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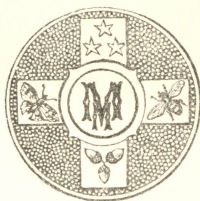
VACATION TOURISTS

AND

NOTES OF TRAVEL

IN

1862-3.



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EDITED BY

FRANCIS GALTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE ART OF TRAVEL," ETC.

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P R E F A C E.

THE present Volume embraces a period of two years. It was thought better to delay, until the material at the Editor's disposal had so far accumulated as to call for a new Volume, rather than to force the publication of "Vacation Tourists" to a formal period of issue.

It is believed that the present Volume will be found fully as interesting as either of its two predecessors. There is certainly far more variety in its contents.

FRANCIS GALTON.

June 8, 1864.

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VACATION TOURISTS, &c. IN 1862-3.

1. *A WINTER RIDE IN PALESTINE.*

BY THE REV. H. B. TRISTRAM.

WE were not to enter at once upon the startling contrasts of Oriental life. To those who have stept on board a London steamer in the gloom of an English October morning, and have only quitted it to disembark under the glowing hues of an Eastern sunrise, which lights up the distances with a gorgeous gilding, but reveals not yet the nearer squalor of a Moslem city, there is a bewildering, an almost oppressive consciousness of the change. We, however, had spent a few days at Malta, where the steep streets of Valetta, with the latticed balconies, reminded us that the old knights had brought their architecture from Jerusalem and Rhodes; while the bright black eyes of the Maltese maidens, peering from under their sombre faldettas, told of a yet earlier immigration from the lands of the sun. Their language, too, more tenacious of life than even the Welshman's Cymry, has resisted all the blandishments of its soft Italian neighbour, and remains as pure and as guttural an Arabic as ever. Two days spent at Athens had next introduced us to those most oriental of occidentals, the modern Greeks, against whom let those inveigh, who have not experienced the hospitality of Mainote shepherds, and the courtesy of Eleusinian fishermen. In spite of its broad, dusty road from the Piræus, and of the cold, formal palace, which might have been a country

barrack designed by an economically-disposed English engineer officer—in spite of the tawdry French-looking shops of modern Athens—still the jaunty crowds in the markets and open spaces, with nothing else to do “but either to tell or to hear some new thing,” swaggering in their brilliant, but often ragged finery, those Albanian kilts, blue-slashed jackets, and plated pistols in many a belt, all remind us we are approaching the confines of Western civilization. I could not however but regret that the maids of Athens, who, at the period of my former visit, adhered to the graceful little Greek fez and the gold hair-pin (the *τέπτιγες*, perhaps, of their ancestresses), have discarded the national head-dress, with their Queen, and appear disfigured under bonnets of the latest Parisian mode.

One of the questions of the day, certainly *the* question in every *salon* and *café* in the Levant, is *the future of Greece*. The Greeks—and under this term, for our present purpose, we must include all the Levantines speaking the Greek language and professing the Greek faith—are as confident as the Americans of the Federal section that they are the race of the future; and this is with them a growing and not a dead faith. If they are to supplant the Turk in his usurped dominion, they must have either the powers of expansion possessed by the Anglo-Saxon, or those of assimilation and absorption possessed by the Gallic race. To the reproach so often cast in their teeth, that in the opinion of all Europe the Hellenic kingdom has been a failure, the energetic reply is made, “*Siamo pochi, siamo poveri* ;” and, in all fairness to them, this plea should carry its just weight. Perhaps it has been too hastily assumed, that because the smallest and youngest of European kingdoms has not achieved all the enthusiastic anticipations of a Byron, it has therefore accomplished nothing. Let us glance at the Greek as we see him dominant in Athens, influential in Smyrna, and tolerated in Syria, comparing him with the races with whom he comes in contact, and we shall scarcely deny that he exhibits powers both of expansion and of absorption

far superior to the stationary Turkoman or the impracticable Bedouin. If he have inherited the duplicity of his ancestors, the remembrance of their noble deeds is beginning to revive; if he have no genius for road-making, he knows well that the sea is the thoroughfare of nations, and is fast monopolising the commerce of the East. His versatile intellect indisposes him for the patient labours of agriculture, and, in most parts of the Hellenic kingdom, the natural sterility of the soil forbids such a return as he can easily obtain from mercantile or maritime employments. Yet, even under the *régime* of the Bavarian king, he has not been stationary at home. We could not but note the advance of cultivation within the last six years in the neighbourhood of Athens—the more extensive planting of the olive and the vine, the natural products of the country—and the addition of a few roads to the well-known six stadia from the Piræus to Athens, formerly the unique specimen of a carriage-road in Greece.

We arrived a few days after the landing of King George, and the city had scarcely yet cast off its holiday costume, though the wrecks of fireworks, fragments of illumination lamps, and arches of withering boughs, were not the most brilliant traces of the morrow of the festival. The Piræus was crammed by the representatives of the fleets of all nations. The flags of two English and of one French admiral were floating from ponderous line-of-battle ships; an Austrian admiral was content with a less imposing corvette; and Russian, Turkish, Danish, and Prussian frigates crowded round a smart Greek man-of-war and a few gunboats in the narrow space left by the six liners. An English two-decker, and the beautiful frigate *Orlando*, longer than any of the three-deckers, together with a Russian, unable to enter the harbour, were lying outside in the Bay of Salamis. The flag of the North American States alone was conspicuous by its absence in this naval congress, assembled to do honour to Hellenic nationality. As we jostled among the sailors who swarmed on the quays, and then noticed

the remains of the "Long Walls" recently disinterred from their tomb of rubbish, the mind instinctively reverted to that word-picture in which Thucydides has painted the gathering of the hapless Sicilian expedition on this very spot. Bustling as was the port itself, the contrast of the bleak solitude attained in a few minutes on the bare plain behind was almost startling. The vineyards have not yet crept down to the shore, and for the first mile a dreary open space was covered with heaps of filth and stones, among which ravens and kites were finding abundance of employment, as agreeable to them as useful to the general community. The Greek has not yet learnt to live out of the towns, and Oriental in this, Athens and the Piræus are still without the semblance of a suburb. The birds seem equally to dislike retirement, for beyond the kites and ravens alluded to, and the sparrows in the streets, in a two days' ramble we scarcely saw a feather. A gold-crested wren in a poplar, and the crested larks in the open way, alone met our eyes. The bird-population of Attica could scarcely now supply Aristophanes with that merry catalogue whose rendering used to rack our school-boy brains. The Moslems, who are true bird-fanciers, and seem to hold in respect all life, except perhaps that of infidel dogs, tell you that the fowls of the air prefer the sons of the faithful to the unbeliever, and love the protection of the crescent. And it is a curious fact that the stork and the swallow, for instance, are far more plentiful in Turkey than in Greece, where, indeed, the former is almost extinct; and that in cities inhabited by a mixed population, the stork selects the Moslem quarter for his home. While the Mussulman would never disturb any bird which seeks the shelter of his roof, and, above all, of his mosque, the Greek, troubled by no scruples of violated hospitality, speedily banishes all such uninvited guests, disliking the litter caused on the house-tops and church-roofs by their nests. Moreover, every Greek is a born sportsman, while the Turk would never dream of expending his powder on such small game, if, indeed, he were ever tempted to exert

himself so far as to join in the pursuit of the boar or the stag. And while the vineyards and olive-trees which sheltered the feathered inhabitants of old have disappeared, no forests have sprung up to supply their place, in a land where fuel is scarce, so that the diminution of both populations has been simultaneous.

In Athens itself the most interesting feature of novelty was the complete disinterment of the Dionysiac Theatre from the mass of *debris* under which it was formerly buried; and its guardians have wisely contented themselves with simply clearing out the rubbish, without any attempt, as in the Eretheum, at modern restoration. The theatre has been too often described to call for further mention here, but we were much struck by its wonderful acoustic qualities, which the architects of too many modern buildings might perhaps study with advantage. Stationing myself on the stage, while my companions ascended to different parts of the building, I recited, without any effort of the voice, some passages of the "Ædipus Rex," every syllable of which could be distinctly heard in every part of the theatre.

After two days at Athens, our next stage was Syra, whose city, flourishing and populous, and now the entrepôt for all the islands of the Archipelago, seems a great copy of old Algiers in form and situation; but here we devoted our attention rather to the structure of its rocks than to the manners of its inhabitants. The steep and barren mountains of Syra seem to illustrate the geology of the whole Archipelago. In sight of Paros, its marble is Parian in its purity, and of it the greater portion of the island appears to be composed. But on climbing the mountain to the west of the town we soon found traces of the tremendous convulsions which have rent and shattered the Archipelago, and metamorphosed its limestones. On one rather round-topped hill we found the granite had pushed its way through its marble sides, and a few rugged and weather-beaten peaks looked down on the white mantle which draped them. On the next, a much more lofty hill, above the marble, first cropped masses of green stone, then

a long ridge of mica, while gneiss, trap, and basalt, irregularly ejected from below, surmounted the whole.

Syra left behind, we bade farewell to Europe, and next morning daybreak found us threading the lovely Straits of Chio. We were at last in Asia. On our right rose the beetling peaks of the mainland, upheaved by earthquake, or poured forth in rugged streams of basalt from volcanoes long since extinct. On our left, beneath the bare brown hills of Chios, consecrated by classic memories, recalling many a page of Herodotus and Thucydides, nor less marked by the bloody struggles and fearful massacres of the war of independence, sloped a lovely plain, wooded and verdant to the water's edge; where, among olives and orange-trees, the long city of Kastro, unwallled and unfortified, extends for several miles—rather a collection of scattered houses and gardens fringing the coast, than a compact Oriental city. Though Chio has not participated in the independence for which it suffered, yet the expansion of its city bespeaks that some sort of security has at least been won from the Turks. We soon rounded the Cape of Carabournou (black nose), and were in the calm gulf of Smyrna. Hemmed in on all sides by barren mountains of primitive rock, a rich low plain of alluvium, deadly as it is fertile, fringed the bay for some miles inland. To the north, near the delta of the ancient Hermus, a long line of conical heaps of salt glistened and sparkled in the sunshine. From this side several long spits of sand, recently marked by floating lights, compel the shipping to hug the southern shore, and gave us an opportunity of carefully examining the verdure, luxuriant even after a six months' drought, which carpeted the plain, studded with villages and isolated houses. We could now detect the masts of the shipping and the city of Smyrna in the distance, while the enthusiastic L——, expatiating on the beauty of the olive-groves, longed that it might be his lot to settle in these plains.

The lower hills presented a rich picture of innumerable mamelons, intersected in every direction by a network of

water-courses, long since dry, and carpeted with ever-varying patches of red and green; the former apparently caused by the bloom of some shrubs, and recalling by its rich hues the purple of a Northumbrian heath-clad moor in the month of August. Above this sloping mass of hillocks, rugged sharp peaks of trap or granite shot up in naked grandeur into mountains behind, too precipitous to allow the slightest vegetation on their sides. Two of these peaks, side by side, are known by the sailors as "I due fratelli." In the afternoon we reached the anchorage, after passing a decayed Turkish fort, and some rather trim Turkish gun-boats, with a two-decker. The first view of Smyrna lacks the picturesqueness which generally characterises Oriental cities at a distance. This is owing partly to the barrenness of the hills all round it, and the absence of gardens or groves; but partly also to the houses being universally built with sloping roofs, and covered with red tiles. It stands close upon the water's edge, with an extensive frontage, the lower portion of the city being principally the Frank and Greek quarters, with the Armenian quarters to the left, and the Jewish and Turkish extending up the hill, which, towards the higher part of the town, is steep and almost precipitous. There are but few minarets, towers, or domes to break the uniformity of the expanse of low roofs, relieved only by the groups of magnificent cypress which mark the Turkish cemeteries, at the east and west of the town, and by the ruins of the massive old fortress, which crowns a flat-topped hill behind, once the citadel of ancient Smyrna. Among the vociferous crowd of motley feature and garb, by whom we were soon boarded, M—— quickly discovered a stout Maltese dame, with little twinkling eyes, announced as the laundress-in-chief to all English ships. His knowledge of Maltese was evidently a passport to Katarina's heart, who at once informed us that her cousin had just built a new house for lodgers on the quay, and that she hoped her English fellow-countrymen would be the first to occupy it. On landing, we inspected the house, which was timber-built, constructed with due regard

to economy in the thickness of its deals and the number of nails employed, and too light, it is to be hoped, to injure its inmates when it falls upon their heads on the occasion of the next earthquake. Katarina's husband at once installed himself as our guide, interpreter, and boatman during our stay, which extended to a week—till the arrival of the steamer for Beyrout.

Here the Greek element is rapidly supplanting the Turkish in labour, trade, and even in Government employment. Where, as we are told, the Levantine part of the population has, in thirty years, increased from one-third to three-fifths of the whole, we might expect to find the impress of energy and activity on their features. But in strolling through the narrow and filthy lanes, called by courtesy streets, or in sauntering through the *cafés*, the type of every face bespeaks the Asiatic, not the European Greek. The contrast, not only in gait and dress but in cast of feature, between the islanders from Chio and Mitilene and the denizens of the city, strikes at once the least observant of visitors. The large heavy black eye, the soft long hair, the languid gait, very different from the swagger of the Athenian, remind us that we are among the descendants of those who yielded easily and contentedly to Lydian or Persian, not of those who stood at Thermopylæ or choked the straits of Salamis. The beauty of the Smyrnaites is a household word in the Levant, and nowhere have I seen more handsome or fewer plain women. Fully sensible are they of the attraction of their charms, as they stand in little groups in the cool of the evening at the open doorways of the houses, which are so constructed as to reveal at a glance the whole arrangement of the interior, consisting of a large open hall, where calls are made and received with rooms at each side, and a dining-room beyond, the wide folding doors of which stand invariably open. Bonnets are discarded; and the little turban of the matrons, and well-dressed hair of the damsels, with their rich black silk dresses, set off their Oriental beauty to the best advantage. But the men, however finely proportioned their limbs and tall

their figures, have a stamp of effeminacy on their regular, chiselled features which scarcely accords with their commercial enterprise and activity.

The great enterprise of Smyrna is, however, Anglican in its origin and continuance—the railway to Aidin—as yet executed only as far as Ephesus, about half the proposed distance. The Greeks in its employment are well paid, and the engineers and contractors are said to have realized handsome fortunes, not yet participated in by the shareholders, whose satisfaction must consist in knowing that, after the precedent of the royal Hudson, spacious and handsome stations have been erected at frequent intervals, irrespective of the existence of a surrounding population, and that one train per diem is more than sufficient for its present traffic. It is doubtless capable of much expansion, and the civil war in America has given an impetus to the cultivation of cotton all along the line. The Greek houses in Smyrna have this year been making large advances to the cultivators, and it is to be hoped that in another season the promoters of the railway may share in the profits of this new industry. At present the cost of the transport of a bale of cotton for 150 miles on camelback, exactly doubles its price before it reaches the coast.

With the natural history of Smyrna we were much disappointed. The bare, rugged hills, either masses of basalt or covered with huge boulders of trap rock, afford little to repay either the sportsman or the botanist; and it is considered unsafe to wander far from the line of railway in the interior. We were not sorry when the Austrian Lloyds' steamer touched on her way to Beyrout—far superior in accommodation, speed, and the obliging manner of its officers, to the boats of the French Messagerie. We had time given us to visit the sad yet beautiful wreck of the walls and street of the Knights at Rhodes, where the earthquake has happily spared the most interesting relics left by the explosion in the church, the façades decorated by the escutcheons of England, France, and many a noble family of Germany and Spain. At Cyprus we had a long day, during which we explored the neighbourhood

of Larnaka, and gathered a good harvest of birds, shells, and plants. Perhaps there are few countries, equally accessible, which would better repay a vacation tourist than the island of Cyprus. Let his taste be what it may, he will find objects of interest. The monasteries, with their traces of crusading architecture, and their rich libraries on the heights, perfectly free from fever or malaria, are always ready to receive the stranger. The hills are full of limestone fossils, and hills and plains alike abound in game, large and small. Only, if the sportsman wish to obtain the francolin, the delicacy of the island, let him bring his dog with him ; and let him beware of sleeping in the plain. The inhabitants of the country are all of them Greek in religion and language. There is no brigandage, for there is nothing to rob, and the absence of the Moslem element has prevented political troubles. Of course, if at a distance from a monastery, the tourist must be prepared to rough it in the villages in the most homely manner. Still, everywhere he will find abundance of fruit, and excellent Cyprian wine. Interpreters there are none ; but a few days' practice in the modern language will, as I found on a former occasion, soon render available his recollections of the classical Greek.

On the morning after our departure from Cyprus, we reached the lovely bay of Beyrout. At length we were at the commencement of what we hope is to prove a six months' expedition, and with enthusiasm we gazed on the lofty heights of Lebanon, already capped with snow, not, as we had pictured them, Alpine peaks, but long, elevated ridges, rising evenly, tier beyond tier, from the sea to the clouds. The anchor dropped ; the babel of tongues alongside recalled us from dreams of scenery, peopled by the rarest of birds and plants, to the realities of douaniers and backsheesh. By the advice of a Greek gentleman on board, we surrendered ourselves at once to the custody of Constantino, the landlord of one of the hotels, and referred every demand to him. When an *honest* Greek can be found, as we have proved Constantino to be, let the tourist who values his time and temper follow

our example. It is the most economical plan in the end. Through the kind assistance of the Consul-General, Mr. Eldridge, and the use of our huge firman from Constantinople, which enjoined all due respect to be shown to us as a scientific expedition, the whole of our twenty-six cases of instruments and provisions, to say nothing of a large box of gunpowder, the most strictly prohibited of all imports, passed unquestioned. Two large cases of photographic apparatus somewhat perplexed the Turks, who seemed to smell treason or heresy, but at last whispered "Hakeem," and attributed it to the doctor. The standard barometer also caused some alarm, being taken for a pocket Armstrong gun; and indeed, in this capacity, it has since done good service among the Arabs, by the awe it has created, in passing through the villages, slung across the shoulder of our first servant.

The first impressions of Beyrout are certainly the most favourable. The city, embowered in a broad fringe of gardens and villas, with their tall palms, which tower aloft and overshadow the houses, stretching on a long promontory into the sea, and nestling under the shelter of the terraces of the Lebanon range behind it, is unquestionably the most beautiful in Syria, both in its position and appearance; but without public buildings, without history, without antiquities, it possesses little to excite the interest, much less the enthusiasm, of the traveller. It is but a commercial entrepôt of recent growth, to which Sir C. Napier has done his best to give an air of antiquity, by battering its forts into ruins, modern and unpicturesque. However, as a starting-point for a tour in Palestine, it is unquestionably the most convenient, and is, indeed, the only place where travelling equipments can be obtained with any certainty, or an expedition be satisfactorily organized. The American war has here, as elsewhere, given a great impetus to the cotton trade, and the Levantine element becomes daily more and more influential in Beyrout. Even English enterprise has here yielded to the commercial aptitude of the Greek, and the once famous Levant company of merchant adventurers has left scarce a vestige of its

existence in the few English houses which remain. This steady progress of the native Christian element has not in Syria conciliated the Turks. Here the fanatic hatred of the Moslem is for the time repressed, but not subdued; in fact, it has rather increased. Formerly, the Christians were few, poor, and easily oppressed, but not strong enough to excite the jealousy of the dominant race; now they are rapidly increasing in numbers, and still more in wealth. They monopolize the whole of the commerce and all the profits of the extension of agriculture. But their wealth, which could formerly be squeezed for the aggrandizement of rapacious pashas, is now secure under the eye of watchful European consulates, and this very security the Turk looks upon as an invasion of his legitimate sovereign rights. No wonder, therefore, if his smothered hatred breaks out occasionally in such outbursts as the massacre of Damascus.

A more than ordinarily intelligent Mussulman one day explained to me his views of political economy, justifying the oppression of the Christians thus. "The Sultan," urged he, "is the sovereign lord and possessor of all the land and property in Syria, and no one can hold a para but by his permission. We (Moslems) are his brethren in blood and faith, and therefore we have a just claim to share it with him whenever we find it in the hands of an unbeliever."

But it is time we set off on our ride; and the fortnight necessarily spent in Beyrout in the preparations for the journey was grudgingly bestowed. We did not, however, leave until we had made some interesting excursions, from which we returned every evening to enjoy with ever-fresh delight the lovely landscape from the roof of our hotel. The glorious range of Lebanon stretched for scores of miles to the eastward, rising to the height of 8,500 feet in the *Jebel Sunnin*, a flat-topped mountain, capped with snow. Near the sea, villages were perched on the sides of the lower hills and olive-yards and vegetation relieved the brown cliffs and slopes above and beyond them. The bold grandeur of the contours sometimes stood out from one another in stereoscopic

definition, sometimes were blended into softened groups by an atmospheric haze, the very reality of Vacher's exquisite imitations in water-colour. At sunset the scene was most wonderful. Imperceptibly a tint of pink would overspread the vast mountain panorama, heightening by degrees into rose and amber, with sapphire and almost opal in the cool shadows of the valleys and ravines. To speak of painters' colours is to compare pigments with light, opacity with transparency. Every evening the landscape varied in lustre and intensity, now soft and distant against the clear, dark foreground of olives and cypresses; now advancing by its very brilliancy into a refulgent wall of light, as it reflected the horizontal rays of the western sun.

No tourist leaves Beyrout without a ride to the Nahr el Kelb, or Dog River (*Lyceus flumen*). We were well repaid by two long excursions up the gorge, but the naturalist or geologist will find the least-fatiguing mode of visiting this ravine to be by hiring a boat as far as the mouth of the river, and thence starting fresh on his expedition. He should land outside the bar, to the south of the pass, and then walk up to the famed tablets which have been graven in the rock by the successive conquerors of Phœnicia for 3,000 years. With guide-book in hand, it was easy to recognise the ancient records of the various oppressors of Israel, Egyptian and Assyrian, and to distinguish between the two classes, ranging, as they do, perhaps, from Shishak to Sennacherib, when he boasted that he had come with his chariots to the edge of Lebanon—a feat sufficiently difficult to justify a boast, even from the proudest of Eastern despots. His tablet, and that of Pul, if the first of the Assyrian sculptures be rightly ascribed to this monarch, are especially distinct. Beside them, the long list of the titles of Antoninus Pius, who boasts that he made (more probably restored) this road, seems an intrusion of yesterday. Yet the Roman was the true conqueror and ruler of the land, and has stamped into its soil such traces of his dominion as none of his predecessors or successors have attempted. But what shall we say of the next inscription?

On one of the old Egyptian tablets the figures had become all but effaced by time, although I have been assured that some traces were distinctly visible ; but, to supply the defect, we read now, in most modern type, how the legions of the Emperor Napoleon III. occupied Syria in 1860 A.D. ! We could almost sympathise with our indignant countrymen who pounded out with stones the inscription shortly after it was cut, and whom the French authorities made most vigorous but ineffectual efforts to have brought to condign punishment by the British consulate. The achievements of the army of occupation were at once restored in deeper characters than before, and *there* remains a more cruel sarcasm on imperial vanity than its bitterest foe ever indited. Certainly, if the Gallic *corps d'occupation* has earned an inscription on an Egyptian tablet, the triumph of British diplomacy, which, for once successful, recalled the conqueror, merits, methinks, an inscription too, but on a tablet of its own.

It is difficult to stand on that historic spot, on the well-trod ancient road, now worn into rocky holes and slippery steps, and not to recal in fancy the strangely-contrasted hordes and armies which, century after century, for more than 3,000 years, have threaded these passes, the curse and scourge of Palestine.

During a pleasant reverie of this kind, my eye was attracted by a rock close by, and I soon discovered that what had caught my attention was a mass of bone breccia, attached to a rock overhanging the sea. Careful examination showed us that we were on the floor of an ancient cavern, in the old secondary limestone, directly overhanging the sea, the roof and sides of which had long since been washed into the water below, while a large portion of the floor had been cut away for the ancient road. There was nothing, so far as we could discover, to show the probable size of the cave, though, at the distance of some twelve yards from the fossils, and close to the road, there was a breccia deposit which extended like a floor for twenty or thirty yards more, dipping to the

north. In this there were one or two fragments of bone visible, but its contents were chiefly irregular flints and rolled pebbles; while the bone breccia I first observed was mixed most thickly with broken bones and teeth, a few of which we managed to extract. One was a ruminant molar, about an inch across, another apparently a canine. It would seem, if one may venture to hazard a conjecture on so short an observation, that the flinty portion was the vestibule of the bony one—the hall, in fact, leading to the dining-room of some antique cave-bear or tyrant hyæna, who, after his rude and untidy manners, dropped an occasional remnant of his meal on the pavement of his front hall, which the axes of the Assyrians and Romans have recently exposed. Our sojourn at Beyrout was nearly over when we made the discovery, but we left a commission to have the bone breccia blasted and collected by a gentleman on the spot, and trust that, in the course of a few months, a goodly collection may be in the hands of Sir C. Lyell, to throw additional light on the history of the Mediterranean terrestrial and fresh-water deposits in the oolitic and tertiary periods.

From the mouth of the river, crossing it by the old Roman bridge, we proceeded about six miles up the banks to visit some fine caverns, whence a great portion of the volume of the stream bursts forth. Here may be seen a specimen of what all Palestine might be, and of what it was during the flourishing period of Israel's history. We passed up a gigantic ravine, buttressed with hills of 1,000 feet or more, which showed in the disposition of their strata signs of violent subterranean action. One hill was composed of completely vertical stratification, worn into small ruts and cliffs, as if hooped with rings of stone. These were chiefly of limestone, but lower down in the valley is a white, chalky marl, identical in appearance with that of Auvergne. Possibly it may be, like it, a fresh-water deposit, as it certainly is much later than the limestone, the denuded crevices of which it fills. In one place it fills an ancient nullah to the height of 100 feet or more. Up the whole valley the water is drawn

by many a little aqueduct to refresh the terraces which reach on both sides, one above another, in many a long and narrow step, almost to the summit of the crests, covered below with orange-groves, and higher up with fig and mulberry-trees, under whose shade crops of corn and vegetables are carefully cultivated by the industrious Christian and Druse population gathered in separate villages high up the glen.

The ornithology, like the vegetation, combined North and South, Scotland and Egypt. The lovely bulbul (*ixos xanthopygius*) and the tiny drymoïca of the Nile hopped among the reeds and orange-trees below ; we flushed the woodcock, the blackbird, and the thrush in the thickets above, and shot the little dipper (*cinclus aquaticus*) of the highlands as he flew from stone to stone in the dashing rapids of the river.

Another very interesting ride was an expedition, by invitation, to visit Daoud Pasha, the Governor of the Lebanon, at his country seat, in company with the Consul-General, Mr. Eldridge. We rode out by the south road, through deep, sandy lanes, hedged by prickly pear, till we emerged on a wide, sandy plain, planted by the Egyptians under Mehemet Ali with thick groves of pine, to arrest the encroachment of the sand-hills, which threaten in time to engulf Beyrout and the olive-groves between it and the foot of Lebanon. Thence, an ascent of a few feet brought us into the deep, red soil, planted with orange-groves and palms, reminding us, by its depth, colour, and richness, of the Vale of the Exe. After another mile, we reach the belt of mulberry-trees, on a soil more mingled with stone, and thence pass on to the olive-groves, the most extensive in all Syria, reaching in a broad zone at the foot of Lebanon from Beyrout to Sidon. This passed, we began to climb some of the lower spurs of the Lebanon, bare and rocky, but carefully terraced and cultivated by the Druses and Maronites whose villages in rapid succession crowned the most inaccessible and inconvenient heights. The temperature, which had been oppressively hot in Beyrout, became cold and chill as we ascended, until we found ourselves above the zone of cultivation, on rugged,

heath-clad hills. On the crest of one of these was the residence of the Pasha. Passing through an outer gateway, where lounged a few mountain Bashi-bazouks and some regular horsemen, arrayed in the uniform of the French Spahis, we rode up two steep staircases on horseback, and found ourselves in the inner court. There was no military display and very little civil state about the residence of the Pasha, who received us most cordially, without more ceremony than an ordinary country gentleman. Daoud Pasha is the first Christian who has ever enjoyed the title in the Turkish empire, being appointed in accordance with the requisition of the protecting Powers that the Pasha should be a Christian, and not one of the dominant sects of the Lebanon. He is an Armenian, of highly-cultivated mind, great learning and antiquarian research, already known to European scholars by his work on the antiquities of the Teutonic races. It was strange, indeed, to discover in the recesses of Lebanon a Turkish official full of Anglo-Saxon antiquities, and master of the language. He informed us that he is at present occupying his scanty leisure in collecting materials for a work on the comparative effects of the Anglo-Saxon element and the papal influence on the English constitution up to the time of Henry III. But his Government permits him to give but little time to his favourite pursuits. The present state of the Lebanon is a sufficient proof of the wisdom which selected Daoud for the post he occupies. Received at first with disfavour by the Maronites—who would have preferred a Turk to a Christian, for the patent reason that the former would have done nothing, and therefore would have allowed them, as the dominant sect, to have their own will—he has, by his firmness and justice, conciliated all parties, and this with no greater force at his disposal than 150 horsemen. To have succeeded in such a task as his, if only for three years, when he has had to rule parties exasperated against each other by the bitterest religious fanaticism, and that by moral and not physical force, is no small achievement for a stranger amongst semi-

barbarous mountaineers. One disturbing element happily is wanting, for the whole Moslem population does not amount to 5,000 souls. Daoud is decidedly like most Englishmen, prepossessed in favour of the Druse race, who, though dangerous when roused, are ordinarily the most peaceable, as they are the most industrious, of the mountaineers, and are remarkably free from the spirit of intrigue and deception which debases the Oriental character.

