; they wheel around in circles, narrowing as they ascend, and utter their loud whooping cry, until they are lost to the view. When they are perfectly afloat on the atmosphere, their motion is powerful and regular: they rise slowly and with difficulty, and as they go up, the creaking of their quill feathers may be distinctly heard.

They are exceedingly wild, and can only be shot by stealing upon them; their flesh is coarse and dark, but such was the difficulty of procuring fresh meats in Florida, that the crane was considered quite a delicacy.

It must be to this bird, or one of the same family, that Izaak Walton alludes when he says, "Some affirm that any bait anointed with the marrow of the thigh-bone of an hern, is a great temptation to any fish:" any one who has occasion to use the long cylindrical bones of the crane will learn why. I have dissected the bird very carefully; and in breaking the bones of the leg to ascertain the thickness of their walls, I have been surprised to find the marrow of the most pungent and disgusting odour. The bird himself is remarkably cleanly in his habits, his long bill enabling him to keep his body free of vermin. I always had a tub of water in the hospital-yard for a pet crane which I kept for many months; he would step into it, and, kneeling down until his body was covered with the water, plume himself and ruffle his feathers, so that the water could reach his body.

#### THE MOCKING BIRD.

How shall I describe thee, most thoughtful of warblers? Shelley and Wilson have alone reached the fountain of thy inspiration, the first in the song to thy foreign friend, and listen to the song of the second:—"The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements; the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening and laying up lessons



from almost every species of the feathered creation, within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add, that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the wood thrush, to the savage scream of the bald eagle; in measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals; in force and sweetness of expression, he greatly improves upon them. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy—he mounts or descends as his song swells or dies away: and as my friend Mr. Barton has beautifully expressed it, ‘he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recal his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain.’”

But it is at night that the song of this bird is sweetest. In front of a rude and lonely hut, in which I lived for many months on the banks of the Santa Fé, was the lower part of the trunk of a large pine that had been cut down, lest in some windy hour it should demolish my dwelling, though it was a hundred feet off. On this firm eminence, every moon-lit night, this bird, with so blithe a spirit, took up his musical throne; he would commence when the moon arose, and sing the night hours away, until early dawn; no cessation to tune his notes, no intermission, no flagging of his indomitable spirit checked his harmony. I would awake towards reveille, but the first taps of the drum-beat had frightened him away, yet, still unwilling to cease, his last notes were heard when on wing for the woods; and in the

sultry nights of the South, when your rest is broken by the off-shoots of disease preying on your system, but to which you do not wholly succumb; by the sting and buzz of mosquitoes; the howling of wolves; the hooting of owls, and the thousand and one annoyances that make night hideous in a southern wilderness; the impassioned song of this bird is heard victorious, like the sweet melody that is woven into all the wails of life. How often has that bird been my consolation when stretched on an uneasy bed and hay pillow! Often have I turned over to listen to him with both ears, that not a whisper of his notes should escape me, and then come to the conclusion that that last effort was too soul-inspiring for repetition; he had exhausted himself there; nature could go no further; his physical powers surely would flag after that, if his mental ones did not: but no! he was apparently merely at the overture—he was elaborating and suggesting to you what was to come. But his time and measure were all his own, his song was a romance, his accents could not be written (unlike all other birds); his notes were as uncertain as an Æolian harp's; his next might be grave, or gay—time only could tell. I have heard Rubini, with his head thrown far back, in a whispered falsetto note, when the house was still, sometimes approach the *timbre* of this bird, but the effort was great—it lasted but for an instant, and I trembled for his *arytenoids*. I never had the like fears in the many hours I have listened to the solos of this favourite; *he* always seemed to be singing

that he might afterwards have rest; his notes were rolled out in such lavish profusion that they seemed struggling which should first have utterance.

Mocking birds are found over all Florida in great numbers; I have observed, however, that they were always most abundant about the camp, or in the neighbourhood of men. They seem to like an open place in the woods, or some position where they can see everything around them; and generally sing seated on the topmost twig of a tree, or on the upper splinter of some pine or cypress that has been broken by the winds or lightning. Here they will imitate every bird's note that is going on within hearing, or that they have heard for the week preceding; and I have often interrupted a merry fellow when in full glow in this position, with *my* imitation; he would stop instantly, turn round the side of his head towards the ground, and listen; but whether in astonishment or admiration I cannot say; he never would follow me, however, having evidently determined that all my notes were shams.

How the Indians inspire birds with so much faith, and thus so effectually tame them, I cannot determine. A mocking bird will hop about an Indian lodge, or fly among the neighbouring trees or through the encampment, and yet alight on its mistress's shoulder or hand at her call; not a feather in its wing cut, and ignorant of that prison, a cage. It is the same with other birds; the crane, a wild, distant bird, will skim over the ground, half flying, half running, with the speed of a horse, after his

master; there is some latent chord of congeniality between the two.

#### THE HERON.

It is amusing to see the heron catching fish. He wades in water about a foot deep, on shoals, or by the marshy banks of rivers; his long and little neck, and the indefinite length of his legs, in the medium he is in, singularly contrasting with the smallness of his body. He scarcely ever rests on both feet; one is being slowly and silently drawn out of the water, in walking stealthily forwards in quest of fish, or he is resting on the other, with its fellow dragging behind, and giving his undivided attention to some prey that he discovers ahead. In this position he will remain for some minutes, as still as if life had left him; suddenly, however, a lucky frisk of a fish's tail has brought him within reach—the long neck of the heron is darted into the water with great quickness, and on emerging a fish is seen flapping with his head and tail in the bill of the bird. He is grasped beyond relief, however: a few turnings bring him lengthwise into the throat of the heron, down which (invariably head foremost) he disappears. The heron takes another cautious step or two forward, and the same process is repeated from the beginning.

#### THE WILD TURKEY.

Wild turkeys are the most useful of the birds of Florida. They are found in large flocks near the margins of hummocks not often visited, and do not wander far into the pine barren, for, unable to sus-

tain any great length of flight, their retreat would be cut off; but their feebleness on the wing is well atoned for by the speed with which they run. In the barrens, where a horse sinks some distance into the sand at every plunge, the turkey will outstrip him at his utmost speed in a fair race; but he has not much bottom, and in the course of a mile will become so wearied as to be compelled to fly up and alight on a tree. This, however, seldom happens; for if, in an unknown part of the woods, you meet with a flock of turkeys, you can always learn the course of a hummock from you, for in that direction they will certainly run,—and unless you are on horseback, and have a dog, it is useless offering chase, for they will persevere in the foot race, a hundred yards ahead of you, until they reach their retreat.

It requires a very expert hunter to surprise one of these birds. If you are a novice, the first intimation you will have of their presence will be the sight of a flock as far off as the eye can reach through the ranges of the pines, running with full speed to their retreat. One of the best ways of taking the turkey is by answering the call of the hens. In the stillness of the Florida woods, this call may be heard a mile off. A moment or two after it is heard, the hunter answers it by the lips, or by inhaling the breath strongly, through the hollow wing bone of a turkey or crane. The bird and the hunter both advance, answering each other alternately. When the distance between the two is such that the bird ought to be in sight, the hunter halts behind a tree

or stump. Foremost of the number comes the cock, with a strut even more consequential than his domestic namesake. The call must be exact, or the bird will detect the slightest harshness of sound. I remember on one occasion, when with a good hunter, this fault cost us a fine bird or two. The flock had been called up within a long rifle-shot, when the call, from haste or some fault, uttered a false note, and instantly the whole flock took to flight, as they do when suddenly alarmed.

#### THE PELICAN.

“*Credat Judæus.*”—I once dissected a pelican! I claim that sacrifice on the altar of ornithology. It was not I, however, who

“Laid full low  
The harmless albatross.”

That deed was done by one of the most amiable of the disciples of Audubon. I only bore a scalpel at the anatomising, and the labour (to my friend) was one of love. The scene was not unworthy the act: it was on the deck of a small sail, becalmed in the middle of a June day, on the silent waters of Tampa. We had been secretly drifting for a half-hour, towards a buoy at the edge of the channel, on which sat the gentle bird. His long duplicature of neck was folded at rest along his back, and his bill comfortably lay along the length of it. His head and its appendages were too heavy to bear aloft; and in this manner, according to his wont, he had comfortably cushioned them. The cosiness of his position, and an indefinable rapture there was about

his repose, would have moved a heart of stone; but he had to deal with an ornithologist. I pleaded hard for him; but his skin was wanted for some stuffed collection in the North, and he fell. He never once struggled while in the water, but quietly turned on his back and floated. The ball (a very minute bird-shot) had entered the right orbit, ranged along the anterior commissure of the cerebrum, and lodged in the cerebellum.

My friend fortunately carried one of those useful knives which are only to be found in the pockets of naturalists and those who live much among horses, combining within itself the properties of knife, saw, gimlet, pincers—in fact, a whole chest of carpenter's tools, properly abridged and condensed into a small pocket duodecimo edition. With this we gently divided his feathers, coat, and cuticle; peeled off the cutis vera from its attachments to the muscular system; put beads into his eyes; sprinkled arsenic on the outer vesture of his form; distended him with cotton, and he was fit for a glass case.

I cannot make the beautiful mechanism of the pelican intelligible to you, nor say how well all the subtle structures of his body are adapted to his habits of life. I made a long examination into his corporeal system, and took notes thereon; but they were as heavy as a Bridgewater Treatise, and I intend them for some philosophical society.

This bird is the personification of pets. He becomes as tame as a dog. He is destitute of tricks, but has a sober strut and a serious air of consequence and dignity about him that make him the delight of

his friends, and the admiration of all beholders. There was a tame male of the species, whose name was Jack, at the post at Tampa Bay, and he still lives, doubtless, in the memory of its inhabitants. Jack's master was Hospital Steward; and his quarters were, of course, among the sick. Unless regaled with a mullet in the morning, he would fly out on the bay to fish, and generally be absent until sunset; he would then swoop along, grazing the fences and roofs of the houses, and dipping down again to within four or five feet from the ground, and alight for the night, on the hospital porch. Here he would plume himself, crouch down, and rest his long bill, of the length of his body, on his back, beneath his wing. This was his sleeping posture; and when he had everything comfortably arranged for the night, nothing could tempt him to change his position. You might approach him, or tease him, or pat his sides or head, or tempt him with fish; but he would never move. With his eyes as clear and placid as an infant's, he would follow every motion you made; but he knew his popularity too well to give himself any further trouble concerning you. Of course he was a prime favourite with the soldiers, often flying up to see them at their quarters, and taking his chance with the crows at anything fishy that fell from the company kitchens. Jack's visits were pretty regular, however, and as he showed an unbounded faith in his friends, they did not forget him. A fresh mullet was his failing: he always remembered the house where he got one, and at some unsuspecting hour would flutter himself again under



the porch, with a flapping that aroused the whole household; but he was gentle in his manners, and would not intrude a second time where he found he was an unwelcome guest. His pouch was capacious and very dilatable, running round the lower rim of his under bill, and corrugated up when he was at rest, so as scarcely to be seen; but he would peck at you when coming near him, and it would then fall down for a few inches. His bill was about eleven inches long; and, owing to this great length and the smallness of his head, it possessed very little power. In fact, I know no bird more poorly off than the pelican in this respect; but his immense size and unruffled good nature guard him equally from offensive and defensive operations. I have seen a man, bending his arm at the elbow, thrust the whole of it, to the shoulder, into Jack's pouch. He was fed by opening his bill, and pitching a mullet fish a foot and a half in length, and two or three pounds in weight, into this receptacle. Everything would be distended to its utmost for fifteen minutes, when the slow process of swallowing and digestion would commence; but, as in the case of the larger species of serpents, the part first swallowed would be acted upon by the gastric juice, whilst the other part remained sound, not yet having reached its destination. The pouch seems to be adapted, not for carrying fish, but for keeping them, until the parts are sufficiently dilated to admit of their passage to the stomach.

I could not possibly undertake to say whether the pelican suckles her young with the blood from her own breast or not. I have seen some old pictures in which

she was represented in that act. After all, it may have only signified the self-denying kindness of a mother, who, among birds not less than with human beings, begs herself to help her offspring. I consider that the fact is as certain, however, as the rising of the phoenix from his ashes, or the like doings of other strange fowl. On this point, read a very learned dissertation in Sir Thomas Browne's *Pseudoxia Epidemica*, vol. iii., book 5, chap. i., p. 87. Hear what the brave old Orlando says: "Shall a silly bird pick her own breast to nourish her own young ones, and can a father see his child starve? That were hard: the pelican does it, and shall not I?" The idea originated in the habit of the bird, when at rest, of picking or scratching his breast with the short hook he has at the end of the bill, with the head perfectly erect.

*"Sketches of American Life."*

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#### FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF BAHIA.

LANDING near the arsenal, I passed into the lower town, which is composed of a single narrow street, running parallel to the water's edge.

Along this Rua da Praya are located all the more important commercial houses. Here is the alfandago, through which all foreign goods must enter; also the consulada, through which all home productions must pass, preliminary to exportation. Some of the trapixches (warehouses) near by are of immense extent, and said to be among the largest in the world.

Around the landing-places cluster hundreds of

canoes, launches, and various other small craft, discharging their loads of fruit and produce.

On one part of the Praya is a wide opening, which is used as a market-place. Near this a modern building has been constructed for an exchange. The merchants, however, make little use of it, preferring a very indifferent room, in which they have long been accustomed to meet.

This lower town is not calculated to make a favourable impression on the stranger. The buildings are old, although generally of a cheerful exterior. The street is very narrow, uneven, and wretchedly paved; besides, the gutter passes directly through the middle, rendering it unavoidably filthy. At the same time it is crowded with pedlars and carriers of every description. You here learn one peculiarity of the city of Bahia. Owing to the irregularities of its surface, and the steepness of the ascent which separates the upper town from the lower, it does not admit of the use of wheel carriages. Not even a cart or truck is to be seen for the purpose of removing burdens from one place to another. Whatever requires change of place in all the commerce and ordinary business of this seaport, and it is second in size and importance to but one other in South America, must pass on the heads and shoulders of men. Burdens here are more frequently carried upon the shoulders, since the principal exports from the city being sugar in cases, and cotton in bales, it is impossible they could be carried on the head like bags of coffee.

Immense numbers of tall athletic negroes are seen

moving in pairs or in gangs of four, six, or eight, with their loads suspended between them on heavy poles. Numbers more of their fellows are seen sitting upon their poles, braiding straw, or lying about the alleys and corners of the streets, asleep, reminding one of the black snakes coiled up in the sunshine. The sleepers generally have some sentinel, ready to call them when they are wanted for business, and at the given signal they rouse up like the elephant to his burden. Like the coffee-carriers of Rio, they often sing and shout as they go, but their gait is necessarily slow and measured, resembling a dead march rather than the double-quick step of their Fluminensian colleagues. Another class of negroes are devoted to carrying passengers in a species of sedan-chair, called cadeiras.

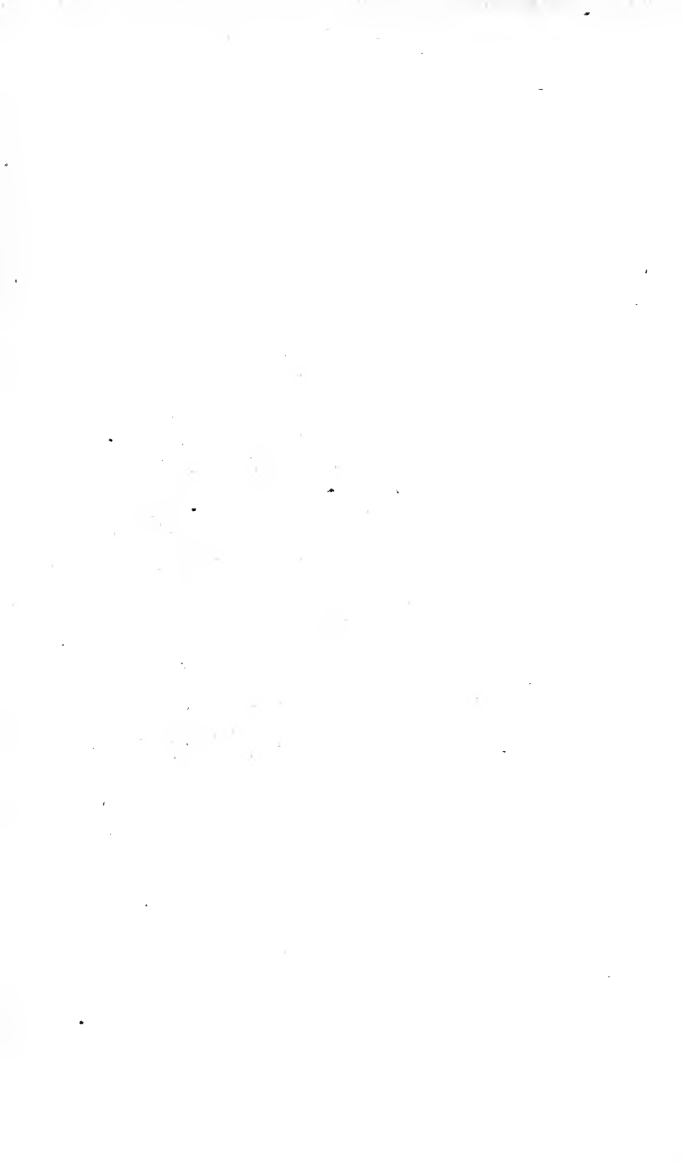
It is, indeed, a toilsome and often a dangerous task, for white persons to ascend on foot the bluffs on which stands the *cidade alta*, particularly when the powerful rays of the sun are pouring, without mitigation, upon their heads. No omnibus or cab, or even *sege*, can be found to do him service. Suited to this state of things, he finds, near every corner or place of public resort, a long row of curtained cadeiras, the bearers of which, hat in hand, crowd around him with all the eagerness, though not with the impudence of carriage-drivers in New York, saying, "*Quer cadeira, senhor?*" "Will you have a chair, sir?" When he has made his selection, and seated himself to his liking, the bearers elevate their load, and march along, apparently as much pleased with the opportunity of carrying a passenger as he is with the chance of being carried. To keep a cadeira







Negro Carriers of Brazil.





or two, and negroes to bear them, is as necessary for a family in Bahia as the keeping of carriages and horses elsewhere. The livery of the carriers, and the expensiveness of the curtaining and ornaments of the cadeira, indicate the rank and style which the family maintains.

Some of the streets between the upper and lower towns wind by a zig-zag course along ravines; others slant across an almost perpendicular bluff, to avoid as much as possible its steepness. Nor is the surface level when you have ascended to the summit. Not even Rome can boast of so many hills as are here clustered together, forming the site of Bahia. Its extent between its extreme limits, Rio Vermelho and Montserat, is about six miles. The city is nowhere wide, and for the most part is composed of only one or two principal streets; the direction of these changes with the various curves and angles necessary to preserve the summit of the promontory. Frequent openings between the houses built along the summit exhibit the most picturesque views of the bay on the one hand, and of the country on the other. The aspect of the city is antique. Great sums have been expended in the construction of its pavements, but more with a view to preserve the streets from injury by rains than to furnish roads for any kind of carriages. Here and there may be seen an ancient fountain of stonework, placed in a valley of greater or less depth, to serve as a rendezvous for some stream that trickles down the hill above; but there is nowhere any important aqueduct.

*“ Sketches of a Residence in Brazil.”*

## THE BRIGANDS OF SPAIN.

THERE is no country of Europe where violent crimes are of more frequent occurrence than they are in Spain; it has been established that there are forty times more murders committed in that country than in France, and twenty-seven times more than in England. The whole land is a prey to bands of robbers, who openly scour the roads, levy imposts from the villages, stop the diligences, rob and maltreat the passengers. The authorities make scarcely any attempt to check this system or to arrest the robbers, who, on their part, are very active in their movements, and perfectly well informed of all that is going on in connexion with their business. They know who are the capitalists and rich traders of all the towns, and ascertain with the closest accuracy what their operations are; whether they are going to send goods or money, when and how, by whom, and the exact amount. Some time ago, the courier of one of the embassies was stopped a stage out of Madrid: the robbers knew the precise sum he had received for his journey, how much he had paid for the first stage, and demanded from him the balance to a real. The brigands have an organization of their own—their administrative and their executive. The bands are composed variously of fifteen, thirty, or fifty men. The chiefs enter into regular treaties with the coach-contractors, muleteers, carriers, and with the leading commercial houses,

from whom they levy black mail. They possess the most exact information as to every commercial movement, general and particular; for in order to protect their own interests, they keep agents, or Inspectors of Finance, as it were, who in all the principal inns on the main roads take notes of the number of passengers, the extent of goods, &c. by each diligence, and afterwards collect their toll accordingly at so much per head, and so much per cwt., or *ad valorem*, according to circumstances. The *mayorals*, or conductors, treat these Inspectors with the utmost deference, and always invite them to dinner or supper with the company. This is the regular system, long established, on the road between Malaga and Grenada, and there is every reason to believe it exists also on the road between Madrid and Bayonne; for we never, on that line, hear of a diligence being stopped, whereas scarcely a week passes in which foreign couriers and the mail are not robbed.

Travellers seldom think of defending themselves, but merely of losing as little as possible, to which end it is the regular practice to carry no more money about you than is absolutely required for the journey, and further, an amount of spurious coin—of which there is an enormous manufacture in Spain—to pass off, if possible, upon your assailants, for unless you have a certain sum about you, the great chance is that you will be assassinated, or, at the very least, soundly beaten. Resistance would be useless; the brigands have always exact information of the number of travellers, their quality, and the weapons they may have about them, and take measures accordingly. If

they apprehend any resistance, they delay their attack until the party have reached some solitary spot among the mountains, and they then fire from under cover upon horses, postilions, and passengers, until they have cleared off as many as they can; they then dash in, massacre the rest with their knives, and, after stripping the carriages, burn them and the dead passengers together. These cases, however, are rare. The administration of justice by the robbers among themselves is very expeditious, but it is always accompanied with strict formalities. The chiefs are not absolute in their power. There is in each band a counsel of elders, by whom the captain himself is, upon adequate misconduct, condemned to death and executed. In their code of laws is one article which they religiously observe; it is, to respect the life and property of any person in whose house any of their members may have found refuge. Not long since the Count N——, a rich, landed proprietor of Andalusia, who had acquired this privilege, happened to displease, somehow or other, a member of the band which had thus extended to him its protection. In a moment of anger the bandit fired at the Count, but missed him. The man's comrades, however, immediately formed a council of war, condemned him to be shot, and shot him, giving him five minutes in which to make his peace with Heaven—for these gentlemen are very scrupulous in their observance of what they deem their religious duties.

Throughout Spain, and more especially in the southern provinces, you see an infinitude of crosses

standing by the way side, amid the fields, on the banks of rivers, in the gorges of the mountains, everywhere. Each of these crosses indicates a murder committed on the spot. They are of wood or stone, raised generally by the authorities of the place, or by the families of the victims, but not unfrequently by the assassins themselves, as a mark of repentance and supposed expiation. I nowhere saw a greater number of these sad memorials than on the route from Seville to Cordova.

The mass of the population, collected in the towns and large villages, leave the open country altogether at the mercy of these formidable bands, who employ flames as well as the knife to intimidate the farmers or to punish an informer. Should an inquiry be made into one of these outrages, the farm servants, though eye-witnesses of the crimes committed, and perfectly acquainted with the names and persons of the perpetrators, remain perfectly silent, or swear they neither saw nor heard anything: even the administrators of justice themselves fear to push the investigation beyond the formal necessity of the case, lest their zeal—as it certainly would—should involve their own destruction.

The great landed proprietors, instead of leaguering together to exterminate these pests, disgracefully submit to pay them a tribute, and are even, in no unfrequent instances, their secret accomplices, giving them notice of approaching danger, and affording them refuge, should the danger come upon them. The pecuniary sacrifices which these proprietors make

in one way or another, to conciliate the brigands, would, well employed, suffice to exterminate them; but there is no energy for such a purpose. I have understood, on good authority, that the gamekeepers in the employment of gentlemen and of parishes are almost universally robbers by profession—*rateros*, as they are called, or plunderers of stray travellers; these *rateros*, however, are scouted by the *caballistas*, who constitute the aristocracy among the brigands, and who rob on the most gentlemanly principles, never depriving men of their knives or their cigars, and always giving them back a few pieces to carry them on their way—nay, sometimes holding the stirrup as they remount their horses; and as for the women, treating them with the most respectful gallantry.