One interesting proof of the improvement of the Druses may be mentioned, that they have voluntarily, under the fostering encouragement of the Pasha, taxed themselves for the establishment of schools, and that they have a college thus maintained by themselves, which is well attended, and where a thoroughly good secular education is provided for all the Druse youth who are willing to avail themselves of it; and these are not a few.

While speaking of education, I must not omit to mention what was to me by far the most interesting sight in Beyrout, the female schools established and conducted by Mrs. Thompson. Here nearly 400 native females—married women, girls, and infants—are receiving a sound, useful, and thoroughly Christian education. Nowhere has the experiment of female education in the East been tried with more thorough success, and nowhere has it been conducted on more uncompromising and undisguised Christian principles. Nor is it merely that outcasts are taken in, and orphans, such as those from the massacre of Hasbeya, received and clothed; a very large proportion of the scholars in Mrs. Thompson's various rooms are the children of the wealthiest families in Beyrout, who pay for their education at a liberal rate. In one large school-room we heard the third class, of about forty girls, examined in Scripture, Arabic reading, English recitation, singing, and a small class in French. Their countenances bespoke a variety of origin, the Greek type prevailing, but all beamed with intelligence. All the races of Syria were represented. A very pretty child at the head of the class attracted us by the symmetry and intellectual expression of her features,

and on inquiry we found her to be the daughter of an Englishman and a Syrian mother. Next her was a beautiful dark-eyed young Jewess, the daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants in the place. Next her were the daughters of a Greek priest, and among the others was a Moslem girl. Many of the class were wild-looking children, with bright, restless eyes—the orphans of the massacre of Hasbeya, fed and clothed by English subscriptions. The class were catechized in both English and Arabic by the visitors on what they had read, and answered in both languages well and intelligently.

We afterwards visited the rooms where the married women are taught embroidery, and also those in which they sat on plain ottomans round the room learning to sew, while a teacher read the Scriptures aloud, or where some of them even learned to read for themselves. Mrs. Thompson has so far succeeded in conciliating the confidence of the people, that even in these classes were mingled the wives of Christians, Jew, and Moslem. One of my friends offered to take photographs of some of the classes, and several groups were accordingly selected on a subsequent day, to their great delight, and arrayed in their best and most gorgeous for the occasion. Of course, the married women would not sit themselves, but were proud of their daughters being selected for the compliment. Most of them had their heads covered with gold coins, worked on to velvet caps and frontlets; several had massive necklaces of gold bugles, and large heavy gold fetters for bracelets. One little Jewess had head-dress, necklace, and brooch of gold, pearls, and fine diamonds. The daughter of a distinguished Druse Sheik, who had been just betrothed at the age of fourteen, was arrayed in a long cassock frock, without waist, of crimson satin and gold tissue, covered all over with gold coins and spangles. Yet, in spite of the weight of metal she bore, she was a pretty, attractive-looking girl, whom no dress could disfigure. All had lace veils and embroidered handkerchiefs, and at length a group was selected which, for variety and contrast

of costume, beauty, and feature, would have delighted any artist.

The attainments of all the classes in Mrs. Thompson's school were very satisfactory, and her success is a conclusive answer to those who would object to the attempt to combine Christianity with secular education in mission work. Mrs. Thompson could not have been more successful had she not made religion her first aim in instructing her pupils; and the prejudice of the Oriental is not against *Christian* education, but against *any* education for women. Mrs. Thompson is proving to them that educated women make better daughters and more valuable wives, and on this account they suffer them to be taught by her. And who shall say what influence may be attained in a generation or two by the descendants of women brought up to teach their children to read the Scriptures and to act with truthfulness and energy in the affairs of domestic life. The effects of practical Christianity, brought to the very hearths and homes of Orientals by those who dwell within that hidden circle, as wives and mothers, must be very different from that produced by intercourse with mere strangers, be they even missionaries or friends bound by the ties of interest or affection. The men who to-day will send their children to sit by the side of those of hostile creeds, and learn from the Book of Life, can scarcely hereafter be unwilling to surrender themselves to the influences of its teaching, when enforced upon them by the daily practice of the nearest and dearest in their own families.

Profiting by advice and former experience, we eschewed the common practice of committing ourselves for our tour either to dragoman or muleteers, but hired the former on monthly wages, and entered into a legal contract with the latter, by which he engaged to provide a fixed number of horses and mules, at a given rate per month, during our whole tour. For the last year or two the rate per day at which travellers are taken through Palestine has varied from 35s. to 40s.; and even at this rate no one is master of his own movements, for the dragoman prefers the beaten track,

and will obstinately refuse to leave it, alleging the impossibility of finding forage or food at the spot the traveller wishes to visit. Certainly all trouble is avoided by those who will submit to be thus hurried through the country as a party of visitors are conducted through the Tower armoury by a Beefeater. Our plan, which we have tested for six weeks of wanderings during all weathers, has answered perfectly, our only care being to cater for the table and keep daily accounts with the dragoman, who negotiates our purchases. Our contract with the muleteers was at the rate of about 3*l.* 10*s.* per month for each horse and mule, he providing muleteers and forage, and engaging to go wherever and whenever we wish. Seventeen good animals were provided, and I have been mounted on an Arab which would not discredit Rotten Row. Our muleteer is proud of having served in the same capacity to the Prince of Wales; and any one who wishes to have good horses, muleteers who thoroughly understand how to pitch a tent, and to pack and start without noise and altercation, is fortunate in securing the services of Hamond Razowy and his two good-humoured brothers.

For ten days we rode leisurely through the plain of Phœnicia by easy stages, shooting and fossil-hunting by the way, and frequently halting for a day where the aspect of the country held out a prospect of success to the naturalist or the botanist. Most travellers shrink from visiting Palestine in winter, but our experience so far has shown us, that though there is winter here, yet by a judicious selection of routes, and avoiding the higher ground during the rains, tent-life is not only practicable, but enjoyable, even throughout the month of December. On the coast we had, indeed, rain, but no cold that was severe or unpleasant to a person in health; it was only when we ascended the summit of Carmel, or pitched our camp outside Jerusalem, that we felt any real inconvenience from the weather. As our rambles are intended to extend over a period of six or eight months, and as our object is the examination of the

natural rather than the archaeological riches of the country, the selection of our halting-places must have often seemed capricious to our attendants, who habitually would remonstrate that no "howadji" ever stayed a day in such or such a place, and then, with a guttural ejaculation, would resign themselves to the freak of the mad Englishmen, who loaded their mules with bits of stone and wasted their powder over birds not fit to eat or too small for the pot.

Two days were well spent in the neighbourhood of Sidon, where our muleteers selected, as usual, an old Moslem burying-ground for our camping-place. The gardens about Sidon are of great extent, and the hedgerows and lanes almost English in their neatness. They are the winter homes of many familiar English birds, as well as of several rare species peculiar to the country. The willow wren and chiffchaff consorted with the bulbul and serine finch in the orange-groves, and on the banks of the ancient river Bostrenus the wild duck and merganser rose along with the pigmy cormorant and the beautiful black and white kingfisher of the Nile. One day we spent in an excursion up the valley of the Bostrenus to the hills beyond, full of the sepulchres hewn out of the rock by the ancient Sidonians. But these have long since been rifled, and the last sarcophagus found there was some years ago transported to Paris. The geology was more interesting. On the higher ground we found sandstone, probably oolitic overlying the limestone, which comprises almost the whole geological formation from Beyrout to Jerusalem; and a soft, chalky marl, with many irregular masses of silex, overlaid the sandstone. All the lower formation was a hard crystalline limestone, sadly unfossiliferous. The collectors of the party were not more successful with their guns, though both hares and partridge are said to be plentiful in these hills.

The next night was one of storm and rain, and bitterly did our muleteers remonstrate against our determination to start as proposed for Sarepta. We might have had cause to regret we had not listened to their objections; for, in fording

one of the mountain torrents which intersected our road, flooded by the recent rain, the horse of one of our servants fell in the stream, and precipitated his rider over his head. He was rolled down the rapids for some way, encumbered by his cloaks and my mountain barometer, until one of the muleteers boldly plunged in, and dragged him helpless and half dead to shore. We forded two other streams without further damage than the wetting of some of our baggage, including, unfortunately, my writing-desk and supply of paper. At all these rivers there were the ruins of ancient bridges, and one of them has been broken only within the last ten years; but the Turk, though he may sometimes build a new bridge or aqueduct, never thinks of maintaining or repairing an old one.

Of ancient Sarepta scarcely a trace remains; but finding a well of rather brackish water sunk in the sand at its site, some twenty yards from the shore, we camped for the night almost within reach of the spray, and spread our saturated baggage on the strand to dry, while we explored the traces of ruins and the hills above, barren of fossils but rich in land-shells, comprising one or two species of *clausilia* new to us. Zarephath has migrated up the hills to Sarafend, banished like many another village from the plain by the continual raids of lawless Bedouins; and in this scene of desolation no trace, beyond some scanty foundations, remains to mark the spot where the Prophet multiplied the widow's cruse, and where our Lord, in His single journey to the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, probably met the Syrophenician woman.

The promise of the afternoon's sunshine had been falsified by the rain of the night, but we determined, notwithstanding the weather, to push on the next morning for Tyre, having no difficulty to apprehend from floods, as the old bridge over the Leontes, the only river on the route, still exists, though without a parapet and in the last stage of decay. The river, now called the *Nahr el Kassimiyeh*, was after the rains a fine but muddy stream, as wide as

the Isis at Oxford, fringed with oleanders just bursting into flower. Tempted by the sight of two sorts of kingfishers, cormorants, ducks, plovers, redshanks, greenshanks, with various eagles and buzzards overhead, we dismounted and performed the journey on foot; but the birds were mostly too wary for us in so hasty an expedition.

We were now in full sight of Tyre—a repetition of Sidon in aspect, with its off-lying rocks, its desolated walls, and its modern houses and minarets. But the environs are by no means so delightful; instead of rich gardens and hedges, dull heaps of sand and rubbish form a long peninsula and cover the remains of Tyre, which have perished, the only vegetation being withered thistles and the dusty-looking *Echium arenarium*. By one of these heaps, just outside the city gate, we camped; Giacomo, our dragoman, and the servants having in the midst of their cooking to keep a sharp look-out on the crowds of small Arab boys and girls who came curiously to examine the habits of the Howadjis. The weather rapidly changed for the better, and next morning we delighted the surrounding populace by taking a bath in the sea, and then breakfasting outside our tent door, full in the public gaze, our table being plentifully supplied with fresh mullet just brought in by the Tyrian fishermen. We strolled more than once round the crumbling walls, and among the sea-worn and shattered columns of the ancient city, and penetrated through modern streets with accumulations of mud and filth such as I never met elsewhere, even in an Arab town. We stood on the fine remnant of the Christian church bound up with the memory of Paulinus and Eusebius, ennobled by the ashes of Frederick Barbarossa, and consecrated by those of Origen. Now, with a few mud-hovels daubed against its walls, it is devoted to purposes most loathsome and disgusting. But I am not about to attempt to describe what has already been far better done by others. I will only add that, after passing through the miserable ditches which serve for streets, and seeing the fishing-nets hanging on the walls to dry (the

only tolerable manufacture to be seen in the town), as I sat upon a rock and watched the sea breaking over the shattered and prostrate columns, and the fragments of the old massive piers, and then turned to read the prophecy of Ezekiel, I could not but feel that the prediction is a history, and a most graphic one.

The next day was well devoted to a long walk up the hills to visit Hiram's tomb, the most interesting relic of Phœnician art yet extant, and of which Bowman took a most successful photograph. Grand, yet plain, impressive by its massive simplicity, it stands alone on the hill, commanding a view of the distant city once ruled by its former tenant, and of that sea whence he drew his wealth and renown. The north-east corner of the sarcophagus has been broken off, and its contents long since rifled, probably by the Genoese, who, during their connexion with this coast, were great antiquarians and excavators. The appearance of this tomb confirms the impression that the old Phœnicians before the Grecian era never practised the art of cutting circular stone pillars or ornaments, and that all their stone-work was of *squared* hewn stone. The heaps of columns in the sea and on the shore at Tyre are all manifestly Greek in their style and proportions, and probably belong to the epoch of the second Tyre. We may observe that when Solomon sent to King Hiram for skilled artificers to conduct the erection of the Temple of Jerusalem, he applied for a man cunning to work in metals, and for men skilled to carve and cut timber; but nowhere is any mention made of carving stone pillars, or of any *columns* of stone or marble. Surely, if stone columns had borne as important a part in Phœnician as they did in Greek and Egyptian architecture, they could scarcely have been omitted in the elaborate description of the building of the Temple.

It may appear strange that, while the stone column holds so conspicuous a place in Egyptian structures, so beautiful a feature of architecture should not have been employed by the Tyrians, who must have had continued and intimate

intercourse with the valley of the Nile. But while the Egyptians had the best materials—syenite, porphyry, and granite—at hand, which, with their exemplary patience and unlimited supply of labour, they could adapt to their purpose, the only stone supplied by the hills of Phœnicia is the soft and brittle limestone, which rapidly weathers, and is utterly unfit for elaborate carvings in the shafts of columns. For such purposes the tall pines and cedars of Lebanon, already rounded and tapering by nature, were at hand; and in wood-carving the Phœnicians were eminently successful. In the letters of Solomon and Hiram we see their great repute in this art several times alluded to; and it is interesting to note that to the present day the inhabitants of this district excel in all kinds of wood-carving and ornamentation. All the houses, even the poorest in the Phœnician plain, are decorated within, and especially about the ceilings, with wood-carving, often gilt; if not so elaborately, yet, doubtless, after the same fashion, and, perhaps, with similar patterns to those which adorned the gilded ceilings of the Temple of Solomon. The richer inhabitants of Jerusalem and Damascus still send to Saida for the carved wood-work which is to embellish their furniture, lattices, and roofs.

From Tyre we rode southwards towards the plain of Acre by Ras el Abiad (white headland), the ancient Ladder of Tyre, and Ras en Nakûra. At Ras el Abiad, the plain of Phœnicia ends; and when we had reached the top of the ladder, aptly so called (for it is truly a rock one, though wanting in many of its rounds, and perilous work for horses), we turned round, at an elevation of several hundred feet, to take a last look at the scene over which we had just ridden. A broad belt of sand fringed the shore, and stretched away to the north; then ran out into the sea for a mile or two, terminating in the buildings of Tyre. North again the land stretches, till lost, near Sidon, like a silver thread in the distance. Within the sandy girdle of the coast, and the lower rises of the limestone hills, the plain of Phœnicia, rich

but desolate, extends parallel to the sea, till lost in a point between Sarepta and Sidon. Over the terraces of the lower hills tower the summits of Lebanon, terminating in the snow-covered crest of Jebel Sunnin to the north, and of old Hermon to the eastward, shining in the sun with a light subdued by the distance. The scene was not to be forgotten; but fine as was the pictorial idea which it impressed, the geographical one was even stronger.

The white headland on which we stood consisted of chalky limestone with many fossil echini imbedded; and Southern shrubs—arbutus, myrtle, and bay—pushed forth from every chink, affording shade and protection to the delicate fronds of the maiden-hair fern. We watched in vain for the coney, which is said to abound in these hills; but could only detect the Greek partridge running above us, and the black and white kingfisher hovering beneath.

Between the two headlands which separate Phœnicia from Galilee the Jebel Mushakka forms a little crescent-shaped plain running in from the sea. As we crossed it, we observed a column rising from the brushwood at the foot of the hill to our left. Turning across some stony fields, we rode towards it, and, tying our horses to a tree, ascended on foot to the ruin. After being entangled for a little time in the thickets, we came upon a tall Doric column, with many other prostrate shafts lying about it, some broken and others entire. These columns had evidently formed a portion of the colonnade of some great public building, for the lower portions of seven of them were still erect in site. Behind them was a mass of stone, choked and covered by myrtle-bushes and caroubi-trees. We were evidently on the site of an ancient city of no small extent, but unnoticed by any author save Porter, who merely observes that the column marks the position of some ancient ruins, of which neither name nor tradition remains. Just behind the columns we came upon the traces of a large courtyard, in the centre of which was a broken fountain, with its marble basin still intact. In another place, a little further up the hill, was a fine piece of tessell-

lated pavement, twenty-two feet by sixteen, the pattern being quite perfect except in one corner. It consisted of floral devices in circles, with rich decorations of a similar kind in the angles. On all sides were traces of streets, doorways, and fountains. Climbing further up, amongst heaps of shapeless and much-weathered stones, we arrived at a gateway and wall with a key-stone or centre-stone thrown down, on which was a bevelled carving indicating apparently Phœnician architecture. The lintels were cut in a similar pattern. Here we were standing at one of the gates of this nameless city of the dead, and on the pavement we could distinctly trace the worn ruts of the chariot wheels. It was not till we came upon these walls, and saw the manner in which they were built, that we could understand how the city had fallen into such utter decay. The stones, all of crystalline limestone, had never been squared, but had been selected to fit into their places as best they might, after the fashion of a Florentine pavement. Being only partially chiselled, and built in with large masses of cement, they had easily, when once the lime was washed out by the action of the weather, crumbled down into the shapeless heaps over which we had scrambled. They cover many acres, and command a beautiful view of the sea. Yet in this rich plain, which probably in the time of the Herods maintained a population of several thousands, we could not detect a single tent or wandering Bedouin, much less a settled habitation.

Having spent some little time here with our sketch-books, we rode hastily onwards to the next headland, Ras en Nakûra, whose height we gained by a troublesome ascent on a path scooped out of the native rocks by the hoofs of many generations of mules and horses. When we had reached the summit, the whole plain of Acre lay stretched out before us, with the long line of Mount Carmel running out to the south and bounding the view, and the rounded hills of Galilee, tier beyond tier, to the east and south-east. This side of Carmel, though fine, is by no means grand or striking. There is no bold headland running out into the Mediterranean, but a long

ridge gently sloping for fifteen miles towards the west, where it gradually sinks beneath the sea. At our feet lay a cultivated arable plain, dotted here and there with olive-groves; and the centre of the coast line was marked by the town of Zib, the ancient Achzib, the frontier town of Asher. Leading our horses down the hill, we soon reached the fountain Ain Mescherfi, where travellers usually camp for the night in a swamp under some locust-trees; and turning to the left, rode across the plain to the village of El Bussah, which we had determined to make our head-quarters for a few days, with the intention of exploring the almost unknown ruins and natural history of the gorge of the Wady el Kurn, a few miles beyond. El Bussah being a Christian village, we had purposely selected it as one where we should be more secure, and less objects of suspicion than among the Moslems. We cantered for more than a mile through park-like groves of ancient olives, which, by their gnarled and hollowed trunks, may be supposed to have been young and fruitful when our Lord passed through the district on His way from Galilee to the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. When we arrived, we found our tents pitched in a grassy field just outside the village, and a dense crowd of all ages and sexes round them, eager to have a glimpse of the English howadjis; for some of them, in this rarely-visited spot, had never seen a European. But, with all their curiosity, they were considerate and courteous, and no one ventured to step across the tent-ropes or to peep inside. The dragoman, however, was urgently pressed to bring out the whole party more than once for inspection, and was offered a fee of a piastre from each of the eager ladies for his services in exhibiting us.

The village had an air of cleanliness and comfort utterly wanting in the Moslem villages, and the people looked thriving and contented. The women and girls wear the extraordinary pad round the face encircled by a solid mass of silver coins, so familiar in drawings of the Christian women of Galilee; but here these strings of coin were of much larger dimensions than we have observed in Nazareth or

elsewhere, betokening, one may presume, the greater wealth and fortune of their possessors. Some of them, also, had collars of gold coins in front of the *semadi* and shawl which covers the back of the head. The rest of the dress, here as elsewhere, consisted of a loose, flowing robe and trousers, the richer ladies wearing a jacket pieced over with patches of silk of every possible colour. The men wear the ordinary jacket and *burnous* of the country and the red *fez*, but generally without the turban of the Moslems. One lady courteously handed me her head-dress to examine, and I found the string of coins consisted of about two hundred pieces on each side, commencing with six old Spanish dollars, and dwindling at the top to the smallest Turkish currency of two *piastre*-pieces. Great was the joy of the community at the discovery that we had a *hakeem* (doctor) in the party, and abundant occupation was promised him on the morrow. Shortly after dusk our visitors retired, and we had peace for awhile, till the troops of howling jackals and answering dogs began their incessant duet, varied by an occasional shot from the shepherds on the hills to protect their flocks from the former.

The next day was Sunday, and before seven o'clock I was roused by the dear and homelike sound of a church bell not far off. I seized the opportunity of witnessing the Syrian service in a country village, and soon found a boy to conduct me through courtyards and over mud beehives to the little church. This was a neat square building, with a little belfry over the centre, and the priest's house attached at the east end. The windows were small, unglazed, and at a considerable height from the ground. On the south side were three entrances—that at the west end for the women, the centre one for the men, and the eastern communicating with the priest's house. There was no ornament outside, save a little Greek cross cut in the stone over the centre door, and a fragment or two of ancient marble built in, which had been found among the ruins of the old city hard by, whence the materials had been obtained. Four plain pillars divided the interior into nave and aisles, while a slight open railing

separated the western portion for the women; and a plain rood screen, after the Greek fashion, with three open doorways, concealed the chancel, but not the altar table, from view. The service had commenced when I entered, and I had hoped to have remained unobserved in a corner, but very soon I was brought forward against my will, and placed in a little railed stand behind the clerk on the north side, the two village sheiks occupying the corresponding places on the south side, while the priest stood, his short surplice thrown over a black cassock, in the doorway fronting the altar. These two frames were the only traces of a pew in the building; all the rest was an open space, crowded with men and boys, and partly with the women also, who had overflowed from their allotted portion into the body of the church. The service was conducted partly in ancient Greek and partly in Arabic, and professed to be the Liturgy of St. Chrysostom. By the help of an old service-book, with Greek and Arabic in parallel columns, which was politely handed to me, I was enabled to follow it, and found that the matins and the mass were being combined into one service. A little boy read the lessons from the step in front of the priest, with the true charity school twang, in a most unpleasing screech. But even he was musical when compared with the nasal intonations of the priest and the old parish clerk, who read the psalms for the day in a duet in Arabic. The congregation seemed listless and indifferent, and there could be no more perfect copy of a neglected English country church of sixty years since, transported to Syria, than was afforded by the service at El Bussah. The men stood during the whole prayers uncovered, instead of dropping the shoe, as I have generally seen in the East. Sometimes a few of the boys would join in the responses, but the men appeared to pay little attention to their part. When, however, the mass commenced, the greater part of it being performed in Greek, which they did *not* understand, all assumed the air of attention and devotion; and at the prayer of consecration, all slipt their feet from their slippers and knelt on the pavement. The

priest afterwards walked round the church with the elements, attended by a boy with incense, the people continued to kneel, but not turning towards the host. The communion was then administered, after the Eastern ritual, by a sop dipped in the wine being dropped by the priest into the mouth of each recipient. These came forward one by one from the congregation, and the service concluded with the Trisagion. Afterwards, however, the priest gave a short address in Arabic, the purport of which I gathered to be that the collection had been very small—not enough to find candles for the church, much less bread for himself. The impression which the whole service left upon the mind was certainly rather that of an ignorant and neglected, than of a perverted and deliberately corrupt Church.

One of the sheiks waited for me at the door, and insisted on my accompanying him to his house to coffee, remonstrating with us for having pitched our tents instead of claiming his hospitality, as he informed me M. Van de Velde had done when he visited the neighbourhood. I was not sorry to have the opportunity of visiting an El Bussah interior. His house consisted but of one lofty room, the mud-built flat roof of which was supported by arches springing from a stone pillar in the centre of the hall. One half of the floor was set apart for the horse, cows, and camels of the family, which stood ranged in front of the dwelling portion, quietly feeding out of their clay mangers. Passing among them, three or four earthen steps took us up to the human part of the establishment. The floor was of mortar, beaten down hard, very smooth and clean. One little unglazed window gave the owner a view of the village as he sat on his mat beneath it. A new mat and several cushions were immediately spread for me by the sheik's wife, to whom he formally introduced me, and then his children came forward, one by one, to kiss the howadji's hand. The coverlets under which the family slept were arranged as ottomans for the day, and they, with a few domestic utensils and a wooden plough hanging from the wall, completed the furniture. The further end of the

room was devoted to an oven or kitchen of clay, and a large reservoir of hard mortar, over which were several neatly-carved and whitewashed shelves. Soon the lady of the house served us with pipes and coffee; and the sheik, learning our wish to visit the Wady el Kurn, promised to send us a guard and a guide, both of which he assured me would be necessary. After explaining to him that I must return to our tents for our own English service, he allowed me to depart rather sooner than Arab etiquette would otherwise have permitted. My companions had meanwhile been receiving a visit from the other sheik of the village, from whom we obtained, during our visit, much local information, often interesting if not always valuable. He volunteered to stand guard and to maintain quiet among the bystanders during our prayers, a service which was by no means unnecessary. These over, our surgeon (Lowne) had no day of rest, for invalids of every kind came crowding in for medicine and advice. None were admitted to an audience without an empty bottle in their hand, and sulphate of zinc and alum were rapidly dispensed for the cases of ophthalmia, the prevailing complaint of the district. Some who had been blind or crippled for years departed grievously disappointed, as well as surprised, that their complaints were beyond the skill even of an English hakeem. Still, his fame rapidly spread, and the next morning a wild-looking Bedouin from the Haurân appeared early at the tent, introduced as a fellow-Christian by our friendly sheik, to plead the case of his wife, who was laid up at a camp in the mountains some six hours' ride from El Bussah, dangerously ill. He would take no refusal, and, after a short deliberation, botany was cast aside for the day, and the doctor mounted and started off on his mountain ride alone with his brother of the desert. As he knew not a word of Arabic, we were rather curious to hear of his success; and late at night he returned, under the guidance of his Bedouin, being able from his examination of the case to send back a medicine which he expected would be successful. His expedition had been through a wild district,

marked in Van de Velde's map as unexplored, and he had been gratefully received, as he deserved to be. We found, after the departure of the Arab, that three pounds of tobacco had been left as his fee.

Meanwhile, we improved our acquaintance among the good folks of El Bussah; and great was the rivalry among the good housewives to exhibit to us their *ménage* and domestic economy. All the houses are built on the same plan, and generally have a courtyard, tenanted by the poultry and bees, who are not, like the horses and camels, admitted into the family confidence. The production of honey is one of the chief sources of wealth to the place, and the beehives deserve a passing notice. They are placed, for security, not in the gardens, but all carefully enclosed in the yards of the village. Each household possesses some sixteen or twenty hives, arranged with marvellous economy of space. The hive consists of a tube, of the diameter of a large gas-pipe, about four feet long, made of sun-dried clay, and laid longitudinally on the ground, four or five abreast. On these are piled, according to the wealth of the owners, a cone of some twelve or fifteen more, forming a pyramid, and the whole plastered over with mud. The apertures at each end of the tubes are likewise closed with mud, leaving a small opening for the bees, exactly in the centre. A bush is stuck into the ground at each end to shade the hives and to assist the bees in alighting. The produce of these spacious hives must be enormous, and the bees are never killed; the hives being simply robbed twice a year by the removal of the plaster at each end, when the honey is drawn out by an iron hook. All portions of comb which contain young bees are carefully replaced, and on these hills, with their short winters and abundance of aromatic herbs, no further care is required. Of course we invested in Palestine honey, which has all the aromatic flavour of that of Hymettus or Hybla.

In the course of the day a well-dressed Turk presented himself at our tents, and stated that the governor of the plain of Acre had arrived on his professional tour, and would

be happy to pay the strangers a visit. As in duty bound, we accepted the compliment, and in an hour the great man made his appearance, accompanied by his secretary, pipe-bearer, six other attendants, and the two sheiks of the village. Carpets were spread, and coffee and pipes supplied outside the tent; and when the conversation flagged, we adjourned inside, where our revolvers and arms were examined and admired. Our guest inquired the relative size of the various cities of Europe, as compared with his own Stamboul; and then, getting into politics, was anxious to know when the French army would evacuate Rome, and when the civil war in America would end—two questions more easily asked than answered. In the latter, we afterwards found, he had a direct interest, since, like most men of wealth in the country, he has begun to speculate in cotton cultivation. Indeed, wherever we have been, in secluded Cyprus or in the recesses of Palestine, we find the vibrations of that distant struggle, in the new industry of cotton-planting without, and the busy hum of the cleaning bow within the cottage.