The more daring brigands, those who have committed the greatest amount of crime, generally manage to attain impunity, either by the fear they inspire, or by the money which they distribute from time to time among the officers of justice. When they have saved a fortune, they sometimes obtain their pardon on retiring from the profession, and employ themselves in the detection and extermination of their old comrades.

Those who are arrested and condemned to prison immediately become the objects of public sympathy and charity; after a while, the gaoler lets them out on parole, and you see whole parties of them lounging about, or stretched before the prison gates on mats, laughing, smoking, with jests for all the men who pass,

and compliments—very fine ones, too—for the women. The population of Spain regards a condemnation for robbery or murder as no sort of reflection upon a man; a *presidario* (returned convict) is joyfully received in his village, as a friend whom circumstances have kept absent, not as an enemy to society; public opinion, so far from being against him, is decidedly all the more in his favour. The *caballista valiente*, with his fine Andalusian jacket, is almost always the hero of the popular ballads. The pictures most in vogue at coffee-houses, inns, and even in private houses, are the portraits of noted bandits, gallantly accoutred. In the *Sainetes*, or popular dramas, the principal personages are invariably escaped convicts, bandits, smugglers, and gipsies.

*Tanski, "L'Espagne en 1844."*

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## INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

THE evening was far advanced when I returned homewards, my gun on my shoulder, greatly depressed with the circumstances of the day. Suddenly, I heard something whizzing over my head in the direction of the house-tops, and being at the moment altogether in that humour which gives one an irresistible tendency to kill something or other, I levelled my piece, fired, and a large vampire bat fell at my feet. The report of the discharge brought the neighbours out of their huts, and on seeing the creature, which was badly wounded, wriggling about, they all set up a hideous howl. It at once occurred to me that

the vampire bat is considered by the Indians a sacred animal, and I as speedily saw all the danger in which I had placed myself by arousing their fanatic indignation. Similar acts of supposed sacrilege have cost the lives of not a few Europeans, and I considered it extremely probable that, unless some fortunate circumstance presented itself, I should be added to the number of victims. There appeared before my mind's eye, on the instant, the whole scene of a tragical affair, which, only a short time before, had happened at Matra. Two officers, passing through that place, were assailed by an old monkey, and, in their annoyance, forgetting the respect paid in this country to these animals, instead of simply driving the brute away with a stick or stones, they shot him. There was an immediate uproar on the part of the inhabitants of the place, who furiously thronged round the two gentlemen, and it was only through the most energetic interposition of the local magistrate, who luckily happened to come up at the moment, they were able to reach the back of their elephant. Here, however, they were fiercely pursued by the natives with anathemas and—a much more serious matter—with large stones; and, having first been well battered, they were fain, in order to save themselves from being absolutely knocked off their quadruped, to order their Mahut to take to the Jumna and swim for it. The waters, however, were very high and very agitated, and ere they reached the opposite shore, elephant and riders were overthrown by the force of the waves, and drowned.



Two friends of my own, Colonels Combe and Black, had on another occasion, by a similar catastrophe, shown how dangerous a thing it is to excite the superstitious indignation of the mob. The same destiny now seemed imminent upon myself; but he who goes wandering amid strange populations, in strange countries, must make up his mind to the occurrence of such contingencies, and be prepared for death in any one of its many forms. I had, accordingly, on my way out from Europe, and since, gradually steeled myself against fear, and at this moment my only sensation was a sort of annoyance at the unluckiness of the affair, and a determination to stave off the catastrophe as long as I could. This seemed a work of labour, for the people got closer and closer around me, with menacing voices and gestures, one of them holding up to me the wounded vampire, whose painful, unearthly cry sounded above the human chorus; at last I managed to get under cover of a doorway, and here I for a time kept off the assailants with my gun, which I used pretty freely upon the foremost crowd. After a quarter of an hour's struggle in this way, I was infinitely relieved in my mind by the approach of some of the thanadur's people, who, I concluded, were coming to my rescue, but on their arrival, they, too, when they heard of the crime I had committed, shared in the general indignation, and, whether from this feeling, or because they thought themselves not in force to make a sufficient resistance, they almost immediately turned on the heel and withdrew, leaving me to my fate,

about which there now seemed no question. The outcry grew louder and louder—the menaces more and more fierce. Luckily, there were no stones at hand with which to assail me, and my gun was a formidable antagonist. I was gradually becoming, however, from sheer weakness, unable any longer to make use of this weapon, when darkness, at length, entirely covered us. Taking advantage of this circumstance, which removed the *casus belli* from the absolute observation of my assailants, and knowing the characteristic vacillation of the Indian mind, I set to work upon a most pathetic harangue, in which I attributed the lamentable occurrence, which had so justly aroused their indignation, to an entire accident, assured them of my great respect for vampires in general, and promised full amendment of life for the future. Their hearts melted at my oration, and after a while, to my great gratification, they withdrew, and I hurried off, as fast as I could go, to my tent.

Hugel. "*Voyage en Kashmir.*"

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#### INGENUITY OF CHINESE WORKMEN.

MANY of the common manipulations of Chinese workmen afford good examples of their ingenious modes of attaining the same end which is elsewhere reached by other machinery. For instance, the baker places his fire on a large iron plate worked by a crane, and swings it over a shallow pan embedded in masonry, in which the cakes and pastry are laid, and

soon baked. The price of fuel compels its economical use wherever it is employed, of which the mode of burning shells to lime affords a good example. A low wall is built around a space ten or twelve feet across, in the middle of which is a hole communicating underneath the wall by a passage with an opening, where the fire is urged by means of a fan turned by the feet. The wood is loosely laid over the bottom of the area, and the fire kindled at the orifice in the centre, and fanned into a blaze as the shells are rapidly thrown in until the wall is filled up; in twelve hours the shells are calcined. Towards evening, the villagers collect around the burning pile, bringing their kettles of rice or vegetables to cook in the flames, thereby saving themselves the expense of fuel. The good humour manifested by these groups of old and young is a pleasing instance of the sociability and equality witnessed among the lower classes of Chinese. The lime is taken out next morning, and after sifting is ready for the mason.

Handicraftsmen of every name are content with coarse-looking tools, compared with those turned out at Sheffield, but the work some of them produce is far from contemptible. The bench of a carpenter is a low, narrow, inclined form, like a drawing-knife frame, upon which he sits to plane, groove, and work his boards, using his feet and toes to steady them. His augurs, bits, and gimlets, are worked with a bow, but most of the edge-tools employed by him and the blacksmith, though similar in shape, are less convenient than our own. They are sharpened with

hones or grindstones, and also with a cold steel tool resembling a spoke-shave, with which the edge is scraped thin. The economy of Chinese workmen has often been noticed by voyagers, and among them all the travelling blacksmith takes the palm for his compendious establishment:—"I saw a blacksmith," writes one observer, "a few days since, mending a pan, the arrangement of whose tools was singularly compact. His fire was held in an iron basin, not unlike a coal-scuttle in shape, in the back-corner of which the mouth-piece of the bellows entered. The anvil was a small square mass of iron not very unlike our own, placed on a block, and a partition basket close by held the charcoal and tools, with the old iron and other rubbish he carried. The water to temper his iron was in an earthen pot, which, just at this time, was most usefully employed in boiling his dinner over the forge fire. After he had done the job, he took off his dinner, threw the water on the fire, picked out the coals and put them back into the basket, threw away the ashes, set the anvil astride of the bellows, and laying the fire-pan on the basket, slung the bellows on one end of his pole, and the basket on the other, and walked off." The mode of mending holes in cast-iron pans here noticed is a peculiar operation. The smith first files the lips of the hole clean, and after heating the dish, firmly places it on a tile covered with wet felt. He then pours the liquid iron, fused in a crucible by the assistance of a flux, upon the hole, and immediately patters it down with a dossil of felt, until it covers the edges of the pan

above and below, and is then, while cooling, hammered until firmly fixed in its place. The great number of craftsmen who ply their vocation in the streets has already been mentioned, each of whom has a peculiar call. The barber twangs a sort of long tuning-fork, the pedler twirls a hand-drum with clappers strung on each side, the refuse-buyer strikes a little gong, the fruiterer claps two bamboo sticks, and the fortune-teller tinkles a gong-bell; these, with the vociferous cries of beggars, hucksters, &c., fill the streets with a concert of strange and discordant sounds.

The delicate carving of Chinese workmen is well known, and has often been described; many specimens of it are annually sent abroad. Few products of their skill are more remarkable than the balls, containing ten or twelve spheres cut out one within another. The manner of cutting them is simple. A piece of ivory or wood is first made perfectly globular, and then several conical holes are bored into it in such a manner that their apices all meet at the centre, which is usually hollowed out an inch or less after the holes are bored. A long crooked tool is then inserted in one of the conical holes, so bent at the end and stoppered on the shaft that it cuts into the ivory at the same distance from the surface when its edge is applied to the insides of the cone. By successively cutting a little on the insides of each conical hole, their incisures meet, and a sphericle is at last detached, which is now turned over and its faces one after another brought opposite the largest hole, and

firmly secured by wedges in the other holes, while its surfaces are smoothed and carved. When the central sphere is done, a similar knife, somewhat larger, is again introduced into the holes, and another sphere detached and smoothed in the same way, and then another, until the whole are completed, each being polished and carved before the next outer one is commenced. It has been supposed by some that these curious toys were made of semispheres nicely luted together, and they have been boiled in oil for hours in order to separate them and solve the mystery of their construction.

Fans and card-cases are carved of wood, ivory, and mother-of-pearl in alto-relievo, with an elaborateness which shows the great skill and patience of the workman, and at the same time his bad taste in drawing, the figures, houses, trees, and other objects being grouped in violation of all propriety and perspective. Beautiful ornaments are made by carving roots of plants, branches, gnarled knots, &c., into fantastic groups of birds or animals, the artist taking advantage of the natural form of his material in the arrangement of his figures. Models of pagodas, boats, and houses are also entirely constructed of ivory, even to representing the ornamental roofs, the men working at the oar, and women looking from the balconies. Baskets of elegant shapes are woven from ivory splinths ; and the shopmen at Canton exhibit a variety of seals, paper-knives, chessmen, counters, combs, &c., exceeding in finish and delicacy the same kind of work found anywhere else in the world. The most

elaborate coat-of-arms, or complicated cypher, will also be imitated by these skilful carvers. The national taste prefers this style of carving on plain surfaces; it is seen on the walls of houses and granite slabs of fences, the woodwork of boats and shops, and on articles of furniture. Some of it is pretty, but the disproportion and cramped position of the figures detracts from its beauty.

The manufacture of mats for sails of junks and boats, floors, bedding, &c., employs thousands. A sail containing nearly 400 square feet can be obtained for a couple of pounds. The rolls are largely exported, and still more extensively used in the country for covering packages for shipment. A stouter kind made of bamboo splinths serves as a material for huts, and many other purposes that are elsewhere attained by boards or canvas. Rattans are also worked into mats, chairs, baskets, and other articles of domestic service. Several branches of manufacture have entirely grown up, or been much encouraged by the trade at Canton, among which the preparation of vermilion, beating gold leaf, cutting pearl buttons, weaving and painting fancy window blinds, and the preparation of sweetmeats, are the principal.

It has often been said that the Chinese are so averse to change and improvement, that they obstinately adhere to their own modes at all events; but such is not the case, though they are slow to change. Three new manufactures have been introduced during the present century—viz., that of glass, bronze-work, and Prussian blue. A Chinese sailor

introduced the manufacture of the latter, which he had learned thoroughly in London, from which the people now supply themselves. Bronze-work has lately been introduced, and watches and clocks are both extensively manufactured, with the exception of the springs. Fire-engines are made at Canton, and sent into the interior. Ships have been built on the European model in a few instances, but there is little encouragement for naval architecture, since native merchants can buy or freight foreign ships at a much cheaper rate than they can build them. Brass cannon were made during the war with England in imitation of pieces taken from a wreck, and the frames of one or two vessels to be worked with wheels by men at a crank, in imitation of steamers, were found on the stocks at Ningpo when the English took the place. The Chinese are not unwilling to adopt foreign improvements when they can see their way clear for a remuneration, but they have not the means, the science, or the inclination to risk many doubtful speculations or experiments. Moreover, it should be observed, that few have taken the trouble to explain or show them the improvements they are supposed to be so disinclined to adopt. Ploughs have been given the farmers near Shanghai, but they would not use them, which, however, may have been as much owing to the want of a proper harness, or a little instruction regarding its use, as to a dislike to take to a new article.

The general look of Chinese society, in an industrial point of view, is one of its most pleasing aspects.



The great body of the people are obliged to engage in manual labour in order to subsist, yet only a trifling proportion of them can be called beggars, while still fewer possess such a degree of wealth that they can live on their income. Property is safe enough to afford assurance to honest toil that it shall generally reap the reward of its labours; but if that toil prosper beyond the usual limits, the avarice of officials and the envy of neighbours easily find a multitude of contrivances to harass and impoverish the fortunate man, and the laws are not executed with such strictness as to deter them. Most of the people derive their subsistence directly from the soil, and such a community is less likely to present strong contrasts in a few very rich, and the mass abjectly poor, than an aristocratic or feudal state. The mechanical arts supply their wants, but having no better models before them, nor any scientific acquaintance with elementary principles and powers applicable to a great number of purposes, these arts have remained stationary. The abundance of labour must be employed, and its cheapness obviates the necessity of finding substitutes in machinery. Under the fostering care of a wise government, many contrivances for abbreviating it might be profitably introduced, such as saw-mills, flouring-mills, steamers, &c.; but a wise government needs an intelligent people to work upon and with, in order to a harmonious onward progress; and the adoption of even a few things from us might involve so many changes, that even those intelligent natives who saw their advantages would

hesitate in view of the momentous contingencies of a failure.

Imitation is a remarkable and well-known trait in the Chinese mind, though invention is not altogether wanting; and the former leads them to rest content with what they can get along with, even at some expense of time and waste of labour, where, too, an exhibition of ingenuity and science would perhaps be accompanied by suspicion, expense, or hindrances from both neighbours and rulers. The existence of the germ of so many arts and discoveries, whose development would have brought with them so many advantages, and led to still further discoveries, leads one to inquire the reason why they were not carried out. Setting aside the view, which may properly be taken, that the wonderful discoveries now made in the arts by Europeans form part of God's great plan for the redemption of the race, the want of mutual confidence, insecurity of property, and debasing effects of heathenism upon the intellect, will explain much of the apathy shown towards improvement. Invention among them has rather lacked encouragement than ceased to exist: more than that, it has been checked by a suspicious despotic sway, while no stimulus of necessity has existed to counterbalance and urge it forward; and it has been stunted by the mode and materials of education. It was not till religious liberty and discussion arose in Europe that the inhabitants began to improve in science and arts as well as morals and good government; and when the ennobling and expanding principles of the Bible

find their way into Chinese society and mind, it may reasonably be expected they will purify and enlarge it, and rapid advances be made in the comforts of this life, as well as in adopting the principles and exhibiting the conduct which prove a fitness for the enjoyments of the next.

“*The Middle Kingdom.*”

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#### VISIT TO THE HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.

WE left Chamouni, at eight o'clock in the morning, for Martigny, by way of the Col de Balme, from which point there is a glorious view of the vale of Chamouni and of Mont Blanc. After a fatiguing journey of nine hours, we reached Martigny, and enjoyed a sound night's sleep, in a tolerable inn. On the next morning, at six o'clock, we set off for the pass of the Great St. Bernard, about twenty-seven miles from Martigny. We had *chars-à-banc*, as far as Liddes, beyond which place mules are necessary. The people in this mountain district were a poor-looking race, undersized and *scrawny*. I observed fewer cases of *goitre* than in the other Alpine regions through which we had passed: the water is warmer, which may be, according to the common notion that the disease is caused by the use of the cold snow-water, the reason why it prevails less here. The countenances of most of the peasants that we saw, with or without *goitre*, in these wild passes, were heavy and unexpressive, and their movements desti-

tute of activity. Man, like the dumb animals, flourishes best on the rolling fields and fertile slopes, equidistant from Alpine regions on the one hand, and river deltas on the other. The bonnets of these Valais peasants were peculiar: low, small, and narrow-rimmed, with a broad, fanciful riband, gathered up so as to hide the crown from view.

At Liddes we stopped for refreshment. An hour and a half's rest satisfied us, but not our guides. After waiting some time, I found my patience fast oozing away, and stepped below to find out the cause of delay. There were the guides, our faithful Samuel, and several *loafers* of the neighbourhood, in high glee over a flagon of wine, and so happy that it seemed a pity to mar their enjoyment. Nevertheless, as they would not understand my gentle hints, I found it necessary to get into a passion, which soon called them to their feet; yet they did not wish to set out, and it was not until I shook my fist at the guide, and scolded Samuel more vehemently than I had yet found occasion to do, that they could be convinced I was in earnest. In a few minutes the mules were ready—and such mules! we really stood aghast before the miserable scrubby beasts, drawn up in front of the inn, each with a large sack of provender on his back. It was quite a feat to get one's legs gracefully over the animal thus awkwardly encumbered; but at last we were fairly mounted and off. The little village of St. Pierre was soon passed—not so soon forgotten, for it has the distinction of being the dirtiest place I ever saw in my life.

Just beyond this filthy village, the road crosses a deep abyss, through which the rapid Drance rushes on its way to the Rhone. In a short time vegetation disappeared, and the aspect of the region was dreary and desolate. Beds of snow, from two to twenty feet deep, began to appear. Still ascending, we saw on the wayside a plain wooden cross, and, still further on, two of the noble dogs of St. Bernard stood, and quietly turned their mild, benevolent eyes towards us as we passed. At three o'clock we reached the summit of the pass, and saw before us the massive walls of the Hospice, the highest human habitation in Europe at least, being more than seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. A polite and good-looking monk greeted us at the door, and conducted us at once to our chambers, and from thence to a saloon, where we found a comfortable fire.

The pass of the Great St. Bernard is one of those through which the Roman legions used to defile across the Alps. For two thousand years it has been open as a passage between Italy and the country north of the mountains; but it was made more memorable than ever by the famous passage of Napoleon's army of reserve, in May, 1800, on its way to the field of Marengo. Sixty thousand men and one hundred pieces of cannon passed over between the 16th and 28th of the month, on which last day Napoleon himself crossed. The passage of the men, though a great achievement, was not so wonderful as that of Hannibal over the Little St. Bernard; but the great difficulty was the transportation of theartil-

lery over paths impracticable for wheeled carriages. The energy of the first Consul, the skill of his engineers, and the indomitable spirit of the French soldiers, surmounted all the difficulties of the pass. Large trees were hollowed out to receive the guns, and a hundred men harnessed to each, drew them up these mountainous steeps.

The Hospice stands on the north edge of a small lake in the plateau at the summit of the pass. At the south end there stood formerly a temple to Jupiter, of which the foundations still remain, with a few pieces of the marble cornice; and many coins and inscriptions on brass, found upon the site, are preserved in the museum of the convent.

The Hospice itself was founded at a very early period, for the comfort and relief of travellers in these dangerous passes, and was re-established A.D. 962, by St. Bernard, from whom it derives its name. Ever since that period it has been kept up, with occasional interruptions, and with vicissitudes of wealth and poverty. At one time it owned broad lands in Sardinia, Flanders, and even in England, but at present its resources are limited, and its principal support is derived from the charity of the benevolent abroad, and from the contributions of travellers to the box in the chapel. Some ten to fifteen monks of the Augustine order reside here, where they are bound by their vow to remain fifteen years, though the severity of the climate generally cuts the period down to nine or ten. No design could be more praiseworthy than this, and no self-denial more noble

than that by which it is carried out. Every morning in the winter, a monk, a servant, and one of the dogs\* of St. Bernard, descend the mountains in each direction to search for travellers who have been overtaken in the snow-storms, who are conveyed to the Hospice, refreshed, and sent on their way. In many instances the unfortunate wayfarer perishes before this benevolent aid can reach him. In that case the body is taken to the *Morgue*, or dead-house, a stone building about eighteen feet square, where it remains until it is claimed by friends, or gradually falls to pieces in the lapse of years. It never thaws, nor does corruption or the worms of death ever invade the inmates of the cold charnel-house of St. Bernard. It presented a fearful spectacle as we looked through the grated windows; and I shall keep the image of it to my dying day. The cold earth floor was strewn with bones and bodies half crumbled, which had fallen from their leaning posture by the wall; others stood there, as they had stood for years, and seemed to turn their ghastly gaze upon us; one especially, whose winding-sheet, his only coffin, was

\* These noble dogs are of a tawny colour, very large and well built, and peculiarly marked by a deep furrow in the nose. Their sagacity is only equalled by their affectionateness. When they leave the Hospice, on the winter mornings, each carries a small basket fastened around his neck, containing bread and wine for the wayfarer that may be found in need of succour. One of them saved the lives of fifteen persons in one day, not many years since. I regretted to learn from the monks that but three of these noble animals were left, and that they had some solicitude in regard to the preservation of the breed.

yet perfect around him. But what clings to my imagination most closely and sadly is a mother and her infant. She had clasped her child to her bosom, drawn the skirts of her gown around it, pressed her hands firmly about its neck, then looked back over her shoulder, as if for help, and died! there they stood before me, just as they were found. With saddened hearts we turned away, and retraced our steps to the convent.

We found the monks pleasant and agreeable men. After a very comfortable meal and an hour's chat by the fire, we were shown to our chambers, and slept well, after a fatiguing day, on the good, clean beds of the convent. Next morning we rose early, in time to attend mass in the chapel. Within, the tones of the organ were sounding sweetly, while without the wind was howling over the snow-clad mountains, as it does on the wild December nights at home. How beautiful it was—the worship of God on this dreary mountain-top! I *felt* its beauty, as I listened to those deep organ tones, and heard the solemn chaunt of the priests in the mass, and I honoured in my heart these holy men, who devote themselves to this monotonous and self-denying life, in order to do good, in the spirit of their Master, to the bodies and souls of men. Nor did I honour them the less that they were Romanists and monks of St. Augustine; for well I knew that for a thousand years Romanists and monks of St. Augustine had done the good deeds that they were doing—and that when none else could do them. A man must be blinded indeed by prejudice,



or bigotry, who cannot see the monuments of Catholic virtue, and the evidences of Catholic piety, in every country in Europe, and worse than blind must he be that will not acknowledge and honour them when he does see them.

“Where'er we roam, along the brink  
Of Rhine, or by the sweeping Po,  
Through Alpine vale, or Champaign wide—  
Whate'er we look on, at our side  
Be Charity! to bid us think,  
And feel, if we would know.”

WORDSWORTH.

The chapel of the convent is gaudy with bad painting and gilding. At the right of the altar stands the figure of St. Augustine; on the left, that of St. Bernard, founder of the Hospice, and not far off, that of St. Vincent de Paul, founder of the Hospital for Foundlings at Paris. The association was appropriate. In a glass case lay a wax figure of the Virgin asleep, clad in silk and tinsel, with white hands, and delicate feet in pretty sandals. At her feet stood a small porcelain vase, with the inscription, *Vas sanguinis*. I did not understand this.

At seven o'clock coffee was served in the *salon*, after which we prepared for our departure. No charge is made for food or lodging at the convent, but visitors make their offerings of recompence at the little box in the chapel. I do not know when I have made a more willing one. The good monk who had attended us during our stay had gained our regard in that short time by his urbanity and kindness, and our parting with him was even affectionate.

Equipped in surtouts and cloaks, as for a winter's morning, we set off down the mountain and over the snow on foot, the mules and their drivers following. The clouds rolled cold and heavy about the mountain peaks as we descended; but in three hours we were in the sunny slopes below, in the midst of hay-harvest. The whole population of the neighbourhood, men, women, children, and mules, seemed as if made for these mountains and dells. Certainly they require a larger share of patience and industry than falls to the lot of ordinary mortals, to gain their living here. The slopes are irrigated by leading the snow-streams across them in little trenches. The hay must be carried home on the backs of mules; and they look, with their enormous loads, like haystacks walking on four legs, the body of the mule being entirely covered. You cannot help thinking that the animal is oppressed; but his strength and habits are equal to the task. At Liddes we resumed our *chars-à-banc*, and as the way was down hill, and it had begun to rain furiously, we drove at full speed, emulating the rapid Drance, that rolled headlong beside us, and soon reached Martigny, ready to do full justice to the viands of the excellent *table d'hôte* at five o'clock.

Being anxious to get to Geneva as soon as possible, we took seats in the diligence to Villeneuve for ten o'clock the same night; but, as it came in full from Milan, we were sent out in a private carriage to St. Maurice, with a promise that we should have seats there; but instead of getting them, our carriage

was taken from us; and two small vehicles, one of which was open and without springs, were all that could be had for the accommodation of our party. It fell to the lot of Mr. W., Samuel, and myself to accompany the wagon, so that we had the comfort of riding four hours on two rails.