We spent two or three days in excursions up the Wady el Kurn, and richly were we repaid both in natural and antiquarian treasures. We were always carefully attended by our guards, one of whom, a handsome but morose-looking Bedouin, we were told, was an exile from his tribe beyond the Jordan for the murder of his friend. A mile or two from the village, near the entrance of the gorge, stood a tall solitary column on the side of a hill, without the trace of a ruin in the neighbourhood. It was about 150 feet above the plain, of which it commanded an extensive view, and consisted of eleven weather-beaten stones of sandy limestone, besides the pedestal and the capital, of Doric type, which was lying on the ground a few yards off. The total height of the pillar was forty-six feet. We were wholly at a loss to guess its object. Our servant suggested that it might be one of the high places of Israel, the twelve stones representing the twelve tribes; but the solution, though ingenious, is quite at variance with what we know of Jewish architecture, unless

as interpreted by M. de Sauley. Most likely it is a monument of the Herodian epoch, which has outlived the memory of the achievement it was intended to celebrate. It is known by the name of El Humseen to the natives, who, contrary to their wont, have not attached any tradition to the spot.

From the pillar we turned to the eastward, and soon reached the entrance of the Wady el Kurn, through which a small clear stream runs to the sea. Wherever the gorge expands to a valley, the lower portion is carefully cultivated; but the only human habitations are two picturesque-looking water-mills with undershot wheels, each embowered in a palm and orange-grove, a few miles up. Near the entrance we saw two tawny eagles (*Aquila nævioides*) alight on a rock a little way up the hill, and, dismounting, we clambered to within range of them, but unfortunately failed in securing the prize. Many other noble eagles we recognised through the day, the golden, spotted, and Bonelli's being among the species observed; but the hills were far too precipitous, and the brushwood on their sides too impervious, to admit of our attempting their capture. The river below swarmed with fish, all of the same species, and some of them nearly half a pound in weight. They seemed to be a species of roach, and, having no other means of taking them, we shot about a dozen in shallow water. The wady, after passing the second mill, soon contracted first on one side and then on the other, till we were in a deep gorge, where the sun, at this time of year at least, never penetrates, and where, after pushing our horses on, frequently in the bed of the stream for two or three miles, we were obliged to leave them and scramble forwards on foot.

We now came in sight of the old castle, Kureit el Kurn, standing out on a bold promontory into the valley, and which Van de Velde, I think justly, pronounces to be the finest ruin in Palestine. Dr. Thompson gives its height above the stream at 620 feet. We could not find a path up to it, but had to force our way through tangled brush and prickly plants, covered with scratches, and our clothes torn to rags. The path, we afterwards found, was on the other side of the cliff.

When near the top, I found myself at the foot of a series of bare rocks, which it required all my nerve and skill to scale with my gun slung across my back. The goal once reached, we were amply repaid for our toil, though I had the mortification of seeing a coney looking out at me while both hands were fully occupied with holding on to the side of the cliff. When we had reached the summit, the plan of this mediæval Gibraltar was at once evident. The lofty promontory, formed by the junction of two very deep wadys close together with the Kurn, had been artificially isolated by a fosse seventy-five feet deep, dug across its narrowest part, and the stones quarried from thence had supplied the material for the erection of the fortress. The width of the platform was seldom more than twelve yards, and its extreme length about 250 yards. The castle had been divided into five distinct compartments, each of them a fortress in itself. The upper portion is comparatively modern, doubtless of the era of the Crusades, with many Early Pointed arches built into the walls, and narrow-pointed doorways and posterns in various places. The destruction of this noble building has evidently been the work of man rather than of natural agency. The chisel marks even, in many of the soft sandstones, are as fresh as possible, particularly in two arches which are partly sheltered in a wall. Beyond the ground-plan, which is perfectly distinct everywhere, little remains save a few portions which indicate the access to the castle, and also what appears to have been the chapel, the second compartment of the building from the north end. Below the upper ruins are six crypts with pointed arches, in more or less perfect repair, a staircase, and an immense cistern or reservoir, the plaster of which is hard and intact, accessible by a small square opening from the southernmost compartment of the building. In what I have conjectured to have been the chapel, the spring of the arches of the vaulted roof is still traceable, and in the centre stands a fine smoothly-dressed, octagonal pillar, six feet in diameter, with a neat Early Pointed capital, from which sprang the eight arches of the domed roof. The northernmost keep is forty

feet lower than the rest; but the southernmost, next the fosse, to which we have alluded, must have been the key of the position, and its walls were of enormous thickness, twelve feet on the eastern face.

Dr. Thompson, the only author within my reach in whose work I can find any particulars of these noble ruins, ascribes them to the Israelites, and assumes they must have been a frontier fortress. It is difficult to comprehend how so acute an observer of men should have made so amazing a mistake on the works of man. He may possibly have been misled by the traces of ruins of a yet earlier period to be seen below, and we may reasonably conjecture that so impregnable a position as the Kureit el Kurn could not have long remained overlooked in ages of warfare. Probably the crusading fortress is built upon the site of an older stronghold, for a little way down the promontory the platform has been enlarged in places, and the sides rendered inaccessible by a revetment of large hewn stones, many of them eight feet by four, with the familiar "bevel" which marks at once the huge stones at Jerusalem, ascribed to the period of the building of the first temple. These stones are placed in tiers, slightly sloping, but each projecting four inches over the layer below it, so that to scale the walls was impossible; while every assailant on each side of the fortress was exposed to the view and to the missiles of the defenders, without the least cover, from the bottom of the gorge upwards. From such a position, previous to the introduction of cannon, nothing but starvation could ever have driven a garrison; and it must have been the key of the passes from Northern Galilee to the plain of Acre.

The view from the top was fine and commanding, comprising a peep of that sea beyond the plain on which the lion-hearted Crusaders must often have wistfully gazed, and where they might descry the galleys arriving from their Western homes at the anchorage of Acre. The day, the atmosphere, the scene, were all in harmony, as we sat and ate our scanty luncheon under the shade of an arbutus among the ruins, whose glossy bark and bunches of very

small, but sweet berries told of a species quite distinct from the arbutus cultivated in Europe. A blackberry, likewise of a species differing from our own, contributed to our luncheon and to the dilapidation of our clothing. During our ride homewards, I was delighted by my first sight of the noble horned owl of Egypt (*Bubo ascalaphus*), whose presence determined me to explore the gorge the next day, with a view rather to its birds than its ruins.

After finding the common snipe and woodcock by the stream below, I had climbed up the northern side of the gorge, in the hope of taking an eagle unawares, when I heard a shot, and soon afterwards the signal-whistle of my companion, on the south side. I could just make out a large bird of prey by the aid of my glass, as he skimmed along the hill, and at length tracked him into a cliff, at a great distance. With my eye on the spot, I descended and crossed the stream, not without a heavy fall or two when scrambling up the other side. I had just reached the cliff, when I saw a huge owl winking his yellow eyes in front of me, and brought him at once to my feet with a charge of No. 7 shot. It was the eagle owl, of which we were in quest, and an addition to the fauna of Palestine. It is, however, no light matter to carry such a bird on one's back during a hard day's shooting. On reascending the northern cliffs, I discovered a cave, from the dark interior of which issued strange and mysterious sounds. Creeping in, I could detect in the darkness the flapping of the wings of some large bird, but to drive him out, or see him, was impossible. After using my signal-whistle for some time, my friends came to my aid, and we resolved upon smoking the cave, since we had no means of making a torch. One bat was driven out, which I shot, and another was caught, stupified, on the ground. They proved to be fourteen inches in length, with the head apparently of a vampire, and are carefully bottled for examination on our return home.

The El Kurn has also supplied us with many other interesting specimens—the large Egyptian ichneumon among

the number—while its sides were carpeted with the lovely cyclamen, varying in hue from white to deepest red, and with patches of snow-white crocus and scented narcissus. Here, too, we first found the mandrake, with its bunch of large blue flowers, and a fine white clematis hung from the branches of the holm oak.

We had almost been tempted to expect a still rarer marvel, for our dragoman Giacomo, who had caught the infection, and was by this time a most enthusiastic naturalist, returned one evening with the startling assertion that he had seen a long-tailed "singe" in the mountains. Wild were our speculations as to the possibility of some of Solomon's menagerie having got loose and established a colony in these distant hills, and Giacomo was sent again to search for his monkey, until at length the mystery was solved on showing him the skin of an ichneumon, which he at once pronounced to be his "singe," and we found that the Arabic has but one word, "nisnas," to express both animals.

But we wished to be at Jerusalem by Christmas, and it was time to quit our pleasant camp at El Bussah. It was even suggested that a prolonged sojourn might have involved us in complications. Our friendly sheik had a good-looking daughter, a girl of eighteen, still unmarried, and so, selecting B—— for a son-in-law, he generously offered him a bride without dower, explaining that he did it as a mark of the esteem in which he held his English fellow-Christians. The young lady evidently heartily approved the proposal, and suggested that if the doctor wanted a wife too, one might be found for him in her friend, the daughter of the village priest. Such offers could not be lightly rejected; and it was only on the clearest explanation that B—— was bound by his family to marry only in England that the sheik gave up his friendly scheme.

We regretted afterwards that our plans compelled us to cross the plain of Acre without halting there for its ornithology. It appears to be the home of raptorial birds, especially of the larger eagles, of whom we saw no less than

seven species; but in the wide open, without cover, and with only here and there a clump of trees, it was impossible to approach them. Many flocks of plover were feeding in the marshes, and we shot the golden, Kentish, and green plovers, and the rare Asiatic dotterel (*Charadrius asiaticus*). The occasional streams were fringed here and there by the bright blossoms of the chrysanthemum of our gardens. The francolin is said to abound in the marshes, but without a dog it would be useless to attempt their pursuit.

After paying a hasty visit to Acre and its fortifications, we passed on for Kaiffa, anxious to cross the Kishon before dark. The rains had not yet washed away the bar of sand accumulated during summer at its mouth, and the ford close to the sea was still shallow and easy, and some fine-looking gulls hovering over head reminded us that the ornithologists must pay it a visit before quitting the neighbourhood. Passing through the squalid town of Kaiffa, we found our tents pitched by the shore on the other side on a grassy waste, a pleasant-looking but, as it proved, a very treacherous camping-ground. We paid an evening visit to the consul, climbing through a hole in the dilapidated wall, which professes to protect the town, and which here projects into the sea, through which we had to wade ashore by the light of our lantern, and dress on the sand at the other side.

During the night a thunderstorm burst over our heads, lighting up the sides of Carnel; but our tents seemed to resist the wind and rain, and we turned in to our sheepskins without fear. About two hours before daybreak, however, I was awakened by a stream rushing into my bed; and we found our slippers afloat, and six inches of water in the tent. There was nothing to be done but to sit cross-legged on a camp-stool, shivering in a wet dressing-gown, and await the daylight. When the sun rose, we discovered we were planted in the bed of a mountain torrent, which had descended and occupied it during the night. The consul, Mr. Sandwith, who had guessed our state, came early to

visit us, and found us, though literally in clover, by no means in enviable plight. By his advice, we at once migrated up the hill to the convent, where we spent five pleasant days, in spite of the continuance of the storm, and did our best to explore the neighbourhood during occasional interludes of tolerably fair weather.

The convent of Mount Carmel, though a kindly refuge in storm, is by no means a convenient centre for either archaeologist or naturalist. All the sacred interest of the mountain centres fifteen miles off, at the further extremity, the place of Elijah's sacrifice, the El Mohraka; and throughout the remainder of its extent there are scarcely inhabitants or ruins. Though once the *Kurm-el*—*i.e.* vineyard of God—not a vine can be found, save round the village of Esfia, at the further end, and one little plot recently planted at the monastery. The whole of it is a mass of brushwood, rising in a few places into forests, and not thickly tenanted by either bird or beast. The only vestige of its ancient fertility is in the numerous wine-presses, of which we found several to attest its former title to its name. These are very simple, hewn out of the sloping rock, and consist of two spacious troughs, the upper one generally about $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet by $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and 18 inches deep, into which the grapes were thrown and pressed, the juice running into the lower trough, which is of smaller dimensions, through two or three holes about an inch each in diameter, bored at the bottom of the press. Near one which was pointed out to us by Mr. Sandwith was a large ruined cistern or reservoir, to which little channels, still traceable, ran from different quarters, and also the remains of a subterranean circular granary or "silo." The whole was now a desolate waste, overgrown with lentisk and myrtle, but doubtless had once been the residence of a thriving Israelite proprietor. It is difficult at first to understand why Carmel should have become so completely barren, but nothing can be more capricious than the distribution of population in modern Palestine. The richest portions, as the plains of Sharon and Phœnicia, are become dreary wildernesses, while the comparatively ungrateful

hills of Lebanon are cultivated to the highest degree. The valley of Samaria teems at Nablous with a busy and thriving population, while the far more fertile plain of Jericho is all but a desert. Everywhere the raids of the lawless Bedouin, especially of those beyond the Jordan, have driven the stationary inhabitants to take refuge in the hills, where these dreaded horsemen cannot so easily sweep away the cattle and the harvests; and when the plains are partially cultivated, it is only by the inhabitants of the hill villages, who descend for a few days to plough and sow, and then retire to their fastnesses until the time of harvest. No Government, until the time of Mehemet Ali, ever attempted to hold the fortresses in check; and since his expulsion, security had only been attained through the personal influence of Aghyle Agha, who has held an anomalous and hardly recognised position under the Turkish Government. An object of the bitterest jealousy to the various pashas, beloved by the Christians, and feared or revered by the Arabs, this year the intrigues of his enemies succeeded in effecting his dismissal from Constantinople. On a former occasion, when his life as well as his disgrace was sought, Aghyle frustrated the scheme by falling upon the Turkish troops sent to seize him, and cutting them to pieces: this time he peacefully retired to Gaza. The tribes, as soon as his strong hand was removed, at once recommenced their natural habit of freebooting, and bands of Bedouins swept the whole country, carrying off the cattle and crops from the sea of Tiberias to the very gates of Aere. We have passed through many fields where the harvest has remained uncut and the wheat been trodden into stubble; and cruel have been the sufferings, especially of the Christian villagers. The several pashas were powerless, and their Turkish troops dared not face the Bedouins. As soon, however, as these had retired, they marched in their track across the country, devouring, like the locusts, what the hail had left. Such is government in Palestine! However, the Porte, at length awakened to the danger, has cancelled its own act; and while I write in my tent, we hear that Aghyle has been recalled, and

is now on his way from Gaza to Nazareth. We are by no means the least interested in the intelligence, for on his return alone depends the possibility of carrying out our cherished scheme of spending the spring in the Ghor, or valley of the Jordan, and in the land of Bashan.

But it is not merely the nomads of the desert whom the inhabitants of the villages in this unhappy country have to dread; their own neighbours frequently carry on wars of plunder on their private account. One notorious village in the plain of Esdraelon has actually plundered and driven out the people of seventeen villages in Carmel, till but three, and those Druse and Christian, have been left in the whole district. These, fearing the same fate, sent a deputation, not to their own governor, the Pasha of Acre, but to the Agha, and offered to pay him tribute for his protection, since which time they have remained unmolested.

To one of these villages, Esfia, we paid a visit of a day on our way from the Convent of Mount Carmel to Nazareth. The track, though not frequently used by travellers, is an interesting one, following the crest of the hill the whole way, and affording many fine views into the plain of Sharon on the one side, and that of Esdraelon on the other. The usual scrub of the country here in the higher portion gives way to forest of small pine-trees; and woodcocks, Greek partridges, and quails resort to the underwood; while everywhere we found the traces of wild boar, in anticipation of hunting which our guides had brought with them a pack of pariah dogs. Near Esfia itself, the highest point of Carmel, 1,750 feet, we found many of the rocks a mass of marine fossils, ammonites, gryphæus, &c. but all identical with the species collected further north. The neighbourhood of the village is carefully cultivated and terraced for vineyards, with abundance of fig- and olive-trees. There was at once everything in its appearance to mark the superior industry of the Christian and Druse over a Moslem population, except, alas! that all are alike filthy in their streets. The Druse element predominates, but a large portion are Christians; and no Mussulmans are permitted

to settle here. The type both of men and women was striking, and by far the finest I have met with in this country, bespeaking a noble and hardy race of mountaineers, without the slightest admixture of Bedouin blood. The first family to whom we were introduced was that of the Christian sheik of the place, who cordially offered us one of his two houses for our reception—a great boon in the midst of the torrents of rain, which would soon have penetrated our tents. Speedily, by the help of his wife, daughters, and servants, the ripe olives with which the floor was covered were heaped into one corner, and our carpets spread along the daïs, over matting, which we preferred to the rickety bedsteads pressed upon us, but probably claimed by a thirsty population of previous tenants.

In spite of the rain, we found the men of the place, most unlike the Moslems, all occupied in their fields or with their goats; and a couple of hours before sunset the women and girls came trooping up the hills on all sides, bearing on their heads huge baskets of olives, in collecting which they had spent the day. These deposited, they went at once to the fountain above the village, with their long deep pitchers, for the daily supply of water. In the afternoon we were rambling among the rocks in search of fossils, when a heavier shower than usual compelled us to seek shelter in a cottage outside the village, where we were made heartily welcome. The master of the house bid us enter, and pointed to a small fire of sticks, on which his wife, a stout buxom dame of forty years of age perhaps, very clean and pleasant-looking, was busied in the preparation of a dish of soup-maigre. While her daughter ran for cushions, which they placed for us round the fire, she insisted on removing the dish, that we might be better able to dry ourselves; and her husband began to wipe our guns. She invited us to partake of their fare, apologizing for the soup, as it was a fast-day. The young ladies filled our pipes, and we soon found ourselves members of the family circle, on the most sociable terms. The two elder daughters would have been considered good-looking everywhere, tall, and

well-shaped—the elder about eighteen, on a very large scale, but both of them with remarkably small and elegant hands and feet, and long filbert nails. Few young ladies in England could boast a neater foot or wear a smaller glove than these children of the mountains. Their dress was much like that of the Christians of Nazareth, but all of blue cotton,—trousers tied at the ankles, bare feet, a closely-fitting under-garment, with a neat loose jacket over it reaching to the hips and leaving the arms bare. On their heads they wore the usual “semadi” of silver coins. Their first question, of course, was, how the ladies dressed in England, and M—— delighted them by extemporizing a sketch, with due amplitude of crinoline, while I passed round a *carte-de-visite* of an English lady. Of course we were catechized as to our families at home; and our hostess, almost embracing me on finding I had six daughters and a son, she having exactly the same number, triumphantly told her husband that he was not the only man blessed with more than his due proportion of the fairer sex. A present of a pair of scissors and a few packets of needles set the seal to our popularity, and all the little children were brought forward to kiss us, our two young maiden friends running coyly into the corner, lest the same tribute should be expected from them. At the further end of the dwelling roosted the domestic pigeons, who had three round holes in the wall for their entrance; and our host reluctantly submitted to our refusal to take some back for our dinner. Along the wall were long shelves, moulded of clay, and divided into partitions, covered with clay arabesque, carved with considerable skill and taste. Among the wooden combs and other domestic utensils on these shelves were, carefully framed, various labels from Manchester cotton bales; while by the doorway was the lower floor, the home of the donkeys and cows of the establishment.

The next day we bid adieu to our friendly acquaintances somewhat amused at seeing all the young ladies of the place turn out, with trousers tied up to their knees, to clean the streets of the mud accumulated by the week's rain.

From Esfia, after spending a day at El Mohraka, the place of Elijah's sacrifice, so graphically described by Dean Stanley, we rode across the plain of Esdraelon to Nazareth. The rains had so saturated the rich alluvium of the plain, and swollen the Kishon, that we were unable to follow the usual route, which we by no means regretted, as we had to skirt underneath Carmel, returning westward by the base of the mount, until, near the ancient Harosheth of the Gentiles, where Sisera's army was swept away, we discovered a fordable passage. Well could one picture the confusion and ruin of that army, with its horses and chariots struggling in the miry swamp, and finally washed away by the muddy volume of "that ancient river, the river Kishon." When, at length, the river was crossed, our horses soon sank in the soft plain, and we had to turn to the left, and keep along the spurs of the hills of Galilee. Although we did not reach Nazareth till midnight, weary and wayworn, none of us will soon forget our canters under the oaks of Galilee, and the specimens of the rare black-headed jay and the Syrian spotted woodpecker, by the capture of which we beguiled the day.

From Nazareth, where our future route was marked out, by the kind aid of Mr. Zeller, the Church Missionary Society's clergyman, we pursued the ordinary road to Jerusalem, spending two days at Nablous, where we had a quiet Sunday, and had the opportunity of joining in the Arabic service, conducted by a Church Missionary Society catechist, and attended by twenty-six heads of Protestant families. Through our introduction to Amram, the Samaritan high priest, we had the satisfaction of seeing unrolled the ancient Samaritan Pentateuch, of which only the more recent copy is exhibited to travellers, and found that lavish offers had lately been made by a distinguished French *savant* for a portion to be deposited in the collection at Paris.

When near Jerusalem we had the good fortune to fall in with M. de Sauley and his party, on their return from the Dead Sea and the east of Jordan, and to hear of the success of their expedition; not least, that they had met

with but little difficulty from the tribes of Bedouin, beyond having to pay 18,000 piastres backsheish. M. de Sauley announced to us his discovery of Mounts Nebo and Pisgah, but added that he had left the north-east side of the Dead Sea for us intact, as his Arabs refused to conduct him through this still sealed district. We, however, do not despair of accomplishing this in the coming spring, through our introduction to the powerful tribe of the Beni-Sakkr, as we hope to spend two months in the company of these Bedouins, who claim a suzerainty over that district. For the present, we have been mulcted in purse through M. de Sauley's indiscreet liberality, and have just been compelled to pay 100*l.* black mail for safe conduct round the south end of the Dead Sea to the Lisân. This would, I hope, have been a more interesting trip to the readers of Vacation Tourists than the threadbare road along which I have been slowly leading them; but what naturalist could write with spirit the recollections of his *northern* ride in Palestine, while sitting under a blazing sun in his open tent in the Ghor, with companions and Arabs bringing in every half-hour some bird or beast perhaps unknown to science, while six lovely sun-birds, the gorgeous great blue kingfisher (*Alcyon smyrnensis*), and eight swallows of a species as yet undescribed, besides some twenty other specimens of almost equal rarity, the remains of yesterday's shooting, lie unskinned on the table before him? The kindest wish he can offer his readers is, that they may try a winter's ride through Palestine, and end it by "going to Jericho."

Ain Sultan (Elisha's Fountain), Jericho,

2d Jan. 1864.

2.—FISH CULTURE IN FRANCE.

BY JAMES G. BERTRAM.

As the celebrated French piscicultural establishment at Huningue, near Bâle, on the Rhine, has not yet achieved honourable mention in Murray's Handbook for France, it has the advantage—a desirable one in these days of incessant travel—of not having become a vulgar show for idle tourists. In fact, it is a place that is known at present to only a select few, and to these chiefly as forming a key-note to the condition of the French fisheries, and that peculiar industry in the artificial culture of fish, which has become of late years so useful in replenishing the exhausted rivers of France. No very detailed or intelligible account of the extensive operations carried on at Huningue, or of the manner of conducting them, has yet been published in a popular form in this country. Paragraphs on the progress of pisciculture, chiefly little bits from *Galignan's Messenger*, are frequently to be found in the English newspapers, but these are so inconsequential, as to be of small value to persons who desire accurate information regarding this modern industry.

It was the desire to obtain correct and minute information about the interesting art of fish-culture that induced me to make a journey from Edinburgh to Bâle, in order to see with my own eyes what the French Government had actually achieved in the development of the fishing resources of their country. Frequent visits to the salmon-breeding ponds on the River Tay had enabled me to witness the progress of Scottish pisciculture so far as salmon-breeding is concerned, and the experiments conducted so successfully at that place

only served to imbue me with a still stronger desire to view the wonders of the art as discovered and practised at Huningue.

Leaving Edinburgh early in August, and dallying a day or two in London, the little party of which I was a member proceeded to Paris, *en route* to Bâle, *viâ* Newhaven and Dieppe. This route was chosen, first, that we might have the advantage of a rest after the endurance of that awful malady of the sea that so few can escape; and second, that we might the more conveniently make one or two little detours along the French coast, in order to study the quaint fisher-life of the people of Normandy. But although a good deal could be said in commendation of a sea voyage from Leith to London, and some descriptive capital be still extracted out of the peculiarities of steamboat travellers, and the picturesque appearance of the "cod-bangers" and other fishing-boats which are industriously plying their vocation all along the course of the voyage, it will be much better, for the due arrangement and understanding of the subject-matter of this little tour, that I should proceed to Paris as a starting-point.

At the time of the autumnal *fêtes* there are so many cheap trips that Paris is overrun with persons who come to participate in the gaiety, so that one hears spoken at the *cafés* a great deal of bad French, as also a large amount of questionable English, by visitors who run over to Paris without any definite idea of what they want to see—they have simply a desire to go to Paris and back. The cheap railway and steamboat trips, which are now everywhere so well organized, are doing very good service in introducing to each other the people of different countries. For instance, we encountered in Paris, at that great and economic dining-house, the Bouillon Duval, a very intelligent London mechanic, who had come over by one of the cheap trips to see Paris and the *fêtes*: he had found out some of the co-operative workshops of that city, and was so greatly delighted with them, that he was going home in the full determination to start one in his own trade.

He was a cabinet-maker. I also encountered in Paris, at the Hotel New York, a party of tourists on their way to Switzerland, under the auspices of Mr. Cook, of Leicester, who had contracted to take them from London to Switzerland and back (second class) for the small sum of four pounds! and a very excellent tour I heard afterwards was made through that interesting country—every place noted for beautiful scenery or a particular industry being visited—the total expense of many of the tourists for a run of eighteen days being under fifteen pounds! One economic gentleman, in a note to one of the newspapers, said that his expenses were not quite twelve pounds; which is certainly cheap travelling. The mechanic already alluded to, only paid twenty-five shillings as his fare from London to Paris and back.

The heat compelled us to move from the city a day or two before we intended, but for all that we saw the great aquariums in the gardens at the Bois de Boulogne, and also some fish-ponds; and we were all quite thankful when, on the morning of our departure, we breathed once again the invigorating and wholesome country air, which was laden with the fragrant odours of fruit and flower.

There is little to describe in a railway journey from Paris to Mullhouse, especially when the route is *viâ* Chalindrey and nightcap-producing Troyes.

To while away the time in a ride of fifteen hours, our little party criticised the people, their agriculture, and their vineyards; also the railways: but our particular attention was directed to the buffets, and about them we were all unanimous, and came to the following conclusion, that they were not better, in many instances not so good, as the buffets on the English lines of railway. There were all along the line the usual stale condiments; the coffee was good; the wines of a superior kind we did not take time to drink, but those wines which were on draught were of the commonest kind. N.B. All the condiments sold at these stations were comparatively expensive.

Mine being, in a sense, an industrial tour, I paid little

attention to the picturesque; however, there is no scenery worth mentioning in the champaign line of country through which we travelled. One clump of tall pollards succeeds another clump of tall pollards so rapidly, that we might, if it so pleased us, imagine ourselves always at the same place: each little village or farm-steading seemed so invariably a model of the one we had just passed half an hour before. I looked out very carefully for spots of water with indications of fish-culture, and saw several little ponds that were literally "leaping" with small fish—perhaps newly placed in the water. A farmer, who entered our train at Altwich, I found was carrying a large basket of eels of his own breeding to a manufacturer at Mullhouse: this was interesting to me, of course, who had come all this distance to inquire into the system of French fish-culture. I obtained a considerable amount of information on the subject from this traveller, that I propose to weave into another portion of this narrative. An angler, also, whom we encountered at one of the stations, had a pretty full basket of fine trout—half-pounders they seemed to be. This little event, when the gentleman came into our carriage, created what I may almost term a "sensation," and, being proud of his "take," he exhibited some of his best fish with great complacency. I asked him how long he had taken to capture them—there were twenty-three in all. He said he had been fishing for five hours, and that he had put back in the water several of the smaller fishes he had taken—a practice that all anglers would do well to follow.

By the time the train reached Mullhouse, we were all very tired and glad enough to reach the nearest hotel—a large new-like building, opposite the station—where we endured several discomforts, and encountered next day a charge for bougies and other made-up "extras," that did not tend to put us in good humour with the landlord, who, by the way, looked as if he didn't very well understand a British sovereign—the first of his tribe in my experience that did not smile on the golden portrait of good Queen Victoria.

The short ride from Mullhouse to Bâle is rather more interesting than the long one from Paris to Mullhouse. One can almost scent the distant hills and lakes of Switzerland; and the orchards, vineyards, and farmhouses that we pass on the way betoken comfort and plenty. We ought to have left the train at the boundary station of St. Louis, which is close to the fish establishment of Huningue, but not being sure of this, we thought it better to go on to Bâle—a place with which we were all very much delighted, it looked so clean and bright. Here we had our first peep at the Rhine, and standing on the wooden bridge near the little oratory, we all feasted our eyes upon the picturesque scene.