A traveller *en route* at midnight, and in haste, has no alternative or redress, so that it does no good to get into a passion; but I must confess that my temper was tried a little. At last we reached the little ill-looking town of Villeneuve, and took a small boat for the steamer *Leman*, which lay at some distance from the shore, as the waters were shallow. At half-past seven in the morning we got under way. It was a beautiful, brilliant day, just such a one as we should have desired for our first voyage upon the "clear, placid *Leman*," whose beauty inspired Rousseau, Voltaire, and Byron. Our course lay along the northern or Swiss side of the lake, where the slopes are more gentle and fertile than on the south, and often extend far back into the country, covered, down to the water's edge, and are reflected on its clear blue surface. As we approached the lower end of the lake, the hills receded on each side, until the Juras came into view on our right, and Mont Blanc, with the intervening Alps on our left. It was, indeed, all that I had imagined, and far more—this delightful sail upon the bosom of the *Leman*. At one o'clock the boat came to anchor off the Grand Quai, and we were soon at the *Hotel de la Balance*. A bath in the transparent waters of the Rhone, a

change of clothing from head to foot, and a good dinner, removed all the fatigue of our laborious excursion to the Great Saint Barnard.

*“Travels in Switzerland.”*

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#### PILGRIMAGE TO THE HERMITAGE OF MONTSERRATE.

ALTHOUGH divested of highly cultivated fields and gardens, of wooded avenues, and those tall, towering forest-trees which add such grace to the majesty of mountain scenery, yet, to the true lover of nature, there is much to admire in the walks and views in the immediate vicinity of the city. The finest of these may be considered the “Bocarron,” (bigmouth,) or great pass, through which the clear waters of the little “San Augustine” come bounding down into the city, formed by the giant heads of the two guardian hills of Bogotá, the Guadalupe and Montserrate.

These mountains, as I have before mentioned, lie directly in rear of Bogotá; the summit of Guadalupe being 1790 feet above the plain, rising up in an almost perpendicular direction. In order to gain the pass, you go by Bolivar’s Quinta, which, independent of its vicinity to the Bocarron, the associations it awakens, as linked with the memory of one of the greatest of modern commanders, will ever recommend to stranger as well as citizen. It is a small, but neat cottage-built house, with piazzas ex-

tending all around. The rooms are in the same wretched bad taste as in the city, and I have seen an English cotter's garden laid out in much better order than the one attached to this establishment, and, at the same time, of quite as large dimensions. The little beauty the grounds may once have possessed is fast fading away, for want of proper care. The place now belongs to the Señor Paris, of the Emerald Mines, and is said to have been presented to him by the liberator itself. Leaving the city, a smooth, pretty road, of gradual ascent, leads you, at the termination of fifteen minutes' walk, to the very gorge of the ravine itself. This affords a very great Sunday haunt for bathers and idlers of all sorts. One can be alone there at scarcely no hour of the day during the summer season. The narrowest part of the ravine is about eighty feet; while the steep, rocky sides of the two mountains, which appear to have been once united, rise perpendicularly up, and drip with water from the numerous springs with which they are filled. Moss, a few stunted shrubs, and a long dry grass, are all the vegetation visible. The river itself is peculiarly beautiful, winding along through deep green banks of mossy softness, and lined with numerous flowering shrubs, which furnish food for quantities of the most beautiful humming-birds, whose airy gambols I have watched for hours together as I sat musing in some chosen spot in the neighbourhood. A narrow mule-path, leading to the country beyond this Bogotá range of hills, follows the stream, and, for two miles or more, presents the

most perfectly romantic and picturesque view imaginable.

Accompanied by two friends, (all duly prepared with only scrip and staff, being the most suitable mode for making a pilgrimage to the Hermitage of the Montserrate,) I set out early on the morning of as sweet a day as ever gladdened the heart of a traveller. No wild extremes of heat and cold, sun and cloud, wind and calm, break in upon the paradisaical uniformity of climate of a Bogotá June. The ascent is, on the side of the city, very easy at first, winding over a barren soil, plentifully interspersed with naked granite of a light gray cast. Midway up, the task of ascending has but rarely commenced; and frequent stops must be made by the very stoutest, in order to "blow a bit," which stops can be most profitably employed in gazing down and around upon the country at your feet, the appearance of which grows more and more picturesque the higher you ascend.

In the sides of the mountain are built little cells, where anchorites or penitents dwelt, and pilgrims frequently rested the night. One rocky seat is all the furniture each of these contains. Innumerable little wooden crosses fill the entrances, some of which seem to have been but recently put up, in order to commemorate the ascent of the pious or curious, like ourselves. Higher up still, the mountain becomes more fertile. Here are to be seen tall shrubs, and the most beautifully-coloured mosses, watered by eternal springs, which press soft beneath the feet.

At this point the path, after emerging from a small

ravine, evidently the bed of the torrent in the rainy season, brought us suddenly upon such a part as is here described. It wound in the most circuitous manner up the mountain, and was no wider than the narrow bed in some hanging garden. Here we found a fine spring, at which we seated ourselves, and drank the health of those little fairies who must surely preside over so enchanting a spot; for if the little green-kirtled gentry dwell anywhere in this degenerate age, it must indeed be here, where no mischievous youngsters can molest them by throwing pebbles and dirt into the eyes of the tiny and invisible brotherhood. We met here a caballero on horseback, with his dog and gun, who said he had been to the top in quest of game. The only game we could espy were a few little humming-birds.

The ascent cost us nearly an hour of pretty hard work, and it frequently requires almost one and a half. In this zigzag manner much ground is necessarily travelled over. The little hermitage, which looks so white and neat from the base of the mountain, does not improve, like its great supporter, upon a nearer acquaintance; but is discovered to be a misshapen, ruinous old building, and not worthy of even a passing remark, save the expression of wonder, which immediately occupies the mind upon reaching it, at the deal of expense and toil they must have been at in rearing it! and for what purpose? To make fools climb up as an act of devotion! Sad stories are told of the wonted dissipation of the monks here.

A great fiesta used formerly to be held once a year on the summit, and is still partially kept up. No religious order live here now, but service is occasionally performed by an order from the city. An Indian family, who occupy a wing of the building, is left in charge of the place; but they had not the keys of the church; so we climbed to a window, and saw that the interior was in even a worse condition than the outside. It is provided with a small belfry and bells, the sound of which, when heard from below, has a singular effect. Here also stands a gallows, which was formerly used for the execution of criminals of some sort. On these occasions the body, dangling in the air at this height, must have been terrifically visible on a clear day to the whole city. The area of this summit may possibly measure about three acres of very good soil, not a foot of which is cultivated by this lazy Indian family.

Even a fine plot, the former garden of the convent, walled in, and hanging down on the sunny side of the mountain in front of the hermitage, has been suffered to fall into complete ruin; a bunch or two of pinks, and a few ragged rose-trees, are all that now remain of what once must have been a most rare and beautiful spot, under the superintendence of the *Padres*. A pretty close illustration, this, of the trite but true old adage, "Lazy people take the most pains!" I am sure almost any other description of rational beings would have preferred the trouble of making the spot around them produce the few



common vegetables they required, to lugging them up a steep mountain of 1600 feet.

It is a great wonder, indeed, that so very few of the foreigners of taste who have resided in Bogotá should have visited a spot which would so amply have compensated them for any little trouble encountered in the ascent. The view is most grand and unique. On approaching, in front, to the very verge of the mountain's brow, and leaning upon the parapet or low wall which closes in the flagged platform extending the length of the hermitage, one can look down upon the city, where it appears dwindled down to a perfect miniature size, as it lies far below.

People look like rats crossing the Plaza Mayor, and the whole interiors of convent and private yards open up like the squares upon a chessboard. Beyond lies the plain, like a large lake, with its amphitheatre of hills, in whose perfect symmetrical sweep the eye cannot discern a single break. Yon thick and misty cloud, ever hovering over the same spot, points out the deep-falling waters of the Tiquendama. Farther to the right lies the Zipaquira range. To the left, Guadalupe lifts its head, still far above her humble sister. The view from the rear is dreary enough. You look down upon one little short valley, while beyond, as far as the eye can reach, rises a succession of ragged, barren hills, piled one upon another; and, when witnessed in the cloudy, tempestuous month of August, the time I made my second ascent on purpose to view the change of scene, is one of inde-

scribable and terrific grandeur. At that time we had chosen our day, when low, heavy white clouds hung even midway down the mountain; sometimes they were hurriedly broken up by a strong wind, which, entering the deep gorge of the Bocarron, drove the whirling masses far out into the plain below, thus affording one short glimpse of the little white hermitage over head, ere another cloudy covering obscured the scene. As the wind came from the rearward, we felt but little of it until we had gained the summit; and, after rising the first two or three hundred feet from the base, we saw nothing more of the city until some time after we had been on the top. The misty vapour quite saturated our hair and clothes, and we felt extremely chilly and disagreeable. Occasional blinks of sunshine greeted us at the top, yet the air was excessively damp and cold, and we would have willingly given a round peseta for the use of an Indian ruana for about half-an-hour or so. We had substituted bandanas for hats, as the wind, which rushed past us in violent gusts, requiring nearly all our strength to keep upright, would have rendered the latter entirely unmanageable. The view then presented in the rear of the mountain beggars all description. It must be seen to be properly felt and appreciated.

I looked around for my two companions, and they were actually struggling for breath in the teeth of the violent wind. Indeed, all three of us might have served as no bad personifications of Macbeth's witches, with this single exception, that, had

“rude Boreas” taken it into his head to puff us from off our narrow foothold, there would have been strong doubts of our ability to land at the bottom of the ravine quite as easily as if we had been those disembodied spirits. One of our party must have thought of this, for, when a blast still stronger than any of the preceding came upon us, he threw himself upon the ground until it had passed over. On came the eddying masses of cloud and vapour, separated and tossed into every shape as they were dashed against the bleak, gray peak of some of the hundred hills behind us. In exact similitude to the deep long waves of ocean, you might here watch the rise and progress of each heavy mass of vapour, as for some distance it came rolling onward in smooth, unbroken way, until, whirled against the sides of a higher mountain than that from which it rose, it became scattered and disjointed, and lost amid the misty sea. The peaks of these hills, alternately visible as they were through this troubled atmosphere, with their dark heads reared to the very sky, appeared, in truth, the genii of the storm, at whose dread command the tempest-clad legions of the vapoury waste came forth to whirl and rage before them.

After warming ourselves by the fire which the Indians had kindled, we descended by the path by which we had come up; thus faring better than on our present ascent, at which time we were foolhardy enough to attempt returning by the back of the mountain, washed as it was by the river. Few or none had ever ventured this way, as there was no

regular path, and the descent was more perpendicular and rocky, and consequently the footing, at best, but very precarious.

We began by keeping along a sharp rocky ridge, which runs out from the hermitage toward the ravine for about forty yards, when we struck off to the left, and were making a rapid and tolerably easy descent, when our further progress was for a moment arrested by finding ourselves on the brow of a perpendicular ledge of rocks, which, not without a tedious circumvention, we at last passed. And now we discovered that we had struck out very near the gorge itself; but it was too late to remedy the evil, which could only be done by reascending to the very summit, and this, by the path we had come, would have cost us full half an hour's labour, when the descent had been made in about ten or twelve minutes. So we proceeded onward, securing our feet in fissures of the rock, or grasping the long-tufted grass, or slight shrubs, with which the mountain was partially covered. One of us was nearly precipitated into the San Augustine, by the falling of a detached portion of rock; and notwithstanding I had been used to climbing, yet did I experience great giddiness of the head whenever occasion required my looking downward; for we well knew how little security was to be placed on the majority of our mountain supports, should an unlucky slip of the foot cause the whole weight of the body to come upon the hands. The descent occupied us for nearly one hour and a quarter; and the fatigue, especially to the legs and

wrists, was excessive, the former shaking violently under us after gaining the bottom. Besides, we were much bruised and scratched. My boots were entirely demolished, and divers unseemly rents in our garments bore ample testimony to the folly of descending from Montserrate by any other road than the one originally laid out by the worthy friars of the hermitage.

Twice, also, I ascended Guadaloupe, a much more weary task than that of Montserrate. For a great portion of the way, the path leads up through the dried bed of a winter torrent, not more than from five to eight feet wide, the sides of which rise, in many places, perpendicularly to the height of between twelve and fifteen feet; and on this account the view, in ascending, is nothing like so picturesque as that of Montserrate. When about half way up, or less, you reach a beautiful little plain, covered with tall shrubs, a smooth road leading through it, around the bottom of the hill, to the country beyond. Here stand the walls of an unfinished convent, intended to have supplied the place of the one on the summit, now in ruins. From this you enter the bed of the torrent, the straight, rocky sides of the cone itself rising close beside it, and frowning down upon you. The pathway continues the same until you enter as suddenly upon the summit of the mountain, as you would through a trapdoor upon the roof of a building. Guadaloupe retains its perfect conelike form to the very top, the whole level extent of which is less than one English acre and a half; a more fairy spot,

in the full summer season, could not be wished for. The short, thick, velvet-like carpet, rich with the most beautiful mosses; the various flowering shrubs, alive with humming birds and different other kinds; the retiredness of the scene, not even disturbed by the most remote hum from the city, all render it worthy of a visit. A person of warm fancy has but to withdraw into the very centre of this spot, thereby shutting out from his view both city and plain, to imagine himself in a world of his own, where he may muse away secure from all interruption. My first ascent was made alone, and no rural excursion in my whole lifetime ever repaid me half so well. I had brought with me a small mining hammer, wherewith to examine the various strata of rock; also an excellent pocket-telescope, which, with a small flask of port and a few biscuits, served to while away several hours of as sweet a day as ever blessed so charming a climate.

The ruins of Our Lady of Guadalupe show the convent to have been of considerable extent, strongly built of stone and brick. Two large pillars of hewn stone, which faced the great front entrance, are left standing, also a small portion of the main building. A deep, heavy wall, extending the whole length of the front, and reaching about twelve feet down the mountain, seems intended to have secured it against any accident that might arise from the loosening, by rains or otherwise, of any portion of the ground, and also to carry out a fine flagged platform, the same as at Montserrat. On the top of this wall, which rises a few feet above the level of the hill, stands an

iron cross. The building was demolished by the earthquake of 1827, the shock of which was so great as to cast an immense part of the material down upon a platform of the mountain below; and among other things, the stone image of Our Lady herself, which proved, however, to have received no injury from the unceremonious mode of her descent. This the monks noised abroad as a confirmed miracle, the belief of which was further strengthened by the fact, that next morning her ladyship, to show her unqualified predilection for her old quarters, had resumed, *during the night*, her accustomed seat on the old spot by the late ruins. All this was duly trumpeted forth, and made the most of by the crafty monks.

The whole of that day the pathway up the mountain was thronged with people of every description, age, and sex, each anxious to witness, with his own organs of vision, so wonderful an event. Alas! for the rebuilding of the convent, and the preservation of a fraternity long before suspiciously eyed by the government as not being the most liege of citizens! the incredulous executive not only forbade the rebuilding of the old convent, but stopped also the erection of a new one on the site hallowed by her ladyship's fall, although the walls were nearly inclosed. So the image was conveyed to the church of San Juan de Dios, a branch of the same fraternity. Nay, some of the more hardened unbelievers in this astonishing miracle, emboldened by these proceedings of the government, were even known to whisper

stories of a number of shaven crowns having been seen, in the murky hours of that eventful night, puffing and heaving their fat sides as they toiled up the mountain, bearing upon their broad shoulders the pliant yet flinty form of her ladyship! Be this as it may, Our Lady of Guadalupe has manifested a strong distaste for travelling ever since, and, I dare say, thinks her snug quarters in the city church much more comfortable and ladylike than the summit of an open, bleak mountain.

There is a fine walk lying immediately behind the Fabrica de Loza, where a good road follows the natural course of the base of the first rise of hills overlooking the city. It affords also a pleasant ride, but is little frequented for either purpose by the citizens. Why, I cannot tell, unless it be that the trifling ascent which must be made in order to reach it proves too much for the natural indolence of the pedestrian, while the absence of Chicha shops, like those in the plains, in like manner deters the mounted caballero. In every other respect, it is certainly much pleasanter than their filthy alameda. I have counted upon this spot upward of thirty different kinds of evergreens, which cover the sides of the low parts of these mountains, varying from six inches to as many feet in height, when full grown. Some of these bear a rich scarlet bell-flower, and would form a fine garden hedge. Many of them have a leaf resembling the myrtle and boxwood, and others look strikingly like the heather of Scotland.

*Steuart's "Residence in Bogota."*



TERRACE CULTIVATION IN CHINA—SAILING  
CARRIAGES.

RICE requires abundance of water, and the ingenuity of the farmer is well exhibited in the various modes he employs to procure a supply. In some places pools are made in level fields to receive the rain, from which the water is lifted by well-sweeps. It is also expeditiously raised by men on each side of the pond, holding a pail between them by ropes, and with a swinging motion rapidly dipping the water out of the tank, and pouring it into little furrows. A more favourite plan, however, is to avail himself of a natural brooklet flowing down a hill side, and conduct it from one plot to another till it has irrigated the whole. It is where such water privileges offer that the terrace cultivation is oftenest seen, especially in the neighbourhood of large cities, where the demand for provisions procures the cultivator a sure reward for his labour.

The appearance of a hill side thus graduated into small ledges is beautiful, each plot divided by a bank serving the triple purpose of fence, path, and dyke, and near which the rills glide with refreshing lapse, turning whithersoever the master willeth. Wheels of various sorts are also contrived to assist in the labour, some worked by cattle, some by human toil, and others carried round by the stream whose waters

they elevate. The last are very common on the banks of the Kan-kiang, where high wheels of bamboo, firmly fixed on an axle in the bank, or on pillars driven into the bed, and furnished with buckets, pursue their stately round and pour their earnings of 250 or 300 tons a day into troughs fixed at an elevation of twenty or thirty feet above the stream.

Comparatively few carts or waggons are used with animals, human strength supplying the means of transportation—the implements of husbandry, and the grain taken from the fields, both being carried home on the back of the labourer. It is not an uncommon sight to see a ploughman, when he has done his work, turn his buffalo loose, and shoulder his plough, harrow, and hoe, with the harness, and carry them all home. Barrows are contrived with sails upon them, in which the pedlers arrange their wares, or farmers and cartmen transport their burdens.

*Williams's "Chinese Empire."*

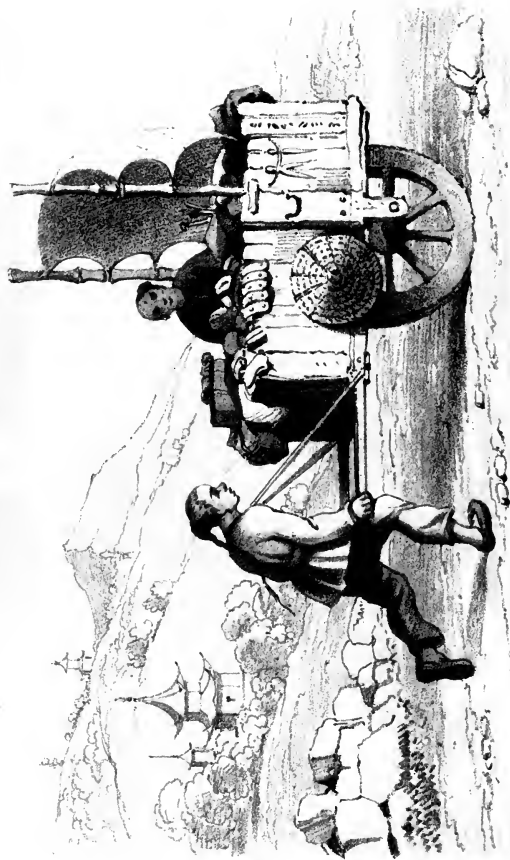
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#### FALLS OF TIQUENDAMA.

HAVING selected one of the bright days in the month of January, we started off in order to view the Salto during the only hours of the day in which it can at all be seen to advantage, viz., between ten in the forenoon, and about one, P.M.; as, before or after that time, the mists constantly cover the bottom of the valley, and more than half of the prospect is lost. The







J. R. Johnson.

Chinese Pedlar's Barrow.



entire distance of the falls from the city is not quite five leagues, the road lying through the plains to Soacha, a small Indian village, where travellers, or those who visit the neat little lakes of the same name in search of water fowl, usually take a repast of chocolate, boiled eggs, &c. This part of the plain is extremely barren, and bears no resemblance to that on the Camino Real, leading to Bogotá. Much of it consists of nothing but arid sand, with scarcely a blade of grass growing. At Soacha we procured a guide, and proceeded on, crossing the river Bogotá by a tolerably neat wooden bridge, where the ascent from the plains begins. Here is a very pretty hacienda, owned by Señor Urricachea, who also possesses the coal-mines near the Salto. A number of fine stacks of grain indicated the richness of the land after leaving Soacha. Beyond this we pass some barren hills, where scarcely anything grows but the prickly pear, and gain a second set called Chipa, well coated with grass, and bearing fine large trees. The road now became wide and beautiful. The descent to the falls commences through a thickly wooded forest, whose arching branches form a most agreeable shade for the whole remaining distance. The climate is several degrees warmer here than in the plains. The road, as you proceed in the descent, becomes quite steep and broken in some places, and must be almost impassable during the wet season. Arrived within about three hundred feet of the falls, we dismounted upon a fine circular platform, as if formed on purpose, where we tied our wearied horses, leaving a little

boy, who had joined the guide on the road, in charge of them.

The remainder of the descent on foot is even worse than that on horseback—a sort of half scrambling business, not at all pleasant. It is astonishing at what a short distance the roar of this great cataract is heard. Scarcely is a murmur audible a few feet above the platform where we dismounted. The near approach to the brink of the waters being thickly lined with trees and underwood, terminates very abruptly near the very edge of the torrent itself; and thus the first glimpse of the river affords little either to interest or surprise the visitor, the waters gliding on so silently over the abrupt descent.

The river here, at this season, may not probably be more than forty feet wide, which is about the width of the rocky precipice itself, although its bed is much wider. But when the rains have been so heavy as to fill the whole bed, it must be an unfavourable time to view the cataract, as the immense body of water pouring over, added to the denseness of the atmosphere below, must detract much from the beauty of the prospect in a thousand ways. As it was, my visit was well timed. The whole depth of the descent was visible, and we could clearly define the form of the edge of the precipice itself, which is of one solid rock, though channeled by a long course of time into four deep beds, through which the waters now rush down, leaving the peaks of the rock thus worn quite above the stream. One of these was about three feet square, and I was told that Bolivar



once stood upon it, as did also Mr. Albert Gooding, now of New York city; quite a foolhardy and unprofitable adventure, one would think, especially as these rocks are coated with a thick green scum, very slippery to the touch, and as they project over the fearful abyss. Over this broken ledge of rocks the river descends upon a second, about twenty-five feet lower, whence it dashes headlong with terrific foamings into the abyss below. The entire height of these falls is variously computed from 550 to 650 feet, although the latter appears to me to be nearest the mark. The appearance of the water, after the first fall, is that of an interminable succession of rolling cascades of thick, foaming white, or of heavy light-coloured clouds violently agitated by the winds. Then it assumes a broad fleecy form, which, at the instant of a farther descent, is parted into innumerable small particles, like snow-flakes, which change into various hues before it finally rests in the valley below, where the river is again seen to wind away, presenting to the eye a stream of only half the size it is above, and of dazzling whiteness. Some travellers write that it is really thus diminished; that the water, in descending, loses so much of its bulk by evaporation, &c. If so, then it regains somehow its former quantum very suddenly, at a few miles' distance on the plains below. I am inclined to believe that none of these writers ever stood by the river after it reached the valley, but have taken up their opinion more from the appearance it presents at the misty height from which they viewed it, than anything

else; for although, as a natural effect, evaporation must reduce it somewhat, it could not lessen it so much as one half, nor one quarter either. The perpendicular sides of the chasm recede a little from the fall, forming a sweeping curve of perfect symmetry. The rock consists of a soft, dark-coloured granite, and with the mountains beyond rising over them, covered as they are to the very summit with the most beautiful flowering and other trees, present a scene of unsurpassed grandeur and magnificence. Beautiful rainbows are formed about the valley, as the light spray dashes nearly to the opposite shores. We observed three of these at one time, all varying in shape, colour, and size, while the numerous species of parrots, and birds of a thousand dyes, keep flying about, as if anxious to contrast their gay and varied plumage with the bright and watery hues of the rainbows themselves. My servant Chepe, with all the superstition of the Indian respecting the well-known history of the origin of these falls, (a superstition which all their Christianity has not yet removed,) believing them to have been caused by their god and earthly ruler, Bochica, to drain off the great lake of waters from the present plains of Bogotá, which was originally brought there through the malevolent designs and workings of his wife Chia, never once looked over into the chasm; and when he was pressed to tell his reasons, and asked if it was from the fear of falling, replied, "Not so; but who knows what sort of people might be down there."