I was much surprised, on making inquiry of various people in Bâle, to find that the place I was in search of was by no means generally known. No one whom I asked—and, appropriately enough, I put the question in the fish-market—knew anything about fish-breeding or the establishment at Huningue. This was alarming. I almost began to think pisciculture and Huningue to be altogether a myth, when, happily, a young lady of our party found a cabman who knew the place. He told us he could speak the English *grammaire*, and that he knew the fish-breeding *depôt*, having taken several visitors out to that place. From Bâle to Huningue is an exceedingly beautiful drive, pleasant and picturesque, and the custom-house officers at St. Louis are exceedingly civil. After passing a little oratory, situated on the left of the high road, we struck off, as directed by a finger-post, and descended a pleasant by-way fringed with trees, and enlivened by running water, all the time in sight of the place that I longed so much to visit. Our little party were welcomed with great courtesy, and conducted over the building and grounds with much attention.

Before describing Huningue and its ponds and egg-hatching apparatus, I must request to be allowed to give a brief description of the discovery and progress of fish-culture, both as regards France and other countries. This will be essential

for the better understanding of what we are about to see and examine in this wonderful establishment.

Pisciculture is an art that is almost as old as civilization itself. We read of its having existed for centuries in the kingdom of China, and we know that it was practised in the palmy days of ancient Italy, when fish of all kinds were a *sine quâ non* at those luxurious banquets which used to be given by the wealthy Romans and Neapolitans. There is still carried on in China a large trade in fish-eggs. Boats may be seen containing men who gather the spawn in various rivers, and then carry it into the interior of the country for sale.

This trade in ova is so well managed, even in the present day, that fish are plentiful and cheap—so cheap as to form a large portion of the food of the people; and nothing so much surprises the Chinese who come here as the price of fish in this country. The luxurious Romans were adepts in fish-culture; they were great, too, in the arts of acclimatization; they sent to the shores of Britain for their oysters, and then flavoured them in large quantities on artificial beds. The value of a Roman gentleman's fish in the palmy days of Italian banqueting was something enormous. The stock kept up by Lucullus was never represented by a less sum than 35,000*l*. Mullet, in those ancient times, was a favourite fish for "cultivation," and we have read of fabulous prices being paid for "flavoured" mullet. Sixty pounds have been given for a single fish, and more than three times that sum for a dish of three.

But it is not so much fancy fish-culture I wish to describe, as the cultivation of fish for commercial purposes. The fact that fish can be handled and bred artificially—that is, that fecundated spawn can be procured and protected—results from the circumstance that fish-eggs can be externally fructified by the milt of the male fish. Without the operation of this principle—which, by the bye, has been frequently disputed, but is now finally established by such experiments as I will describe—it would not be possible to practise pisciculture

on the large scale which is now adopted, both in France and our own country.

After being lost for many hundred years, the art of artificially spawning fish was rediscovered in Germany by one Jacobi, and practised on some trout about a century ago. Again the art fell into disuse, and lay in abeyance till it was taken up in Scotland by Mr. Shaw, the Duke of Buccleuch's forester at Drumlanrig, for the solution of some questions connected with the natural history of the salmon. The problem which Mr. Shaw had undertaken to solve was one that, a quarter of a century ago, made a good deal of noise, viz. whether or not the plentiful little fish known in Scotland as the parr, and in England as the samlet, was in reality, as had been asserted, the young of *Salmo salar*. At first Mr. Shaw, in order to prove his case, was contented to gather the ova shed on the spawning-beds by the salmon, but, as the results of this plan were disputed, he caught the gravid fish, and, having spawned them with his own hands, he kept the eggs in a safe place till they grew from their parr state and became smolts, thus triumphantly proving his case. At the time of Shaw's experiments it was not supposed that pisciculture could be made commercially profitable; it was left for the French people to teach us that fact.

During the progress of Shaw's experiments the fisheries of France were at a very low ebb. Both the river and sea fisheries had become so exhausted by over-fishing, as not to be of the annual value of the rental of the river Tay in Scotland, which derives 14,000*l.* a year from its salmon alone. At this period of scarcity, one Joseph Remy, an intelligent *pêcheur* of the streams of the Vosges, saw with alarm the decline of the fisheries, and the consequent near extinction of his own business. Some people assert that Remy had heard of Shaw's experiments through some English traveller, and that he began to imitate them. I do not believe this; for, having conversed with a person who knew him, I am convinced that he was a man of intelligence, and that he discovered the secret of pisciculture in an entirely

independent way from his own observations. He knew, no doubt, through the exercise of his business, that, although fish were remarkably fecund, producing their eggs in millions, tens of thousands of the eggs never came to life, either from not being fecundated, or from being destroyed by enemies, swept away by floods, or other causes; and he would know also, that, although all the fish-eggs had come to life, thousands of the young fish would perish before they were fit for food, or had an opportunity of perpetuating their kind. In the inland districts of Catholic countries the waters are systematically robbed of their finny treasures, in order to the proper observation of the Church fasts. Knowing all this, it was for Remy to devise a remedy; and whether he had heard of Shaw's Drumlanrig experiments or not, it is certain that his was the discovery that gave new life to the fisheries of France, that instituted the present gigantic commerce in oysters, and restocked the rivers and ponds, not only of his native Vosges, but of all inland France, and culminated in the establishment of Huningue.

The guiding fact of pisciculture has been more than once accidentally discovered, although nothing had been said in print about it. The Ettrick Shepherd, who had a very observant eye for rural scenes and incidents, anxiously studied and experimented on fish life. He took an active share in the parr controversy, having seen with his own eyes the branded parr assuming the scales of the smolt. In Norway the discovery of this power of artificial fish-cultivation was accidental; and if fishing in that country goes on at its present rate, cultivation will be largely required. The artificial plan of breeding oysters has been more than once accidentally discovered. There is at least one well-authenticated instance of this, which occurred about a quarter of a century ago, when a salt-maker of Marennes, who added to his income by fattening oysters, lost a batch of six thousand, in consequence of an intense frost, the shells not being sufficiently covered with water; but while engaged in mourning over his loss, and kicking about the dead molluscs, he

found them, greatly to his surprise, covered with young oysters already pretty well developed, and these, fortunately, although tender, all in good health; so that, ultimately, he re-peopled his salt-bed, without either trouble or expense, having, of course, to wait the growth of the "natives" before he could recommence his commerce. On my way home from Huningue, I heard of oyster-pits at the back of Ostend harbour, but had not time to visit them. Oyster-culture might be very easily carried on all round our English and Scottish coasts. In Ireland, oyster-farms have been extensively laid down, and, as every oyster-eater knows, Irish oysters are as famous as either the English "natives" or the Edinburgh "pandores."

The series of buildings which have been erected at Huningue are admirably adapted to the purpose for which they have been designed. The group forms a square, the entrance portion of which—two lodges—is devoted to the *corps de guard*. On either side are the two great hatching-galleries, containing a plentiful supply of tanks and egg-boxes; and in the back part of the square are the offices, library, laboratory, and residences of the officers. We were of course conducted all over the place, and we particularly admired the aptitude with which the arrangements had been devised. The egg-boxes are raised in pyramids, the water flowing from the one on the top into those immediately below; the eggs are placed in rows on glass frames which fit into these boxes. There is an ample water supply both from a spring in the grounds and from the Rhine, which flows near at hand. There is a large supply of tanks, or troughs, for the purpose of experimenting with such fish as may be kept in the place; but, as a general rule, fish are not reared at Huningue, the chief business accomplished there being the collection and distribution of their eggs.

As the grand agent in the hatching of fish-eggs is water, I was, naturally enough, rather particular in making inquiry into the water supplies of Huningue. These I found were very ample. There is one spring on the grounds of remark-

ably transparent water; there is also the rivulet of the Augraben; and the water of the Rhine is likewise brought to the place. Of course, different qualities of water are quite necessary for the success of the experiments in acclimatization carried on so zealously at the *établissement de pisciculture*. Some fishes delight in a clear running stream, while others prefer to pass their life in sluggish and fat waters. The engineering of the different water supplies, many of them at different levels, has been well managed by M. Coumes, the engineer of this department of the Rhine, who, in conjunction with the enthusiastic Professor Coste, planned the buildings at Huningue.

A prolonged investigation of the various apparatus that have been devised for the hatching, or rather the preserving, of the eggs at Huningue leads me to say that, taken as a whole, the machinery of all kinds is as nearly as possible perfect. The eggs being deposited as soon as received in a covered building, the higher temperature no doubt ripens them sooner than if they were nursed, as at Stormontfield, in the open air. The salmon-eggs at the latter place take from 120 to 140 days to come to maturity, and it is a very interesting study to watch their development. When the egg is deposited first of all, one sees nothing but a transparent amber-coloured bead. Days and days elapse before a change can be observed, and then certain threads of blood can be seen to prefigure the anatomy of a young fish. By-and-by the design of "a something" begins to grow upon the eye, but it would be difficult at first sight to say what it may turn out to be—a tadpole or a salmon. When a few more days elapse the fish-like form is developed, curled up, of course, in a curious shape; the great eyes begin to stare, and the blood to course through the body. Anon the fish, nursed into life by the trickling waters, bursts through its fragile prison and appears on its gravel bed a frightened, tiny, awkward creature, with a great bag at its abdomen disturbing its balance, hindering its movements, and so rendering it a prey to numerous enemies. But after this time its growth is wonderfully rapid.

In a year it may become a smolt, and in the course of three months after it undergoes that change, it will have become a sizeable table-fish, weighing from three to five pounds!

In the ornamental grounds which surround the building at Huningue, the water supply has been trained into a series of running brooks and nicely-fashioned ponds, for conducting the various experiments in fish-growth and acclimatization that are carried on at this place. Here I saw specimens of the Rhine salmon, ombre chevalier, and other fishes, of all ages, from that of a few weeks to four years. As I have said, fish are not bred here, because it would be difficult to carry them to a distance after they were hatched, and it is found much easier to transport the eggs, as they will bear the travelling very well. Of course, a different plan is followed at Stormontfield, because the pond there is an adjunct of one river only, and being situated at almost the edge of the water, it is easy to allow the fish to escape into the water. In France, the eggs have often to be sent to a great distance. Some were sent last year to Mr. Frank Buckland in London, who, with great enthusiasm, is busy re-peopling the Thames with salmon and other fish.

The course of business at Huningue is as follows:—The eggs are brought chiefly from Switzerland and Germany, and embrace those of the various kinds of trout, the Danube and Rhine salmon, and the tender ombre chevalier. People are appointed to capture gravid fish of these various kinds, and, having done so, to communicate with the authorities at Huningue, who send an expert to deprive the fishes of their spawn, and bring it to the breeding or resting boxes, where it is carefully tended and daily watched till it is ready to be despatched to some district in want of it. The mode of artificial spawning is as follows, and I will suppose the subject operated upon to be a salmon:—Well, first catch your fish; and here I may state that male salmon are a great deal scarcer than female ones, but, fortunately, one of the former will milt two or even three of the latter, so that the scarcity is not so much felt as it might otherwise be. The fish, then, having been

caught, it should be seen that the spawn is perfectly mature, and that being the case, the salmon is held in a large tub, under the water it contains, while the hand is gently passed along its abdomen, when, if the ova be ripe, the eggs will flow out like so many peas. These are carefully rinsed or washed, and the water is then poured off. The male salmon is then handled in a similar way, the contact of the milt immediately changing the eggs into a brilliant pink colour. After being again washed, they may be ladled out into the breeding-boxes, and safely left to come to life in due season. The period occupied in hatching is different in different climates. At Stormontfield, where the eggs have no shelter, the usual period is about 135 days; but salmon ova have been known to burst in about half that period, and to yield very healthy fish.

Very great care is necessary in handling the ova. The eggs distributed from Huningue are all carefully examined on their arrival, when the bad ones are thrown out, and those that are good are counted and entered in a record. The usual way of ascertaining the quantity is by means of a little stamped measure, according to the particular fish. The ova are watched with great care, and from day to day all that become addled are removed. The applications for eggs, both from individuals and associations, are always a great deal more numerous than can be supplied, and before second applications can be entertained, it is necessary for the parties to give a detailed account of how their former efforts succeeded. The eggs when sent away are nicely packed in boxes among wet moss, and they suffer very little injury if there be no delay in their transit.

“How about the streams from which the eggs are brought?” I asked. “Does this robbery of the spawn not injure them?”

“Oh, no; we find that it makes no difference whatever. The fish are so enormously fecund that the eggs can be got in any quantity, and no difference be felt in the parent waters.”

Of course, as the operations are pursued over a large district of two countries, no immediate difference will be felt; but how

if these Huningue *explorateurs* go on for years taking away tens of thousands of eggs? Will that not ultimately prove a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul? I know full well that all kinds of fish are enormously prolific, but suppose a river, with the breeding power of the Tay, was annually robbed of a few million eggs, the result must some day be a slight difference in the productive power of the water. I would like to know if, while the waters of France are being replenished, the rivers of Switzerland and Germany are not beginning to be in their turn impoverished?

It would scarcely pay to breed the commoner fishes of the lakes and rivers, as pike, carp, and perch; the commonest fish bred at Huningue is the *fera*, whilst the most expensive is the beautiful ombre chevalier, the eggs of which cost about a penny apiece before they are in the water as fish. The general calculation, however, is twelve living fish for a penny. The *fera* is very prolific, yielding its eggs in thousands; it is called the herring of the lakes; and the young, when first born, are so small as scarcely to be perceptible. The superintendent at Huningue told me that several of them had escaped by means of the canal into the Rhine, where they had never before been found. I inquired particularly as to the Danube salmon, but found that it was very difficult to hatch, especially at first, great numbers of the eggs, as many sometimes as sixty or seventy per cent., being destroyed; but now the manipulators are getting better acquainted with the *modus operandi*, and it is expected that by-and-by the assistants at Huningue will be as successful with this fish as they are with all others. Even allowing for a very considerable loss in the artificially manipulated ova—and it is thought that two-thirds, at least, of the eggs are in some way lost—it is certain that the artificial system of protection is immensely more productive in fish than the natural one, for it has been said, in reference especially to the salmon of the river Tay, that hardly one in a thousand of the eggs of that fish ever reaches to maturity as a proper table-fish, such is the enormous destruction of eggs and young fry; and the percentage of destruction in Catholic

countries is greatly larger, because during the fast days enjoined by the Church fish *must* be obtained.

I have compiled a tabular statement, which I insert at this place, of the number of fish-eggs collected and distributed at Huningue for the two years previous to my visit:—

1860—61.					
<i>Species.</i>	<i>Time of Operations.</i>	<i>Ova provided.</i>	<i>Loss.</i>	<i>Quantity despatched from the Establishment.</i>	<i>Retained for Experiments at Huningue.</i>
Common trout . .)	1860. 1861.				
Salmon trout . .)	{ 20th Oct. to 17th March } 149 days.	5,729,100	(1,943,100 } 34 per } cent.)	3,153,500	632,500
Great lake trout .)					
Rhine salmon . .)	{ 14th Nov. to 30th Dec. } 46 days.	8,997,000	22,000	5,573,000	3,402,000
Ombre chevalier .)					
Fera)					
Total		14,726,100	1,965,100	8,726,500	4,034,500
<i>Destination of the Ova despatched from the Establishment.</i>					
278 demands for establishments in 70 departments of France, and 29 demands from establishments in Belgium, Switzerland, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg.					
1861—62.					
Common trout . .)	1861. 1862.				
Salmon trout . .)	{ 24th Oct. to 7th March } 135 days.	6,382,900	2,602,400	3,360,000	420,500
Great lake trout .)					
Rhine salmon . .)	{ 16th Nov. to 25th Dec. } 39 days.	11,995,000	12,000	9,519,000	2,464,000
Ombre chevalier .)					
Fera)					
Total		18,377,900	2,614,400	12,879,000	2,884,500
296 demands for establishments in 76 departments of France, and 39 demands from other parts of Europe.					

It is needless to say that the persons in charge of that establishment are both adepts and enthusiasts in their business. M. Coumes, the *chef*, has made a tour of the fisheries of

Great Britain and Ireland, and has published a work containing plans of the Stormontfield ponds, the Galway fisheries of the Messrs. Ashworth, &c. One of the gentlemen with whom I conversed was a capital naturalist, and knew a great deal about the mysterious fishes of Scotland, the vendace, the powan, the Lochleven trout, &c. He concurred with me in supposing that some of these were foreign varieties introduced through the medium of pisciculture, and ultimately acclimatized in Scotland; he spoke of them as fresh-water herrings, and compared them with the *fera*. An idea prevails in Scotland that the vendace of Lochmaben and the powan of Lochlomond are really herrings forced into fresh water, and slightly altered by the circumstances of a new dwelling-place, change of food, and other causes. One learned person lately ascribed the presence of sea-fishes in fresh water to the great wave which had at one time passed over the country. But no doubt the real cause is, that these peculiar fishes were brought to these lakes ages ago by monks or other persons who were adepts in the piscicultural art.

To render these notes as interesting as possible, I may perhaps be allowed to give a brief summary of the chief points in the habits of these mysterious fishes. The "vendiss," as it is locally called, occurs nowhere but in the waters at Lochmaben, in Dumfriesshire; and it is thought by the general run of the country people to be like the powan of Lochlomond, a fresh-water herring. The history of this fish is quite unknown, but it is thought to have been introduced into the Castle Loch of Lochmaben in the early monkish times, when it was essential, for the proper observance of Church fasts, to have an ample supply of fish for fast-day fare. It is curious as regards the vendace, that they float about in shoals, that they make the same kind of popping noise as the herring, and that they cannot be easily taken by any kind of bait. At certain seasons of the year the people assemble for the purpose of holding a vendace feast, at which times large quantities of the fish are caught by means of a sweep net. The fish is said to have been found in other waters besides

those of Lochmaben, but I have never been able to see a specimen anywhere else. There are a great number of traditions afloat about the vendace, and a story of its having been introduced to the lake by Mary Queen of Scots. The country people are very proud of their fish, and take a pride in showing it to strangers. The principal information I can give about the vendace, without becoming technical, is, that it is a beautiful and very symmetrical fish, about seven or eight inches long, not at all unlike a herring, only not so brilliant in the colour; and that the females of the vendace seem to be about a third more numerous than the males—a characteristic, as I have already stated, that is also observed in the salmon family. The vendace spawns about the beginning of winter, and for this purpose the fish, like the herring, gather into shoals. They are very productive, and do not take long to grow to maturity.

The peculiarities of the Lochleven trout may be chiefly ascribed to a peculiar feeding-ground. Having lived at one time on the banks of this far-famed loch, I had ample time and many opportunities of studying the habits and anatomy, as well as the fine flavour, of this beautiful fish, which, in my humble opinion, has no marrow in any other waters. Feeding, in my opinion, is everything, whether the subjects operated upon be cattle, capons, or carps. It is well known, for instance, that the superiority of the herrings caught in the inland sea-lochs of Scotland is owing to the fish finding there a better feeding-ground than in the large and exposed open bays. Look, for instance, at Lochfyne: the land runs down to the water's edge, and the surface water or drainage carries with it rich food to fatten the loch, and put flesh on the herring; and what fish is finer, I would ask, than a Lochfyne herring? Again, in the bay of Wick, which is the scene of the largest herring fishery in the world, the fish have no land food, being shut out from such a luxury by a vast sea wall of everlasting rock; and the consequence is, that the Wick herrings are not nearly so rich in flavour as those taken in the sea-lochs of the west of Scotland. In the same way I account for the rich

flavour and beautiful colour of the trout of Lochleven. This fish has been acclimatized with more or less success in other waters. I have heard, however, that when transplanted this trout deteriorates in flavour, and gradually loses its beautiful colour—another proof that much depends on the feeding ground; indeed, the fact of the trout having deteriorated in consequence of the drainage of the lake, and the consequent abridgment of the feeding range, is on this point quite conclusive. I feel certain, however, that there must be more than one kind of these Lochleven trouts; there is, at any rate, one curious fact in their life worth noting, and that is, that they are often in prime condition for table use when other trouts are spawning.

The powan, another of the mysterious fishes of Scotland, is also considered to be a fresh-water herring, and thought to be confined exclusively to Lochlomond, where they are taken in great quantities. It is supposed by persons versed in the subject that it is possible to acclimatize sea fish in fresh water, and that the vendace and powan, changed by the circumstances in which they have been placed, are, or were, undoubtedly herrings. The fish in Lochlomond also gather into shoals, and on looking at a few of them one is irresistibly forced to the conclusion that, in size and shape, they are uncommonly like *Clupea harengus*—the common herring. I may perhaps be allowed to state that the powan of Lochlomond and the pollan of Lough Neagh are not the same fish, but both belong to the Corrigoni; the powan is long and slender, while the pollan is an altogether stouter fish, although well-shaped and beautifully proportioned.

It was not till long after the re-discovery of the art by Remy that the establishment at Huingue was erected. In the interval, Professor Coste had engaged in a great many experiments in fish-breeding on the artificial plan, and had made an elaborate voyage of exploration round the French and Italian coasts, in search of information about the fisheries of different nations. After various reports had been submitted by this gentleman to the French Government, it was

resolved to erect the great depôt at Huningue ; and the building and ornamentation of the grounds, which are in all about eighty acres in extent, cost about 11,000*l.* The annual expenses are, on the average, a little more than 2,000*l.*, which gives the cost of collecting the eggs as about threepence a hundred.

The year in which Remy commenced his labours was 1842, and his working-ground was chiefly the tributaries of the Moselle ; he assumed as a partner M. Gehin, and the two soon began to carry on a considerable trade. Their labours were chronicled by Dr. Haxo, of Epinal, who communicated an elaborate paper on the subject of fish-culture to the Society of Arts in Paris, which more than ever fixed attention on the work of the two fishermen. One of the numerous local societies, of which there are so many throughout France, also voted them a sum of money and a handsome bronze medal. Pisciculture was next taken up in Germany, where successful experiments were made with the gigantic Danube salmon. Spain, Holland, and Great Britain then took up the system, and at the present time, so far as our more valuable fresh-water fishes are concerned, pisciculture bids fair to become a universal art. One grand fact connected with it is, that it will pay. The one hundred and eleven millions of fish-eggs sent from Huningue are working a rapid change in the rivers and lakes of France ; and at home we have Stormontfield sending into the river Tay 150,000 salmon per annum, at the exceedingly moderate cost of one pound a week.

So far as I could ascertain, the right of fishing in France is claimed by the Government in all navigable rivers and canals, but private persons can purchase the power to fish ; and the rent payable by those using nets, varies from 1*l.* to 4*l.* per annum. In common streams that are not navigable, and in lakes, the fishery belongs to the proprietors of the surrounding land, and no person dare fish in these without permission. As to the larger river fisheries, they are so mapped out as to prevent dispute, no fisherman daring to work his nets on a

portion of the water which does not belong to him. Fishing of some kind or another goes on all the year round.

The following figures will indicate the money rental and the value of the produce of the whole of the French fisheries :—

4,719 miles of navigable rivers	£23,025
3,105 miles of canals	5,845
310 miles of estuaries of rivers	46,140
930 miles of rivers and canals belonging to individual proprietors	2,700
114,889 miles of rivers and streams not navigable . .	
493,750 acres of lakes and ponds	

The money value of the fish caught in these waters may be stated as follows :—

From State Returns for Rivers and Canals	£28,880
The estuaries yield £46,140, of which the fresh waters supply one-half, giving	23,080
Rivers and canals belonging to private individuals . .	2,680
114,889 miles of watercourses	148,000
493,750 acres of lakes and ponds	400,000
Total	<u>£602,640</u>

If the profits of the cultivators and expenses of the fishery be added to the produce, we have—

Canals and watercourses	£400,000
Lakes and ponds	400,000
Total production of profits and produce	<u>£800,000</u>

As may be readily supposed, pisciculture in France has extended to the sea, oysters being there the greatest speciality. At Dieppe, and also at various villages along the coast of Normandy, I obtained information about the success of French oyster-culture, which is now carried forward on what may be termed a gigantic scale. I am fond of obtaining information on such subjects, and of mixing among the fisher-folk, and hearing their little stories, and sympathising with their superstitions; and, as everybody knows, the fisher-class are a very superstitious race. All along the coast of Normandy what

I may call the shore-fishery is the great industry of the people, boats being few, and sails and nets very scarce. This particular kind of fishery is carried on in all kinds of quaint ways, by building traps, by nets handled from the shore, by sinking pits, and by baited lines. As it is chiefly young fish that are captured, this mode of fishing is greatly to be deplored, because it hurts the producing power and destroys those fish that come in shore to spawn. As may be supposed, the parties who pursue this branch of the fishery are very poor, not having the means of fitting up a boat. Large trawlers, however, abound, owned and manned pretty much after the same fashion as our own fishing-smacks. I found, in several instances, that there were family boats as in Scotland; also that boats were held by one or two persons on a sort of co-operative plan. An immense number of boats have recently been added to the French fishing fleet, and in training sailors great progress is yearly being made. All the best fish are sent off by railway to Paris. My party were amazed at the few miserable ling that we saw in the fish-market at Dieppe.

The industry carried on by the coast people on the French foreshores is quite a sight. Even the little children contrive to make money by building fish-ponds, or erecting trenches in which to gather salt, or in some other small industry incidental to seashore life. One occasionally encounters some abject being groping about the rocks to obtain the where-withal to sustain life—to these people all is fish that comes to hand—no creature, however slimy, that creeps about is allowed to escape, so long as it can be disguised by cookery into any kind of food for human creatures. Some of the people have old rickety boats patched up with still older pieces of wood or leather; sails mended here and there till it is difficult to know the original portion from those that have been added to it; nets torn and darned till they are scarce able to hold a fish; and yet, that boat and that crippled machinery are the capital stock of perhaps two or three generations of a family, the concern having probably been founded half a century ago by the grandfather, who now sees around him a series of

hungry generations that it would take a fleet of boats to keep in food and raiment. The moment the tide runs back, the foreshore is at once overrun with a legion of hungry people, who are eager to clutch at whatever fishy *débris* the receding water may have left; the shallow pools are eagerly, hungrily examined, and their contents "grabbed" with an anxiety that pertains only to poverty. At some places of the coast, however, a happier era is dawning on the people—the discovery of pisciculture has led to a traffic in oysters that is surprising—indeed, a new life has in consequence dawned on some districts; and where at one time there was poverty and its attendant squalor, there is now wealth and its handmaid prosperity.

I found on inquiry that the habits of the French fisher-folk and those of the fisher-class in Scotland were singularly alike, both as regards the superstitious observance of all kinds of omens and the mode of carrying on the work. One point I did neglect to inquire about—whether the French fishwives of the coast are as prone as the fisherwomen of Newhaven to ask at first about three times the price for a fish which they will ultimately take. This is a habit among the Scotch fisher-folk, and I have no doubt it also prevails among those of France. In regard to the work, the French wives take much the same position as those of Scotland—a woman there is said to keep her man; in other words, *he* only goes to sea to capture the fish, *she* is the merchant who disposes of the produce, who keeps the purse and acts as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and negotiates all important business, as the purchase of new clothes, the buying of "cutch" for dyeing the nets, and so on. As regards the oyster-fisheries of France, about which I made very particular inquiry, the women there also perform all the duties connected with the sale of this mollusc, the men doing the duties of the sea-farm, which consists of planting, tending, and cleaning the oysters. On being referred to M. Coste for more detailed information on these points than can be gathered in a hurried scamper along a few miles of the coast, I find that he corroborates all that has been said

above, as the following sentences, culled from a recent work of his, will show. I merely extract the information, not the language:—The women of the fishing-towns depart inland as soon as the oyster season begins, and they remain each at an assigned place till the end of the period during which that mollusc is on sale. Some of the women sell only for the behoof of their husbands, whilst others trade independently entirely on their own account, buying from the breeders indiscriminately; some again act merely as agents, being hired at fixed wages to conduct the sales of certain of the farmers. The supplies of these saleswomen are renewed from time to time, the oysters being forwarded ingeniously packed in osier baskets. Each woman has her allotted station; some of them are continually moving about, supplying taverns or hotels; one or two take up their residence in small shops, or fix up a stall in a corridor, where they carry on their business with great assurance. These travelling fish-merchants thus acquire taste and refinement, and learn the secrets of the toilette, and the art of making themselves agreeable, at the balls and *fêtes* in which they take a part. This can be paralleled at Newhaven, near Edinburgh. The women of that well-known fishing-town used, before the railway period, to carry the produce of their husbands' industry to considerable distances in order to obtain customers; and the same plan is still followed in those parts of Scotland where the railway has not yet developed a local traffic. The fishwives of Newhaven and Musselburgh, instead of carrying great creels full of fish to the city, now use the railways, and by means of these easy modes of transit they penetrate to such inland towns and villages as evince a disposition for fish food. The grand ambition of this class of women, both at home and abroad, is to work for their husbands. "The woman that canna keep a man shouldna hae ane" is their motto, and so it has come to pass that when the fisherman comes in with his boat his labour is finished for that time.