We could step about upon the rocks in the very

bed of the river with perfect safety, even to within six feet of the descent; while, from the perfect smoothness of the gliding stream, and the suppressed roar of the cataract, the senses seemed almost unwilling to credit the idea that we actually stood by one of the greatest and most romantic works of nature (of the class) in the whole universe.

There can be no parallel drawn between Tiquendama and Niagara. Each is the very first of its class; but there is such a total dissimilarity in the descent, in their depth, and quantity of waters, as well as in their respective surrounding scenery, that one who has witnessed both can only speak of them as regards the different effects the sight of each is adapted to produce upon the mind, and which leaves the most abiding impressions. Niagara delights and surprises us most at first sight. There is a sort of forced constraint, (I cannot find other words to express my meaning better,) which causes us to dwell upon her overwhelming rush of waters; and to me she appears like a fine woman possessed of every outward charm to awe and dazzle the beholder on his first gaze, but lacking that soul so necessary to preserve the affections alive and unfading. Tiquendama, on the contrary, when first seen, scarcely startles one into any sudden rhapsodies of either mind or manner; but captivates and enchains the admiration of the beholder by the most softened, though sublimely majestic approaches. Each gaze adown and around that romantic valley but draws out some new feature, and discovers some fresh charm. Its vast profundity is

as the soul itself, unfathomably deep and incomprehensibly grand, while birds, and trees, and air for ever captivate and enchain the willing sense.

The whole bed of the river here seems to be of the same soft granite as that of which the strata forming the valley is composed, and is worn into singular and fantastic shapes by the current, making small arches of about a foot each, all communicating, as well as holes of various shapes and depths. Beautiful trees line the banks as far up as the eye can reach. Below the falls the view is not so extended, as a sudden bend shuts it out. Here, however, there is another small fall, not generally considered worth the trouble of visiting, the way to it lying through a thick underwood. We looked about in order to discover any names there might be carved upon the adjoining trees, to mark the visits of preceding travellers, but none were to be found; so we set the example, and placed our own on a small smooth-barked tree, which quite overhangs the stream, scarcely ten yards from the brink of the falls.

There is no other way of descending the chasm than by entering it through the village of La Mesa, in tierra caliente, (hot country,) and so passing up. This is a very great loss. Had these people a single portion of Yankee ingenuity about them, a fit mode of descent would not long be wanting, and a good penny might be made from it too; for the old story of the conquered Indians having cast the immensity of their treasures into the basin below, is still as current as ever among all classes here. I heard a

rather intelligent person of the country say, that on one occasion, when the day was remarkably clear, and with the assistance of a good glass, some person had plainly discovered the reflection of a diamond of gigantic size, and that he himself believed it to have been the case. A mad project was actually once set on foot in the capital, to turn the river out of its present course, in order to obtain these, in my opinion, fabulous treasures.

I have seen three different sketches of these falls, all of which bear but a faint resemblance to the original, probably because taken at a side view from the top. The best one of these, in the possession of Colonel Joachim Acosta, of Bogotá, was in a French work; the author's name I forget. I brought away specimens of the rock, and a pretty red flower plucked from a spot near the very edge of the chasm; another flower was obtained by stretching myself full length upon the ground, while the two lads held me by the feet, enabling me thus to reach the singular flower, and to pluck it from where it grew, a distance of nearly three feet below the brink of the chasm.

We got back to Bogotá about four o'clock, P.M., which fully proves there is no need of following up an old practice of starting on a visit to the Salto in time to sleep at Soacha on the night previous, so as to be in time for the morning's view. The very thought, indeed, of sleeping in the dirty Indian village is sufficient to destroy the whole of the next day's anticipated pleasure. The vicinity of Soacha is noted for its beautiful little lakes, which, in their season,

are filled with fine duck and other water-fowl. For the purpose of shooting these, this village is much frequented by foreigners, the natives having but little or no taste for this manly recreation. The Indians, however, take the fowl by a different process; for a day or two they scatter corn upon the surface of the water for the fowl to pick; at the same time setting afloat a number of large calabashes, with holes cut in the sides. When they think their game is sufficiently accustomed to the sight of the calabashes, one or more enter the water, after having plentifully besprinkled it with maize; and there, with their heads concealed underneath the calabashes, quietly await the alighting of their prey. As the water chosen for their purpose is generally the neck connecting two of the little lakes, it is quite fordable, and thus they are enabled to move about among the fowl, which are busily engaged in feeding, and to capture many by drawing them quickly down beneath the water. They have also various other modes of taking them.

*Narrative of a Residence in Bogotá.*

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#### A NIGHT ADVENTURE AMONGST THE CAMANCHES.

IN the meantime, we completed our camping arrangements. We found a niche, or recess, in the bluff, which not only afforded us shelter, but answered admirably as a fire-place; for since we were aware that the Indians knew of our whereabouts, we deter-

mined to brave it out, and attempt to make no secret of our smoke.

They had, no doubt, sent up signal smokes enough to report us to whatever detachments of the tribes might be abroad in the country. Indeed, just before sundown, we saw several of these smokes rising from behind the ridges, on the same side the spies had disappeared. Hicks, Alexander, and myself determined to scale the knobs at the nearest point, and see if we could discover anything of them.

We waded the river, and with considerable trouble climbed the opposite bank, by clinging to the vines and shrubbery growing on its face. The sun was just setting as we reached the top of the hill, which was both very steep and very high. We looked down from it on a scene which I shall not soon or easily forget.

The sun was setting behind a horizon of low, round-backed ridges far below our feet. From the steep base of the mountain, as it might be termed, on which we stood, commenced a succession of mound-like ridges, which looked as if they might have been thrown up in regular furrows by some mighty plough behemoth should have drawn. Down these small valleys, or furrows, little rills came flashing through the deep, green shrubbery that fringed their edges. The ridges were bare of any growth but grass, and rose gradually towards the west, tier above tier, like the seats of some vast amphitheatre.

Sheer below we could catch glimpses of a stream about the size of that on which lay our camp, and

which seemed to be formed by the rivulets. It dashed the foam of its restlessness against the foot of the mountain, and found its way on towards the south, following that line of their course.

We were at first so absorbed by the grandeur of this picture, and dazzled withal by the rays of the setting sun thrown up into our faces, that we did not perceive what was an object of far more immediate interest to us just then. An Indian encampment lay just below us, along the side of one of those steppes, or ridges, we have mentioned.

We could see down into it, and the warriors looked almost like black ants bustling about the sides of an ant-hill, and their horses like so many beetles they were dragging into their store-house. They were just staking out their horses, and making preparations for the night.

We immediately withdrew out of sight; for we were standing in full view, if they should happen to look up. We discovered no indication that we had been perceived, and concealed ourselves behind some shrubbery, from whence we still had a view of their movements.

After we had observed the movements in the camp below us for some time, in profound silence, I asked Hicks, in a low voice, what tribe he supposed them to be. The old Nestor shook his head, and answered, curtly, "Don't know; too dark to tell from here."

I caught instantly at this remark, for it chimed in precisely with an idea of adventure which had sud-



denly taken hold upon me. I said to Hicks, quietly, while I looked him steadily in the eye, "Then, if it be too dark to see who they are from here, why not endeavour to get near the camp to-night, and satisfy ourselves as to their number, purposes, and all that. What do you say, old man? They can't follow us up the mountain, even if we are discovered."

I could perceive that the veteran's eye lit for an instant with the fire of younger times, and then, standing on tiptoe, he stretched his neck, and looked down the precipitous mountain side long and steadily through the gathering gloom of nightfall; then, turning to me, shook his head doubtfully, and said,

"Can't be done, captain—too steep—can't git down thar."

I pointed to the moon, which was just rising. "See that, old fellow! we can do it. We shall have plenty of light soon. You and I can go where the wild cats can, and we can send Alexander back to the boys, to tell them where we are gone."

"But a wild cat couldn't git down these here mountains by daylight; can't be done, captain!" he answered, bluffly.

I was taller than Hicks, and had observed that there was a deep, dry gully, which seemed to be the channel of the mountain rains emptying into the stream below. I pointed it out to him silently. He had not observed it before. A sort of grim smile crossed his features, and he chuckled as he looked curiously into my face.

"He! he! w-e-l-l—that might do! you're in arnest, *ain't* you, captain?"

“Yes, I am, Hicks,” said I, emphatically; “and I want to go down there and see if we can’t find some way to surprise these fellows. They intend to give us trouble, and it will be well enough for us to be prepared to give them as good as they send. We can get back by midnight; and if we have made any satisfactory discoveries, we can take two more men back with us, and carry their camp so soon as the warriors leave to attack us in the morning. They will have to go a long way round before they can get into our valley on their horses. We might do all the mischief we want, and be back again, across the mountain, before they reach our camp! Don’t you think so?”

“Well,” he drawled out, with a grin, as he tightened his waistbelt; “we-l-l, I think we can try, any how!”

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The sides of the mountain were covered with a scrubby growth of evergreens, which sprung up wherever it could find place to hold by in the seams of the broken rocks.

There was just light enough for us to see the great cleft of the ravine from the place where we paused above its source on the crest of the ridge. It looked dark and steep, but yet we were not disposed to shrink from the descent for shadows. We slung our guns across our shoulders, and determined to trust to the stems and roots of evergreens or clefts of the rock for ladders, and go down legitimately, or fall down, as might be.

Being the younger and more active of the two, I, of course, insisted upon leading the way. After the first few feet of the descent, the darkness increased with astonishing rapidity, as clouds came drifting up before the moon, until we suddenly found ourselves suspended over a rayless void, with nothing of earth to cling to, but the frail, uncertain ladder we had risked.

We were below the level of the moon's clouded rays, and had nothing to trust to but our sense of touch for finding a foot-hold. After first trying the strength of the objects below me with my feet, I would let my weight down upon it; then, letting my body down from that point, would feel about me with my toes for another resting-place, and often had to swing to and fro by my arms before I would find one that could be trusted. I would then wait till Hicks was safe, and launch out again.

In this way we descended some thirty feet, when I felt that I had gained a broader footing. The darkness was so intense that I dared not step out, for fear of plunging down some fatal gulf. So, falling on my hands and knees, I commenced groping through the utter darkness, with one hand before me at a time.

A little while sufficed to convince me that we had reached the bottom of the ravine, for I felt the wall on both sides. I called to the old man to come to me, and we soon joined hands. Our cautious descent had occupied considerable time, and the moon, which had been clouded as by a gathering storm, now broke

forth, and revealed to us that we stood at the foot of a precipice, down which it seemed the mountain waters had fallen in a clear cataract leap some forty feet.

The sides of the gully had been cut through the earth and loose pebbles sheer down to the firm sandstone crust of the mountain. It was about ten feet in width at this place, and large boulders of stone were scattered along its descending bed. These would assist us much in getting down, as they afforded us something like steps.

We should never have dared this perilous descent had we noticed any indications of a coming storm before we attempted it. But now we had a break in the clouds; and as the worst that we could look for, in getting down, had probably been passed, we determined to go on at any rate, and risk what might yet come. It looked bad enough; but, after climbing down that bluff through the black night, we felt, by the contrast of danger passed, and of comparative safety now, refreshed and strong for anything.

The clouds drifted away toward the east, and we pushed on down the ravine with just light enough to see our way and secure our footing. We toiled on with painful caution for an hour.

We could now, a long way yet below us, catch an occasional view of the stream in the valley upon which the moonlight fell. We quickened our steps, as this at least indicated that we could not be far from our destination.

The sides of the ravine had become deeper and

deeper as we had descended, until now we seemed to be sunk into the very bowels of the mountain, and the moon looked down upon us from her place directly above, as if in mercy she would pilot us on our darkened way.

We could hear the roar of the stream just below us at last, and through the deep rift see flashes of the Indian fires beyond, when a deep rumbling sound, followed by a tremendous burst of thunder which made the mountain shake, announced that the storm, which had been so fitfully threatening during the night, was about to burst.

Broad sheets of lightning lit up with dazzling distinctness the whole valley upon which we were descending, bringing every bare undulation, every shrub-fringed rivulet, every break and seam, every blade of grass, all the minute details of the Indian camp, close up to our eyes, as it were, in one prolonged flash.

I shall never forget the vivid lines in which all the picture was then revealed. The dull glow of the camp fires—the forms of the Indians grouped around them in repose—some of them roused by the thunder, and half rising from their sleep—their horses with pricked ears and startled eyes—it seemed to me in that quick glimpse that I had counted all, and could even tell the features of many. I was sure that I saw the form of a woman among them, who did not seem as if she should be there, and felt as if I could reach her with my hands across the gulf and tear her away from the midst of them.

Even when the unutterable darkness followed, I imagined I could see upon it the delicate face, with a keen, half-frightened glance, looking steadily at me, as if in wonder and reproach. Although my common sense reacted in a moment, and told me that this must be an illusion, yet through all the terrors of the night that image never deserted me for a moment.

But at once the windows of heaven seemed to be opened, and the rain came down in a pitiless flood, such as I had never witnessed before. We were drenched through in an instant, and at the same time a terrible wind came howling up the pass and dashed the rain-drops like whip-lashes against our faces.

We were half blinded before, between the mingled glare and blackness; but this scourging and uproarious wind, with the quick continuous rattle of sky-artillery on the mountain top, stunned and confused us to that degree that we forgot everything for a while but our own terrors, and staggered to and fro in awed confusion.

Whither should we flee? What could we do?

Earth shook as if in terror of the heavens, and why should not we?

The cleft in which we were was many feet deep, and its banks had appeared, to our momentary sight of them, entirely precipitous. We could hear the gathering waters from above tumble with a deepening roar over the bluff down which we had so rashly climbed.

It would soon be a cataract, and then its flood

would hurl us along with it into the abyss below, unless we could escape from its path.

Hicks and myself had become separated. The time had come when it was "every man for himself, and God for us all!"

I shouted to him in vain, for the wind seemed to deaden the sound of my voice as it tore the words from my lips.

The water was already up to my knees, and rushed by at such speed that I felt my steps were fast being unsteadied. I groped blindly along, clinging with a desperate grip, as my gait was becoming more and more hurried and uncertain, to whatever projection I could feel along the side of the ravine.

The inexorable waters rose yet faster, and the clangour of the tempest grew wilder still. My strength was failing rapidly, and I felt that I must soon go down upon the foam of this dark maddened whirl.

I was lifted from my feet and shot away. Quicker than thought, I felt a stunning blow!

I was insensible, I suppose, but for a moment, and waked amid the roaring darkness, nearly strangled by the water which was dashing over my face.

I had been carried against some yielding object which was strong enough to hold me, and swayed up and down in the current, lifting my face now and then above the water.

I grappled with the clutch of despair, and found

it was a tree. A flash of lightning showed me that it had fallen from the caving in of the bank, and that the roots seemed yet to hold firmly.

By a great exertion of my enfeebled energies, I drew myself up by the limbs out of the rush of the current. The tree was small, and it felt as if it were giving way with every movement I made. But a drowning man has no time to stop for calculating chances.

As I worked my way up with the clinging energy of despair, I distinctly remember hearing, above all the terrible tumult of wild noises, a sound that must have been very close above me, and which called up, amid other causes of fear, that of my close proximity to some large beast of prey: the sound resembled the sputtering sneeze with which such an animal would relieve its nostrils and throat of water. However, I forgot the incident, in gratitude at finding myself beyond the reach of the waters, and soon stood upon the stem where it clung by the roots to the bank.

I expected it every instant to give way, and felt eagerly above me in the dark for some new support.

It was slowly sinking under my feet, when, with a shout of joy, I felt the stem of another tree, and grasped it with one hand, while that on which I stood plunged down and left me swinging.

I did not require much time to secure a footing by the aid of this new support, and then feeling further, felt others in reach, and soon found myself a firm foothold on the shelving slope of the mountain.



So soon as I felt that I had secured this much, I was content to be still; for, in the darkness, I knew it was risking too much to move on such ground. I was well enough content to be out of that raging torrent, and, indeed, felt too weak to move further, had it been otherwise safe, for I was severely bruised.

The only course left for me was to sit still upon the steep wet ground, with my feet against one tree and my back against another, listening to the mad howls of the raging tempest.

This was poor comfort, certainly; and this was not particularly increased by the apprehension that poor Hicks had met with a terrible fate.

Since we had parted in the ravine, I could only conjecture of his fate. The noise of the tempest had been so deafening, that it was out of the question to suppose that he had either heard my voice or could have made his own heard above the din. The brave old man had probably been whirled into the stream below and torn to pieces against the rocks.

It was almost too much good luck for a single night to hope that he had met with the same sort of fortune which had befallen myself, or could possibly have escaped in any other way.

It was a grievous loss to contemplate.

A sad tale I should have to take back to our companions—our guide gone; upon whose sagacity and large experience we had all depended so much in this perilous undertaking.

Drenched and shivering as I was, I forgot it all as that white-haired form came up to my memory,

presented in so many striking positions as the rescuer, or the hero of the most perilous scenes of my late life. I could have wept and raved when I remembered that it was at my importunity this last and most rash adventure had been undertaken, against the dictates of his own experience and prudence.

With such self-reproaches, and the most melancholy forebodings, I had been so preoccupied as not to have observed that the tempest had subsided. When recalled to myself, it was by the strange stillness around, which, as I had been so absorbed, now seemed to me the work of an instant magic.

It was as if I had waked from the dream of a Miltonian battle—from amid the raging of a hell let loose, to be scourged back by avenging angels to its chains—to find myself listening to my own heart beat in the silence of the void of darkness.

I was startled into a shiver of awe at the sudden change. I could not see my hands before me. The huge masses of cloud hung a thick funereal midnight across the sky.

I did not yet dare to move. I strained my ears to listen for the roar of the angry torrent down the defile, of the volume and the power of which I had so lately learned through a dreadful experience.

After some little time, I could distinguish a faint trickling sound, as of a feeble rill.

Could it be that all was a dream? Perhaps I had been deafened by the thunder. Was this the only sound left to tell of that fatal cataract that had

swept Hicks away, and would have dashed me to atoms but for the accident of the fallen tree? Strange, indeed! I must be within a few feet of its brink. I had not moved. But hark! and I recognised the murmur of the stream in the valley below, almost as it had sounded before the tempest came. Perhaps the ripple was a little more rapid; or perhaps I was nearer. What could this mean?

Ah! these mountain storms are terrible, and throw down deluges as they go by; but then they are swift of wing, and all is soon over!

The mountain torrent has run out and left its bed, which will be dry with the earliest sun to-morrow.

This was the explanation my after-thought suggested, and it proved to be the true one.

Now other sounds than those of the tempest and the running water began to make themselves heard, and I felt at first somewhat relieved that a neighbouring wild cat should have announced its presence, though it was in a most dolorous and half-drowned mew.

I had not long to congratulate myself that said forlorn wild cat and my forlorn self were the only denizens of this waste and most sooty wilderness. Now soon the cry of this creature was answered in other quarters, at first in the same drenched tones, and then more boldly.

Very soon an owl chimed in with an interrogatory too—whoo? while another answered, a little less timidly, too—whoo; and then a third, which seemed

to have by this time acquired a sort of spasmodic bravery, shouted out the whole chorus, *ore rotundo*—to whoo—too whoo—too whit!

Now a panther close by threw in the delicate cadence of a scream, prolonged into a quavering screech that made my very hair bristle!

These were sociable and companionable sounds enough, considering how black it was before my eyes; but, when all at once I saw a pair of shining eyes answering to my own from the darkness, I felt my heart leap into my throat “instanter,” and each particular hair upon my body becoming fretful.

Horror! it must be the panther! That one that sputtered almost in my face as it climbed out of the torrent just before me! The ungrateful savage—to be thinking of blood already, after having made such a narrow escape! He has scented me out, and, maybe, has sent his “belly-pinched,” ravenous mate to see to my health. Ah, hospitable wilderness!

It has scented me out, too, and here I am *vis-à-vis* with one of these sugary-mouthed wailers, who always are like Rachels in the wilderness, weeping for their children, and refusing to be comforted because food is not—luscious, tender food of man’s flesh, I fear me!

I suppose as *I am*, that now the white-fanged weeper has ceased “to pour her dolours forth,” and closed that huge, red gap of death, and moans with the firm determination of being comforted at my expense, even for her “freckled whelps” and for herself!

Save us from such maternal solitudes ! Shall I fire at those eyes ? But my gun is wet ; it won't go off !

O dilemma of dilemmas ! Bed of roses that I rest upon ! Pleasant to sit here, gazing on those live fire-spots, and afraid to budge or wink !

How long before I shall see them gleaming toward my face when the wretch makes its hungry leap ?

I was shivering with fear, but still I had nerve left to loosen, and noiselessly unsheath, my bowie-knife, as the only weapon upon which I could now rely. With this in my hand, my courage somewhat rose. The two eyes burned on with a steady light, and seemed not to change their position for an instant. My sharpened hearing had detected once or twice very faint sounds, as if the animal were moving slightly, as I had done ; but I could not see that the eyes changed their place, or came any nearer.

Of all the terrors crowded into a life of adventure, perhaps this was the most unnerving I had yet been called upon to face.

From my previous knowledge of the habits of the panther, I supposed that it was now crouched, and stealthily watching for some movement on my part, which would be to it the signal for a spring.

I could hear nothing else now, nor see anything but those eyes. Though once or twice the idea flashed across my mind that perhaps the eyes were too close together for those of the panther, yet my imagination was too much excited by terror to per-

mit my regarding or dwelling upon so nice a distinction long.

Chilled as I had been, I could feel the perspiration rolling down my face, and my limbs trembling through the two mortal hours during which the darkness continued unbroken, and the eyes shone on.

I thought I should have grown gray in those two centuries of dread. Sometimes, when my unwinking gaze grew weak, I saw a myriad of eyes that looked on me from trees and sky; and then, again, the whole of them would converge suddenly toward one burning centre, and I would see ring upon ring widen around that solitary fire-spot, until all was one orb'd blaze of varied and terrible splendour, and I felt a dizzy longing to precipitate myself into its intralling vortex.

Soon again, by a strong exertion of my will, I could recal my senses from the unbridled lead of my overwrought imagination, and then I could clearly see that the eyes appeared just as they did before—still and bright. Now, first, the conviction flashed upon me, that all the stories I had heard of men, birds, and animals being charmed by the eyes of serpents, were owing to a misinterpretation of the cause; that the effects contended for rested rather in the excited fears of the charmed than in the powerful spell of the charmer. Fear is the bewilderer in all such cases.

The darkness began, at last, to break away. It may seem strange to some that I should have time to philosophize under such circumstances of ago-

nizing suffering. But my experience has always shown me that, under any great excitement of the passions, the imagination acts with a proportionate exaggeration, though as a separate life, which observes for itself, calmly, the influences of the other upon it, and deduces from the chaos truth, by the subtle processes of a higher ratiocination.

Be this as it may, as the daylight opened, what should my charmer prove to be but Hicks himself, who was sitting in about the same position that I held, and a little lower down the bank. The old fellow's sharp eyes winked very long and sleepily, like waning stars, when I first made them out through the opening haze; but they lit up quickly enough when I sprang to my feet, and burst into a hearty laugh!

"I've been thinking you were a panther all night, old boy! Why didn't you speak?"

"Why didn't *you*?" was the very pertinent reply.

"Why, I was so sure you were safe enough in Davy Jones's locker, that I felt superstitious about calling to you, for fear your ghost might take offence; but you thought I was a panther, too, didn't you?" I asked, as I shook the old hero's hand in an ecstasy of delight.

"We-l-l, yes!" he drawled out, with a mischievous twinkle in his now wide-awake eye; "I thought you was some cussed varmint or other that was waitin' for me to wink, and almost had to prop my eyes open with sticks, I was so sleepy.

"You drifted against that tree that had caved in, didn't you?"

“Yes; and you?”

“Did the same; and, as there were no more rangers to save, it gave way under me just at the right time. But what sort of a ‘cussed varmint’ did you take me for, old man?”

“We-l-l, I’ve seed painters’ eyes before, and I know’d yourn wan’t them—they wan’t wide enough apart. I didn’t know much what to think, unless you was an Indian; I only know’d there was danger in the eyes, because they kept so still.”