I will now summarize the information I obtained along the coast about the French oyster-farms. The earliest of

these (the modern ones I mean) seem to have been formed in the deep bay of St. Brieux, under the direction of Professor Coste. The grand secret of oyster-culture is to insure a place for the holding on of the spat. The oyster is as enormously prolific as any of our other sea animals; but if the spat or ova do not obtain a holding-place, it is lost for ever. To insure the salvation of the spat, and in order to form a bed or bank of oysters, a great quantity of builders' *débris* was laid down by M. Coste, and on this the spawning oysters were placed: this plan was found to be successful: the young found an adhering-place, and the oysters grew apace. The next plan was to plant fascines of branches, which could be removed at pleasure; and it was found that to these the spat adhered tenaciously, and that as the oysters matured, they could be plucked, and the branches be replanted. This was the plan followed in Lake Fusaro, in the days of Italian pisciculture. The formation of beds of oysters has been carried on with great assiduity for some years back, the latest improvement being the building of a series of walls, called *pires*, for the breeding of the mollusc, and the construction of *claires*, mud ponds, for fattening them. Coste began his oyster experiments about seven years ago, and I do not exaggerate when I say, that several of those who have gone energetically into the business are in progress of realizing a fortune. Government gives a concession to most of those who apply for it, and it is surprising what can be done on a few acres of foreshore. Some of the persons who have concessions devote themselves entirely to the growing of the animal from the spat, in order to sell it to those who fatten it in the mud *claires*. To be convinced of all this, one must visit the coasts of Normandy and Brittany, and see this curiously-detailed industry for themselves. It is certain that millions of this dainty shell-fish are annually brought to maturity. I have myself seen a fascine so loaded with young oysters that it was impossible to count them.

After spending a pleasant forenoon at Huningue, our little

party returned to Bâle, where we all dined on a beautiful platform overlooking the Rhine, having appropriately enough as one of our dishes a *purée* of eels and other delightful comestibles. A stroll about the town and a peep at the cathedral ended our tour of this beautiful place, in which, by the way, there is a mission-house, which is worth visiting by those who take an interest in that kind of work.

Upon returning to Mullhouse, I had a great desire to visit and examine the "Cité Ouvrier," that has been erected in that town and neighbourhood, and about which I had read a great deal; but my time not permitting this delay, I am indebted to a friend for the following notes regarding this interesting phase of the co-operative system, which has been originated by M. Dolfus in the first instance, through the "Société Industrielle de Mullhouse," an association of the chief manufacturers, having for its object the promotion of all questions connected with new discoveries in their various businesses, and the government and benefit of their workmen. On the outskirts of this manufacturing town, on the Mullhouse and Dornach Canal, there has been erected by a society, termed the "Cités Ouvrières," a town for mechanics. The situation has been carefully chosen—the ground is level and the streets wide—whilst the houses, which are of two classes, are well built and capacious, each having a garden capable of producing about two pounds' worth of fruit and vegetables per annum. The place was begun in 1854, and the success of the scheme, although slow at first, is now decided, upwards of six hundred householders being the owners of their own dwelling-places. There are two prices for houses, as there are two classes; they are either 120*l.* or 95*l.*, which may be paid up by instalments—a sum of from 12*l.* to 16*l.* being exacted at the time of arrangement, and a sum of about a pound per month ever afterwards till the full sum is acquitted, and the occupier and his heirs become owners, which is, as in England, usually fourteen years. The accommodation of the family houses is considerable: first of all, there is a cellar underground; then

on the ground-floor, there is a combined kitchen and *salle-à-manger*, with bedroom for *père* and *mère*; above these there is a suite of three sleeping apartments and a closet; while on the top of all may be found a commodious garret. The stair comes through the bedroom on the ground-floor, so that the children cannot go out or come in without being seen by their parents. The owners of these houses have various privileges; there is a physician resident among them, and in Mullhouse itself there is the *école communale*; there is likewise a Protestant deaconess, or sister of charity; and there is a general air of substantiality and comfort about these working proprietors which is really satisfactory.

I had resolved, along with my party, to return home by Strasbourg and the Rhine. On the evening of our arrival at Strasbourg, between seven and eight o'clock, we found the city quiet and nearly the whole of the shops shut. I was embarrassed by this condition of things, for I had to call at the printing-office of Levrault, in the Rue de Juifs, for a work on pisciculture—his warehouse was shut and the *concièrge* in bed!—and I had afterwards to obtain the book by writing to M. Coumes, which I did on arriving at home; and I have to thank the same gentleman for the beautiful series of engravings of the building and ponds at Huningue which he has presented to me. We entered the Rhine steamboat at Mayence, and went down to Cologne, making one or two stoppages by the way. We were all much entertained during the voyage, not that we, being Scotch, enjoyed the scenery, or thought it very grand, but chiefly because we found several intelligent fellow-passengers who made themselves agreeable to us.

Doctor Heising, of Berlin, entertained me to a learned conversation about fish, and described the beautiful trout-pond at Heidelberg, near Bonn. This charming place has been formed by damming up two small streams which feed the Neckar. There is, it seems, an upper and a lower pond, both of them teeming with beautiful trout of all sizes, some of

them being very large, others small and ill to grow. The place belongs to an innkeeper of the neighbourhood, who can, by means of these ponds, always obtain a dish of fish for his guests.

In return, I told the Doctor about the Logan Pond for salt-water fish, in the stewartry of Kirkeudbright, where had-dock, cod, and various other fishes are regularly stored for family use, and where they become so tame as to feed from the hands of their attendants. I also detailed to the Doctor the progress of our salmon-breeding experiments at Stormontfield, and the anomaly that had been discovered in the ponds as to the growth of the young fish, viz.—that one half of a brood became smolts at the end of the first year, while the other half remained in the pond for another year as parr. The Doctor thought this would be a result of feeding: he said, “Look among the humans. Take a few children of the same sex, each born on the same day, and watch their progress; the chances are that four out of every ten become, so to speak, giants of their race, that other three will be of but moderate dimensions, and the remaining three quite stunted and dwarfish. In the pond I have mentioned, one or two of the large fish tyrannize over all the others, secure the best portions of the water to live in, and the lion’s share of the food.” This was no doubt true in a general sense, but I do not think it can apply to the Stormontfield salmon, because the same anomaly has been observed in the river as well. The Doctor promised to lay the case before a society at Berlin, of which he is a member; and perhaps, if he reads these notes, he will be reminded of his promise, and communicate with me upon the subject.

All the way down the Rhine I looked out for fish, or to find indications of a fishery; but except an occasional dip-net, worked from the shore, I saw none to speak of. We passed at one place a look-out ladder, from which the salmon had been watched, but did not see any. Of course we had fish at dinner—pudding and pickled salmon to begin with, and, for a finale, raw herrings and soup!

I was likewise so fortunate as to meet on board of the steam-boat a gentleman in the leech trade at Brussels. Being anxious to obtain information as to the culture of this animal by artificial means, I asked a great many questions on the subject, and so gained a great deal of knowledge on a subject kindred to the one I had been investigating. I had read about leech-culture in a book by M. Jourdier, procured in Paris two years before, but there are many particulars to be picked up in conversation that one cannot obtain in a book. M. Unger, the leech merchant, astonished me first of all by telling me of the demand for leeches, which is almost incredible. This little animal is required in Paris and London in annual millions, and to supply this demand a trade in the culture of this worm has sprung up. Formerly men used to go in to marshy places with their lower limbs naked, in order to gather them, and a most unhealthy way of making a living this must have been. Cattle were kept for the same purpose; herds of these were driven into shallow lagoons, and the leeches of course attacked them, and so were caught. A gentleman who entered extensively into the art of leech-culture in his rather marshy ground, situated near Bordeaux, has become very wealthy by means of practising this business. A leech used at one time to cost about one shilling in Paris, and a merchant there noting that at such a price it must be profitable to grow leeches, commenced their culture, with the very satisfactory result of obtaining a return of fifteen-fold; going on at that rate he has, I am told, retired with a great fortune. Leeches are largely bred and are delicately reared on warm blood. They are placed in little bags, and then are plunged into baths containing blood; but as this is rather a disagreeable part of pisciculture, I shall close it by stating, on the authority of M. Unger, that there are many fortunes in store for those who will go into leech-culture.

I have by no means exhausted the subject of fish culture, and would have been glad to visit the great fish-ponds at Doombes, and the mussel-farm in the Bay of Aiguillon, had

time permitted. This I could not manage ; but I have said enough to indicate how interesting this subject is both to the economist and man of science. What has been achieved in France can be accomplished in England—if salmon be scarce it is our own fault. Let us cultivate the waters, and all kinds of fish will again become as plentiful as they were a century ago.

3. *THE TURKS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.*

BY C. M. KENNEDY, ESQ.

ALTHOUGH the visit to Constantinople described in the following pages was only of short duration, I possessed introductions which enabled me to make the acquaintance of several of the leading Turkish statesmen, of some of the principal Greeks, and of many resident foreigners.

My outward route was by the Mediterranean from Marseilles. A Messagerie steamer leaves that port for Constantinople every Saturday, touching at Messina and the Piræus. The following Friday, after a most interesting voyage, on account of the associations connected with the different places that are passed, the vessel entered the Dardanelles; and in the afternoon of the same day we arrived off St. Stephanos, where the first view of the capital of the East is obtained. The coast of Asia turns rather abruptly towards Europe, and suddenly on both sides may be traced, in the extreme distance, the outlines of buildings stretching to the furthest point of the horizon.

The seven towers, the western extremity of Constantinople, are nine miles beyond St. Stephanos, and then, for six miles, the houses of the city come down to the water's edge. As the steamer proceeds, the scene which presents itself is so wonderful, that the eye becomes confused, and can with difficulty separate the different parts of the panorama. On the left, extending from the sea to the upper waters of the Golden Horn, lies Constantinople, which, thus beheld in its whole extent, appears to be so vast, that the spectator is bewildered by its magnitude. At length, however, the city

resolves itself into distinct portions, formed by the several hills inclosed within the walls. Innumerable domes and minarets, of the purest white, of every variety of shape and form, are gradually unfolded to the view; whilst high above all other buildings tower the immense structures of the Mahmoudieh, the Selimieh, and the Suleimanieh mosques. Straight before is the Bosphorus. On the right, Princes Islands, the mountains of Asia, and Scutari which seems to rival in extent the city on the opposite European shore. On approaching Seraglio Point, the marvellous dome of St. Sophia appears, and the green cypresses, and splendid buildings of the Seraglio; and then, on turning the point, a third city, Galata and Pera, suddenly becomes visible, built on the side of a steep hill, and apparently equal in size to either Constantinople or Scutari. The scene is the more wonderful, as the creation of man. The natural advantages of the position are, indeed, unsurpassed; but Constantinople does not, like Naples, owe its great attraction to these accessories, but to its own peculiar appearance, the creation of human labour and skill. There are smaller views, such as the entrance to Venice from the sea, which exceed anything at Constantinople. But the view of Constantinople must be taken as a whole: and then, whether it is beheld by day or by night, the oftener it is seen, the more will the spectator admire the marvellous panorama before him. It was sunset, in a calm summer evening, when we arrived off the Seraglio. The cloudless sky became of an orange colour, which was reflected on the sea, and the last rays of sunlight were illuminating the domes and minarets and their golden crescents. On every side the city presented a vision of almost supernatural magnificence, and resembled a fairy picture more than an earthly scene.

It was too late to land when the steamer anchored. At nine o'clock the moon rose; yet although it was a fine night, the moon and stars shining brightly in the clear atmosphere, the latitude is too northerly to render the nights as beautiful as they are further south. The lights in

the houses of Galata and Pera, which are inhabited almost entirely by a Christian population, showed that the late hours of Europe were in fashion there. Constantinople and Scutari were in darkness very soon after sunset, for the Turks and all Orientals retire early. But, on looking around in the quiet stillness of the night, it was impossible not to recall to remembrance the strange history of the city. In the earliest age the Greek expedition to Colchis had passed over these waters. About six miles up the Bosphorus lies the place where Darius crossed. Close by, and now inclosed within the walls of the Seraglio, is the site of old Byzantium, a fortified post rather than a town. There is, indeed, no monument visible from the sea to which the name of that great man can be attached, who, in the most eventful crisis, saw more clearly than any other statesman the requirements of the age in which he lived, who acquiesced sincerely in the religious, social, and political changes then called for, and who, by his good sense, carried out with success the most momentous revolution which the world ever witnessed. But though his tomb has long since been desecrated, the name of Constantine, like that of Alexander, will be associated for ever with the city which his genius created, and of him it may be truly said, as one gazes on that brilliant scene, "*Si monumentum requæris, circumspice!*" The column of Arcadius, still erect in the gardens of the Seraglio, marks the epoch of the final division of the Roman empire. The memory of Justinian is identified with the Temple of the Eternal Wisdom. Beyond it lies the little St. Sophia, the church of Belisarius. From the small port, long neglected, belonging to the Imperial Augusteon, Heraclius sailed on that campaign which, if he had lived in a happier age, would have rendered him as renowned as any of the military commanders of antiquity. Far up in the heart of the city lies the ancient chapel where Anna Comnena is buried; while the Mahmoudieh Mosque and the Genoese tower of Galata bring one down to the time "when Turkish force and Latin fraud" were the instruments employed by Providence in

establishing a Moslem empire on the ruins of that state which united the temporal authority of Imperial Rome with the spiritual teaching of the Christian Church of Ephesus. Since then four centuries have elapsed. What centuries of suffering to the weak, and of oppression by the strong! A transition period has now arrived. The old Mahomedan system of misgovernment no longer exists; and the state of affairs, both political and social, is like a dissolving view as the scene shifts. Throughout the East, millions are gazing intently on the change passing before their eyes. What will the new scene be? We, sitting at our ease, would find it difficult to realize how fearfully important this question is to the various nationalities of the East.

Early in the morning, Demitri, a guide whom most English travellers that visit Constantinople are acquainted with, appeared as the representative of Mr. Messirie, to take charge of the passengers going to the Hôtel d'Angleterre. The custom-house officers were extremely civil, and did not even require luggage to be unlocked. The road to the hotel was certainly rough and uncomfortable, but not so bad as tourists are led to expect. The streets of Constantinople generally are inferior to the back lanes of a third-rate English town—narrow, dirty, with no footpaths—and composed of rounded stones about two inches in diameter. Anything more unpleasant to walk on it would be difficult to imagine. After ascending a steep hill, we arrive at the four cross roads, a great landmark in Pera topography. The hotel forms one of the corner blocks of houses. It is the best in the place, but not equal to the first-class hotels of the great cities of Europe or America.

There is nothing oriental in the appearance of Pera. The streets have names in French, and the shops in the principal thoroughfares have their signs written in that language. In the more retired streets the houses are somewhat similar to those of an inferior class in Spain, standing in rows, with iron bars across the windows. But although the aspect of the town is of a most nondescript character, composed of the

different styles of architecture of Southern Europe, omitting everything that is picturesque or ornamental in each of them, and although the European dress is often seen, the appearance of the people reminds one that we are in the East. In Eastern cities, each nationality, which there is a term co-extensive with each religion, inhabits a distinct quarter of the town. The different non-Mussulman communities, Greeks, Armenians, Roman Catholics, Jews, and Gypsies, have their own separate quarters. Pera is the Frank quarter. Law, custom, and prejudice, all unite in preventing a Christian from living in the Moslem districts. So much is this the case, that a Christian officer in the service of the Porte had, in 1863, great difficulty in hiring a house at the extremity of one of the Moslem quarters. In Stamboul itself (in the following pages I shall adopt the local nomenclature, and apply that name to Constantinople proper, and the term Europe as not including the Turkish dominion), Christian shopkeepers are obliged to lock up their shops and leave the city at sunset.

As I said before, the people passing in the streets show that we are out of Europe—Turkish women, in their yellow shoes, long cloaks, and white veils folded crosswise so as to conceal the face more effectually; Armenians, in a somewhat similar costume; occasional Albanians and Greeks, in their national dress; dervishes and Mollahs; and sometimes an aged Turk, wearing the turban and the old robes. The last costume has, however, gone out of fashion. Sultan Mahmoud abolished it as far as practicable; and, for many years, all persons in the service of the Government have been compelled to wear a European dress, with the exception of the hat, instead of which Turks and Armenians, and many of the Greeks, wear the red fez. The Greek women are dressed in accordance with Paris fashions, sometimes a few months or a year behind the latest novelties. The whole Greek population of Constantinople, the lower orders especially, are exceedingly handsome; far more so than at Athens. The boatmen are singularly well made, and the female servants,

who almost all come from the islands of Andros and Tinos, are renowned for their good looks.

On descending to Galata, which is the mercantile quarter, the mixture of the population becomes more apparent. If the ascent from Tophanah to Pera was disagreeable, the road from Pera to Galata is in some places much worse. The Galata hill is in one place exceedingly steep, and cut into steps. This, as well as most of the roads of Pera, were improved by the French, during the Crimean war, who have an aptitude for carrying out improvements for which we do not sufficiently give them credit. They made roads wherever it was necessary for their convenience. On one occasion, the best route from a French camp outside Pera to the Bosphorus, lay through a Turkish cemetery, and they straightway began to level the graves. A Mollah, highly indignant at the desecration, remonstrated, and was coolly informed that it was written in the book of fate that the French must open the best road between their camp and the sea. He was not prepared to deny the assertion, and went away ejaculating, "God is great! His will be done!"

At the foot of the hill stand rows of water-carriers, offering glasses of water. Galata and Pera were thinly inhabited in the days of the Christian empire, and, therefore, no artificial means were taken to supply them with water, which is very limited in quantity, and by no means good. Stamboul, on the other hand, besides many good springs, is supplied by the aqueduct of Valens. The Turks have, at different times, repaired the old Roman water-courses, but they would not think of troubling themselves about the requirements of their opposite neighbours.

On turning the corner of the street at the bottom of Galata Hill, one comes suddenly on the first wooden bridge over the Golden Horn. The view from this point is magnificent: it embraces the whole of Stamboul, from the Seraglio to the minarets of Eyub. This bridge, as well as the second, further up the harbour, is opened occasionally, to allow the passage of vessels. There is a third bridge, also of wood, in an

unfinished state. But the first bridge is the great thoroughfare of Constantinople, and presents the most lively scene imaginable. At its extremities are landing-places, and steamers to different localities in the neighbourhood start from its side. It is always crowded, and affords the best position for observing the varieties of oriental costume and physiognomy. The toll, which is the eighth of a piastre (one-eighth of twopence-halfpenny) for each person, is let for 20,000*l.* per annum. The other bridge is free.

On entering Stamboul, a still greater disappointment awaits one than at Pera. Here, at all events, something oriental might be expected; but the houses, as a rule, possess as few oriental characteristics as those on the other side of the Golden Horn. They are of wood, of mean appearance, and built in rows exactly similar to European towns. The lattice outside the windows is almost the only sign that the inhabitants are Moslems. The following may be considered a general description of the interior arrangement of a better-class Mussulman house: it is partly the result of personal observation, and partly derived from information I received. The object held in view in building a house of this class is to divide it into two distinct parts—one for the males, and the other for the females and children. The house is of three storeys: kitchen offices half underground, a first floor raised a little above the ground, and a second floor, which is the harem. The two parts of the house have two doors for communication between them—one in the kitchen, the other on the second floor. On entering the house, a few steps lead to an entrance-hall, on either side of which rooms branch out, where male guests are received and lodged. These reception-rooms have ottomans round the sides; and the walls, instead of pictures, have verses of the Koran or moral maxims hung up, in illuminated scrolls. The carpets and matting are generally of a superior quality, and all guests are expected either to change their shoes or brush off carefully dirt and dust. Sometimes, but not often, there are a few chairs. Tables are always small. A part of the first floor is divided

off, and behind it is a staircase from the kitchen to the harem, and sometimes a door opening to the street. There is also a flight of stairs from one of the rooms near the entrance to the upper part of the house. The harem was constructed in rather a curious manner in one house I visited, then inhabited by a Christian family: the outer wall of each room projected in succession a little beyond the preceding, so as to afford space for two separate windows, the last room having three somewhat in the manner of a bay window. The lattice, which is often painted as a landscape, or with flowers, secures the privacy of the apartment from the outside quite as effectually as the short wire-blinds used in England, while it does not equally darken the room, and permits persons inside to see clearly what is passing in the street. The apertures are about two inches wide.

I do not intend to describe buildings or places which have now become familiar to most persons, and will only give a brief account of the Seraglio. This palace consists of a multitude of courts, formed into terraces and gardens, and contains many kiosks, some being magnificently fitted up. Kiosks may be defined as detached buildings, used for receiving guests, or any purposes except as sleeping apartments. One especially, built by Sultan Murad, the conqueror of Bagdad, on the model of a kiosk in that city, is an architectural gem. It is lighted by small windows of painted glass placed round the cupola, and the interior thus obtains the peculiar toned colour and subdued light which is so remarkable in Milan Cathedral. Sultan Murad's private library is kept there. A gentleman who was with me considered one of the books, "Maxims for the Guidance of Kings and Princes," quite a curiosity, and said that the precepts it contained were very sound. There is some reason to think that this book may be translated and published. On a rising terrace is the Sultan's chair, under a bronze and gilt canopy, open on every side and commanding the finest view in all Constantinople; including the three cities and Golden Horn, the Bosphorus, and the sea of Marmora. Not far from it is a small grey

marble tank, constructed by Sultan Bayazid, and, as I was informed on very good authority, used by him and succeeding monarchs for the private execution of women. Whenever the Sultan ordered the infliction of capital punishment it was the custom for him to witness the execution of the sentence, and accordingly the Sultan's room is close by. It is impossible to say with any certainty whether these barbarous murders are now wholly discontinued; but assuming that this may be the case, it is certain that the Sultans, in removing from the old palace of their ancestors, have retained one of the most revolting of their practices. I refer to the unhappy mutes still employed in the palace and at the Porte. These are selected from the eunuchs, and when very young have their tongues cut out; and particular care is taken that they are never taught either to read or write. I believe there are very few now. I am not aware that I saw any myself, but the persons who assured me of their existence were not likely to be misinformed.

Men were beheaded on a stone block in a street outside the Seraglio, opposite a projecting window where the Sultan stood; there is a small fountain near, to enable the executioner to wash away any blood which might otherwise have defiled him. The widows of the preceding monarchs usually lived in the part of the Seraglio that was burnt in July, 1863; and it was currently reported that five of Abdul Medjid's wives lost their lives then, as they could not find their veils, and would not leave the building without them. The portion of the palace hitherto described is only shown by special order, and it is not many years since no Christian was allowed to pass beyond the gate leading to the throne-room. Without that gate are waiting-rooms of a most curious kind: a long low building is divided into several compartments, inclosed by doors, not unlike a stable divided into loose boxes, provided with ottomans. Here persons waiting for an audience remain until they are summoned. Pashas and other high officials go there on days of state reception; and formerly foreign ambassadors also, who in olden time were only permitted to see the

Sultan through a grating, but now they go, as a matter of course, to the palace where he usually lives, for the Seraglio is at present only used on days of Mahometan ceremonials. The style of Sublime Porte, the usual title of the Ottoman Government, is derived from one of the entrances to the Seraglio, a handsome white marble gateway which is so-called. The outer courts are occupied by various public offices.

The Imperial Library, which is distinct from that of Sultan Murad, is also kept in the Seraglio: it contains about 7,000 volumes, and about 60 Greek and Latin MSS. These MSS., which came from Hungary, were doubtless part of the library of Matthias Corvinus; they had been stored away for many years in the palace, and were only placed in their present position a short time before I saw them. Previous to my visit, they had been seen under special circumstances by a party of Hungarian academicians and, subsequently, by a member of the French Academy; but their existence was not generally known even at Constantinople. Unfortunately, none of the great lost works of antiquity appear to be among them; there is, I believe, a new MS. of Heron of Alexandria, and an unknown work of Christopoulos Nesitor on the Conquests of Mahomet the Second. It seemed to me that several of the smaller treatises were curious, and that there were some various readings of importance. I annex a list of the principal MSS. About half of them are on parchment, and half on paper. I regret I had not time to make a full index of their contents. There are a few smaller works, chiefly grammars and lexicons, which I do not mention. Many of the smaller treatises are anonymous. Most of the MSS. are of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and several of the devotional works are beautifully written and illuminated. I believe that the arms of Matthias Corvinus are on some of the volumes, while some have those of the Emperor Matthias and the Empress Anne on a title-page of more recent date. I am much disposed to think that many more classical MSS. might be found at Constantinople,

if a properly qualified person were to undertake the task of searching for them.

Greek.—Hesiod's *Theogony*. The *Iliad*, with Scholiast. Pindar. Euclid and *Heron of Alexandria*, apparently an old MS. Works of Pythagoras. Phocylidus and Cato. Polybius, the first five books. Arrian's Expedition of Alexander. Oppian on Fishing. Commentaries on Aristotle. Diogenes Laertius, Lives of the Philosophers. Xenophon, *Cyropædia*. Geographical Works of Ptolemy and Dionysius Periægetus. Comments on the Old Testament by early Christian writers. Comments on the Bible, bound up with a History of the Emperors of the East. A copy of the Four Gospels. A copy of the Gospel of St. John. Treatise on the Psalms. Lexicon of St. Cyril of Alexandria, dated 1463. Codrus on the Foundation of Constantinople. History of the East, by John Cantacuzene. A Description of the Archipelago. A Treatise on Arithmetic, bound up with the works of Nicomachus Jarasimus and John Philoponus. Georgics: Works by eleven different writers. Works of Manuel Moschopulus. A Work on Astrology. *Christopoulos Nesitor*, Conquests of Mahomet II.

Latin.—Cæsar's Commentaries. Æsop's Life and Fables, by Maximus Planudus, bound up with a curious treatise on Music. Cicero. Quintus Curtius. Pliny's Panegyrics. Tacitus. Terence. Plautus, dated 1444. Silius Italicus. Suetonius. Vitruvius and V. Candidus. Ægidus Romanus. Copy of the Bible. Translation of Eusebius, *De Preparatione*. Chronicle of Eusebius, translated by St. Jerome. St. Augustine, *De Civitate Dei*. Tertullian, *Contra Marcion*. Translation of St. Clement's work on St. Peter. Historical works of Ælius Spartanus, Æmilius Probus, and Pliny the younger. A volume containing various tracts on the Roman Emperors. Translation of Polybius. Translation of the History of Plants by Theophrastus. A work styled *Historiographus*. A treatise on Ancient Mythology. A treatise on Surgery. Albertus Magnus, *De Mineralibus*. George of Trebizond's Rhetoric.

I must mention an incident which occurred when I visited

the library of St. Sophia. I had previously been over the church, which even now in its fallen state no words can adequately describe. Its vastness is very impressive, and the interior is inlaid with mosaic of exquisite workmanship and design. The dome, resting on the slender pillars between the twenty-four windows which light the main body of the building, so poised as to appear to hang on the very windows themselves, and so wonderful in its proportions, is a marvel of architecture which subsequent ages have been unable to imitate, much less to surpass. I had obtained an order of admission from the Minister of the Evkaff, but when I produced it, some commotion was occasioned among the Mollahs at the door. After a long discussion, they refused to admit me, saying, "It is true it is an order for the Effendi to visit the library, but to do so he must pass through the Mosque; now the order does not say that he may enter the Mosque, and therefore we cannot let him in." The Minister, however, on my applying to him again, at once sent a cavass, who enforced obedience. The librarian was stiff in his manner at first, but gradually became friendly; he was quite ready for a theological discussion, and produced a book which he said was the one genuine Christian Gospel which had been corrupted. It is a MS. written in Turkish and Arabic, in the time of Sultan Achmet the First, who reigned from 1603 to 1617, and as translated seemed to be a compilation of St. Luke and the Apocryphal Gospel of the Infancy, together with a great deal of what I have no doubt was altogether original. The books are kept in the same manner as in some libraries at Cambridge, in wooden cases with wire sides. The librarian assured me that there were no Greek or Latin MSS., and only one printed book, a copy of the Psalms: it was evident, however, that the books had not been disturbed for many years, and that the actual contents of the library could only be ascertained by means of a regular search.

He mentioned a circumstance which, at some future time, may prove of interest—namely, that there are at Constantinople many Arabic, Turkish, and Persian translations of

Greek and Roman works, and that, to the best of his belief, these had never been properly examined.

I was much interested in visiting the old churches of St. Mary and the Saviour, now the Mosques Fet-hirjé Jamisy and Kalrigé Jamisy, which contain Byzantine frescoes and mosaics, in a good state of preservation, representing Christ, the Apostles, angels, and saints. The Turks have recently established a museum, and are taking care of the few relics of antiquity which still exist; a railing now protects the serpentine column which was brought from Delphi, where it supported the golden tripod found by the Greeks in the camp of Mardonius after the battle of Plataea.