“How did you feel?”

“Felt like busting them out, if my powder hadn’t been wet?” said he, drily.

“Just the favour I should have done your peepers had my powder been dry!”

“I only thought of shooting at first!” said the old fellow, with a sly leer; “for I seed that the creetur’ was badly skeered, from the way its eyes flared!”

I felt this joke had so much truth, that I only laughed heartily at it.

The thing was ridiculous enough. Two men sitting for hours opposite, in the dark, each mistaking the other for some wild beast, and afraid to move, or, almost, indeed, to breathe; while, in addition to the terror such a neighbourhood naturally inspired, each was grieving for the other as dead.

Old Hicks, who was lighter, or less vigorous than myself, had been lifted from his feet soonest, and, as the fallen tree reached nearly across the ravine, he, too, had been thrown against it, and had found such



difficulty in getting out, and, indeed, thought the chance of his escape was so narrow, that he never for a moment dreamed that I, too, might meet it.

However, we were both too much accustomed to such exigencies to dwell upon them when they were once passed.

“ *Webber's Adventures.*”

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#### THE DAL OF KASHMIR.

THIS afternoon I availed myself of the leisure which presented itself, to pay a visit, in the company of my new European friends, to the far-famed Lake Dal. This lake is surrounded by a ditch, constructed to prevent the confluence of the lake with the Jelam, and the consequent overflow of the houses near the lake, which are all on a level with it. Under the Takb-i-Suleiman is the sluice of Drogshuh, the only exit for the waters of the lake, which are thus admitted into the Zaud, an arm of the Jelam. Formerly, the sluice lay much nearer the city; it was removed to its present position to obviate the too rapid discharge of the waters of the lake which was then experienced. A large white stone in the great canal leading to the Shalimar Bagh, is an important mark to the population: when the waters cover this stone, there is danger from the height of the lake, and the floodgate is then closed.

The lake is divided into several distinct portions, of which the least, *Gagribul*, is separated from the

others by a strip of land ; and the second, *Ropelang*, has an island in the centre, on which we landed. This island is evidently artificial, and there is the site on it of some large building, now removed. From the centre of Gagribul there is a fine view of the surrounding mountains, the lower sides of which slope down to the very edge of the water. High up on one of these mountains stands the ruins of an incomplete structure, commenced by Achan Moollah Schah, the major-domo of the Emperor Jehanghir, as a college. The next object of interest which the eye encounters is the sacred Kali-Sangaru, a place of pilgrimage, extensively resorted to by the Hindoo. Kali-Sangaru (i. e., the black confluence of two streams) stands on a tall promontory, extending far into the lake. Elsewhere, the mountains have, in their descent, assumed towards the lake the form of the gentlest declivities, sprinkled with villages and pleasure-grounds. On the borders of one of the smaller divisions of the Dal, is the Nishad Bagh, or Garden of Bliss, constructed by Jehanghir, after his first visit to Kashmir. The garden is approached from the water by a noble terrace, at the extremity of which is a grand avenue of lofty trees, adorned with fountains. Across the entrance to this avenue is raised, on fanciful arches, a pavilion, whence the view of the further portions of the gardens is extremely effective. The gardens have fallen into great neglect, the fine plane trees being now its almost sole feature. The gardener, who acted as our cicerone, could only give me, in the way of bouquet, a

few chrysanthemums, for which he requested a rupee, by way of enam, or present. M. Vigne, when he looked over the gardens during the hot season, came upon a large cotra.

There is a large causeway from Kashmir to this point, built by a wealthy Hindoo, which effectually impedes the navigation along the course, compelling boats to proceed out to a narrow bridge, which admits them to Ropelang lake, in which is the island of Charchunan, famed by Bremer and Tom Moore. All about here the majestic nelumbium covers the lake with its grand foliage and its rich red and white flowers.

We were now rowed to the Shalimar gardens, which, with its palace, was a construction of Jehanghir. Reaching the entrance to the edifice by a small canal, you pass under an arch, with a flat roof, used by the Patan governors, when they visit the garden, as a smoking place. An avenue of colossal plane trees then leads you to the principal building, after you have passed six inferior structures or lodges. The palace itself, in the centre of which is a spring, the roof to which is supported by twelve black marble columns, is kept in good repair for the occasional use of the governor. On the island Char-chunan, an artificial construction, the work of Jehanghir—two of the plane trees planted by whose imperial hand are still standing—we found another building, in the centre of a deserted garden: it consists of a single open hall, at one corner of which rises a tower, commanding a fine prospect of the ad-

jacent country. Under one of the imperial plane trees is a water-wheel of the olden time, still in full operation. It is made of the incorruptible Himalaya cedar, (deodara.) There are infinite ducks on the lake, which used to be available for the people of the district, but the present governor preserves them. Our waterman, however, producing a monstrous matchlock, some fourteen feet long, availed himself of our European sanction, and, with a charge of powder and shot contributed from our flasks, brought down, at a single shot, eight ducks.

Ere quitting the spot, we visited the fine wood of plane-trees, planted by Akbar, called Nazum, or the Salubrious: there are 1200 trees here, all in perfect preservation, though planted 200 years ago and more. Arranged as they are, in avenues, they must yield a most grateful shade from the summer heat.

*Hugel. "Voyage en Kashmir."*

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#### TWELVE DAYS IN ROME.

WE cast anchor in the small harbour of Civita Vecchia at seven, landed at eight, and at ten set off for Rome. For several miles the road ran along the sea shore, through a desolate but not barren country, with scarce a sign of population. A few massive fragments of a bridge from the hands of the Romans, gave a sudden interest to the deserted region, and kept our minds awake until three o'clock, when, still eleven miles distant from Rome, we came in sight of

St. Peter's, which drew us towards it with such force, that we wondered at the languor of the postillion, who drove his dull hacks as if at the end of our journey there were nothing but a supper and a snug hostelrie. We soon lost sight of St. Peter's. The fields—and this is not strictly part of the *Campagna*—still looked dreary and abandoned. Up to the very walls of the ancient mistress of the world, and the present spiritual mistress of many millions more than the Cæsars ever swayed, the land seems as if it had long lain under a malediction. At last, towards sundown, after an ascent, whence we overlooked the "Eternal City," the Cupola of St. Peter's filled our eyes of a sudden, and seemingly within a stone's throw of us. Descending again, we entered Rome by a gate near the church, and, escorted by a horseman, whose casque led one to imagine him a mimic knight of Pharsalia, we drove close by the gigantic colonnade that incloses the court of St. Peter's, crossed the Tiber by the Bridge of Adrian, and after several turns through narrow streets, drove up to the temple of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, with its front of fluted marble columns, under which we passed into the interior, and there halted. 'Twas the Custom House, whence a dollar having quickly obtained for us release from the delay and vexation of search, we drove at dusk through the Corso to the *Hôtel de l'Europe* in the *Piazza di Spagna*. Here we spent the evening in planning, and in trying to think ourselves into a full consciousness that we were in Rome.

Before breakfast on the following day, I took my first walk in Rome up the broad stairway from the *Piazza di Spagna* to the Pincian Hill; but the atmosphere was hazy. Later, I walked down the Corso, whose palaces look wealth and luxury. A palace without political power, what is it but a gilded prison, where refined sensuality strives to beguile the intellect in its servitude! A scarlet gilt coach rolled by, with gorgeous trappings and three footmen in flaunting liveries crowded together on the foot-board behind; an exhibition, which shows manhood most disgustingly bemasked, and is an unchristian ostentation of the mastery of man over man. 'Twas the coach of a cardinal! of one who assumes to be the pre-elect interpreter of the invisible God! of one whom millions believe to be among the most divinely-enlightened expositors of the self-denying Jesus' words! Truly, God rights the wrong in our little world by general laws, and stoops not to an individual; else it were neither unreasonable nor profane to expect that the sleek horses of this silken-robed priest might refuse to carry him to the altar, raised to him who declared it to be hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Possibly he is self-deluded; for so great is the power of man upon man, that the world-wide and time-heaped belief in his sanctity may have persuaded even himself, that between his life and his doctrine there is no wide-gaping inconsistency. Some too, being stronger in religious sentiment than in intellect, are blinded,

under the bandage of custom, to the monstrous imposture. But many a one, having capacity for and opportunities of culture, must be the conscious worshipper of ambition and the knowing defiler of the Holy, and his life therefore—what I leave each reader to name for himself.

This is a gala-day in Rome, being one of the last of the carnival. At two we drove to the Corso, where we fell into a double file of carriages going in opposite directions. The Corso is the principal street of modern Rome, about a mile long, proud with palaces, columns, and open squares. Out of most of the numerous windows streamed long crimson silk hangings. At short intervals were dragoons as a mounted police. The street was thronged with people, many in masks and fantastic costumes; the windows were crowded with gaily dressed spectators. But the chief source of animation to the gay scene is the practice of throwing bonbons and bouquets from carriage to carriage, or in or out of the windows, or from or at the pedestrians, a general interchange, in short, of missile greetings. Most of the bonbons are of clay, or paste and flowers, and hence can be dealt out profusely without much cost. You assail whom you please, and wire masks are worn by those who are careful of their eyes. 'Tis an occasion when the adult lay aside their maturity and put on childhood again, and, as among children, there is the fullest freedom and equality. We knew not a soul in the throng, and dealt our handfuls of

powdered pills into carriages and windows, and received them in turn, with as much glee as if we had been harlequins in a pantomime.

Next day (Sunday) we drove first to the forum. Here then had been the centre of the Roman world! There before you is a door of the ancient capitol! A few straggling columns and arches stand up still manfully against time. You think 'tis something to find yourself face to face with what has heard the voice of Cicero and the Gracchi, to shake hands, as it were, across a gulf of twenty centuries, with the cotemporaries of the Scipios, when you learn that all that you behold are relics of the Imperial epoch. They showed us, too, the walls and two columns of a temple of Romulus, with a door of well-wrought bronze. Although one likes to believe on such occasions, we had to turn incredulous from these, and settled our minds again into positive faith before the arch of Titus, which stands at the end of the forum opposite the capitol, and is enriched with sculpture illustrating the destruction of Jerusalem, in commemoration of which it was erected to the Emperor Titus. Passing under this, which Jews to this day will not do, we drove down the *Via sacra* to the Colosseum, near which is the arch of Constantine. Conceive of an elliptical theatre, with stone seats all round rising row at the back of row, to hold one hundred thousand spectators, who came in and out without delay or confusion through seventy inlets. Here, in this vast arena, may be said to have been represented the conflict between paganism and Chris-



tianity. Here were slaughtered tens of thousands of Christians, thrown to wild beasts as the most grateful spectacle to the Roman populace. The arena itself is now a Christian temple, sanctified by the blood of the faith-sustained victims.

From the Colosseum we went to the Church of St. John of the Lateran, where, if what they tell you were true, are preserved the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul. We were shown, too, what the exhibiting priest said is the table on which Jesus took the last supper with the apostles. This, with other relics is declared to have been brought from Jerusalem by Helen, the mother of Constantine. This is the oldest church in Europe, and is called the mother of all others.

In the afternoon we drove to St. Peter's. I had not imagined the entrance to be so colossal. Before passing the immense portal, I was filled with wonder, which was not diminished by the view within. It is a symbol of the power and hopes of man. What a majestic work of human hands! All its magnificent details are swallowed in its immensity. The one all-absorbing idea is vastness.

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After breakfast I walked to the Minerva church, to see the funeral ceremony for a Cardinal. In the square before the church was the Pope's carriage with six horses, and a score of the scarlet carriages of the Cardinals. The interior of the church was hung with black and gold. The body of the deceased Cardinal lay in state, in the centre of the nave, on a

broad bulky couch, raised about ten feet. Around it at some distance were burning purple candles. The music of the service was solemn and well executed. The Pope descended from his throne, and, supported on either side by a Cardinal, and attended by other ecclesiastical dignitaries, went to the front of the couch and pronounced absolution upon the deceased. He then walked twice round the body, throwing up incense towards it out of a golden censer. His pontifical robe was crimson and gold. He evidently performed the service with emotion. The whole spectacle was imposing and luxurious. The gorgeous couch and habiliments of the deceased, the rich and various robes, the purple candles, the sumptuous solemn hangings, the incense and the mellow music, compounded a refined feast for the senses. Such ceremonies can speak but feebly to the soul. In the crowd that filled the large church, there was observable some curiosity, and a quiet air of enjoyment, but very little devotion. After the service, as the Pope's carriage on leaving the square passed close by me, an elderly man at my side dropped suddenly on his knees, shouting, "Santo Padre, la benedizione," which the Pope gave as his horses went off in a trot, and of which I too, from my position, had a share.

In the afternoon we hired seats in the Corso, to see the last day of the Carnival. The Italians, disciplined by Church and State, know how to run wild on such an occasion without grossness or disorder. People all shouting and fooling, and no

coarse extravagances or interruptious of good humour. At sunset the street was cleared in the centre, and half a dozen horses started at one end without riders, to race to the other. After this, the evening ended with the entertainment of the *mocolo*, which is a thin wax lighted taper, wherewith one half the crowd provide themselves, while the others, with handkerchiefs and similar weapons, strike at them to put them out. This makes an illumination of the whole street, and keeps up a constant noisy combat. Thousands of people in masks and fantastic costumes.

If priests were raised nearer to God by distinguishing themselves from their fellow-men through the means of gorgeous garniture and pompous ceremony, the exhibition we this morning witnessed at the Sistine Chapel would have been solemn and inspiring. Up flight after flight of the broad, gently ascending stairway of St. Peter's we reached the celebrated Chapel. Seated on the pontifical throne, on one side of the altar, at the further extremity of the Chapel, under Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, was the Pope. On his head was a lofty mitre of silver tissue, and his stole was of crimson and gold. To his right, on an elevated broad ottoman that ran along the wall of the Chapel and crossed it about the middle, were ranged more than twenty Cardinals, in robes of light purple silk and gold. Around the Pope was a crowd of ministering Prelates, and at the foot of each Cardinal sat, in a picturesque dress, an attendant, apparently a priest, who aided him to

change his robe, an operation that was performed more than once during the long service. The folio missal, out of which the Pope read, was held before him; when he approached the altar from his throne, his robe was held up; and in the same way one of the attendant prelates removed and replaced several times his mitre. Part of the service consisted in kissing his foot, a ceremony which was performed by about a hundred bishops and prelates in various ecclesiastical costumes. This being the first day of Lent, Ash-Wednesday, the benediction of the ashes is given always by the Pope, and on the heads of those who have the privilege of kissing his toe (Cardinals don't go lower than the knee) he lays a pinch of the consecrated ashes.

When I look back to the whole spectacle, though only after the lapse of a few hours, I seem to have been present at some barbaric pageant. The character of the exhibition overbears my knowledge of its purport, and I could doubt that I have witnessed a Christian ritual.

We drove out to the new St. Paul's that they are building on the site of the old one, more than a mile out of the St. Paul Gate. This Church is one of the largest, and the Pope is rebuilding and adorning it in a style of unmatched magnificence. Nations and systems cannot, any more than individuals, pause in their career. Each must fulfil its destiny. From the bosom of Eternity they are launched forth, to perform a given circuit, and long after they have culminated, they continue, though under relaxed

momentum, to give out sparks of the original fire, and decline consistently to their end. The Papal State is loaded with a growing debt; Rome has churches enough for ten times its actual population; advancing civilization rejects more and more the sensuous as an auxiliary to the spiritual. Yet, at an enormous cost, this church is re-erected, dazzling with pillars, and marble, and gold, capacious to hold tens of thousands, though distant from the city in the blighted Campagna; a token not only that the spirit of Romanism is unchanged, but that it has yet the will and vigour, in the face of material difficulties, and in defiance of civilization, to manifest itself in mediæval pomp and unchristian magnificence.

On getting back within the walls of the city, we turned into the *Via Appia*, and stopped at the tomb of the Scipios, down into which I groped with a lighted candle, twenty or thirty feet below the present surface, in a labyrinth of low vaults, where I saw several vertical slabs and inscriptions. After dinner we drove to the Villa Mattei, whence there is a fine view southward, of the aqueducts and mountains. Late in the afternoon I ascended to the top of the tower of the Capitol. The sky was cloudless, and the unparalleled scene seemed to float in the purple light. Mountain, plain, and city, the eye took in at a sweep. From fifteen to forty miles, in more than a semicircle ranged the Apennines, the nearest clusters being the Alban and the Sabine hills. Contracting the view within these, the eye embraced the dim Campagna, in the midst of which, right

under me, lay the noisy city beside its silent mother. Looking down from such an elevation, the seven hills, unless you know well their position, are not traceable; and most of the ruins, not having, as when seen from the plain, the relief of the sky, grow indistinct; only the Colosseum towers broadly before you, a giant among dwarfs, challenging your wonder always at the colossal grandeur of Imperial Rome. In the west, St. Peter's broke the line of the horizon. From countless towers, spires, cupolas, columns, obelisks, long shadows fell upon the sea of tiled roof. The turbid Tiber showed itself here and there, winding as of old through the throng. I gazed until, the sun being set, the mountains began to fade, the ruins to be swallowed up in the brown earth, and the whole fascinating scene wore that lifeless look which follows immediately the sinking of the sun below the horizon, the earth seeming suddenly to fall asleep.

Through the high walls that inclose the gardens and villas in Italy, we drove out to the Villa Albani, reputed the richest about Rome in antique sculpture. There is a statue of Tiberius, which makes him shine among several of his imperial colleagues in grace and manly proportions, a distinction which he probably owes to the superiority of his artist; a fragment from the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon, at Athens, and other esteemed antiques in half size and miniature, amidst a legion of busts, among them one of Themistocles, of much character. Unhappily, on these occasions you cannot give yourself up to the pleasure of

believing that you gaze on the features of one of the great ancients; for even the identity of the bust is seldom unquestionable, and of course still less so is the likeness. It were a goodly sight to behold an undoubted portrait of Plato, or Socrates, or Brutus. The villa is in a florid style of architecture, and the grounds are laid out in straight walks between walls of evergreen. The day was balmy, and the parterre walls were alive with lizards darting about in the sunshine. We next drove out of the St. John Gate, to get a near view of the aqueducts, which have been well likened to giants striding across the Campagna. On re-entering the gate, the front of St. John of the Lateran presented itself very grandly. It is purer than the façade of St. Peter's, in which the perpendicular continuity is broken, a fault almost universal in the fronts of Italian churches. The statues, too, on the St. John, from being colossal and somewhat crowded, have a better effect than statues in that position generally have.

In the afternoon we drove and walked in the grounds of the Villa Borghese. The entire circuit is at least two miles, and the grounds are varied both by art and nature. Strangers can hardly be sufficiently grateful to the family that opens to them such a resource. I should have stated, when speaking of the statuary in the villa, that the original and celebrated Borghese collection of antiques was sold to the Paris Museum, in the reign of Napoleon, for thirteen millions of francs. The present collection has been made since that period.

At Thorwaldsen's studio, I stood again long before the St. John preaching in the Wilderness. This is a group of twelve parts, ranged in a line declining on either side from the central figure, to suit its destination, which is the tympanum of a church in Copenhagen. St. John, in his left hand a cross, which serves him too as a staff, and his right raised towards heaven, stands in the centre, with a countenance mild and earnest, his look and attitude well expressing the solemnity of the tidings he proclaims.

The first figure on his right is a man, apparently about thirty, with the left foot on a high stone, and one elbow on his knee, his chin resting in his hand. His fixed look is not turned up as if to catch the falling words of the speaker, but is outward, as though his mind were busy with something that had gone before.—Next to him is a group of two figures, the first a turbaned man of middle age, with hands crossed at his waist, in the simplest erect attitude of deep attention, his closely draped light body in the most perfect repose, while his bearded countenance is intent upon that of St. John, with the animated expression of one accustomed to thought, and whose mind is now deeply wrought upon by the words he hears. Behind him, and gently resting on his shoulder, is a beardless youth, like the elder one before him, who may be his father, attentive but passive. The third figure is a mother, half kneeling, behind her a boy seven or eight years of age, with chin on his hands that are crossed on her right shoulder. The fourth,



an old man, seated, with long beard and turban, a tranquil, venerable figure. The fifth, and last to the right of St. John, is a youth recumbent, supporting his upturned head with his left arm.

The first figure on the left of St. John, is a boy about fifteen, looking up into his face with half open mouth and a beaming expression, as if the words he was listening to had unlocked his soul. Next to him is a middle-aged priest, with both hands before his breast resting on a staff. His countenance is strong and rugged, and his brows are knit as if his mind were in a state of resistance to what he heard. The third figure is a hunter. He looks melted by the preacher, and has an aspect of devout acquiescence. By a band he holds a fine dog, upon which is fixed the attention of the fourth group, two bright children, a boy and girl of nine and eight, their faces alive with childish pleasure. Behind them, the fifth figure, is a female seated, their mother apparently, who is restraining before her a third younger child. The sixth, and last figure, is a shepherd, recumbent, with open mouth and joyful look.

This subject is peculiarly fitted to sculpture, from the union of perfect bodily repose with mental animation. The conception, which is the happiest possible for such a group; the ease, life, correctness, and grace of the figures; the contrasts in their postures, ages, conditions, sex, expression; the calm power evident in the fertility and purity of the invention; the excellence of the execution; the distribution of

the parts, and the vivid character of each figure, make this work one of the noblest of modern sculpture.

In the afternoon we went through the Gallery of the Vatican. From an unnecessary and ungracious arrangement, in order to see the pictures you are obliged to walk nearly the whole length of the range of galleries in the two stories, a distance of more than a mile, so that you are fatigued when you come in front of the pictures, where, moreover, there are no seats. We went afterwards to the church of St. Onofrio, not far from St. Peter's. Here I saw a representation in wax of the head of Tasso, from a mask taken after death. Were there any doubt as to the genuineness of this head, the cranium were almost sufficient to dispel it, being just such a one as is fitted to the shoulders of an excitable poet. The monks keep it in their library. Another treasure they possess is a Madonna and child in fresco, by Leonardo da Vinci, which, notwithstanding the injury of time, breathes forth the inspiration imparted to it by that wonderful genius. Neither this, nor the mask of Tasso, both being in the convent to which the church is attached, can be seen by women, except through special permission from the pope. Below, in the church, is Tasso's tomb.

What is called the bust of young Augustus, in the Vatican, is much like Napoleon when he was General. We walked round the Rotunda, where are the Perseus of Canova, the Antinous, the Laocoon, and the Apollo. What a company! and what a pri-

vilege it is to behold them. We drove afterwards to the Colosseum, and for the first time ascended among the arches. Its vastness and massive grandeur never cease to astonish me.

In the afternoon, when we had looked at the pictures in the academy of St. Luc, we drove to the Pincian Hall at five. The whole heaven was strewn with fragments of a thunderstorm. Through them the hue of the sky was unusually brilliant, and along the clear western horizon of a pearly green. Standing at the northern extremity of the hill, we had, to the south, the maze of pinnacles, cupolas, towers, columns, obelisks, that strike up out of the wide expanse of mellow building; to the right, the sun and St. Peter's; and, to the left, a rural view into the grounds of the Borghese Villa, where, over a clump of lofty pines, lay the darkest remnants of the storm, seemingly resting on their broad flat summits. The gorgeous scene grew richer each moment that we gazed, till the whole city and its fleecy canopy glowed in purple. We walked slowly towards the great stairway, and paused on its top as the sun was sinking below the horizon. 'Twas an Italian sunset after a storm, with Rome for the foreground.

As, after returning to our lodging, I sat in the bland twilight, full of the feeling produced by such a spectacle, in such a spot and atmosphere, from the ante-room came the sound of a harp from fingers that were moved by the soul for music, which is almost as common here as speech. After playing

two sweet airs, it ceased: it had come unbidden and unannounced, and so it went. This was wanted to complete the day, although before it began I did not feel the want of anything. There are rare moments of heaven on earth, which, but for our perversity, might be frequent hours, and sanctify and lighten each day, so full is nature of gifts and blessings, were the heart but kept open to them. But we close our hearts with pride and ambition, and all kinds of greeds and selfishness, and try to be content with postponing heaven to beyond the grave.

We visited this morning the Hospital of St. Michael, an immense establishment for the support and instruction of orphans, and an asylum for aged poor. It is divided into four compartments; for aged men, of whom there are now one hundred and twenty-five; for aged women, one hundred and twenty-five; for boys, two hundred and twenty; and for girls, two hundred and seventy-five; making altogether seven hundred and forty-five, as the present number of its inmates. We saw a woman one hundred and three years old, with health and faculties good. The boys are taught trades and the liberal arts, and are entitled to the half of the product of their work, which is laid up for them, and serves as a capital to start with when they leave the institution at the age of twenty; besides which, each one receives on quitting thirty dollars for the same purpose. The girls weave and work with the needle, and if they marry, receive one hundred dollars

dower, and two hundred if they go into a convent. They, as well as the boys, are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and vocal music. The superintendent, who was throughout exceedingly obliging and affable, let us hear several pieces of music, admirably executed, by a number of the boys.

The income of this institution, from foundations made chiefly by former popes, is twenty-eight thousand dollars, to which is added upwards of five thousand paid by some of those admitted into its walls, or by their patrons. The arrangements and administration seem to be judicious. Order, industry, and contentment were visible in all the compartments. It is a noble institution, which does honour to Rome.

In the afternoon, we visited the Villa Ludovisi, in olden times the garden of Sallust. Among several fine antique statues, that have been dug up in the grounds, is a magnificent colossal head of Juno. I afterwards walked home from the Coliseum, in the warm spring air, taking a look on the way at the Moses of Michael Angelo.

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It is four o'clock in the afternoon. Seated against the huge base of a pilaster, beneath the dome of St. Peter's, I have taken out my pencil to note down what is passing around me. In front, near by, directly under the cupola, in the centre of the church, is the great altar, beneath which, in the vaults, is the tomb of St. Peter. The steps that lead down to it are inclosed by a marble balustrade, round which burn un-

ceasingly a row of brazen lamps. At this altar service is performed only by the pope himself or a cardinal. Round these lights is a favourite spot for worshippers; there is now kneeling a circle of various classes. People are walking, lounging, or chatting, or gazing at monuments and pictures. Across the great nave nearly opposite to me is a little crowd about St. Peter's statue, kissing, one after the other, his bronze toe. Yonder is a knot of soldiers. A group of three, the middle one a priest, is passing me in lively chat. A few yards to my left another priest is on his knees; his lips move rapidly, nor are his eyes idle, nor his nose, which he occupies with snuff. Here come a couple of unkempt artizans, laughing. Yonder a white poodle is rolling himself on the marble floor, and a black cur is trotting up to interrogate him. From under one of the great arches is issuing a procession of boys, young acolytes. They crowd up to St. Peter's statue, kiss the toe, pass on, kneel for a few moments before the illuminated sanctuary, and then disappear in the distance. Not far off stand three priests in animated talk. Across the transept, shines down obliquely through a lofty arch, an immense band of illuminated dust, denoting the height of a western window. I raised my eyes towards the dome; the gigantic mosaic figures on its rich concave are dwarfed like fir-trees on a mountain. Half-way down the great nave people are standing or kneeling a little closer, for service is going on in one of the side altars, and vespers are about to be sung in a chapel opposite. Many hundreds of visitors

and worshippers mingled together are in the church, but merely dot thinly the area whereon tens of thousands might stand at ease.

Mounted in the morning to the roof and to the top of the dome of St. Peter's. What a pulpit whence to preach a sermon on the lusts of power and gold!

*"Scenes and Impressions of Continental Travel."*

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#### PRODUCTIONS OF BRAZIL—MANDIOC— INDIA RUBBER.

My excursion to Jaraguá afforded me an excellent opportunity of observing the various arrangements peculiar to plantations in the interior of Brazil. Such arrangements will be found modified, in all countries, according to the climate, the productions, and the general state of improvement in the arts.

On the fazenda of Donna Gertrudes were cultivated sugar-cane, mandioca, cotton, rice, and coffee; around the farm-house as a centre were situated numerous outhouses, such as quarters for negroes, storehouses for the staple vegetables, and fixtures for reducing them to a marketable form.

The *Engenho de cachassa* was an establishment where the juices of the sugar-cane were expressed for distillation. On most of the sugar estates there exist distilleries, which convert the treacle drained from the sugar into a species of alcohol, called cachassa; but on this, either from its proximity to

market, or from some other cause connected with profit, nothing but cachassa was manufactured. The apparatus for grinding the cane was rude and clumsy in its construction, and not dissimilar to the corresponding portion of a cider-mill in the United States. It was turned by four oxen. The fumes of alcohol proceeding from this quarter pervaded the whole premises.

I was much interested in the manufacture of mandioc flour. This vegetable, being the principal farinaceous production of Brazil, is deserving of particular notice. Its peculiarity is the union of a deadly poison with highly nutritious qualities. It is indigenous to Brazil, and was known to the Indians long before the discovery of the country.

Southey remarks: "If Ceres deserved a place in the mythology of Greece, far more might the deification of that person have been expected who instructed his fellows in the use of mandioc." It is difficult to imagine how it should have ever been discovered by savages that a wholesome food might be prepared out of this root.

Their mode of preparation was by scraping it to a fine pulp with oyster shells, or with an instrument made of small sharp stones set in a piece of bark, so as to form a rude rasp. The pulp was then rubbed or ground with a stone, the juice carefully expressed, and the last remaining moisture evaporated by the fire. The operation of preparing it was thought unwholesome, and the slaves, whose business it was, took the flowers of the *nhambi* and the root of



the *urucu* in their food to strengthen the heart and stomach.

The Portuguese soon invented mills and presses for this purpose; they usually pressed it in cellars and places where it was least likely to occasion accidental harm. In these places it is said that a white insect was found, generated by this deadly juice, and itself not less deadly, with which the native women sometimes poisoned their husbands, and slaves their masters, by putting it in their food. A poultice of mandioc, with its own juice, was considered excellent for imposthumes. It was administered for worms, and was applied to old wounds, to eat away the diseased flesh; for some poisons, also, and for the bite of certain snakes, it was esteemed a sovereign antidote. The simple juice was used for cleaning iron. The poisonous quality is confined to the root; for the leaves of the plant are eaten, and even the juice might be made innocent by boiling, and be fermented into vinegar, or inspissated till it became sweet enough to serve for honey.

The crude root cannot be preserved three days by any possible care, and the slightest moisture spoils the flour. Piso observes, that he had seen great ravages occasioned among the troops by eating it in this state. There were two modes of preparation, by which it could be more easily kept. The roots were sliced under water, and then hardened before a fire. When wanted for use, they were grated into a fine powder, which being beaten up with water, became like a cream of almonds. The other method

was to macerate the root in water till it became putrid, then hang it up to be smoke-dried; and this, when pounded in a mortar, produced flour as white as meal. It was frequently prepared in this manner by savages. The most delicate preparation was by pressing it through a sieve, and putting the pulp immediately in an earthen vessel on the fire. It then granulated, and was excellent when either hot or cold.

The native mode of cultivating it was rude and summary. The Indians cut down the trees, let them lie till they were dry enough to burn, and then planted the mandioc between the stumps. They ate the dry flour in a manner that baffled all attempts at imitation, taking it between their mouths so neatly that not a grain fell beside. No European ever tried to perform this feat without powdering his face or his clothes, to the great amusement of the grinning savages.

The mandioc supplied them also with their banqueting drink. They prepared it by an ingenious process, which savage man has often been cunning enough to invent, but never clever enough to reject. The roots were sliced, boiled till they became soft, and set aside to cool. The young women then chewed them, after which they were returned into the vessel, which was filled with water, and once more boiled, being stirred the whole time. When this process had been continued sufficiently long, the unstrained contents were poured into earthen jars of great size, and buried, up to the middle, in the floors

of the house. The jars were closely stopped, and in the course of two or three days, fermentation took place. They had an old superstition, that if it were made by men it would be good for nothing. When the drinking day arrived, the women kindled fires around these jars, and served out the warm portion in half gourds, which the men came dancing and singing to receive, and always emptied at one draught. They never ate at these parties, but continued drinking as long as one drop of the liquor remained; and having exhausted all in one house, removed to the next, till they had drunk out all in the town. These meetings were commonly held about once a month. De Lery witnessed one which lasted three days and three nights. Thus, man, in every age and country, gives proof of his depravity, by converting the gifts of a bountiful Providence into the means of his own destruction.

Mandioca is difficult of cultivation—the more common species requiring from twelve to eighteen months to ripen. Its roots have a great tendency to spread. It is consequently planted in large hills, which at the same time counteract this tendency and furnish the plant with a dry soil, which it prefers. The roots, when dug, are of a fibrous texture, corresponding in appearance to those of trees. The process of preparation at Jaraguá was first to boil them, then remove the rind, after which the pieces were held by the hand in contact with a circular grater turned by water power. The pulverized material was then placed in sacks, several of which,

thus filled, were constantly subject to the action of a screw-press for the expulsion of the poisonous liquid. The masses, thus solidified by pressure, were beaten fine in mortars. The substance was then transferred to open ovens, or concave plates, heated beneath, where it was constantly and rapidly stirred until quite dry. The appearance of the farina, when well prepared, is very white and beautiful, although its particles are rather coarse. It is found upon every Brazilian table, and forms a great variety of healthy and palatable dishes. The fine substance deposited by the juice of the mandioca, when preserved standing a short time, constitutes tapioca, which is now a valuable export from Brazil.

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The use of the caoutchouc, or gum-elastic, was learned from the Omaguas, a tribe of Brazilian Indians. These savages used it in the form of bottles and syringes. It was their custom to present a bottle of it to every guest at the beginning of one of their feasts. The Portuguese settlers in the Pará were the first who profited by turning it to other uses, converting it into shoes, boots, hats, and garments. It was found to be especially serviceable in a country so much exposed to rains and floods. But of late the improvements in its manufacture have vastly extended its uses, and made it essential to the health and comfort of the whole enlightened world. The aboriginal name of this substance was *cahuchu*, the pronunciation of which is nearly preserved in the word caoutchouc. At Pará it is now

generally termed *borracha*. It is the product of the *Siphilla elastica*, a tree which grows to the height of eighty, and sometimes one hundred feet. It generally runs up quite erect, forty or fifty feet, without branches. Its top is spreading, and is ornamented with a thick and glossy foliage. On the slightest incision the gum exudes, having at first the appearance of thick yellow cream.

The trees are generally tapped in the morning, and about a gill of the fluid is collected from one incision in the course of the day. It is caught in small cups of clay, moulded for the purpose with the hand. These are emptied, when full, into a jar. No sooner is this gum collected, than it is ready for immediate use. Forms of various kinds, representing shoes, bottles, toys, &c., are in readiness, made of clay.

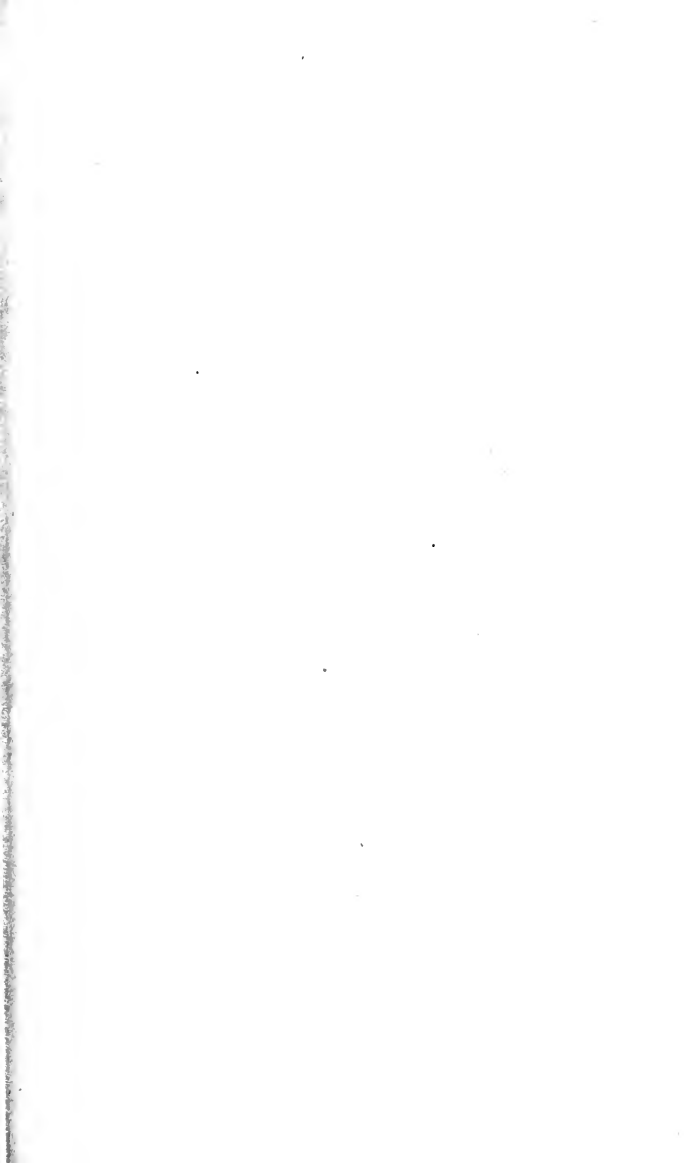
When shoes are manufactured, it is a matter of economy to have wooden lasts. These are first coated with clay, so as to be easily withdrawn. A handle is affixed to the last, for the convenience of working. The fluid is poured over the form, and a thin coating immediately adheres to the clay. The next movement is to expose the gum to the action of smoke. The substance ignited for this purpose is the fruit of the *wassou* palm. This fumigation serves the double purpose of drying the gum, and of giving it a darker colour. When one coating is sufficiently hardened, another is added, and smoked in turn. Thus any thickness can be produced. It is seldom that a shoe receives more than a dozen coats. The work, when

formed, is exposed to the sun. For a day or two it remains soft enough to receive permanent impressions. During this time the shoes are figured, according to the fancy of the operatives, by the use of a style or pointed stick. They retain their yellowish colour for some time after the lasts are taken out, and they are considered ready for the market. Indeed they are usually sold when the gum is so fresh, that the pieces require to be kept apart; hence, pairs of shoes are generally tied together, and suspended on long poles. They may be seen daily at Pará, suspended over the decks of the *canoas* that come down the river, and on the shoulders of the men who deliver them to the merchants.

Those who buy the shoes for exportation, commonly stuff them with dried grass, to preserve their extension. Various persons living in the suburbs of Pará collect the caoutchouc, and manufacture it on a small scale. But it is from plantations devoted to the business that the market is chiefly supplied.

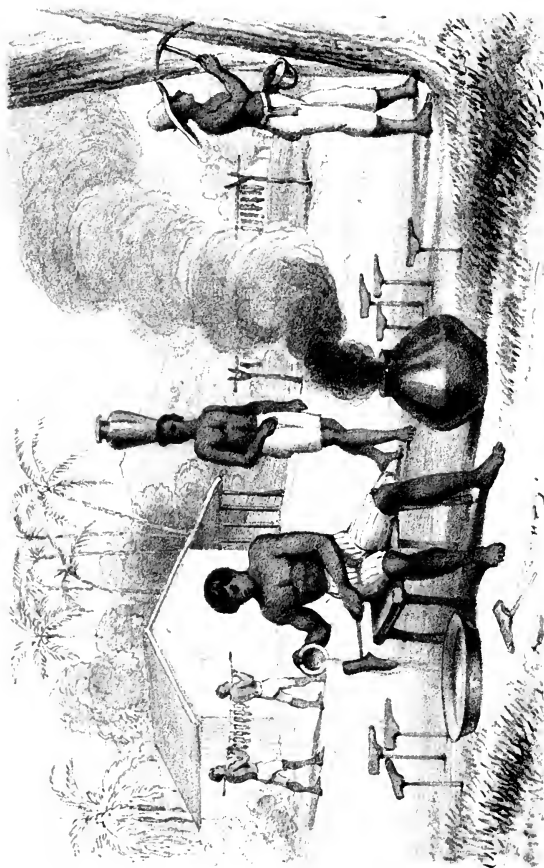
The gum may be gathered during the entire year, but it is more easily collected, and more serviceable, during the dry season. The months of May, June, July, and August are especially devoted to its preparation. Besides great quantities of this substance which leave Pará in other forms, there have been exported for some years past about three hundred thousand pairs of gum elastic shoes annually.

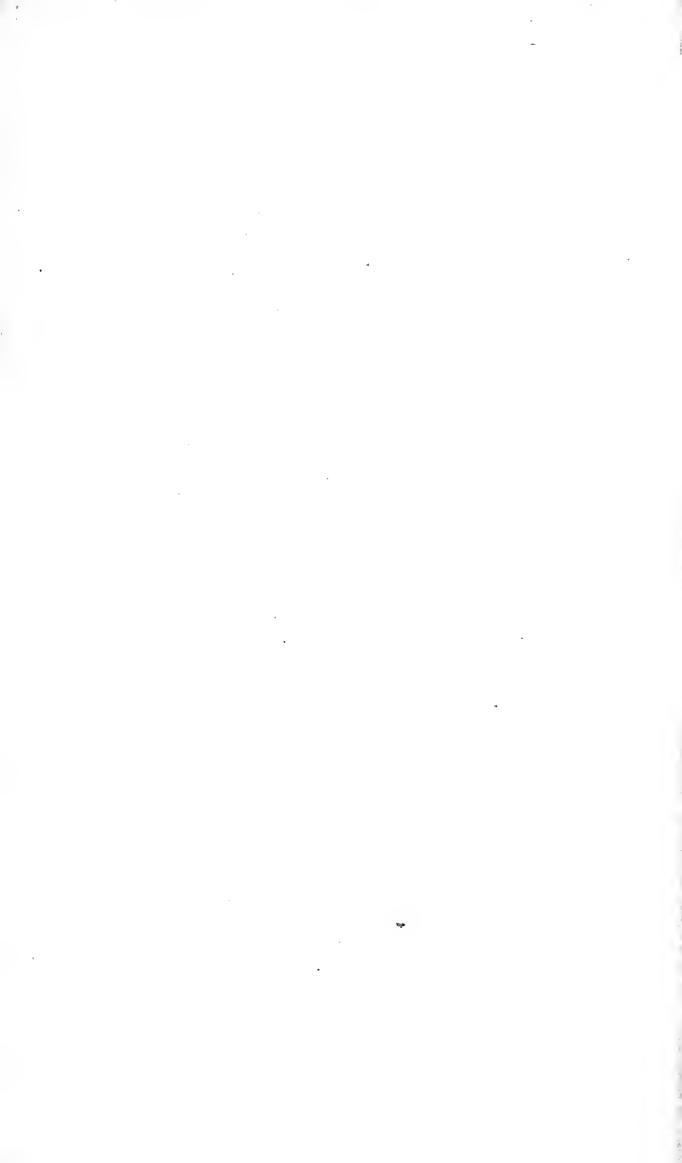
The Amazonian region now supplies, and probably will long continue to supply, in a great degree, the present and the rapidly increasing demand for











this material. Several other trees, most of them belonging to the tribe euphorbiaceæ, produce a similar gum; but none of them is likely to enter into competition with the India rubber tree of Pará.

*“Journal of a Residence in Brazil.”*

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### THE BULL FIGHTS OF SPAIN.

IN the opinion of the first matador of the age, Montes—who has written an elaborate history of his profession—we may carry back the origin of bull-fights to the period of the Roman domination, and even still higher. The favourite spectacle with the Romans was the contests of gladiators with wild beasts; and the imposing ruins of the amphitheatres of Toledo and Merida manifest that in no part of the classic world were these barbarous entertainments conducted with greater pomp than in Spain. Bulls, however, were seldom introduced into these arenas, and Señor Montes, accordingly, in the fervour of his zeal on the subject, is at considerable pains to trace back the real origin of taumachy to no later or less a person than Adam, whose sons, according to him, were the first *toreros*. I will not follow Señor Montes through his theories on this somewhat original topic, but come down at once to a more recent name—the Cid; the general opinion is, that the mighty Ruy-Diaz de Bivar was the first Spaniard who contended with bulls on horseback in a public arena, and thus instituted a spectacle which has

since become an absolute necessary of life with his countrymen, and most assuredly so with his countrywomen. These combats, for a long time regarded as the privilege of nobility, like tournaments elsewhere, were speedily deemed an indispensable feature in all public solemnities. Bards chaunted the exploits of the combatants, man and beast, and biblioplists would now give its weight in gold for a little poem of the year 1124, celebrating the famous bull-fight which took place that year on occasion of the marriage of Alfonso VII. with Berenguela la Chica, daughter of the Count of Barcelona. This species of spectacle, previously limited to Spain, was imported into Italy about the commencement of the fourteenth century; but the authorities there soon found it necessary to prohibit its continuance, for, whether from some fatality, or from the want of skill and practice in the Italian *matadores*, the bulls almost always got the best of it. In the single year, 1332, nineteen Roman nobles perished in the arena. Yet in Spain, where the bulls are of incomparable strength and courage, such accidents have ever been of the rarest occurrence, "so great," says Señor Montes, "are the skill and valour of Spaniards."

Bull-fights, then, in Spain were pursued, from year to year, from century to century, with constantly increasing ardour; and in the reign of John II., chivalry, then at its apogee, gave a new stimulus to tauromachy. Instead of breaking a lance with some other iron-clad knight in the lists, it became the fashion with the Spanish cavalier to test his valour

in the *plaza*, and, in simple silken suit, to dare the fury of a savage bull, as a mode of winning the smile of his fair one. This was still the fashion in the sixteenth century; for we read that, about the year 1500, Fernando Cortez, then a youth, being present at a bull-fight, where an animal of extraordinary strength and fierceness was *unripping* one antagonist after another, a lady, who doubtless had claims upon the devotion of the future conqueror of Mexico, threw her bouquet at the feet of the infuriated bull. Death appeared inevitable upon the mere attempt to recover the flowers. Cortez, nevertheless, on a sign from the lady, leaped over the barrier, picked up the bouquet, and then returning to his place by another leap, threw the flowers in the lady's face, thus at once manifesting his valour and obedience as a knight and his indignation as a lover.

Sovereigns, by taking a personal part in these new joustings, did even more to raise them in public estimation than had the smiles of ladies, abundantly as these "rained influence;" that which raised them to their pinnacle of honour was the rivalry which arose between the Spanish knights and the Moorish seignours, several of the latter of whom, such as Malik Alabez, and Muza-y-Guzne, obtained prominent and permanent positions in the annals of tauro-machy. Isabella the Catholic checked this fierce enthusiasm—she did not like bull-fights; and after attending one, the circumstances of which were peculiarly sanguinary, she intimated her intention of

prohibiting them throughout the kingdom. The menace threw the young nobles into despair; every mode of entreaty, of supplication, was resorted to; but in vain—the queen remained inflexible; at last, they promised to guard the horns of the animals with thick leathern tips; and thanks to this expedient, which, at all events, rendered severe wounds less frequent, Spain was enabled to continue her favourite spectacle. For a few years the noble *pica-dors* contented themselves with combating these *toros embolados*; then, the queen having forgotten, or consenting to say no more about her prohibitions, the leathern tips were taken off, and the bull-fights became as interesting—that is, as dangerous, as before. Very different from Isabella the Catholic in his tastes, Charles V., on ascending the throne of Spain, became the warm patron of the bull-fight,—nay, more, presented in his own imperial person the true type of the *aficionado*. Not only did he encourage by his presence, his gifts, and his applauses, this manly sport, he himself often appeared in the arena, and, master of an empire “on which the sun never set,” added to his more material laurels the glory of being admitted by all observers to be valiant among the most valiant *toreros*. Nor was this a mere caprice of youth; it was a taste and a habit that he retained in manhood. History relates that, on the birth of his son, Philip II., (he was then twenty-seven years old,) he killed on the *plaza* of Valladolid a superb Ronda bull. In imitation of this imperial *torero*, there arose many royal and noble bull-fighters. The

annals of taumomachy have registered in golden letters the names of Pizarro, almost as famous for his bull-killing as for his conquest of Peru, Don Sebastian, the famous King of Portugal, and Don Ramirez de Haro, the greatest torero of the three. The desert that surrounds the sombre walls of the Escorial had greater attractions for the morose Philip II. than any public entertainments; he never thought of the circus at Madrid; Philip III. did, and rebuilt it; Philip IV., still more energetic, fought and killed many a gallant bull in it. It was in his reign that the first rules of bull-fighting were promulgated. Judging from this little code, which is still extant, the bull-fights of that period in no way resembled these of the present day. The bulls were encountered on horseback, with the lance, the only mode, of course, which suited the dignity of the young Spanish nobles, who merely fought for amusement or bravado, and who required in such a contest simple agility and courage, whereas aggressively to assail the bull sword in hand and on foot, as the modern toreros do, requires infinite physical strength, and perfect presence of mind: it is a complete and most difficult science, and is only to be acquired by constant practice, and after the experience, generally speaking, of not a few wounds. The rules I have referred to were very strict. Any cavalier thrown from his horse was required to continue the combat unaided; and if he quitted the arena without having killed his bull, he was considered to have lost reputation. When his lance was broken, but not till

then, he was allowed to use his sword; and Quevedo mentions that, under such circumstances, Don Henriquez de Lara renewed the exploit of Pepin le Bref, by striking off the head of a bull at a single blow.