In walking through Stamboul one often sees a part of an inscription, a portion of a column, or a mutilated fragment of a statue, built into a wall or imbedded in the roadway. It is evident that the ground in many places has been much raised, the present miserable wooden houses being built on the *débris* of the old city; and there seems to be reason for anticipating that, in future years, some remains may be recovered of the works of art which the Latin Crusaders so ruthlessly destroyed. The amount of mischief then committed by Venetian mercenaries, and sanctioned by the papal legate, cannot be estimated. It is the custom to hold up to infamy the conduct of the Caliph who caused the destruction of the Alexandrian Library, and to regard with contempt the ignorance and barbarous manners of the Turks; but it would be difficult to find a parallel to the conduct of these men, who assumed a name on which the hearty zeal of a preceding generation had conferred honour, as a cloak under which to mask a piratical expedition. The Venetians induced several princes and chieftains, so-called soldiers of the Cross, to attack, without provocation, a Christian state with which they were at peace. In Constantinople were then stored all the literary treasures of antiquity—its hippodrome and public squares were adorned with the choicest works of all the great masters of ancient times—its churches were enriched with votive offerings, remarkable alike for their beauty and value, made

by the piety of early ages--its sanctuaries contained the records of those great councils to whose decrees wise and good men in after years have deferred as the best safeguard against rash speculation and individual fanaticism. We can easily imagine that the representative of the Pope was well pleased to obtain the destruction of many documents highly inconvenient to papal pretensions, and the unscrupulous conduct always pursued by the Government of Venice need not excite any surprise at the proceedings of its commanders. Certain persons in this country might study with advantage the conduct of the Papal See towards the Empire of the East ; and those who are so enthusiastic about Venice should remember that the loss of the great works of Greek and Roman art and genius is to be attributed to that Republic. To the Latin more than to the Turkish conquest the paucity of the remains of antiquity at Constantinople is to be ascribed.

But on seeing what still exists of the architecture and workmanship of the days of the Christian Empire, it is impossible not to feel that we form a very inadequate estimate of the state of society at that time. We have retained, without, indeed, attaching any very precise meaning to them, the forms of expression used by mediæval Latin writers, and talk vaguely of the "Lower Empire" and its corruptions, in the words of monkish chroniclers, without referring to original historical works. Its history has still to be written ; and an investigation of the causes which led to the establishment of the Turkish empire would prove an interesting subject. The mental stuntedness, so to speak, which came over the Greek nation appears to me its peculiar characteristic : so long a period passed in which no man of commanding ability arose : and it continues the same to the present day. As far as I was able to judge, the Greeks as a body possess more than an average amount of intelligence, but it stops there. Not only is there no man amongst them of the highest order of intellect, but, notwithstanding many good qualities which I fully recognise, they as a body also want that strong sound practical common sense which is the distinguishing mark of the Turks,

all of whom possess it in a greater or less degree, while amongst them there are some men of the highest ability.

In speaking to Fuad Pasha, one cannot help feeling that he is a man who could have raised himself to the highest offices in any state. Personally he is of middle height, of that age which is most difficult to determine—probably about forty, possesses a good oval countenance and pleasing manner, and has the appearance of a man who has prospered in the world. On one occasion when I visited him at his official residence as Grand Vizier, he seemed to be uncertain what to say in answer to a question; and the way in which he summoned the servant to attend to his visitors' pipes, and then, having thought over the matter, resumed the conversation, was inimitable. He seems to be one of those persons who strive to render things pleasant to all with whom they come in contact; some people, however, who take such civilities for more than they are meant to signify, give him the name of "*fallacieux.*" Aali Pasha is a man of even greater ability, but has a slow, hesitating manner. Fuad owes his high position entirely to his own talents and exertions; he was the son of a Mollah, who was exiled and subsequently put to death, on account of his liberal opinions. Aali was of very poor parentage, and was originally employed as a boy-waiter in a coffee-house. Sultan Mahmoud was struck with the brightness of his eye, as one day the boy Aali saluted him in the street; he sent for him, and, being pleased with his appearance, caused him to be educated and employed in the public service. The statesman whom the Turks like best is Achmet Vefyk Effendi. Although a Greek by descent, he is a more orthodox Moslem than Fuad or Aali, and is the head of the reforming party, whose object is to bring about reform for the purpose of re-establishing the Turkish empire on the basis on which it stood in its palmy day, rather than adopt European customs. Thus Achmet always takes measures to restore mosques and all buildings connected with Mahometan religious or charitable purposes. As he may very probably fill some of the chief offices in the state, I will repeat an

anecdote which I heard about him. When he was in the ministry a poor man complained to him, as the minister in whose department the matter lay, that a chamberlain at the palace would not pay a debt ; that he had obtained a legal decision in his favour, but could not get it executed against a person employed about the court. Achmet told the man to come again in a month, and sent word to the chamberlain to settle it within that time, writing letters at intervals to remind him. At the end of the month the complainant came, saying that he had not yet been paid, and was desired to come again next day. Achmet requested the chamberlain to come also, who, when asked to pay the debt, laughed and positively refused to do so ; whereupon Achmet ordered pipes and coffee, and whispered to an attendant to take his excellency's horse as it stood to the market, and sell it at once. Shortly after the attendant returned and placed a bag of money before Achmet, who divided it into two heaps (Turkish money in those days consisted of large debased coins), and calling the complainant, said, "This belongs to you," and turning to the chamberlain, "This remains to your excellency." "What do you mean?" exclaimed the chamberlain. "Why," replied Achmet, "as you positively refused to pay a debt, which it has been decided by a court of law that you owed, and as I have been applied to officially in the matter, I have caused the horse on which you rode here to be sold, and have paid your creditor out of the proceeds ; I now hand over to you the remainder of the money." The chamberlain's wrath was great : the more so as he was obliged to walk back to the palace. He went straight to the Sultan, the late Abdul Medjid, and Achmet was dismissed.

Within a very few years, the highest officials received "presents" from every person who had any business to transact. This is now no longer the case. Corruption doubtless exists among the lower *employés* ; it is, however, becoming less common, and does not prevail to so great an extent as in Russia. The present ministers are really in earnest in seeking to introduce reforms. A few years ago the

empire had reached a most critical period of its history ; but the danger was felt at Constantinople, before its existence was known in Europe. The steps taken to avert it reflect the greatest credit on the political foresight of Turkish statesmen, as well as on the Ottoman people, who have supported them, with regard to legislative and social changes, which, in their eyes, must have borne a most revolutionary character. It seems to me ungenerous, to say the least, to dwell exclusively, as some recent writers have done, on the bad government of former centuries, and to pass over in silence the great efforts now being made for the amelioration of the country.

The present Sultan, Abdul Azziz, is a man of great energy, and his appearance indicates that he possesses considerable ability. He is a zealous Mussulman. One of his first acts was to issue an edict against the thin veils which Mahometan women had begun to wear. He also greatly restricted the liberty which the ladies of the court had enjoyed during his brother's reign. Every Friday he attends service in one of the mosques, visiting the chief mosques in succession, according to his pleasure. In the morning it is given out where he intends going, when strangers generally repair to some place in the line of the procession in order to see it pass. The procession is short and without any great display. It is headed by a party of officers ; then come Omar and Fuad Pashas, attended by aides-de-camp ; the Sultan and his personal attendants ; followed by a squadron of household cavalry. At Constantinople every one goes about with an umbrella, to keep off the sun's rays ; this is lowered as he passes, being the proper Turkish mode of salutation to a sovereign. The Sultan never bows, nor does he often return salutations ; when he does, it is by looking at the person he so honours. On the day when I went to see him, the line of procession was very short, extending only from the Palace of Dolma-Bagtchi to a mosque about three hundred yards from it. Rows of Turkish spectators lined the way, which was kept by a few soldiers.

A member of the French *corps diplomatique* and myself were the only Europeans present; we took up a position at a bend of the road, and obtained a good view, besides receiving the honour of being looked at by his Majesty. He was very plainly dressed, in the ordinary costume of a Turkish gentleman, the sole distinguishing mark being the diamond ornament worn on the fez. He is very particular in requiring the attendance of all the officers of state at mosque: the order of procession is so formed that he only sees them all in coming out of mosque; and scandal says that several of them drop in towards the end of the service, just in time to take their place in the rows of ministers, through which he passes.

The Sultan is very fond of his army, and is taking active measures to get it in good order, with regard to equipment as well as discipline. The soldiers have been clothed in a uniform somewhat similar to that of the French army, and are about to be provided with good rifles. The navy has also engaged the Sultan's attention. He frequently inspects vessels of war, and a good story was told of the captain of a certain vessel on one of those occasions. The Sultan's intended visit had become known to the captain, who sent away all the inferior-looking men belonging to his ship, and borrowed the finest-looking portion of the crews of other vessels then in harbour: he regarded with satisfaction the new crew, when it was remarked, that the Sultan would be sure to inquire why so many men had so few medals among them; there was just time to send to borrow medals as well as men, and to distribute them before his Majesty arrived. The captain was highly approved by his sovereign, the fine crew greatly admired, and a handsome gratuity sent to be divided among all on board, the captain, who doubtless expects soon to become an admiral, receiving the lion's share. The Sultan makes frequent excursions in his yacht. It is a very large and magnificent vessel, possessing first-rate sea-going qualities. The state cabin, occupying the whole aft part of the ship, is splendidly fitted up, with handsome couches and very fine

silver lamps, the panels being prettily painted with landscapes and flowers: the windows are large, and hung with brocade curtains. The Sultan's bedroom, which adjoins, is smaller, but similarly furnished: it contains a large square four-post bedstead, elaborately carved and inlaid with gold, superior to anything in the Exhibitions of 1851 or 1862. Beyond is the chamberlains' waiting-room, and their several cabins. The deck is quite open. The Sultan often goes on board in the afternoon to smoke a pipe and to contemplate his capital.

The Sultana Validé is said to be a clever woman, and to exercise considerable influence over her son. She is the only woman whom, in accordance with court etiquette, he can notice in public. Some time ago a report was industriously circulated in Europe that the Sultan was about to depart from the customs of his predecessors, and to discountenance polygamy; but the persons who made that announcement must either have been very ignorant or have laboured to spread a report which any one possessing local information would have known to be untrue. The fact is that the present monarch differs little from his predecessors, except that, as he has a taste for naval and military affairs, he restricts the expenditure of the imperial harem as much as possible. Most of the great pashas, such as Fuad, Aali, Kiamil, Mehemet Ali, Mehemed, and Achmet Vefyk Effendi, as well as the lower orders, have only one legal wife. Namich Pasha is now almost a solitary instance among the great men of the empire, of the exercise of the right of marrying four wives. Below the legal wife, who is the mistress of the household, come the odalisques, when there are any, whose position is accurately defined by usage; their number is not limited by law, but is restricted practically by the obligation to afford them maintenance during their lifetime. Below them come the slaves or servants of the establishments, from whom the odalisques are generally selected. By Mussulman law all children inherit alike, sons and daughters receiving equal shares, and are of equal rank, with the exception of those of the Sultan. The Sultan never marries. He confers the

title of Kadine on one or more of his odalisques, and only a son of a Kadine can succeed to the throne. To render this limitation more secure, the male children of the odalisques are generally put to death as soon as they are born. Formerly, the same rule was observed with regard to the sons of all members of the Sultan's family; but how far this is the case now, I am not prepared to say. A prince in the order of succession never contracts a legal marriage. The title Sultana is, therefore, generally applied by Europeans incorrectly. The only person who can properly assume it is the mother of the reigning sovereign, and then only during his lifetime.

The *status* of children is determined by the position of their father, not by that of their mother, except when the latter belongs to the Sultan's family. Property may be disposed of according to pleasure during a person's lifetime, but it must be given up *bonâ fide*, and in the form prescribed by law; when the use of it is retained during the owner's life, the succession, after his death, is strictly fixed and limited to his family. A disinclination is said to be now evinced to entering into what may be termed legal marriages, on account of the expense, as each wife is entitled to have a separate household, and generally insists on the exercise of the right. She may also insist on an odalisque being removed from her house. A regular marriage thus necessitates the maintenance of a household, and in Turkey the division of labour among the servants is perfectly marvellous; ten or twelve are required to do the work which two would perform in England. One attends to the pipes, another keeps coffee constantly ready, another attends to the coffee tray, and so on. Both servants and slaves are treated as part of the family, and are by no means over-worked. In marriage settlements, the relatives of the bride frequently insert clauses as to treatment, &c. of more or less stringency, any breach of which, on the part of the husband, will afford ground for suing for a divorce. A Mussulman recapitulated these circumstances to me, adding, besides all this, "When a man marries, he is

generally absorbed into his wife's family." He then went on to say that these reasons were the cause which led to what in Europe is designated the Circassian slave-trade. He asserted that it was far preferable for a Turk to select a Circassian girl for an odalisque and mistress of the house, to whom he is as much bound, as regards maintenance, as he would be to a regular wife, whose children, too, would have the same social position as those of a Turkish woman, and who would not occasion a quarter of the expense which the latter would oblige him to incur. Besides, a Turkish woman cannot be seen unveiled before marriage, except secretly, while the case is different with regard to Circassians.

Some erroneous impressions exist in England with regard to the Circassian slave-trade. Parents in that country send their daughters to Constantinople under the care of some Circassian in whom they have confidence. He pays them a sum of money, and in return is reimbursed at the rate of 200 or 300 per cent. by the sale of the girl on her arrival at Constantinople. But here occurs that part of the transaction which the Ottomaniacs, as the vehement partizans of the Turks are called, represent in a light which they must know to be false. They assert that the money payment is a species of dowry paid to the parents, whereas the whole transaction takes place as a regular matter of buying and selling. Not only are there well-known *dépôts* where girls are lodged, but I have myself seen sales taking place publicly in the open street. Again, they assert that the girls come voluntarily, and have the option of rejecting any purchaser. They cannot, however, be ignorant of the fact that the great majority are under twelve years old when brought to Constantinople, and what estimate is to be formed of consent given at that age? I was assured, by a person likely to be accurately informed on the subject, that only one-eighth of the whole number are above fifteen and really come voluntarily. It is certainly true that they have the right of refusing to be bought by any particular person, but it must be on the ground of some moral misconduct, such as cruelty,

which the girl must be able to substantiate, herself a stranger in the place, against a man she had never before seen. Is it not altogether illusory, then, if not something worse, to talk about the freedom of choice and the privileges which the Circassians enjoy on their arrival at Constantinople? As I said before, they generally come very young; they then receive a Turkish education, and, when they grow older, are either disposed of in marriage or more usually as odalisques; in the latter case they are frequently resold. What may, indeed, be urged in favour of the present system, is, that they are better off with regard to comfort than they would be in their own country, and find in their new home many relations and friends, for a clan connexion is kept up to a great extent in Circassia. Moreover, according to all accounts, they are well treated; it is the exception when the contrary takes place. It must, however, be remembered, that, from the very circumstances of their position, they are necessarily in the husband's hands, who possesses, practically, power of life and death. Any woman has the right of appeal to the Kadi, and, as a last resort, to the Court of the Sheik-ul-Islam; but the state of feeling and manners is such, as to render this right almost nominal in the case of any woman who has no male relations to support her in exercising it. The present system has also tended to check the outrages to which the native Christian population were formerly subject. Black slaves of both sexes are said not to be so well treated.

The Turkish women enjoy more freedom than is often supposed to be the case. In the palace, and some of the large harems, they are, indeed, still under the control of the chief eunuch, who has power to use a whip with which he is furnished by the master of the house. Generally speaking, however, he can only check what he considers wrong, and report to the master. Education is making steady, but slow progress. A few Turkish ladies speak French, and have learnt European accomplishments, but they are often very bigoted, and help to keep up the fanaticism of the men. They visit a great deal among themselves, and spend much time in shopping.

Distinctions of rank are also accurately observed among them, and is derived from the position of the husband or the wife's own parentage. The wives of all persons who have held the post of Grand Vizier possess a special right of precedence. It was currently reported that a recent change in that office was occasioned through palace influence, the wife of a great man finding herself one day in a position of inferiority in the company of some ladies, whose superior she thought herself entitled to be.

On Friday, at different spots on the Bosphorus, more particularly at the Sweet Waters of Europe and Asia, Mahometan women assemble in parties in the afternoon. On other days, also, small parties may be seen; but these are generally what we should term rather slow affairs, a long period being often passed in looking at what is going on around them, without a word being said. They usually sit in one long row, instead of in groups, and are always careful to return home before sunset. At Constantinople, a Mahometan woman is never seen out of doors after dark.

I went to the Sweet Waters of Asia, accompanied by a French gentleman, whose society added much to the pleasure of my journey. That name is given to a valley of no great beauty, with a running stream in the centre, nicely wooded and bounded by low hills. It is almost exclusively the resort of Mahometans. Scarcely any native Christians go there. We were fortunate in being the only Europeans present, for the Turks will give facilities to one or two persons, which they will not afford to a larger number. The company arrive, for the most part, in caiques. There were, however, a few carriages containing ladies and children, one being from the palace. On a level spot up the valley, a ring was formed, carriages being stationed on one side, and a large number of women standing or sitting on the other, a very small space being reserved for male spectators. A party of tumblers came forward, and entertained the spectators for an hour with buffoonery, which seemed highly to delight them, but which appeared to us to be very stupid, and occasionally rather

coarse. Afterwards, the ladies sat down on the grass; we walked among them, and, as many were eating, we were able to form an estimate of their appearance, their veils being occasionally partially removed. They were not nearly so good-looking as the Greeks or Armenians, although some were beautiful. Their manners were pleasing and graceful.

The Behistan is the favourite resort in town of Turkish ladies. It is the bazaar where the principal articles of their dress are sold, and is crowded from eleven till one—the fashionable hours for shopping—when it often resembles a promenade. The bazaars are the most oriental-looking places in Stamboul, but appeared to me to have been rather over-rated. They are long arcades, lighted from above, with shops at both sides, goods being sometimes exposed for sale on stands, as well as in the shops—which are generally quite open to the passage—having only a light framework for supporting the shutters when they are closed. Many trades have a separate bazaar, and thus one passes through rows of jewellers', drapers', tobacconists', and other shops, extending in each case for several hundred yards. This plan sometimes has its disadvantages; as, for instance, it is not always pleasant to encounter the strong odours of the bazaar where medicines are sold, through which lies the best route from the first bridge to the centre of Stamboul. Most of the bazaars lie clustered together; a few are situated in different localities. Many of the shopkeepers are Jews and Armenians, who might give lessons even to the "smart" tradesmen of the West. The "antiquities" offered for sale surpass anything I have ever seen elsewhere; they are often professed relics connected with some emperor or sultan, and chiefly consist of ornaments set with false stones. Some old silver of good workmanship may occasionally be met with.

A distinction must, however, be drawn between Jewish and Armenian shopkeepers and Turks, who, as far as my experience goes, are more honest. They ask, according to custom a price a quarter or more above what they will take, but when they guarantee anything they can usually be believed. The

bazaars are closed at sunset, the shutters of each shop being put up, and the outer doors, at the entrance from the streets, locked. No one remains within during the night.

I was not fortunate enough, during my stay at Constantinople, to have an opportunity of dining with a Turk of the old school. Almost all Turks who have travelled, and many of their imitators, have to a certain extent adopted European habits—that is to say, although when at home with only their family around them they adhere to the manners of their ancestors as to reception and entertainments, when Europeans are present they conform to their customs in these respects. A Turk thus seems to lead two different kinds of life according, as one said to me, whether they are dressed in Oriental or Frank costumes; for although it is not fashionable to appear in public in the old dress, yet indoors they often wear it. I had what is termed a “Frank dinner” at the house of Mehemed Pasha. He comes from the province of Trebizond, and is a good specimen of an Asiatic Turk. He is a sailor by profession as well as in manner, proud of having studied in English dockyards and of having crossed the Atlantic, and, since his appointment to the post of Capoudan Pasha, or Lord High Admiral, has effected great and much-needed reforms. He is really an honest man, as the following anecdote, which I had from undoubted authority, shows:—A certain firm in a country in the west of Europe undertook to execute a naval contract for the Porte; when the formal letter of acceptance was sent in he saw that the amount was 10,000*l.* more than the sum stated in the previous private correspondence. On asking for an explanation, he was told that the terms agreed upon would be adhered to, but that the additional sum was intended to be a “present” to his excellency for the favour of granting the contract. This was the manner in which high officials formerly made enormous fortunes, and was universally practised till within the last few years. Negotiations were at once broken off and a contract made with another firm on lower terms. Mehemed’s house, which was at Scutari, was plainly furnished for a person of his rank: it is said, and

apparently with truth, that he has not altered his mode of living in the least since his appointment to the high office he holds. The house was entered from the street in the manner I have before described, a few steps leading to a large hall with rooms on either side. The reception-room was nearly square, the windows being opposite the door, which was at one corner, and close by it a recess containing a large and handsome silver candelabra, another standing on a table in the centre of the room. Round the window and extending for about twelve feet on each side was a divan. The Pasha was sitting at the extreme end of the divan on the left of the room from the doorway, another Pasha sat on his left, and the other visitors and myself sat opposite. His three sons, intelligent boys of about eight, six, and four years of age, were introduced, the eldest of whom was very particular in inquiring about the rank of Pashas in England. On dinner being announced, two servants walked first, each holding a four-branched candlestick. Mehemed Pasha placed me on his right hand, and as soon as we passed the door servants stepped forward on either side with basons, over which we held our hands, while another servant poured perfumed water on them, and a third presented a towel. The same ceremony took place after the dinner, which was much in the French style. There were two or three very good national dishes, a mixture chiefly composed of rice, and a small pastry pie of the size of a mince pie, which it somewhat resembled. The Pasha kindly selected the best of each dish for me. The grapes grown in his garden were about the best I tasted in Constantinople, where they are the fruit most generally eaten. His Broussa peaches were also remarkably fine. After dinner we returned to the room where we had been received, and passed a very pleasant evening. Coffee was more than once passed round; our pipes were kept well attended to, the tobacco in them being the most fragrant I ever smoked, and, before leaving, cups of sherbet were handed to all the guests.

Mehemed Pasha was engaged in plans for rebuilding the Bagnio prison; he sent an aide-de-camp to show me over it

as well as the arsenal; and told me that the number of prisoners was five hundred, and that only two deaths had occurred since he had been in office (that is, from January to September, 1863). I was glad to be able to see this famous prison, which certainly admits of improvement. The worst class of criminals are confined there, and are employed in dockyard works. To judge from their appearance, they were a sad set of ruffians. Two meals are given a day, consisting of bread, meat, and vegetables. I do not remember the exact quantities, but the size of the different portions seemed to be rather larger than what is allowed in jails in England. The men are paid, if their conduct is satisfactory, a piastre ($2\frac{1}{2}d.$) a week.

I also went over the other prison, called the Zaptieh; Attar Bey, an Hungarian refugee, is at the head of it. Part has been lately rebuilt. The new building, which is very clean and well arranged, is occupied by prisoners under sentence for short periods, and others who may wish to learn trades; for Attar Bey, who is a man of energy, has succeeded in establishing shops where cloth clothes, boots, and saddlery are made. He supplies the police with these articles, and says he can do it cheaper than by contract. In the Zaptieh, labour is not compulsory; but Attar Bey softens the rigour of prison discipline in favour of those who are willing to work, besides allowing them a few pence every week. The old Zaptieh buildings, which are about to be pulled down, are in a very bad condition: one part is occupied by untried prisoners, and the other by those sentenced without hard labour for long terms. The separate system of confinement is not in use; the cells are large, and several prisoners, the numbers varying according to the inmates in the prison, are confined in each. There are small chapels for each religion. The diet is not so good in the Zaptieh as in the Bagnio. I was not able to visit the female prison, as I found that a request to do so would have offended Moslem prejudices.

The day when I went to the Zaptieh, I also visited the law courts, which adjoin. The Minister of Police, Halim

Pasha, very readily gave me access to the several departments, and, in the course of conversation, said that among the Turks crimes were of comparatively rare occurrence; that among them what we should term a criminal class could scarcely be said to exist; and called my attention to the order always preserved in the streets. This last circumstance is indeed remarkable. Not only is no drunkenness or quarrelling observable, but even the lowest orders, when standing about in groups, seem to speak civilly to each other; and as far as I could judge from the tone in which they spoke, there was an absence of that coarseness of language which prevails to too great an extent among the working classes in England. Halim Pasha was certainly right in saying that the number of Moslem criminals is small, but it will occur to every one that this circumstance is owing in no slight degree to the different classification of their code of laws, and to a state of society widely different from that which prevails in Europe. Housebreaking, at all events, is a crime of rare occurrence; one often sees houses entirely closed, and the outer door secured by means of an enormous padlock.

In the police-court at Stamboul, since the changes made in the judicial proceedings, about eight years ago, a mufti presides, and four Mussulman and four non-Mussulman assessors sit with him. In this manner the Moslem element still has a majority of votes; but in cases where Christians are concerned, I was informed that a conviction cannot be obtained, or only *ad referendum*, if the Christian assessors are unanimous against it. The mufti gave me a seat, on his right hand, at the head of the table, and I heard two cases tried. In one an Armenian money-changer complained that a Turk asked him to change a piece of gold money, a dispute ensued as to the amount in silver equivalent to it, and in the course of the dispute the Turk abused him. It is now a punishable offence to call a Christian a Giaour or a dog. The Armenian brought forward his witness, and the case was adjourned for a week, that the Turk might also bring forward witnesses on his side. The other case was a complaint made by two

Turkish women against a Greek boatman. He had called them names on account of not receiving what he considered his legal fare. This case was also adjourned for a week, that the man might prepare his defence. No oaths seemed to be administered there: Moslems are frequently excused an oath, and Christians are sent to be sworn by their patriarch, or bishop. Great delays often take place in settling cases, the old Turkish summary mode of administering justice being rarely practised. I imagine that false witness is often given; and with regard to the judges, the smallness of their salaries—varying, as I was told, from 120*l.* to 500*l.* a year, in a place where living is expensive—must necessarily cast suspicion on some of their decisions.

The proceedings in higher criminal courts are conducted thus:—One branch of the court examines *vivâ voce* the prisoner, accuser, and witnesses, and commits the depositions to writing; another branch examines these depositions, and may send for the witnesses to make any points clearer, and then decides whether the charge is proved or not: if the prisoner is found guilty, a third branch examines the depositions afresh and determines the sentence. The courts do not sit on Fridays, and on Sundays the Christian judges are excused attendance, and only cases between Moslems are tried. I had not time enough at my disposal to go through certain formalities necessary in order to be admitted to the civil courts, over which the Sheik-ul-Islam presides, in much the same manner as an ecclesiastic was formerly the head of the Court of Chancery.

The Turkish police appeared to be a respectable set of men, and to discharge their duties properly. A chief part of their employment is to watch for persons going about at night without a lantern, and to convey them to the station-house: it is imperatively necessary to take a lantern after dark, except in the few streets which are lighted with gas. But it is a convenience to be so provided, for not only does it enable one to guard against the badness of the streets, but also to avoid the dogs, which abound in thousands. In

the day-time these dogs are quiet enough, and confine themselves to expelling intruders from their own peculiar locality. They seem to form distinct communities, as it were, among themselves. A different set live in a small district, consisting of a few neighbouring streets; they never migrate, and all will join to attack any strange dog who may come among them. After night they become more savage, and if one is incautiously trod upon as they lie about asleep, which seems to be their normal condition, they will all commence barking, and will perhaps attack a solitary passenger. They are not so numerous in Pera as they were a few years ago, for the French troops objected to be barked at and bitten, and made a grand *battue*, killing several thousands. While I was at Constantinople, what were called the cigar riots took place. Many fires had occurred, which some persons attributed to political discontent. It was proved, however, that one house had been burnt in consequence of the end of a cigarette having been thrown on a heap of paper close by the wood-work of the house, and an edict was issued against smoking cigars or cigarettes in the street. The people, Moslems as well as Christians, refused to obey; but although the police were much tried in enforcing obedience, I heard no complaints against them, with regard to the manner of exercising their authority. In Stamboul, however, where the soldiers took part in the disturbances, two persons were killed and several wounded, and public excitement became so great that the Government gave way and withdrew the edict. It is curious to observe the cool way in which sentries mount guard. They appear to rotate round their post according to the position of the sun; sometimes they are near the sentry box, sometimes on the opposite side of the street, and occasionally round the corner.

There appears to be a great want of charitable institutions. Scarcely any able-bodied beggars are to be seen, but the streets, especially near the large mosques, abound with pitiable objects, asking alms from passers-by. Turks are liberal, and rarely refuse a request for relief. It is true that their

donations are about half a farthing to each beggar ; but that sum is thankfully received ; and as the mendicant proceeds from house to house or from shop to shop, and as many applicants come to the door, a considerable sum is thus both given and received in the course of the day. Turks are also liberal in offering entertainment to visitors or to those who go to their houses on business ; in this respect, their hospitality resembles that of the rural districts in the west of England. Coffee and pipes are as a matter of course always given, and frequently a more substantial meal. Whenever any person is getting up in the world, those who know him, or can put forward any sort of claim, pay him frequent visits, especially at the dinner-hour. The Turks generally take a cup of coffee and a small piece of bread on rising, a substantial meal about eleven, and a supper at sunset, immediately before retiring to bed. I was told that about thirty strangers generally dined with Mehemed Pasha, and that his wife had a similar number of guests. A man who came from the same place, but was personally unknown to him, came one day and congratulated him on being appointed Capoudan Pasha, and spoke in oriental phrases of the honour thereby conferred on their native place ; he was asked to stay to dinner, and remained six months, finally receiving about 100*l.* to enable him to proceed to seek his fortunes elsewhere. Mehemed Pasha was asked why he allowed him to stay, and answered, "What can I do? He is my guest. I cannot send him away." Such guests, however, do not require the accommodation necessary in Europe: a corner of a room is the only lodging they need, and they dine altogether, in a very homely manner.