However perilous you may deem the situation of a seigneur of the court of Philip IV., who, thrown from his horse, and unaided, was required to kill his bull ere he left the plaza, his position was one of no moment, compared with that of the modern matador in a similar conjuncture; the noble might strike his prey where he could, before, behind, in flank, in the breast; he might, in short, get rid of his enemy in any way that presented itself, an easy affair with the modern *lidiador* had he similar licence; but he must only pierce his foe at one point, and that point full in his front, centrically between the horns. The famous bull-fight at Saragossa, in presence of Don John of Austria, towards the close of the seventeenth century, was the last of the noble tauromachia. Philip V. immediately afterwards prevailed upon the church to aid him in suppressing them, and, as an effectual means to this end, to refuse Christian burial to all who might die engaged in a bull-fight. The nobles gave way, but the populace stuck to their text, and bull-fighting continued, but under a different character. The nobles, in abandoning what had been a peculiar privilege, made way for another class of men, who applied themselves to bull-fighting as a profession, and rendered it a regular art. Soon there appeared prominent among these men, Francisco Romera, of



Ronda, the first who encountered a bull face to face, and killed him at a single thrust, his only arms being the sword and the *muleta*. Dating from this period, the passion for bull-fighting in Spain became a national principle, and after a while, Ferdinand VII. gave it the permanent sanction of royalty, by founding at Seville a Tauromachic College.

So much by way of outline of the past history of bull-fighting in Spain; now as to its present condition. On arriving at Madrid last May, my first inquiry was, when does the bull-fight take place? The reply was, every Monday afternoon at five, weather permitting. Early on the Monday morning, the weather being most auspicious, I proceeded to the despacho, or office, in the Puerta del Sol, to get a ticket. There was an infinite crowd assembled in and around the office, and it was not without long delay and considerable struggling that I effected a ticket and a bill of the performance. The ticket—dress circle—cost fourteen reals (about 3s.); at Seville the charge is double this amount. The bill of the performances threw my valet, Alvarez, into perfect despair on my account, for it announced that Juan Leon and Guillem being unavoidably absent, *would not kill that day*. Accordingly, of the eight bulls announced, four were to be put to death by Juan Redondo, surnamed *El Chiclanero*, and the rest by supernumeraries (*sobresalientes*.) The amateurs said that the fight would be a miserable affair. I found it a truly grand spectacle.

The arena, the *Plaza de Toros*, lies in the direction

of the Prado, just outside the Alcala gate. The Puerta del Sol is at the most trifling distance from the spot, but as no one walks in Spain that can ride, the majority of the visitors are conveyed to the scene of action in *corricoli*, such as those of Naples, or in vast omnibuses, each drawn by some dozen or fourteen mules, stunning you with their bells. At four o'clock I got into one of these vehicles, and dashed along at a really fearful rate, through a vast crowd, towards the Alcala gate. Madrid, that ordinarily so sad and silent city, suddenly rouses up every Monday afternoon,\* puts on her holiday attire, and presses along that graceful avenue which leads to her most beautiful gate. The carriages of every description; the tinkling mules; the Andalusian horses, with their braided manes and fine harness, and their riders, who don, *on these occasions only*, the *Calanese* hat, the embroidered jacket and waistcoat, the tight breeches, and the worked garters of the *majo*; the mysterious señoras, with their dark mantillas, and the brilliant eyes flashing from out them like stars; the cries, the shouts, the dust, the heat, the everything about him, present to the newly-arrived traveller, excited with all he sees and with all that he is going to see, the most characteristic spectacle that the capital can possibly afford him. The gate passed, you see before you the wall of the circus: a thousand

\* That is, in the spring and autumn months. The bullfight do not take place in winter or in summer. During winter, the bulls are not in condition; during summer, the people could not endure the heat.

vehicles occupy the approaches, the drivers being kept in something like decent check by a detachment of cavalry, drawn up on each side of the principal entrance. The multitude make their way in, rapidly but orderly, and without anything like the uproar that, from the numbers and the excitement, might be expected. The men stand aside to give precedence to the women; there is no violence, no thrusting, no pushing about.

Within, the circus has an imposing aspect. It is circular in its form, of solid structure, and open at top like the Coliseum. The blue sky is its ceiling, while the sun, magnificent chandelier, sheds its millions of rays upon the twelve thousand spectators closely packed on the rows of benches. The circle, somewhat less in extent than the Place Vendome, is surrounded by a thick wooden wall, six feet high, and painted a deep red. Behind this barrier runs a sort of alley, like that round the pit at the opera. Beyond this rise ranges of benches, and above the benches are rows of boxes, comfortably fitted up, and for the most part let for the season.

When I arrived, the populace had already taken possession of their accustomed benches, and were filling up the time with any amusement that presented itself. Between the boxes and the benches there was a perpetual cross-fire of jests and orange-peel. All sorts of pleasantries were exchanged, more or less personal, and the quips of the *manolas*, or *grisettes*, were by no means the least effective. The circle at this time was unoccupied, except by three or four

water-carts, drawn by meagre horses round and round. At five o'clock a trumpet sounded: the water-carts disappeared, and a detachment of fine chasseurs of the Baylen regiment, preceded by a commissary of police in his official costume, made the circuit of the arena at a slow pace. As they quitted the place, the trumpet again sounded, and the combatants appeared. Their entrance is a charming affair: first came the three *picadores*, who, armed with long lances and mounted on lean, active horses, have a costume somewhat resembling that of the exquisites of Louis XIII.'s time. They wear a large grey hat, with broad brim, velvet jacket, embroidered with gold, and a kind of trunk-hose of yellow leather, under which, on the right leg, is an iron thigh-piece, protecting that part, at least, from the bull's horns. Their lance is not a lance, but a goad, the short steel point of which suffices to excite the bull, but not to wound him to any extent. A picador is killed now and then, but he never kills. Behind these march in on foot the *matadores* (killers,) or *espadas*, followed by some twenty *chulos* and *banderillos*, all dressed like themselves, and forming what is called their *quadrille*, a term well chosen; for, to judge from their costume, you would say they were going to perform a ballet, instead of fighting a terrible fight. They are all young men, attired in the exact dress of Figaro, as you see him at the opera, jacket and breeches of satin, blue, or pink, or green, or yellow, richly embroidered with silver, silk stockings, pumps with large rosettes, a knot of ribands fastened to the hair behind, a

small black silk cap on one side the head. Such is the effective costume in which these artistes perform their dangerous sports, and which costs them as much, sometimes, as a couple of hundred pounds, so rich are the materials. By way of weapon, all they carry is a small cloak, of some slight stuff, blue, red, or yellow, with silver fringe.

When the three picadores, ensconced in their demi-pique saddles, like knights of the olden time, had placed themselves, lance in rest, along the barrier, at equal distances apart, and the chulos had diffused themselves throughout the circle, every mouth became silent, every eye fixed. Then came an alguazil, on horseback, dressed like Molière's Crispins, with a plumed hat, who advanced to the president of the games, seated in a central position, and asked for the key of the *toril*, or bull-house. The key was thrown to him; he hastened with it to the bull keeper, and then, dashing the spurs into his horse, galloped off across the circle to the gate, amid the hooting of the populace, whose great object was to frighten the man's horse, so that he himself might be thrown, and get a good dig or two, at least, from the bull's horns, a consummation most devoutly desired in regard to alguazils by all Spaniards of the smaller sort. In fact, the poor fellow had but scarce dashed out of the gate, when, by the opposite gate, a splendid bull bounded into the circle. It was an enormous animal, nearly black, whose every movement bespoke at once prodigious strength and activity. On reaching the centre of the circle, he stopped short,

as though bewildered, looked round him at the assembled multitude, stamped fiercely with his right hoof, and then sent forth a terrible roar, rendered additionally appalling by the entire silence which otherwise prevailed. Five or six *chulos* then ran up and fluttered round him their capes or cloaks, above described. The bull, after a moment's pause, lowered his head, tossed his tail in air, and dashed with such fury after one of these *quadrillists*, that I thought all must be over with him. The young man, however, reached the barrier, and leaped over it with all the agility and *nonchalance* of a clown at Astley's; the bull, at his very heels, sent, so to speak, so awful a blow after him, that both horns entering the upper plank of the barrier, the stout oak split into halves.

A second *chulo*, pursued in his turn, escaped in the same way; this time, however, the bull, instead of driving his head at the wooden wall, stopped short, and, with an enormous bound, cleared the barrier, an incident of no unfrequent occurrence, and seldom attended with any danger to the crowd. The animal tumbles into the hollow way previously indicated, whence he is driven by shoutings and annoyances of every description once more into the circle. On re-entering this arena, the bull in question perceived for the first time the picadores. When he caught sight of the first of these horsemen, who awaited him, motionless in the saddle and lance in rest, he paused for a moment, and then lowering his head, tore up to him, and, heedless of the lance which goaded him, dashed his right horn, as it had

been a long poniard, right into the chest of the wretched horse. Then raising up, with an effort of his powerful head, the dying horse and the horseman, who remained firm in his saddle, he threw them both violently against the barrier, where man and beast fell, the horse upon its rider. The man, in fact, disappeared so completely beneath the horse, that I thought he must be absolutely crushed flat as a pancake; but it is in this way that the picador exercises himself to fall. His horse serves him for a shield—and a very essential one, as I forthwith found; the bull, after drawing back a space, returned furiously to the attack, and again plunged his horns—this time both of them—into the poor horse, whose entrails came forth upon the sand. Some *chulos* ran up and diverted the attention of the bull towards themselves, while others disengaged the prostrate picador; the bull, however, scorning the *chulos*, who swarmed about him like bees, dashed up to within four paces of the second picador, and then stopped short to choose his ground. This horseman was Juan Gallardo, the bravest picador of Spain. Instead of awaiting the bull, he spurred his horse towards him; the bull gathered itself together for the bound; the man lowered his lance; it was a moment of tremendous suspense. Under the impulse of reckless daring, Gallardo goaded with his pike the nostrils of the animal, which then made its bound. Gallardo thrust his lance into the bull, just above the left shoulder, and kept his hold so firmly, that the animal in plunging forward, broke the frail stem, and then,

after thrusting one of its horns to the root in the side of the horse, threw the wounded animal back upon its rider, and leaping over both, dashed after the third picador, whose horse in an instant lay ripped up on the sand, its rider under it. "*Bueno toro!*" shouted the crowd, with vehement enthusiasm.

Gallardo had fallen just in front of the spot where I was sitting. Though half crushed beneath his horse, he had not changed colour, and while still oppressed with his superincumbent load, thanked with the hand that remained free the applauding multitude. These men must be of iron mould! Their right leg, indeed, is guarded with iron, but it is on the left that they always fall, where they are clothed only in velvet. At every fall they receive upon their defenceless chests a dying horse, with its heavy wooden saddle; and their heads are sometimes dashed against the wooden barrier with a violence that sounds as though a heavy blow had been inflicted. The least of these falls—it is a saying, and I thoroughly believe a true one, in the peninsula—would kill any man but a Spaniard, and the Spaniards, hard-headed as they are, do not always get over them. The picadores, though seldom actually wounded by the bull, almost always die in consequence of some terrific fall, perhaps of a series of falls. The famous Sevilla perished miserably in this way last year. I myself have now been present at more than twenty *corridas*, and I have in every instance seen at least one picador carried off to the infirmary.

The bull, a good one, as the shouts of the crowd



testified, was now about to be set really to work ; the previous performances were a mere little prelude. Gallardo, accustomed, so firm is his arm, to stop bulls with his pike in the way he had just attempted, had risen from the ground in a state of thorough fury at his failure. To my great surprise, his horse too was able to keep its legs. Its entrails, indeed, were issuing forth, and, with pain and exhaustion, it trembled in every limb. Gallardo, however, after feeling its ear, put his foot in the stirrup and mounted. The animal could still move. Sometimes, in similar cases, the hole in the poor creature's side is filled up with tow, and the wound sewed up for the time by persons present for the purpose, but the operation was not performed on Gallardo's horse, a poor little black, with one ear. Urged on by its rider's long spurs, it trotted towards its enemy, which awaited it motionless in the centre of the arena. Under any circumstances, this would have been an act of extreme temerity on the part of Gallardo ; with a bull so dangerous—a horse so inefficient, the act was simple insanity. A picador should never remove himself more than six or eight feet from the barrier, for, once thrown, he is at the mercy of the bull, weaponless, and unable to flee—the iron guard on his right leg prevents his running,—so that the chances are that, unless he keep close to the barrier, he will never escape the bull he has infuriated. Gallardo relied upon the strength of his arm, but he had not calculated the time his horse had to live. The wretched animal, already fast dying,

had no sooner got within a few paces of the bull, which still awaited its approach, than it fell dead; as a matter of course, its rider fell with it, unarmed, and not even protected, as before, by the body of his horse, which had fallen away from him. The bull bounded forward, and made a terrific dash at his foe, but most fortunately missed, in its fury, its aim. The horns did but graze the picador; the bull, however, almost instantly turned round, and came again to the charge. Gallardo's position seemed fatal; he was saved in the very moment by the matador, who ran lightly up. It was El Chiclanero. Between the prostrate man and the bounding bull, in other words, between life and death, there was scarce a yard's space, when Chiclanero seized hold of the tail of the bull, which turned about in fury. I cannot describe the immense leaps that the foaming beast compelled the matador to take, as in this frenzied waltz they spun round and round together. Gallardo, however, meantime, managed to get up and limp away. Chiclanero then quitted his hold, and the bull avenged himself for this first defeat by ripping up at two bounds the fresh horses of the two picadors who retained their posts. Five carcasses now lay in the arena,—no great number, indeed, for at Seville I have seen a particular white bull kill thirteen horses in ten minutes, but the people were satisfied so far, and now from all quarters went forth the cry, *Banderillos! Banderillos!*

On a signal from the president, sanctioning the popular demand, the more agile among the chulos

presented themselves, each provided with two small arrows, decorated with coloured papers. Bored, apparently, with killing horses which other horses immediately replaced, and with upsetting horsemen who immediately got up again, the bull now dashed about in fine style after the banderillos, who skipped out of his way with the most delightful ease. Some of these pleasant fellows, just as the bull seemed on the point of pinning them, would leap over its head, taking no heed to the chance of falling impaled on its horns, and, lighting on their feet firm as a rock, turn round and begin plaguing it again. Chiclanero did a capital thing. Pursued by the bull at a tremendous pace, when the beast seemed right upon him, he suddenly wheeled round, and folding his arms, looked stedfastly at the bull, who at first stopped short, as it were fascinated with the man's gaze, and then retreated backwards, Chiclanero the while gravely taking off his cap and saluting it, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the assembly.

To fix the banderillos is no easy business. You have to attract the bull's attention, to invite it, as it were, to attack you, and, when it lowers its head to rush at you, to stick these little javelins in its lower jaw as you step on one side. The point, or rather hook, of the dart, which only just penetrates the skin, does not hurt the animal materially, but the stick quivering to and fro with its paper streamers, infuriates the beast to the last degree. When our bull had three pairs of these exciters in it, its exasperation became all that the spectators could desire,

and from every quarter came the cry, "Let it be killed! let it be killed!" The president waved his handkerchief, a trumpet sounded, and El Chiclanero advanced to the president's box. Chiclanero, the nephew and pupil of the great Montes, is a handsome fellow of some twenty-five summers, tall and well formed. He wore an elegant costume of green satin, embroidered with silver, and with Mechlin ruffles, pink silk stockings, and irreproachable pumps; in one hand he carried a long, naked sword and a slight scarlet veil, the *muleta*. Coming beneath the president's seat, the matador asked permission to kill the bull "in the Queen's name," and having obtained the required sanction, threw his cap into the air, and then mingled with the banderilleros, who were still exasperating the animal.

Tauromachy proceeds, scientifically, upon the stupidity of the bull, but especially upon the manner in which its visual organs are disposed. With its eyes placed on either side of its head, the bull sees extremely well an object on its right or its left, and even an object before it, if the distance be such as to enable its two visual rays to converge and unite upon the same point, but it cannot see with any certainty a man standing just in front of it. When the *espadar* accordingly abruptly advances right up to the bull, and presents to it, at, say, three paces distance, the red *muleta*, he easily misleads the bull, which makes its blind butt at the floating folds of the veil, the matador meantime slipping aside. The

bull, of course, in its onset passes close to the man, almost under the very arm which is fluttering the odious red veil, sometimes so close, that the horn touches the jacket; there are, indeed, instances in which the matador's handkerchief is pinked and carried off; this, when it happens, is an extremely popular incident.

Furious at having missed its aim, the bull turns round, renews the attack, and the matador steps aside as before. At the third and last career, the bull becomes more calculating, and consequently more dangerous, stops short, head down, before the torero, and measures its ground. The matador on his part, places himself in front of the beast, in a firm but guarded attitude, his sword pointed at the enemy, the *muleta* held beneath the sword. All at once the bull leaps forward, the man advances his right leg; there is a shock, a flash, as of lightning, and when the blow is well struck, the long blade has disappeared up to the hilt, between the withers and the nape of the bull, which either falls at once on its knees, dead, or staggers about for a while, bellowing terribly.

Such is the ordinary course of the *espada* with a bull of gentlemanly, open character, (*un toro claro*;) but bulls, like men, vary in disposition, and it is no unimportant part of a matador's science to make the discrimination at a glance. A knavish bull, which combines trickery with strength of frame, or a bull which can see straight before it, as sometimes

happens, or more especially a cowardly bull which flees from the matador—any of these cases create considerable difficulties.

The bull we have here been observing, the most dangerous that had for many a day appeared in the *Plaza* of Madrid, came from the *ganaderia*, or stud, of Don Pinto Lopez, a bull-breeder just now of great popularity. When Chiclanero presented the *muleta*, instead of rushing at the veil, the beast dashed at the man. The agile matador escaped, indeed, by means of an immense bound, but a murmur of agitation pervaded all the benches and boxes of spectators. The bull turned, and again took up a position, Chiclanero facing it, and studying its slightest movement with an evident sense of danger. He once more presented the *muleta*, but the bull remained motionless, except that it agitated its blood-stained horns. Every eye was intent upon the scene, the entire multitude seemed petrified with alarm for their favourite. Chiclanero resolved to make an end of it, and, sword in hand, approached the monster, which kept shaking its head. "Take care!—take care!" cried the benches; "Chiclanero will be killed," groaned the boxes, and all at once full half the assembly struck up the Song of the Dead. The lugubrious sounds sent forth by six thousand voices, made matters doubly appalling. The matador, pale as a statue, firmly pointed his sword towards the bull's shoulders, for the purpose of striking it *à vuela pies*, that is, throwing himself upon it, and then, dashing forward, tried the blow. As was feared,

the bull's constant movement of the head deceived the matador's aim, and while Chiclanero's arm came violently against one of the animal's horns, he himself fell between them, and was instantly hurled into the air, his sword flying some yards from him. On reaching the ground, he lay flat on his back, motionless, and the twelve thousand spectators exclaimed, with one voice—" *He is dead!*" The chulos, however, running up, diverted the attention of the bull from Chiclanero, who then showed that he was not dead by rising up and bowing to the vehemently applauding throng. His first proceeding was to feel his arm, so as to judge of the extent of the wound; fortunately, the bull's horn, gliding upon the thick satin, had merely raised the skin. The torero then picked up his sword, ascertained the integrity of its point with his right finger, and then dashed after the bull. The contest did not last long. The man was livid with passion, more furious than the beast itself. He placed himself right before the bull in an attitude of majestic daring. At that moment, it seemed to my enthusiasm that the honour of the human race depended upon the right arm of Chiclanero, and my heart throbbed powerfully as I gazed on that man, so brave and so elegant in his bravery. The bull, on once more recognising its chief enemy, sent forth a terrible bellowing, and bounded forward. The matador, motionless as a rock, and as firm, received the shock without faltering, and the bull fell on its knees, sending forth torrents of blood from the nostrils. Of the long sword no part was visible but

the short handle; the rest was buried in the bull's chest.

It is impossible to give any idea of the thunders of applause that now burst from the assembled multitude; all shouted forth their huzzas as with one impulse, while hands and feet vigorously aided the demonstration. Handkerchiefs and hats flew in the air, and there was a perfect shower of cigars and cigar-cases directed towards Chiclanero, as he made the circuit of the arena, gracefully bowing his acknowledgments. Then, having, aided by the chulos, collected the cigars and cigar-cases, he leaped lightly over the barrier and began smoking with his immediate friends in the passage above indicated, as though nothing had happened. He was soon wanted again, for the second act was a more terrible affair than the first.

The dead horses and bull having been removed by four mules, and sand having been strewn over the blood-stained arena, a gate opened, and a second bull bounded into the circle. The first exploit of this animal—a fellow of the same breed and character with the preceding—was to upset a picador so violently that the poor man had half his ribs broken, and was carried off; a supernumerary (*sobresaliente*) took his place. The new comer, whether from ordinary cowardice or from some sudden panic, would not budge a foot from the barrier, and despite the hootings of the crowd and a storm of oranges, absolutely refused to make the three steps towards the bull which are always expected. An alguazil then



entered, and ordered him, in the name of the law, to advance; the wretched man gently urged on his horse; he had not moved a yard before the bull dashed up and charged him. Instead of goading it in the shoulder, the picador pricked it in the chest, and now again every voice was furiously raised—*A la carcel!*—*a la carcel!* (to prison with him.) Nay, the vociferations became still more vehement when the bull, instead of ripping up the horse, stuck his horn into the man's thigh, and threw him out of the saddle, without touching the horse. "Bravo, bull!" cried every body, and "*to prison with the stupid picador.*" The latter, however, having his leg broken, had to be taken to the hospital.

When the bull had overthrown five or six horses, the banderilleros began to plague him, and then came the signal of death from the trumpet. This time a *sobresaliente* bore the sword of *matador*; even I, novice as I was, perceived at once from his air and manner that he was by no means perfect in his art, and when I saw him wipe again and again the cold drops of perspiration from his brow, I began really to tremble for him. Chiclanero came up and encouraged and counselled him, but his encouragement and his counsels were fruitless. A terrible though natural instinct drew the inexperienced *matador* towards the balustrade, the vicinity of which in reality added to his danger. At the first course, the bull passed so close to its inexpert assailant that it made him stagger; at the second course it threw him against the barrier, to which, with its right horn, it absolutely nailed one

of his thighs. The expression of the poor young man's face was horrible, and the nervous contraction of his limbs was such that both shoes fell off. Chiclanero, without a moment's hesitation, threw himself upon the bull, grasped the left horn, and by main force making the animal relinquish its hold upon its victim, turned its rage upon himself. In an instant his sword and muleta were in his hand; in another instant, the sword lay buried in the bull's chest. The *sobresaliente*, who had been thus avenged, was carried off to the hospital. Not a drop of blood issued from his wound. The horn of the bull, they say, is so hot, that it cauterizes as it pierces—a circumstance stated to render doubly dangerous any wound from this source. The poor wretch got no sympathy from the crowd. How, indeed, could he expect it? As a highly sentimental-looking young lady near me very naturally asked, when she saw the catastrophe—*What does the awkward blockhead do here?* The remaining bulls were dispatched with much the same circumstances by the same hand.

The *toreros* of Spain constitute a class of themselves, and a class not without distinction. Justly proud of the consideration due to their skill and their courage, they are on familiar terms with the young men of family, to whom they give lessons in taumachy, as our young aristocrats learn fencing and boxing, the lessons being paid for, not in money, but in dinners and in boxes of cigars. From their other professional resources, however, the leading *toreros* derive large incomes, which, for the most part, they

spend to the last real. Montes, an exception to the general rule, saves money, and is worth, they say, some 1200*l.* a year. They make a figure on the Prado, where their horses are among the finest, and they have their stall at the opera, where they appear in the Andalusian costume, chatting at ease with the best of the company about them. As an illustration of the consideration in which they are held, I may mention that, some years ago, when Montes had been wounded in the circus of Aranjuez, the king sent one of his chamberlains every morning to inquire after his health.

This spectacle, though its incidents seldom vary to any great extent, never produces, even on the most determined *habitué*, that feeling of monotony of which we cannot resist the influence at the opera or theatre. It is a drama always of vivid interest, because it is always real. It is the actual life of a man that is played before you. The pallor that at times overspreads the face of the *torero*, becomes contagious, for it is not, as on the stage, made up of powder; his emotion extends itself to the spectator, for it is not feigned. I have said that the incidents of the *corridos* are all pretty much the same; there are, of course, exceptions to this principle, and I will mention a curious one, told me by eye-witnesses. Some years ago, the population of Seville read on the walls of the circus this announcement: "When the third bull has combated the picadores, and received three pairs of banderillos, a young herdsman, by whom the animal was formerly tended, will enter the plaza;

he will approach the bull, will fondle him, and will detach the banderillos one after another, and will then lie down between the bull's horns."

This extraordinary announcement attracted an immense assemblage. The third bull appeared; it was an enormous animal, and very furious; it ripped up four horses at four bounds, received the banderillos, and then began bellowing awfully. At this point, contrary to custom, the *lidiadores* disappeared, and the bull, left alone in the circle, trotted up and down, bellowing and shaking its banderillos. Suddenly, a long loud whistle was heard. The bull stopped and listened. A second whistle brought him near the part of the barrier whence it proceeded. A young man, dressed as a *majo*, leaped into the circle, and called the bull by its name, *Mosquito!* The animal at once recognised its friend, and came to him, perfectly tranquil. The herdsman gave it one hand to lick, while with the other he scratched it behind one of the ears in a way that seemed especially grateful to the poor animal; after a while, he gently detached the banderillos, and then, getting the bull to kneel, lay on its back, his head between its horns, the animal meanwhile listening with great delight, apparently, to some rustic song the herdsman sang to it. Thereupon, the admiration of the crowd, so far restrained by astonishment, burst out with a violence altogether Andalusian. On hearing the shouts, which brought back to its memory all the sufferings whose aspect had just before elicited exactly the same enthusiasm, the bull's ferocity returned.

It started up, and bellowed loudly. The herdsman attempted to flee, but it was too late; the animal, furious, as it were, at having been deceived, tossed the poor young man high in air, received him, in his fall, on its horns, dashed him to the earth, trampled on him, and tore him to pieces, despite all the efforts of the *chulos*. The *corrida* was suspended, and, a wonderful thing for Spain, the assembly, in a state of thorough consternation, quitted the place sad and silent.

The hospitals of Madrid possess the monopoly of the bull-fights in that capital, and they let the privilege to a speculator for a rent of about 2,400*l.*

The bull-fighting season consists of twenty-eight *corridas*, each of which produces about 640*l.* The expenses, however, are very heavy: there are always six or eight bulls killed, each worth from 30*l.* to 40*l.*, and twice as many horses: there is the circus to keep up; carpenters and all sorts of attendants; a surgeon to attend the wounded; a priest to attend the dying; and last, but by no means least, there are the fighting men, who by no means perform their work gratuitously; Montes receives 60*l.* each *corrida*; Chiclanero, about 40*l.*; while every picador has 4*l.*; every *banderillero*, 2*l.*; and every *chulo*, 1*l.*

*Alexis de Valon. "Voyage en Espagne."*

## A STORM AT SEA.—DEATH OF A PASSENGER.

THE loud orders of the captain, who issued his commands quickly through a speaking-trumpet, disturbed the confidential conversation, and called the attention of the friends to what was passing around them.

An ominous rustling and whispering from the sea greeted the ear, and the dark waves, sprinkled as it seemed with millions of glistening stars, rolled and tumbled together more uneasily.

The captain's voice sounded louder and shorter, and the sailors climbed like cats up the shrouds, ran along the yards, and fastened the loosened and fluttering sails to them. Scarce was this dangerous work over, before a distant howling was heard. With fearful rapidity it hurried nearer, and in a few minutes more the ship flew, with her jib and fore-sail only set, like an arrow through the heaving waves.

The passengers, warned by the captain, forsook the deck, and Pastor Hehrmann and Werner were the only ones who defied the weather, for the waves looked terrifically beautiful in their dark grandeur, when the white and glowing-looking foam shot past on their crests, and dissolved itself in a thousand little sparks. At last, however, they were obliged to quit the deck, for heavy drops fell from the

clouds that towered themselves closer and closer. They descended, not without casting many an inquiring and fearful look towards the threatening sky, with some reluctance into the dark between decks, whence a suffocating vapour waved against them, and where they required some minutes before they got used to the close and vitiated air, and ventured to breathe it freely.

A hollow sea was running; the waves struck heavily against the sides of the ship, which quivered at each blow. Still the wind had not had time to raise the sea much, and the good ship, heeling over to leeward, which gives a vessel a more secure, and even a more quiet position than when the sea is right abaft, and the lofty structure rolls from side to side, shot forward rapidly through the dark flood, dashing the white foam before her, so that most of the travellers sank into the arms of sleep, quietly and heedlessly.

And Werner, too, crept into his berth, and listened for a long time, with his ear pressed close to the ship's side, to the surging and dashing and thundering of the waves without, until his eyes also were weighed down by weariness, and he found in his dreams the happiness that he was now driving through storms and waves to seek.

A wild and confused cry, the lumbering and crashing of heavy objects, and an almost stupifying acute pain in the head, awoke him. He opened his eyes in terror and wonder; but although pitchy darkness surrounded him, he could distinguish that the ship

must have changed her course, and therefore now leaned over on the side he was on, for his head laid low down, while his feet were elevated. He quickly changed his position. But the fearful noise between decks continued, and, creeping out of his berth, he soon became aware of the shocking condition in which he, as well as all his fellow-passengers, was placed.

In the space which separates the two rows of sleeping-places there stand beams or pillars, ten feet apart from each other, destined as well for the support of the deck, which rests upon them, as for the security of the luggage within, and to these the chests and boxes, the trunks and packages, which are to be used, or their contents consumed, by the travellers on the passage, and therefore cannot be put into the hold, are lashed with ropes; and this is always done by the sailors, in order that, in the event of a sudden squall, or of continued stormy weather, the heavy baggage may not be hurled hither and thither in the narrow space, and endanger the limbs or lives even of its closely-packed tenants.

This had been, and properly, done on board the *Hoffnung*, and that in such wise, that most of the lids and covers could be opened, and so permit the free use of their provision and clothes stores; but one of the countrymen, not comprehending the evil consequences of its omission, had unfastened one of the ropes—notwithstanding the cautions of several of his fellow-passengers—to enable him to take something out of his chest more conveniently.



The little tailor, who lay in the berth over his, probably had some indistinct vision of chests and boxes dancing about, for he tried to fasten the rope again, but not being initiated in the mystery of tying such knots, he was only partially successful. When, therefore, the ship began to rise and jerk about, when the whole weight of the luggage swung over, first to this side and then to the other, the knot was loosened, and first the little packages and boxes came tumbling down from their elevations, and at last the heavy artillery, the immense storehouses of the emigrants, followed.

It is true that, with praiseworthy zeal, several of these latter jumped out of their berths so soon as they observed the danger, but such was the mad motion of the ship that they could hardly keep on their legs, much less govern these heavy bodies, and a sudden movement of the ship throwing everything towards them, compelled them hastily to retreat to their berths, which were protected by stout planks, in order to avoid being injured or crushed by the approaching chests.

Their position was a fearful one, and was rendered more so by the cries of a young lad who had been trying to reach the opening towards the deck, and had been seriously hurt by one of the chests which rolled against him; while on all sides the shrieks of women, the cries of children, and the groans and retching of the sea-sick, resounded from the berths. It was a scene of dreadful confusion, and in vain did they all call for the sailors to help them; none

of them could have been of any use in the darkness, had they had leisure to attend to the unhappy passengers.

It was then, when every one believed that the terror had reached its height, and could not be increased, that a cry of dread and agony pierced through the noise and tumult, and even the children and the sick stopped their lamentations to listen to that sound, and to the momentary complete silence which succeeded the tumult; but it was only for a moment that cry of fear—"A corpse, a corpse!" echoed from berth to berth, from mouth to mouth.

Among the passengers on board the *Hoffnung*, there was an old woman, a widow, and her only daughter, who had gone out at the request of her son, a cabinet-maker in New York. He, being in tolerably easy circumstances, wished to have his poor old mother, who fared poorly enough in Germany, beside him; and had sent home the means to enable her and his sister to make the voyage over, to come and live with him.

The poor old woman, however, who was ailing when she came on board, and had been much shaken by the sea-sickness, no doubt in the confusion and terror of that night considered the destruction of the ship inevitable, and fear hastened the catastrophe for which bodily weakness and illness had prepared the way.

She died, pressed to the heart of her daughter, who convulsively embraced her; and it was the latter,

feeling her mother's body at her breast grow cold, who had uttered the shriek of terror and agony.

But all their prayers for help were vain; the poor young girl was alone obliged to preserve the corpse from the rolling of the ship, and there she lay for some hours with her dead mother in her arms.

Day, which had been so ardently and fearfully longed for, broke at last, and with it came help in their really shocking need.

Eight sailors and the second mate came below to the unfortunate people, and, in danger of their lives, and not without several severe bruises, made fast the chests and boxes once more, while the ship heaved yet more madly, and rolled from side to side.

The first thing to be done was to remove the corpse from between decks; but in vain did the second mate beg of the girl to part with her mother's body to him; she only clasped it more tightly, and declared that she would only part with her in death. In vain did Pastor Hehrmann endeavour to persuade the poor creature, and to induce her to give way to the reasonable and pressing request of the seaman; she would not, and her wild and incoherent words led to fears of the worst for herself; and it was only when, exhausted by the exertions and the horrors of the night, she fell back in a swoon, that the sailors succeeded in taking from her the stiffened corpse, which was quickly, then and there, sewed in a large piece of sail-cloth for more convenient transport on deck, and in order thence to be committed to the deep.

*“ Wanderings and Adventures of some German Emigrants.”*

## THE CONDOR: ITS STRENGTH AND FIERCENESS.

IN the sterile heights of the Cordillera, Nature withholds her fostering influence alike from vegetable and animal life. The scantiest vegetation can scarcely draw nutriment from the ungenial soil, and animals shun the dreary and shelterless wilds. There the condor alone finds itself in its native element. On the inaccessible summits of the Cordillera, it builds its nest, and hatches its young in the months of April and May. Few animals have attained so universal a celebrity as the condor. That bird was known in Europe, at a period when his native land was numbered among those fabulous regions which are regarded as the scenes of imaginary wonders. The most extravagant accounts of the condor were written and read, and general credence was granted to every story which travellers brought from the fairy land of gold and silver. It was only at the commencement of the present century that Humboldt overthrew the extravagant notions that previously prevailed respecting the size, strength, and habits of that extraordinary bird.

The full-grown condor measures, from the point of the beak to the end of the tail, from four feet ten inches to five feet; and from the tip of one wing to the other, from twelve to thirteen. This bird feeds chiefly on carrion: it is only when impelled by hunger

that he seizes living animals, and even then only the small and defenceless, such as the young of sheep, vicuñas, and llamas. He cannot raise great weights with his feet, which, however, he uses to aid the power of his beak. The principal strength of the condor lies in his neck and in his feet; yet he cannot, when flying, carry a weight exceeding eight or ten pounds. All accounts of sheep and calves being carried off by condors are mere exaggerations. This bird passes a great part of the day in sleep, and hovers in quest of prey chiefly in the morning and evening. Whilst soaring at a height beyond the reach of human eyes, the sharp-sighted condor discerns his prey on the level heights beneath him, and darts down upon it with the swiftness of lightning. When a bait is laid, it is curious to observe the numbers of condors which assemble in a quarter of an hour, in a spot near which not one had been previously visible. These birds possess the senses of sight and smell in a singularly powerful degree.

Some old travellers, Ulloa among others, have affirmed that the plumage of the condor is invulnerable to a musket-ball. This absurdity is scarcely worthy of contradiction; but it is nevertheless true that the bird has a singular tenacity of life, and that it is seldom killed by firearms, unless when shot in some vital part. Its plumage, particularly on the wings, is very strong and thick. The natives, therefore, seldom attempt to shoot the condor—they usually catch him by traps, or by the lasso, or kill him by stones flung from slings, or by the *Bolas*.

A curious method of capturing the condor alive is practised in the province of Abancay. A fresh cow-hide, with some fragments of flesh adhering to it, is spread out on one of the level heights, and an Indian provided with ropes creeps beneath it, whilst some others station themselves in ambush near the spot, ready to assist him. Presently a condor, attracted by the smell of the flesh, darts down upon the cow-hide, and then the Indian, who is concealed under it, seizes the bird by the legs, and binds them fast in the skin, as if in a bag. The captured condor flaps his wings, and makes ineffectual attempts to fly; but he is speedily secured, and carried in triumph to the nearest village.

The Indians quote numerous instances of young children having been attacked by condors. That those birds are sometimes extremely fierce is very certain. The following occurrence came within my own knowledge, whilst I was in Lima. I had a condor, which, when he first came into my possession, was very young. To prevent his escape, as soon as he was able to fly, he was fastened by the leg to a chain, to which was attached a piece of iron of about six pounds weight. He had a large court to range in, and he dragged the piece of iron about after him all day. When he was a year and a half old he flew away, with the chain and iron attached to his leg, and perched on the spire of the church of Santo Tomas, whence he was scared away by the carrion hawks. On alighting in the street, a negro attempted to catch him for the purpose of bringing him home,

upon which he seized the poor creature by the ear, and tore it completely off. He then attacked a child in the street, (a negro boy of three years old,) threw him on the ground, and knocked him on the head so severely with his beak, that the child died in consequence of the injuries. I hoped to have brought this bird alive to Europe ; but, after being at sea two months on our homeward voyage, he died on board the ship, in the latitude of Monte Video.

*Tschudi's "Travels in Peru."*

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#### CONTRARIETIES BETWEEN CHINESE AND EUROPEAN CUSTOMS.

ON inquiring of the boatman in which direction Macao lay, I was answered west-north ; and the wind, he said, was east-south. "We do not say so in Europe," thought I, but imagine my surprise when, in explaining the utility of the compass, he added that the needle pointed south. On landing, the first object that attracted my attention was a military officer, who wore an embroidered petticoat, with a string of beads around his neck, and a fan in his hand. His insignia of rank was a peacock feather pointing downwards, instead of a plume turning upwards, and a button on the apex of his sugar-loaf cap, instead of a star on his breast, or epaulettes on his shoulders ; and it was with some dismay I observed him mount on the right side of his horse. Several scabbards hung from his belt, which, of

course, I thought must contain dress-swords or dirks, but on venturing near through the crowd, I was surprised to see a pair of chopsticks and a knife-handle sticking out of one, and soon his fan was folded up and put into the other, whereupon I concluded he was going to a dinner instead of a review. The natives around me had all shaved their hair on the front of their heads, and let it grow long behind; many of them did not shave their faces, but their mustaches grew over their mouths, and lest some straggling hairs should diverge cheek-ways, the owners were busily employed pulling them down. "We arrange our toilets differently," thought I, but I acknowledged the happy device of chopsticks, which enabled these gentlemen to put their food into the mouth endwise underneath this natural fringe.

On my way to the hotel, I saw a group of old people, some of whom were greybeards; a few were chirruping and chuckling to singing-birds, which they carried perched on a stick or in cages, others were catching flies to feed them, and the remainder of the party seemed to be delightfully employed in flying fantastic paper kites; while a group of boys were gravely looking on and regarding these innocent occupations of their seniors with the most serious and gratified attention.

As I had come to the country to reside for some time, I made inquiries respecting a teacher, and happily found one who understood English. On entering, he stood at the door, and instead of coming forward and shaking my hands, he politely bowed



and shook his own, clasping them before him: I looked upon this mode as a decided improvement, especially in doubtful cases, and requested him to be seated. I knew I was to study a language without an alphabet, but was somewhat astonished to see him begin at what I considered to be the end of the book. He read the date of publication, "the fifth year, tenth month, and first day." "We arrange our dates differently," I observed, and begged him to read, which he did from bottom to top, and proceeding from right to left. "You have an odd book here," remarked I, taking it up; "what is the price?" "A dollar and eight thirds," said he; upon which I counted out  $\$3\frac{2}{3}$ , and went on looking at it. The paper was printed only on one side, the running title was on the edge of the leaves instead of the top of the page, the paging was near the bottom, the number and contents of the chapters were at their ends, the marginal notes on the top, where the blank was double the size at the foot, and a broad black line across the middle of each page separated the two works composing the volume, instead of one being printed after the other. The back was open and sewed outside, and the name of the work written on the bottom edge. "You have given me too much," said he, handing me  $\$2\frac{1}{3}$ , and then explained that eight thirds was eight divided by three, or only three eighths. A small vocabulary he carried with him had the sounds arranged according to their termination, *ming*, *sing*, *king*, being all in a row, and the first word in it was *sien*. "Ah! my friend," said I,

“English won't help you find a word in that book; please give me your address.” He accordingly took out a red card as big as a sheet of paper, instead of a neat white strip, and wrote Wu Tǎnyuen. “I thought your name was Mr. Wu; why do you write your name wrong end first?” inquired I. “It is you who are wrong,” replied he; “look in your own Directory, where alone you write names as they should be, placing the honoured family name first.”

I could only say, “Customs differ;” and giving back the book, begged him to speak of ceremony. He commenced, “When you receive a distinguished guest, do not fail to place him on your left, for that is the seat of honor; and be cautious not to uncover the head, as it would be an unbecoming act of familiarity.” This was a severe blow to my established notions; but when he reopened the volume and read, “The most learned men are decidedly of opinion that the seat of the human understanding is in the belly,” I exclaimed, “Better say it is in the feet!” and immediately shut up the book, dismissing him until another day, for this shocked all my principles of correct philosophy, even if Solomon was against me.

On going abroad, I met so many things contrary to all my preconceived ideas of propriety that I readily assented to a friend's observation, “that the Chinese were our antipodes in many things besides location.” “Indeed,” said I, “they are so; I shall expect shortly to see a man walking on his head: look! there's a woman in trousers, and a party of gentlemen in petticoats; she is smoking a segar, and

they are fanning themselves;" but I was taught not to trust to appearances too much, as on passing, I saw the latter wore tight under-garments. We soon after met the steward of the house dressed in white, and I stopped to ask him what merrymaking he was invited to; with a look of the deepest concern he told me he was then returning from his father's funeral. Soon we passed where we heard sobbing and crying, and I inquired who was ill; the man, suppressing a smile, said, "It is a girl about leaving home to be married, who is lamenting with her fellows."

I thought, after these unlucky essays, I would ask no more questions, but use my eyes instead. Looking into a shop, I saw a stout fellow sewing lace on a bonnet for a Portuguese lady; and going on to the landing-place, behold! all the ferry-boats were rowed by women, and from a passage-boat just arrived, I saw the females get out of the cabin in the bow. "What are we coming to next?" said I, and just then, saw a carpenter take his foot-rule out of his stocking to measure some timber which his apprentice was cutting with a saw whose blade was set nearly at right angles with the frame. Before the door sat a man busily engaged in whitening the thick soles of a pair of shoes; "that's a shoewhite, I suppose," said I; "and he answers to the shoeblack of other lands." "Just so," said my friend, "and beyond him is a poor wretch with a board round his neck for a shirt-collar, who has got into *chokey*; an article of his toilet which answers to the gyves with

which those lads in the Tombs are garnished instead of bangles."

In the alleys called streets, the signs stood on their ends, and the pigs were packed in baskets, which coolies were carrying, to the infinite satisfaction of the inmates; and the shops seemed to have lost their fronts, and ejected their inmates into the streets, where they were eating, cooking, working, selling, and sleeping in every imaginable way. A loud voice led us to look in at an open door to see what was going on, when we saw it was a school, and the boys learning their lessons all crying like auctioneers. We next passed a fashionable lady stepping out of her chair, her feet only three inches long, her plaited and embroidered petticoat a foot longer than her gown, and smallest at bottom, and her waist quite concealed. Then came an acquaintance of my friend's, accompanying a splendidly carved coffin. "Who's dead?" asked he. "No man hab die," replied the celestial, "this one piece coffin I present my olo fader; he lik-ee too much, count-a my number one proper; 'spose he die, he can us-ee he!" "So, eh!" rejoined my friend; "how muchy price can catchee one all same same for that?" "I tinky can catchee one alla same so fashion one tousand dollar so; this hab first chop, handsome, lo!"

"Do you call that gibberish English or Chinese?" said I, for the language sounded no less strange than the custom of presenting a coffin to a live father differed from my preconceived notions of filial affection. "That's the pure Canton-English," said he;

“you must be the Jack Downing of Canton to immortalize it.” “Come, rather let us go home,” said I, “for I am getting dizzy, and shall soon be upside-down in this strange country.”

“*The Chinese Repository.*”

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WONDERS OF NEW YORK.—THE “FIVE HUNDRED  
JOURNEYMEN WANTED” DODGE.

THE dinner was not particularly good; but a glass of cyder, which they got with it, consoled them, and a stroll through the town was agreed upon by all the Germans immediately after dinner. The shoemaker alone remained behind, in order to prepare a pot of his new expeditious blacking, with which he hoped to earn something, and to reimburse himself somewhat for the loss of his chest.

But what splendour, exceeding anything they had imagined, met their eyes in the broad and handsome streets which they wandered through; what gold, and silver, and costly stuffs, gleamed in all the windows and shops; they could not gaze enough, and stopped continually at newly-discovered beauties with fresh astonishment. But they were particularly delighted with the number of small two-wheeled trucks, drawn about the streets by men, full of the finest pine-apples, cocoa-nuts and oranges; and no sooner did the brewer learn that a pine-apple (which, in Germany, as he had heard, would cost a couple of dollars) might be bought here for as many groats, than he bar-

gained for a whole armful; the others were not behindhand, and they filled the vacuum which the dinner had left in their stomachs with fruit.

The little tailor, on the other hand, could not get over his astonishment at the number of clothes-shops, for in some streets every third house seemed to be a tailor's workshop; when, stopping suddenly before one of these, as if petrified, he stared at a small shield, upon which there was this notice, both in English and German, "Five Hundred Journeymen wanted."

"Hallo!" he cried; "that's what I call a master. But by this and by that, he must pay good wages, if he can employ so many people! Hark ye, I'll go in and try."

"What are you going to be at inside, then, Meier?" asked Schmidt of the tailor: "haven't you engaged to go with us, and actually paid for your share of the new farm?"

"Oh, that be hanged!" said the tailor; "if I could get work at such a master's, I should be much better off."

"That don't signify," said the brewer; "your word is your word, and you must come with us! Who else is to sew all our clothes?"

"Well," said the tailor, "but if brilliant prospects should present themselves to me here, the committee would surely allow me to accept them; for to remain all one's life a poor journeyman tailor——"

"All that don't matter," replied the brewer; "you've paid your deposit, and go you must! This

was the object of having all the articles written down, in order that, afterwards, nobody might do as they pleased."

"At all events, I'll ask the question," cried the little fellow, quickly; "a question can't hurt, and, perhaps, it may be of use hereafter."

With these words he walked in, accompanied by the others, who were curious to see the interior of such a shop, and he was not a little astonished to find the master a German, and moreover an Israelite, who in very polite terms asked him what he wanted, and what articles he would allow him to show him.

"Oh!" said the little man, rather abashed, "I'm only a tailor—and—should like to inquire after work; you have given notice outside that five hundred —"

"Yes, that was three days ago"—the clothes-dealer interrupted him, suddenly changing his tone altogether—"since then, I've engaged four hundred and sixty; indeed, I should have liked to make up the five hundred, but as most of the work is already arranged, I could only pay the rest very small wages; besides, most of our summer clothing is made by sempstresses. However, you may work a week on trial. You're only just arrived, aint you?"

The tailor answered in the affirmative, wondering at the same time how the man could know this.

"Well, then," continued the other, "as I said, you may work a week on trial, and I'll pay your board; if we suit each other, at the end of the time, we can enter into an engagement."

“We’ll consider it, meanwhile,” said the brewer, going away, and dragging the little tailor, who offered little resistance, after him, by his coat tails, out of the shop.

“What a lot of clothes were hanging in there!” said Schmidt, when they got outside again.

“I wonder where he puts his four hundred and sixty journeymen to,” said the little tailor, looking up towards the house; “that must be something like a workshop!”

“He’s no fool,” the brewer rejoined; “he wants to get you to work a week for nothing—a pretty arrangement, that!”

“But it may be the custom here, you know,” said the tailor.

“Oh, I wish they may get it!” replied the brewer; “if that’s the custom, I won’t stay in America. But, hallo! if there aint the Oldenburghers coming along!”

*“Wanderings and Fortunes of some German Emigrants.”*







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