One of the things at Constantinople most perplexing to strangers is the variation in the time. The Turkish day begins at sunset, and accordingly clocks and watches require to be set every twenty-four hours. The dial numerals generally used by the Turks are different from those employed by us, resembling more closely than ours the real Arabic figures. Some watches are constructed so as to show oriental and European hours ; and for this purpose have on the face two

dials, each about the size of a second hand dial, with separate works. But as it is a matter of some difficulty to make two watches keep time together, so it is by no means easy to make two distinct sets of works in the same case correspond with each other. I heard a gentleman make a neat remark from this circumstance—on a person deploring having given thirty pounds for a watch of this description which would not go—He remarked how impossible it was to make European and Turkish customs, habits, or institutions work together: either might answer very well apart, but they could never be made to amalgamate. In the mosques case-clocks are often seen, generally bearing the name of some famous London maker who lived sixty or a hundred years ago.

The steamers which start from the first bridge for the Bosphorus and other places in the neighbourhood of the capital keep Turkish time, and travellers are frequently disappointed by not remembering its variation. These boats are managed by English engineers, and resemble the smaller Thames steamers. They are provided with a whistle like that of a railway engine, which is used unpleasantly often; bad coal is burnt; and the vessels themselves are not clean. On most of them a part at the end of the vessel is partitioned off for female passengers. The Bosphorus boats go about sixteen miles up the straits to the furthest extremity of Buyukderé, calling at the chief villages on either side. The most pleasant mode of visiting the different localities along the Bosphorus is, however, in a caique, a charming kind of rowing-boat, something resembling an university racing-boat, but without the out-rigging, and requiring almost equal care in getting in and out. Caiques are of different sizes, varying from the small boats for a single passenger to the splendid barges, one might almost say, of the Sultan and the foreign ambassadors. They are generally painted light brown, ornamented with gold, and are incomparably superior for elegance and lightness to the gondola. The rower sits on a raised seat, and the passenger on a cushion at the bottom of the boat. A caique with three

rowers is more comfortable, and, on account of the heavy swell which often sets in from the Black Sea, safer than a smaller one for a long excursion. It takes such a boat two hours and a quarter to go from Constantinople to Therapia, a distance of thirteen miles, and an hour and three-quarters to return. The beauties of the Bosphorus can be seen much better from a caique than from the deck of a steamer. The channel, which is bounded by wooded hills, varies from one to three miles in breadth. Large sea-going ships and steamers are constantly passing, and porpoises may be seen sporting in the clear blue water of the straits. The views in every direction are charming. Minarets and domes of mosques give an oriental characteristic to the landscape, the splendour of which is much increased by the mediæval castles of Anatoli and Rumili Hissar and the many magnificent palaces and well-kept gardens which adorn the banks. The Bosphorus reminds one of some of Turner's pictures, and has the appearance of the creation of a painter's or poet's fancy more than of a real scene. But to describe the Bosphorus adequately, and to give an account of its legends and of the excursions which may be made up the valleys coming down to its banks, would require as many pages as I have already written. Kandili, in Asia, affords perhaps the finest general view, extending from the Sea of Marmora almost to the Euxine. Every spot, however, presents some charming scene which one never tires of contemplating. The Asiatic side is finer than the European, and is inhabited almost entirely by Moslems; on the opposite bank Christians predominate. Therapia and Buyukderé are the chief summer residences of the more wealthy Franks, and contain the palaces of the ambassadors. The former place is on a bend of the stream facing the entrance to the Black Sea, which always looks cold and gloomy; and the damp fog which comes from thence straight down upon Therapia renders it a much less pleasant abode than Buyukderé, which is sheltered by a projecting headland. In the evening, in the villages along the straits, the Christian population sit out on the terraces, and parties often go from

house to house singing Greek or Armenian songs. There is now a carriage road from Pera to Therapia which will be carried further, and I was told that several roads had in late years been cut to different places on both the Asiatic and European sides.

Kinglake's book, the "Invasion of the Crimea," had been recently brought over, and during my visit to Constantinople was a constant topic of conversation. Amongst others, a foreign diplomatist, a personal friend of Prince Mentschikoff, spoke of the book, and of course looked at the account from a Russian point of view. He did not take any exception to the description of the battle of the Alma, in which, if little credit is given to the allied generals, still less is awarded to the Russian commander; but he insisted that the account of the Prince's mission to Constantinople was altogether inaccurate, and said that he was himself at St. Petersburg when Mentschikoff's mission was determined upon, and had many conversations with the Prince on the subject. According to him, Mentschikoff had not, as Mr. Kinglake intimates, any control whatever over the Russian forces, military or naval, assembled in the southern provinces of the empire and Black Sea; but had, before his departure for Turkey, urged the Emperor either to invest him with that authority or to modify the terms of his instructions. The Crimean war, as might be expected, has left many impressions at Constantinople. It has done the higher classes of the native population much good, by giving them more correct notions in regard to the relative power of different states and enlarging their acquaintance with the world. The lower orders among the Turks, as I was told, believe that the subsequent embarrassment of their exchequer has been owing to the extravagant generosity of the late Sultan in paying all the expenses of the obedient *giaours* whom he summoned to fight the "Muscoffs" who had risen against the true believers. The Sultan has the title of "king of kings," and the lower orders among the Moslems are said also to believe that when a foreign ambassador notifies the accession of a sovereign to

the Padishah, the latter remits a diadem which confirms the new monarch on his throne.

The course of conduct pursued by the English authorities, as compared with that of the French, while our forces were in Turkey, in the Crimean war, has produced a good effect on the people generally, as well as on the troops then enlisted in our service. It is said, that in the villages of the interior, these soldiers, since they were disbanded, have been in the habit of saying how carefully their religious customs were respected, and how well they were paid; and it is quite certain that, if the Indian mutiny had continued, thousands of the Mussulmans of Turkey, who actually offered their services, would have been perfectly ready to fight, under the English flag, against the Mahometans of India; so fully did they appreciate the manner in which they had been treated.

In addition to gas, steam, the telegraph, and other modern inventions which have been introduced, the press has also become an established institution, and the Turks now read newspapers printed in their own language. There are two daily Turkish papers, and four or five others, which are published either weekly or at intervals of two or three days. Their circulation would, indeed, be considered small by a London editor, not more than two thousand copies of each number being sold. They consist of a single small sheet, and contain very mild leading articles, accounts of events in the provinces and abroad—in the latter case comments are allowed, and often made—abstracts of proceedings or speeches in foreign countries relating to Turkey, and a page of advertisements. There are several Greek and Armenian papers, distinguished by intelligence and freedom of tone. An English and a French local paper, conducted with much independence, are also published. These last are read by the Ottoman authorities, and, by giving publicity among the European community to what is passing in the country, they have exercised a beneficial effect in checking reactionary symptoms. The law relating to the press is stringent, and somewhat on the French

model, with the same system of *avertissements*. It is said that the Turkish Government obtains copies of all letters and articles which appear in English newspapers having reference to their empire. The correspondents of English papers at Constantinople enjoy a high degree of consideration. I met the correspondent of the *Times*, a gentleman who is exceedingly well informed on all matters relating to Turkey, and very impartial in his views, and I can testify that his reports are exceedingly accurate.

With regard to the state of education and religious feeling among the Moslems, such conflicting views are set forth according to the manner in which the various questions of the day are regarded, that it is not easy to form an opinion on these points during a short visit. As far as I could judge, education does not appear to have made much progress, except among the higher classes, many of whom have lived in Europe for some months, and have received a partial European education, and almost all the younger members of whom speak either French, English, or German. I imagine that those Turks who have travelled much feel considerable repugnance to the observance of the Ramazan fast, and to the prohibition placed by the Koran on certain articles of food and the use of wine. Most Turks, however, even those supposed to be rigid Moslems, will drink wine when in the company of Europeans, but very few eat pork or hare; and all strictly observe the Ramazan fast, unless they feel sure they can infringe it without fear of detection. I think the Turks, as a body, still believe the Koran, which is the standard of law as well as doctrine now as much as it was in former times; and I could see no symptom of any absence of religious feeling among them. It is well known that the Koran is interpreted differently in different parts of the East, with regard to the treatment of non-Mussulmans and the applicability of certain commands to the altered circumstances of the present time; and furthermore, that, as in the case of other religions, there is by no means an uniform practice as to the rigid observance of the precepts of their creed, nor is an uniform

opinion held among them as to the relative importance to be attached to different doctrines and duties. Nevertheless, I cannot say that any impression was conveyed to my mind that Islamism was, as a religious belief, becoming extinct, except so far as the Ottoman race itself may be dying out, nor can I say that anything I heard induced me to think that those Turks who have resided in Europe are at all inclined, in consequence of what they learnt during their travels, either to change their creed or to modify, in any essential particulars, their domestic and national customs. They are shocked at the drunkenness and want of personal cleanliness so prominently visible in many European cities. They refer with considerable satisfaction to the fact that their religion has practically caused drunkenness to be unknown among a large portion of the inhabitants of the world; and assert, that by the prohibition of the use of intoxicating liquors, and the enforcement of daily ablutions, Islamism has much promoted the well-being of all classes, and especially of the lower orders. I did not observe any disposition to think that the mixed parties of European society were an improvement on the rigid separation of the sexes, enforced now as strictly as ever. On the contrary, a Turk of high rank, an enlightened and liberal-minded man, who has travelled much, maintained, that having seen society in both aspects, he decidedly preferred the usages of Islam. He asserted that he considered them superior in every point of view to ours, as being more favourable to domestic happiness and comfort, as well as on account of their tendency to avert the misery and many evils occasioned by the open immorality, so conspicuous in England, and which is only thinly veiled on the Continent. This last was always the difficult point in such discussions; for, whatever may be the case in other places, at Constantinople at all events, among the Turkish portion of the community, one of the greatest evils of modern European civilization has apparently no existence. Of course, I do not mean to say that intrigues do not take

place, but that is another matter. Moslems, however, do not readily enter upon such discussions, and I, as a stranger, could only do so when an opportunity offered. On one occasion, a Pasha said, "It will take you some time to understand us; we are what you would call a slow people. We have no public entertainments, and we live in a quiet dull way, altogether different from the excitement and bustle of life in Europe." These remarks are very just, and the difference arising from customs diametrically opposed makes one feel, soon after arriving in Turkey, as if one had reached another world. The great question which will affect the stability of Mahometan institutions is the position of Moslem women. A few Turkish ladies speak French, and it is said that they begin to express jealousy at their husbands' conduct, that they envy the freedom of the Franks (it would not be polite for them to refer to the native Christian population), and seek for more liberty for themselves. This, however, whether it be true or not, does not rest on any very good authority. But the defective education they receive is such, that notwithstanding what I was informed with regard to domestic happiness among them, a Turk can rarely speak with confidence, even to his wife, on matters of importance. This circumstance is admitted to be a drawback; but, with their ready wit, a Turk replied, when once I laid stress on it, what, I trust, I shall be excused for repeating, "True, among you, however, ladies frequently try to take the lead, and the result is, that not only is much domestic unhappiness occasioned, but that they make a mess of what they take in hand." Until female education is more diffused, little or no improvement with regard to details of domestic life can be expected.

I dined once in the company of a leading man of the party of Achmet Vefyk, a strict Moslem, and a person of great ability. A copy of Renan's "Life of Jesus" was in the room: he spoke against it in strong terms, saying, that in Turkey it would not have been allowed to have been pub-

lished. The conversation then turned to religious topics. He was polite enough to say, that Christians were not so bad as the Jews, who had corrupted the Old Testament to a greater extent than the former had altered the New Testament, and that Moslems would admit the whole New Testament as it stood, provided a qualifying clause was added, to the effect that nothing therein contained should be so construed as to admit the Divinity of Christ, who should, however, always be spoken of with great respect. In this point of view, Christians were misbelievers, not infidels, and that their fault was, that they did not believe enough—intimating that they stopped short in not acknowledging the Prophet's mission.

A great change has taken place in late years in the treatment of Christians by Moslems. It is not long since no Mahometan would have thought of placing a Christian on his right hand. The Koran, indeed, enjoins that kindness should be shown towards all mankind, and that Giaours, so long as they are respectful, are not to be ill-treated; but it is only quite lately that they have been treated with politeness. As an instance I may mention, that once when walking alone, I could not find the house I wanted, and a Turk passing by, after looking at me and thinking, made signs and pointed it out. They dislike Christians going in large numbers to mosques at hours of prayer; and even now, at Constantinople, Moslems will not sell openly to a Christian any book written or printed in oriental characters. This change of conduct is of very recent date, and is owing, in a great measure, to the policy set on foot, quietly and for many years without apparent result, by the Great Eltchi, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe. The days are passed never to return, whatever may be the wishes of a certain party in Turkey, when the ambassadors were only allowed to see the Sultan through a grating, when they were sent to the seven towers, and treated openly with contempt. Very different was the case in the days of the Great Eltchi. It is said that the late Sultan, when he

knew that the ambassador was coming, could not eat until after he had heard what he had to say or complain of. The manner in which Lord Stratford is universally spoken of is most gratifying to an Englishman. His exertions in favour of the Christians are acknowledged by them in terms of the highest gratitude. It must not be supposed, however, that the imperial edict which was issued, declaring that all classes of the Sultan's subjects were to be considered equal in the eye of the law, irrespective of their creed, was readily acquiesced in by Moslems. To this day it is said, that although the terms of the edict are observed in the capital, in the provinces many of its provisions are wholly disregarded. The best story connected with this subject I heard, was one respecting a consul of the European Power, whose acquaintance I made, a remarkably fine and powerful man. On the first Beiram after the local council (Medjlis) had been established under the new system of provincial administration, the consul called in uniform to pay a visit of ceremony to the Pasha and his council. All the members rose to receive him except a Mollah, a man of old ideas, who sat still, smoking on, regardless of the visitor's presence. By means of a third person, an explanation was asked, when the Mollah replied, "He did not know that a consul was any better than any other Christian; the others might do as they pleased, but he did not intend to lose his soul by getting up before a dog of a Christian." The consul replied, "Very well; I shall come again another day." Accordingly, a short time afterwards, having heard that the council were met to examine into a judicial case, he rode there, and, dismounting, went in, whip in hand. The Pasha and all the members, except the Mollah, rose to salute him. After acknowledging their salutations, he went up to the Mollah, and said, "The other day I could not defile my uniform by noticing your conduct. To me, personally, it signifies nothing whether you rise or not when I enter the room, but, as consul, an insult offered to me is an insult offered to my sovereign and my country. As I perceive

that you are in the same frame of mind to-day, I advise you to go home ; you are not in a fit state to administer the law ; but the next time I come, if you do not get up, I swear by the Prophet that I will take you by the girdle and beard, and throw you out of the window." The Mollah went home immediately, and ever afterwards was remarkably civil to the consul ; and so entirely did all ill feeling pass away, that, when the latter was removed to another town, where, some time after, the Mollah happened to come on business, he called on his old antagonist.

What I saw of the Greeks caused me to entertain much sympathy and admiration for them ; but space will only permit me to say that they are increasing rapidly in wealth and in numbers, and that education is making great progress. On the other hand, the Turks are fast decreasing in numbers, owing, in a great degree, to the almost incredible extent to which infanticide prevails ; and although the government is now completely in the hands of the Turks, and the army is almost entirely composed of Mussulmans, the wealth of the country is being gradually transferred to the native Christians, who, in course of time, must thus become possessed of great influence in affairs of state. There is on every side an appearance of much prosperity, nor is there any reason to expect any disturbance of the public tranquillity. After having heard both sides with regard to matters in dispute, between the several tributary principalities and the Porte, I am unable to consider that the former have any just ground for complaint ; and the native Christians have no grievances which will not be removed without convulsion by the operation of the various recent measures of reform ; added to which, after the example they have lately had of the proceedings of the Russian Government in Poland, they have become fully aware that the rule of the Sultan is infinitely preferable to that of the Czar. Turkey has entered on a transition period of its history, and the silent revolution now going on marks the commencement of the

period when the Eastern question will be finally determined. A transition period is peculiarly interesting in the annals of any country, and it may be confidently affirmed that it will especially be so in regard to those lands which, either silently during peace or openly in time of war, have been for centuries the battle-field between the Crescent and the Cross.

4. *LETTERS FROM THE CAPE.*

BY LADY DUFF-GORDON.

THE following letters were written, as the reader will readily perceive, without the remotest view to publication. They convey in the most unreserved manner the fresh and vivid impressions of the moment, to the two persons with whom, of all others, the writer felt the least necessity for reserve in the expression of her thoughts, or care about the form in which those thoughts were conveyed.

Such letters cannot be expected to be free from mistakes. The writer is misinformed ; or her imagination, powerfully acted upon by new and strange objects, colours and magnifies, to a certain extent, what she sees. If these are valid objections, they are equally so to every description of a country that has not been corrected by long experience.

It has been thought, however, that their obvious and absolute genuineness, and a certain frank and high-toned originality, hardly to be found in what is written for the public, would recommend them to the taste of many.

But this was not the strongest motive to their publication.

The tone of English travellers is too frequently arrogant and contemptuous, even towards peoples whose pretensions on the score of civilization are little inferior to their own. When they come in contact with communities or races inferior to them in natural organization or in acquired advantages, the feeling of a common humanity often seems entirely to disappear. No attempt is made to search out, under external

differences, the proofs of a common nature; no attempt to trace the streams of human affections in their course through channels unlike those marked out among ourselves; no attempt to discover what there may be of good mingled with obvious evil, or concealed under appearances which excite our surprise and antipathy.

It is the entire absence of the exclusive and supercilious spirit which characterizes dominant races; the rare power of entering into new trains of thought, and sympathizing with unaccustomed feelings; the tender pity for the feeble and subject, and the courteous respect for their prejudices; the large and purely human sympathies;—these, far more than any literary or graphic merits, are the qualities which have induced the possessors of the few following letters to give them to the public.

They show, what a series of letters from Egypt, since received from the same writer, prove yet more conclusively; that even among so-called barbarians are to be found hearts that open to every touch of kindness, and respond to every expression of respect and sympathy.

If they should awaken any sentiments like those which inspired them, on behalf of races of men who come in contact with civilization only to feel its resistless force and its haughty indifference or contempt, it will be some consolation to those who are enduring the bitterness of the separation to which they owe their existence.

WEYBRIDGE,
Feb. 24, 1864.

SARAH AUSTIN.

LETTER I.

THE VOYAGE.

Wednesday, 24th July.

Off the Scilly Isles, 6 P.M.

WHEN I wrote last Sunday, we put our pilot on shore, and went down Channel. It soon came on to blow, and all night was squally and rough. Captain on deck all night. Monday, I went on deck at eight. Lovely weather, but the ship pitching as you never saw a ship pitch—bowsprit under water. By two o'clock a gale came on; all ordered below. Captain left dinner, and, about six, a sea struck us on the weather side, and washed a good many unconsidered trifles overboard, and stove in three windows on the poop; nurse and four children in fits; Mrs. T—— and babies afloat, but good-humoured as usual. Army-surgeon and I picked up children and bullied nurse, and helped to bale cabin. Cuddy window stove in, and we were wetted. Went to bed at nine; could not undress, it pitched so, and had to call doctor to help me into cot; slept sound. The gale continues. My cabin is water-tight as to big splashes, but damp and dribbling. I am almost ashamed to like such miseries so much. The forecabin is under water with every lurch, and the motion quite incredible to one only acquainted with steamers. If one can sit this ship, which bounds like a tiger, one should sit a leap over a haystack. Evidently, I can never be sea-sick; but holding on is hard work, and writing harder.

Life is thus:—Avery—my cuddy boy—brings tea for S——, and milk for me, at six. S—— turns out; when

she is dressed, I turn out, and sing out for Avery, who takes down my cot, and brings a bucket of salt water, in which I wash with vast danger and difficulty; get dressed, and go on deck at eight. Ladies not allowed there earlier. Breakfast solidly at nine. Deck again; gossip; pretend to read. Beer and biscuit at twelve. The faithful Avery brings mine on deck. Dinner at four. Do a little carpentering in cabin, all the outfitters' work having broken loose. I am now in the captain's cabin, writing. We have the wind as ever, dead against us; and as soon as we get unpleasantly near Scilly, we shall tack and stand back to the French coast, where we were last night. Three soldiers able to answer roll-call, all the rest utterly sick; three middies helpless. Several of crew, ditto. Passengers very fairly plucky; but only I and one other woman, who never was at sea before, well. The food on board our ship is good as to meat, bread, and beer; everything else bad. Port and sherry of British manufacture, and the water with an incredible *borachio*, essence of tar; so that tea and coffee are but derisive names.

To-day, the air is quite saturated with wet, and I put on my clothes damp when I dressed, and have felt so ever since. I am so glad I was not persuaded out of my cot; it is the whole difference between rest, and holding on for life. No one in a bunk slept at all on Monday night; but then it blew as heavy a gale as it can blow, and we had the Cornish coast under our lee. So we tacked and tumbled all night. The ship being new, too, has the rigging all wrong; and the confusion and disorder are beyond description. The ship's officers are very good fellows. The mizen is entirely worked by the "young gentlemen;" so we never see the sailors, and, at present, are not allowed to go forward. All lights are put out at half-past ten, and no food allowed in the cabin; but the latter article my friend Avery makes light of, and brings me anything when I am laid up. The young soldier-officers bawl for him with expletives; but he says, with a snigger, to me, "They'll just wait till their betters, the ladies, is looked

to." I will write again some day soon, and take the chance of meeting a ship; you may be amused by a little scrawl, though it will probably be very stupid and ill-written, for it is not easy to see or to guide a pen while I hold on to the table with both legs and one arm, and am first on my back and then on my nose. Adieu, till next time. I have had a good taste of the humours of the Channel.

29th July, 4 Bells, *i. e.* 2 o'clock, *p. m.*—When I wrote last, I thought we had had our share of contrary winds and foul weather. Ever since, we have beaten about the bay with the variety of a favourable gale one night for a few hours, and a dead calm yesterday, in which we almost rolled our masts out of the ship. However, the sun was hot, and I sat and basked on deck, and we had morning service. It was a striking sight, with the sailors seated on oars and buckets, covered with signal flags, and with their clean frocks and faces. To-day is so cold that I dare not go on deck, and am writing in my black-hole of a cabin, in a green light, with the sun blinking through the waves as they rush over my port and scuttle. The captain is much vexed at the loss of time. I persist in thinking it a very pleasant, but utterly lazy life. I sleep a great deal, but don't eat much, and my cough has been bad; but, considering the real hardship of the life—damp, cold, queer food, and bad drink—I think I am better. When we can get past Finisterre, I shall do very well, I doubt not.

The children swarm on board, and cry unceasingly. A passenger-ship is no place for children. Our poor ship will lose her character by the weather, as she cannot fetch up ten days' lost time. But she is evidently a race-horse. We overhaul everything we see, at a wonderful rate, and the speed is exciting and pleasant; but the next long voyage I make, I'll try for a good wholesome old "monthly" tub, which will roll along on the top of the water, instead of cutting through it, with the waves curling in at the cuddy skylights. We tried to signal a barque yesterday, and send home word "all well;" but the brutes understood nothing but Russian, and

excited our indignation by talking "gibberish" to us; which we resented with true British spirit, as became us.

It is now blowing hard again, and we have just been taken right aback. Luckily, I had lashed my desk to my washing-stand, or that would have flown off, as I did off my chair. I don't think I shall know what to make of solid ground under my feet. The rolling and pitching of a ship of this size, with such tall masts, is quite unlike the little niggling sort of work on a steamer—it is the difference between grinding along a bad road in a four-wheeler, and riding well to hounds in a close country on a good hunter. I was horribly tired for about five days, but now I rather like it, and never know whether it blows or not in the night, I sleep so soundly. The noise is beyond all belief; the creaking, trampling, shouting, clattering; it is an incessant storm. We have not yet got our masts quite safe; the new wire-rigging stretches more than was anticipated (of course), and our main-topmast is shaky. The crew have very hard work, as incessant tacking is added to all the extra work incident to a new ship. On Saturday morning, everybody was shouting for the carpenter. My cabin was flooded by a leak, and I superintended the baling and swabbing from my cot, and dressed sitting on my big box. However, I got the leak stopped and cabin dried, and no harm done, as I had put everything up off the floor the night before, suspicious of a dribble which came in. Then my cot frame was broken by my cuddy boy and I lurching over against S——'s bunk, in taking it down. The carpenter has given me his own, and takes my broken one for himself. Board ship is a famous place for tempers. Being easily satisfied, I get all I want, and plenty of attention and kindness; but I cannot prevail on my cuddy boy to refrain from violent tambourine-playing with a tin tray just at the ear of a lady who worries him. The young soldier-officers, too, I hear mentioned as "them lazy gunners," and they struggle for water and tea in the morning long after mine has come. We have now been ten days at sea, and only three on which we could eat without the "fiddles"

(transverse pieces of wood to prevent the dishes from falling off). Smooth water will seem quite strange to me. I fear the poor people in the fore-castle must be very wet and miserable, as the sea is constantly over it, not in spray, but in tons of green water.

3d Aug.—We had two days of dead calm, then one or two of a very light, favourable breeze, and yesterday we ran 175 miles with the wind right aft. We saw several ships, which signalled us, but we would not answer, as we had our spars down for repairs and looked like a wreck, and fancied it would be a pity to frighten you all with a report to that effect.

Last night we got all right, and spread out immense studding-sails. We are now bowling along, wind right aft, dipping our studding-sail booms into the water at every roll. The weather is still surprisingly cold, though very fine, and I have to come below quite early, out of the evening air. The sun sets before seven o'clock. I still cough a good deal, and the bad food and drink are trying. But the life is very enjoyable; and as I have the run of the charts, and ask all sorts of questions, I get plenty of amusement. S—— is an excellent traveller; no grumbling, and no gossiping, which, on board a ship like ours, is a great merit, for there is *ad nauseam* of both.

Mr. —— is writing a charade, in which I have agreed to take a part, to prevent squabbling. He wanted to start a daily paper, but the captain wisely forbade it, as it must have led to personalities and quarrels, and suggested a play instead. My little white Maltese goat is very well, and gives plenty of milk, which is a great resource, as the tea and coffee are abominable. Avery brings it me at six, in a tin pannikin, and again in the evening. The chief officer is well-bred and agreeable, and, indeed, all the young gentlemen are wonderfully good specimens of their class. The captain is a burly foremast man in manner, with a heart of wax and every feeling of a gentleman. He was in California, "*hide droghing*" with Dana, and he says every line of "Two Years before the Mast"

is true. He went through it all himself. He says that I am a great help to him, as a pattern of discipline and punctuality. People are much inclined to miss meals, and then want things at odd hours, and make the work quite impossible to the cook and servants. Of course, I get all I want in double-quick time, as I try to save my man trouble; and the carpenter leaves my scuttle open when no one else gets it, quite willing to get up in his time of sleep to close it, if it comes on to blow. A maid is really a superfluity on board ship, as the men rather like being "*aux petits soins*." The boatswain came the other day to say that he had a nice carpet and a good pillow; did I want anything of the sort? He would be proud that I should use anything of his. You would delight in Avery, my cuddy man, who is as quick as "greased lightning," and full of fun. His misery is my want of appetite, and his efforts to cram me are very droll. The days seem to slip away, one can't tell how. I sit on deck from breakfast at nine, till dinner at four, and then again till it gets cold, and then to bed. We are now about 100 miles from Madeira, and shall have to run inside it, as we were thrown so far out of our course by the foul weather.

9th Aug.—Becalmed, under a vertical sun. Lat. 17°, or thereabouts. We saw Madeira at a distance like a cloud; since then, we had about four days trade wind, and then failing or contrary breezes. We have sailed so near the African shore that we get little good out of the trades, and suffer much from the African climate. Fancy a sky like a pale February sky in London, no sun to be seen, and a heat coming, one can't tell from whence. To-day, the sun is vertical and invisible, the sea glassy and heaving. I have been ill again, and obliged to lie still yesterday and the day before in the captain's cabin; to-day in my own, as we have the ports open, and the maindeck is cooler than the upper. The men have just been holystoning here, singing away lustily in chorus. Last night I got leave to sling my cot under the main hatchway, as my cabin must have killed me from suffocation when shut up. Most of the men stayed on deck,

but that is dangerous after sunset on this African coast, on account of the heavy dew and fever. They tell me that the open sea is quite different ; certainly, nothing can look duller and dimmer than this specimen of the tropics. The few days of trade wind were beautiful and cold, with sparkling sea, and fresh air and bright sun ; and we galloped along merrily.

We are now close to the Cape de Verd Islands, and shall go inside them. About lat. 4° N. we expect to catch the S.E. trade wind, when it will be cold again. In lat. 24° , the day before we entered the tropics, I sat on deck in a coat and cloak ; the heat is quite sudden, and only lasts a week or so. The sea to-day is littered all round the ship with our floating rubbish, so we have not moved at all.

I constantly long for you to be here, though I am not sure you would like the life as well as I do. All your ideas of it are wrong ; the confinement to the poop and the stringent regulations would bore you. But then, sitting on deck in fine weather is pleasure enough, without anything else. In a Queen's ship, a yacht, or a merchantman with fewer passengers, it must be a delightful existence.

17th Aug.—Since I wrote last, we got into the south-west monsoon for one day, and I sat up by the steersman in intense enjoyment—a bright sun and glittering blue sea ; and we tore along, pitching and tossing the water up like mad. It was glorious. At night, I was calmly reposing in my cot, in the middle of the steerage, just behind the main hatchway, when I heard a crashing of rigging and a violent noise and confusion on deck. The captain screamed out orders which informed me that we were in the thick of a collision—of course I lay still, and waited till the row, or the ship, went down. I found myself next day looked upon as no better than a heathen by all the women, because I had been cool, and declined to get up and make a noise. Presently the officers came and told me that a big ship had borne down on us—we were on the starboard tack, and all right—carried off our flying jib-boom and whisker (the sort of yard to the bowsprit.) The captain says he was never in such imminent danger in his life, as she

threatened to swing round and to crush into our waist, which would have been certain destruction. The little dandy soldier-officer behaved capitally ; he turned his men up in no time, and had them all ready. He said, "Why, you know, I must see that my fellows go down decently." S—— was as cool as an icicle, offered me my pea-jacket, &c. which I declined, as it would be of no use for me to go off in boats, even supposing there were time, and I preferred going down comfortably in my cot. Finding she was of no use to me, she took a yelling maid in custody, and was thought a brute for begging her to hold her noise. The first lieutenant, who looks on passengers as odious cargo, has utterly mollified to me since this adventure. I heard him report to the captain that I was "among 'em all, and never sung out, nor asked a question the while." This he called "beautiful."

Next day we got light wind S.W. (which ought to be the S.E. trades), and the weather has been, beyond all description, lovely ever since. Cool, but soft, sunny and bright—in short, perfect ; only the sky is so pale. Last night the sunset was a vision of loveliness, a sort of Pompadour paradise ; the sky seemed full of rose-crowned *amorini*, and the moon wore a rose-coloured veil of bright pink cloud, all so light, so airy, so brilliant, and so fleeting, that it was a kind of intoxication. It is far less grand than northern colour, but so lovely, so shiny. Then the flying fish skimmed like silver swallows over the blue water. Such a sight ! Also, I saw a whale spout like a very tiny garden fountain. The Southern Cross is a delusion, and the tropical moon no better than a Parisian one, at present. We are now in lat. 31° about, and have been driven half-way to Rio by this sweet southern breeze. I have never yet sat on deck without a cloth jacket or shawl, and the evenings are chilly. I no longer believe in tropical heat at sea. Even during the calm it was not so hot as I have often felt it in England—and that, under a vertical sun. The ship that nearly ran us and herself down, must have kept no look-out, and refused to answer our hail. She is supposed to be from Glasgow by her looks. We may

speaking a ship and sending letters on board; so excuse scrawl and confusion, it is so difficult to write at all.

30th August.—About 25° S. lat. and very much to the west. We have had all sorts of weather—some beautiful, some very rough, but always contrary winds—and got within 200 miles of the coast of South America. We now have a milder breeze from the *soft* N.E., after a *bitter* S.W., with Cape pigeons and mollymawks (a small albatross), not to compare with our gulls. We had private theatricals last night—ill acted, but beautifully got up as far as the sailors were concerned. I did not act, as I did not feel well enough, but I put a bit for Neptune into the Prologue and made the boatswain's mate speak it, to make up for the absence of any shaving at the Line, which the captain prohibited altogether; I thought it hard the men should not get their "tips." The boatswain's mate dressed and spoke it admirably; and the old carpenter sang a famous comic song, dressed to perfection as a ploughboy.

I am disappointed in the tropics as to warmth. Our thermometer stood at 82° one day only, under the vertical sun, N. of the Line; *on* the Line at 74°; and at sea it *feels* 10° colder than it is. I have never been hot, except for two days 4° N. of the Line, and now it is very cold, but it is very invigorating. All day long it looks and feels like early morning; the sky is pale blue, with light broken clouds; the sea an inconceivably pure opaque blue—lapis lazuli, but far brighter. I saw a lovely dolphin three days ago; his body five feet long (some said more) is of a *fiery* blue-green, and his huge tail golden bronze. I was glad he scorned the bait and escaped the hook; he was so beautiful. This is the sea from which Venus rose in her youthful glory. All is young, fresh, serene, beautiful, and cheerful.

We have not seen a sail for weeks. But the life at sea makes amends for anything, to my mind. I am never tired of the calms, and I enjoy a stiff gale like a Mother Carey's chicken, so long as I can be on deck or in the captain's cabin. Between decks it is very close and suffocating in rough

weather, as all is shut up. We shall be still three weeks before we reach the Cape; and now the sun sets with a sudden plunge before six, and the evenings are growing too cold again for me to go on deck after dinner. As long as I could, I spent fourteen hours out of the twenty-four in my quiet corner by the wheel, basking in the tropical sun. Never again will I believe in the tales of a burning sun; the vertical sun just kept me warm—no more. In two days we shall be bitterly cold again.

Immediately after writing the above it began to blow a gale (favourable, indeed, but more furious than the captain had ever known in these seas),—about lat. 34° S. and long. 25° . For three days we ran under close-reefed (four reefs) topsails, before a sea. The gale in the Bay of Biscay was a little shaking up in a puddle (a dirty one) compared to that glorious South Atlantic in all its majestic fury. The intense blue waves, crowned with fantastic crests of bright emeralds and with the spray blowing about like wild dishevelled hair, came after us to swallow us up at a mouthful, but took us up on their backs, and hurried us along as if our ship were a cork. Then the gale slackened, and we had a dead calm, during which the waves banged us about frightfully, and our masts were in much jeopardy. Then a foul wind, S.E. increased into a gale, lasting five days, during which orders were given in dumb show, as no one's voice could be heard; through it we fought and laboured and dipped under water, and I only had my dry corner by the wheel, where the kind pleasant little third officer lashed me tight. It was far more formidable than the first gale, but less beautiful; and we made so much lee-way that we lost ten days, and only arrived here yesterday. I recommend a fortnight's heavy gale in the South Atlantic as a cure for a *blasé* state of mind. It cannot be described; the sound, the sense of being hurled along without the smallest regard to "this side uppermost;" the beauty of the whole scene, and the occasional crack and bear-away of sails and spars; the officer trying to "sing out," quite in vain, and the boatswain's whistle scarcely audible.

I remained near the wheel every day for as long as I could bear it, and was enchanted.

Then the mortal perils of eating, drinking, moving, sitting, lying; standing can't be done, even by the sailors, without holding on. *The* night of the gale, my cot twice touched the beams of the ship above me. I asked the captain if I had dreamt it, but he said it was quite possible; he had never seen a ship so completely on her beam ends come up all right, masts and yards all sound.

There is a middy about half M——'s size, a very tiny ten-year-old, who has been my delight; he is so completely "the officer and the gentleman." My maternal entrails turned like old Alvarez', when that baby lay out on the very end of the cross-jack yard to reef, in the gale; it was quite voluntary, and the other new-comers all declined. I always called him "Mr. ——, sir," and asked his leave gravely, or, on occasions, his protection and assistance; and his little dignity was lovely. He is polite to the ladies, and slightly distant to the passenger-boys, bigger than himself, whom he orders off dangerous places; "Children, come out of that; you'll be over-board."

A few days before landing I caught a bad cold, and kept my bed. I caught this cold by "sleeping with a damp man in my cabin," as some one said. During the last gale, the cabin opposite mine was utterly swamped, and I found the Irish soldier-servant of a little officer of eighteen in despair; the poor lad had got ague, and eight inches of water in his bed, and two feet in the cabin. I looked in and said, "He can't stay there—carry him into my cabin, and lay him in the bunk;" which he did, with tears running down his honest old face. So we got the boy into S——'s bed, and cured his fever and ague, caught under canvas in Romney Marsh. Meantime S—— had to sleep in a chair and to undress in the boy's wet cabin. As a token of gratitude, he sent me a poodle pup, born on board, very handsome. The artillery officers were generally well-behaved; the men, deserters and ruffians, sent out as drivers. We have had

five courts-martial and two floggings in eight weeks, among seventy men. They were pampered with food and porter, and would not pull a rope, or get up at six to air their quarters. The sailors are an excellent set of men. When we parted, the first lieutenant said to me, "Weel, ye've a wonderful idee of discipline for a leddy, I will say. You've never been reported but once, and that was on sick leave, for your light, and all in order."

Cape Town, Sept. 18.

We anchored yesterday morning, and Captain J——, the Port Captain, came off with a most kind letter from Sir Baldwin Walker, his gig, and a boat and crew for S—— and the baggage. So I was whipped over the ship's side in a chair, and have come to a boarding house where the J——s live. I was tired and dizzy and landsick, and lay down and went to sleep. After an hour or so I woke, hearing a little *gazouillement*, like that of chimney swallows. On opening my eyes I beheld four demons, "sons of the obedient Jinn," each bearing an article of furniture, and holding converse over me in the language of Nephelocoteygia. Why has no one ever mentioned the curious little soft voices of these coolies?—you can't hear them with the naked ear, three feet off. The most hideous demon (whose complexion had not only the colour, but the precise metallic lustre of an ill black-leaded stove) at last chirruped a wish for orders, which I gave. I asked the pert, active, cockney housemaid what I ought to pay them, as, being a stranger, they might overcharge me. Her scorn was sublime. "Them nasty blacks never asks more than their regular charge." So I asked the black-lead demon, who demanded "two shilling; each horse in waggon," and a dollar each "coolie man." He then glided with fiendish noiselessness about the room, arranged the furniture to his own taste, and finally said, "Poor missus sick;" then more chirruping among themselves, and finally a fearful gesture of incantation, accompanied by "God bless poor missus. Soon well now." The wrath of the cockney housemaid became majestic: "There,

ma'am ; you see how saucy they have grown—a nasty black heathen Mohamedan a blessing of a white Christian ! ”

These men are the Auvergnats of Africa. I was assured that bankers entrust them with large sums in gold, which they carry some hundred and twenty miles, by unknown tracks, for a small gratuity. The pretty, graceful Malays are no honester than ourselves, but are excellent workmen.

To-morrow, my linen will go to a ravine in the giant mountain at my back, and there be scoured in a clear spring by brown women, bleached on the mountain top, and carried back all those long miles on their heads, as it went up.

My landlady is Dutch ; the waiter is an Africander, half Dutch, half Malay, very handsome, and exactly like a French gentleman, and as civil.

Enter “Africander” lad with a nosegay ; only one flower that I know—heliotrope. The vegetation is lovely ; the freshness of spring and the richness of summer. The leaves on the trees are in all the beauty of spring. Mrs. R—— brought me a plate of oranges, “just gathered,” as soon as I entered the house—and, oh ! how good they were ! better even than the Maltese. They are going out, and *dear* now—two a penny, very large and delicious. I am wild to get out and see the glorious scenery and the hideous people. To-day the wind has been a cold south-wester, and I have not been out. My windows look N. and E. so I get all the sun and warmth. The beauty of Table Bay is astounding. Fancy the Undercliff in the Isle of Wight magnified a hundredfold, with clouds floating halfway up the mountain. The Hottentot mountains in the distance have a fantastic jagged outline, which hardly looks real. The town is like those in the south of Europe ; flat roofs, and all unfinished ; roads are simply non-existent. At the doors sat brown women with black hair that shone like metal, very handsome ; they are Malays, and their men wear conical hats a-top of turbans, and are the chief artisans. At the end of the pier sat a Mozambique woman in white drapery and the most majestic attitude, like a Roman matron ; her features

large and strong and harsh, but fine ; and her skin blacker than night.

I have got a couple of Cape pigeons (the storm-bird of the South Atlantic) for J——'s hat. They followed us several thousand miles, and were hooked for their pains. The albatrosses did not come within hail.

The little Maltese goat gave a pint of milk night and morning, and was a great comfort to the cow. She did not like the land or the grass at first, and is to be thrown out of milk now. She is much admired and petted by the young Africander. My room is at least eighteen feet high, and contains exactly a bedstead, one straw mattress, one rickety table, one wash-table, two chairs, and broken looking-glass ; no carpet, and a hiatus of three inches between the floor and the door, but all very clean ; and excellent food. I have not made a bargain yet, but I dare say I shall stay here.

Friday.—I have just received your letter ; where it has been hiding, I can't conceive. To-day is cold and foggy, like a baddish day in June with you ; no colder, if so cold. Still, I did not venture out, the fog rolls so heavily over the mountain. Well, I must send off this yarn, which is as interminable as the "sinnet" and "foxes" which I twisted with the mids.

LETTER II.

Cape Town, Oct. 3.

I came on shore on a very fine day, but the weather changed, and we had a fortnight of cold and damp and S.W. wind (equivalent to our east wind), such as the "oldest inhabitant" never experienced ; and I have had as bad an attack of bronchitis as ever I remember, having been in bed till yesterday. I had a very good doctor, half Italian, half Dane, born at the Cape of Good Hope, and educated at Edinburgh, named Chiappini. He has a son studying medicine in London, whose mother is Dutch ; such is the mixture of bloods here.

Yesterday, the wind went to the south-east ; the blessed sun shone out, and the weather was lovely at once. The mountain threw off his cloak of cloud, and all was bright and warm. I got up and sat in the verandah over the stoep (a kind of terrace in front of every house here). They brought me a tortoise as big as half a crown and as lively as a cricket to look at, and a chameleon like a fairy dragon—a green fellow, five inches long, with no claws on his feet, but suckers like a fly—the most engaging little beast. He sat on my finger, and caught flies with great delight and dexterity, and I longed to send him to M——. To-day, I went a long drive with Captain and Mrs. J—— : we went to Rondebosch and Wynberg—lovely country ; rather like Herefordshire ; red earth and oak-trees. Miles of the road were like Gainsborough-lane,* on a large scale, and looked quite English ; only here and there a hedge of prickly pear, or the big white aruns in the ditches, told a different tale ; and the scarlet geraniums and myrtles growing wild puzzled one.

And then came rattling along a light, rough, but well-poised cart, with an Arab screw driven by a Malay, in a great hat on his kerchiefed head, and his wife, with her neat dress, glossy black hair, and great gold earrings. They were coming with fish, which he had just caught at Kalk Bay, and was going to sell for the dinners of the Capetown folk. You pass neat villas, with pretty gardens and stoeps, gay with flowers, and at the doors of several, neat Malay girls are lounging. They are the best servants here, for the emigrants mostly drink. Then you see a group of children at play, some as black as coals, some brown and very pretty. A little black girl, about R——'s age, has carefully tied what little petticoat she has, in a tight coil round her waist, and displays the most darling little round legs and behind, which it would be a real pleasure to slap ; it is so shiny and round, and she runs and stands so strongly and gracefully.

Here comes another Malay, with a pair of baskets hanging from a stick across his shoulder, like those in Chinese

* A lane near Esher.

pictures, which his hat also resembles. Another cart full of working men, with a Malay driver; and inside are jumbled some red-haired, rosy-cheeked English navvies, with the ugliest Mozambiques, blacker than Erebus, and with faces all knobs and corners, like a crusty loaf. As we drive home we see a span of sixteen noble oxen in the market-place, and on the ground squats the Hottentot driver. His face no words can describe—his cheek-bones are up under his hat, and his meagre-pointed chin halfway down to his waist; his eyes have the dull look of a viper's, and his skin is dirty and sallow, but not darker than a dirty European's.

Capetown is rather pretty, but beyond words untidy and out of repair. As it is neither drained nor paved, it won't do in hot weather; and I shall migrate "up country" to a Dutch village. Mrs. J——, who is Dutch herself, tells me that one may board in a Dutch farm-house very cheaply, and with great comfort (of course eating with the family), and that they will drive you about the country and tend your horses for nothing, if you are friendly, and don't treat them with *Engelsche hoog-moedigheid*.

Oct. 19th.—The packet came in last night, but just in time to save the fine of 50*l.* per diem, and I got your welcome letter this morning. I have been coughing all this time, but I hope I shall improve. I came out at the very worst time of year, and the weather has been (of course) "unprecedentedly" bad and changeable. But when it *is* fine it is quite celestial; so clear, so dry, so light. Then comes a cloud over Table Mountain, like the sugar on a wedding-cake, which tumbles down in splendid waterfalls, and vanishes unaccountably halfway; and then you run indoors and shut doors and windows, for it portends a "south-easter," *i.e.* a hurricane, and Capetown disappears in impenetrable clouds of dust. But this wind coming off the hills and fields of ice, is the Cape doctor, and keeps away cholera, fever of every sort, and all malignant or infectious diseases. Most of them are unknown here. Never was so healthy a place; but the remedy is of the heroic nature, and very disagreeable. The stones rattle

against the windows, and omnibuses are blown over on the Rondebosch road.

A few days ago, I drove to Mr. V——'s farm. Imagine St. George's Hill,* and the most beautiful bits of it, sloping gently up to Table Mountain, with its grey precipices, and intersected with Scotch burns, which water it all the year round, as they come from the living rock; and sprinkled with oranges, pomegranates, and camelias in abundance. You drive through a mile or two as described, and arrive at a square, planted with rows of fine oaks close together; at the upper end stands the house, all on the ground-floor, but on a high stoep: rooms eighteen feet high; the old slave quarters on each side; stables, &c. opposite; the square as big as Belgrave Square, and the buildings in the old French style.

We then went on to Newlands, a still more beautiful place. Immense trenching and draining going on—the foreman a Caffre, black as ink, six feet three inches high, and broad in proportion, with a staid, dignified air, and Englishmen working under him! At the streamlets there are the inevitable groups of Malay women washing clothes, and brown babies sprawling about. Yesterday, I should have bought a black woman for her beauty, had it been still possible. She was carrying an immense weight on her head, and was far gone with child; but such stupendous physical perfection I never even imagined. Her jet black face was like the Sphynx, with the same mysterious smile; her shape and walk were goddess-like, and the lustre of her skin, teeth, and eyes, showed the fulness of health;—Caffre of course. I walked after her as far as her swift pace would let me, in envy and admiration of such stately humanity.

The ordinary blacks, or Mozambiques, as they call them, are hideous. Malay here seems equivalent to Mohammedan. They were originally Malays, but now they include every shade, from the blackest nigger to the most blooming English woman. Yes, indeed, the emigrant-girls have been known to

* Near Walton-on-Thames.

turn "Malays," and get thereby husbands who know not billiards and brandy—the two diseases of Capetown. They risked a plurality of wives, and professed Islam, but they got fine clothes and industrious husbands. They wear a very pretty dress, and all have a great air of independence and self-respect; and the real Malays are very handsome. I am going to see one of the Mollahs soon, and to look at their schools and mosque; which, to the distraction of the Scotch, they call their "Kerk."

I asked a Malay if he would drive me in his cart with the six or eight mules, which he agreed to do for thirty shillings and his dinner (*i.e.* a share of my dinner) on the road. When I asked how long it would take, he said, "Allah is groot," which meant, I found, that it depended on the state of the beach—the only road for half the way.

The sun, moon, and stars are different beings from those we look upon. Not only are they so large and bright, but you *see* that the moon and stars are *balls*, and that the sky is endless beyond them. On the other hand, the clear, dry air dwarfs Table Mountain, as you seem to see every detail of it to the very top.

Capetown is very picturesque. The old Dutch buildings are very handsome and peculiar, but are falling to decay and dirt in the hands of their present possessors. The few Dutch ladies I have seen are very pleasing. They are gentle and simple, and naturally well-bred. Some of the Malay women are very handsome, and the little children are darlings. A little parti-coloured group of every shade, from ebony to golden hair and blue eyes, were at play in the street yesterday, and the majority were pretty, especially the half-castes. Most of the Caffres I have seen look like the perfection of human physical nature, and seem to have no diseases. Two days ago I saw a Hottentot girl of seventeen, a housemaid here. You would be enchanted by her superfluity of flesh; the face was very queer and ugly, and yet pleasing, from the sweet smile and the rosy cheeks

which please one much, in contrast to all the pale yellow faces—handsome as some of them are.

I wish I could send the six chameleons which a good-natured parson brought me in his hat, and a queer lizard in his pocket. The chameleons are charming, so monkey-like and so “*caressants*.” They sit on my breakfast tray and catch flies, and hang in a bunch by their tails, and reach out after my hand.

I have had a very kind letter from Lady Walker, and shall go and stay with them at Simon’s Bay as soon as I feel up to the twenty-two miles along the beaches and bad roads in the mail-cart with three horses. The teams of mules (I beg pardon, spans) would delight you—eight, ten, twelve, even sixteen sleek, handsome beasts; and oh, such oxen! noble beasts with humps; and hump is very good to eat too.

Oct. 21st.—The mail goes out to-morrow, so I must finish this letter. I feel better to-day than I have yet felt, in spite of the south-easter.

Yours, &c.

LETTER III.

28th Oct.—Since I wrote, we have had more really cold weather, but yesterday the summer seems to have begun. The air is as light and clear as if *there were none*, and the sun hot; but I walk in it, and do not find it oppressive. All the household groans and perspires, but I am very comfortable.

Yesterday I sat in the full broil for an hour or more, in the hot dust of the Malay burial-ground. They buried the head butcher of the Mussulmans, and a most strange poetical scene it was. The burial-ground is on the side of the Lion Mountain—on the Lion’s rump—and overlooks the whole bay, part of the town, and the most superb mountain panorama beyond. I never saw a view within miles of it for beauty and grandeur. Far down, a fussy English steamer came

puffing and popping into the deep blue bay, and the "Hansom's" cabs went tearing down to the landing place; and round me sat a crowd of grave brown men chanting "Allah il Allah" to the most monotonous but musical air, and with the most perfect voices. The chant seemed to swell, and then fade, like the wind in the trees. I went in after the procession, which consisted of a bier covered with three common Paisley shawls of gay colours; no one looked at me; and when they got near the grave, I kept at a distance, and sat down when they did. But a man came up and said, "You are welcome." So I went close, and saw the whole ceremony. They took the corpse, wrapped in a sheet, out of the bier, and lifted it into the grave, where two men received it; then a sheet was held over the grave till they had placed the dead man; and then flowers and earth were thrown in by all present, the grave filled in, watered out of a brass kettle, and decked with flowers. Then a fat old man, in printed calico shirt sleeves, and a plaid waistcoat and corduroy trousers, pulled off his shoes, squatted on the grave, and recited endless "Koran," many reciting after him. Then they chanted "Allah il-Allah" for twenty minutes, I think: then prayers, with "Ameens" and "Allah il-Allahs" again. Then all jumped up and walked off. There were eighty or a hundred men, no women, and five or six "Hadjis," draped in beautiful Eastern dresses, and looking very supercilious. The whole party made less noise in moving and talking than two Englishmen.

A white-complexioned man spoke to me in excellent English (which few of them speak), and was very communicative and civil. He told me the dead man was his brother-in-law, and he himself the barber. I hoped I had not taken a liberty. "Oh, no; poor Malays were proud when noble English persons showed such respect to their religion. The young Prince had done so too, and Allah would not forget to protect him. He also did not laugh at their prayers, praise be to God!" I had already heard that Prince Alfred is quite the darling of the Malays. He insisted

on accepting their *fête*, which the Capetown people had snubbed. I have a friendship with one Abdul Jemaalee and his wife Betsy, a couple of old folks who were slaves to Dutch owners, and now keep a fruit-shop of a rough sort, with "Betsy, fruiterer," painted on the back of an old tin tray, and hung up by the door of the house. Abdul first bought himself, and then his wife Betsy, whose "missus" generously threw in her bed-ridden mother. He is a fine handsome old man, and has confided to me that £5,000 would not buy what he is worth now. I have also read the letters written by his son, young Abdul Rachman, now a student at Cairo, who has been away five years—four at Mecca. The young theologian writes to his "*hoog erbare moeder*" a fond request for money, and promises to return soon. I am invited to the feast wherewith he will be welcomed. Old Abdul Jemaalee thinks it will divert my mind, and prove to me that Allah will take me home safe to my children, about whom he and his wife asked many questions. Moreover, he compelled me to drink herb tea, compounded by a Malay doctor for my cough. I declined at first, and the poor old man looked hurt, gravely assured me that it was not true that Malays always poisoned Christians, and drank some himself. Thereupon I was obliged, of course, to drink up the rest; it certainly did me good, and I have drunk it since with good effect; it is intensely bitter and rather sticky. The white servants and the Dutch landlady where I lodge shake their heads ominously, and hope it mayn't poison me a year hence. "Them nasty Malays can make it work months after you take it." They also possess the evil eye, and a talent for love potions. As the men are very handsome and neat, I incline to believe that part of it.

Rathfelder's Halfway House, 6th November.—I drove out here yesterday in Captain T——'s drag, which he kindly brought into Capetown for me. He and his wife and children came for a change of air for whooping cough, and advised me to come too, as my cough continues, though

less troublesome. It is a lovely spot, six miles from Constantia, ten from Capetown, and twelve from Simon's Bay. I intend to stay here a little while, and then to go to Kalk Bay, six miles from hence. This inn was excellent, I hear, "in the old Dutch times." Now it is kept by a young Englishman, Cape-born, and his wife, and is dirty and disorderly. I pay twelve shillings a day for S—— and self, without a sitting-room, and my bed is a straw paillasse; but the food is plentiful, and not very bad. That is the cheapest rate of living possible here, and every trifle costs double what it would in England, except wine, which is very fair at fivepence a bottle—a kind of hock. The landlord pays £1 a day rent for this house, which is the great resort of the Capetown people for Sundays, and for change of air, &c.—a rude kind of Richmond. His cook gets £3 10s. a month, besides food for himself and wife, and beer and sugar. The two (white) housemaids get £1 15s. and £1 10s. respectively (everything by the month). Fresh butter is 3s. 6d. a pound, mutton 7d.; washing very dear; cabbages my host sells at 3d. a piece, and pumpkins 8d. He has a fine garden, and pays a gardener 3s. 6d. a day, and black labourers 2s. *They* work three days a week; then they buy rice and a coarse fish, and lie in the sun till it is eaten; while their darling little fat black babies play in the dust, and their black wives make battues in the covers in their woolly heads. But the little black girl who cleans my room is far the best servant, and smiles and speaks like Lalage herself, ugly as the poor drudge is. The voice and smile of the negroes here is bewitching, though they are hideous; and neither S—— nor I have yet heard a black child cry, or seen one naughty or quarrelsome. You would want to lay out a fortune in woolly babies. Yesterday I had a dreadful heartache after my darling, on her little birthday, and even the lovely ranges of distant mountains, coloured like opals in the sunset, did not delight me. This is a dreary place for strangers. Abdul Jemaalee's tisane, and a banana which he gave me each time I went to his shop, are the sole offer of "Won't

you take something?" or even the sole attempt at a civility that I have received, except from the J——s, who are very civil and kind.

When I have done my visit to Simon's Bay, I will go "up country," to Stellenbosch, Paarl and Worcester, perhaps. If I can find people going in a bullock-waggon, I will join them; it costs £1 a day, and goes twenty miles. If money were no object, I would hire one with Caffres to hunt, as well as outspan and drive, and take a saddle-horse. There is plenty of pleasure to be had in travelling here, if you can afford it. The scenery is quite beyond anything you can imagine in beauty. I went to a country house at Rondebosch with the J——s, and I never saw so lovely a spot. The possessor had done his best to spoil it, and to destroy the handsome Dutch house and fountains and aqueducts; but Nature was too much for him, and the place lovely in neglect and shabbiness.

Now I will tell you my impressions of the state of society here, as far as I have been able to make out by playing the inquisitive traveller. I dare say the statements are exaggerated, but I do not think they are wholly devoid of truth. The Dutch round Capetown (I don't know anything of "up country") are sulky and dispirited; they regret the slave days, and can't bear to pay wages; they have sold all their fine houses in town to merchants, &c. and let their handsome country places go to pieces, and their land lie fallow, rather than hire the men they used to own. They hate the Malays, who were their slaves, and whose "insolent prosperity" annoys them, and they don't like the vulgar, bustling English. The English complain that the Dutch won't die, and that they are the curse of the colony (a statement for which they can never give a reason). But they, too, curse the emancipation, long to flog the niggers, and hate the Malays, who work harder and don't drink, and who are the only masons, tailors, &c. and earn from 4s. 6d. to 10s. a day. The Malays also have almost a monopoly of cart-hiring and horse-keeping; an Englishman charges £4 10s. or £5 for a carriage to do

what a Malay will do quicker in a light cart for 30s. S—— says, “The English here think the coloured people ought to do the work, and they to get the wages. Nothing less would satisfy them.” Servants’ wages are high, but other wages not much higher than in England; yet industrious people invariably make fortunes, or at least competencies, even when they begin with nothing. But few of the English will do anything but lounge; while they abuse the Dutch as lazy, and the Malays as thieves, and feel their fingers itch to be at the blacks. The Africanders (Dutch and negro mixed in various proportions) are more or less lazy, dirty, and dressy, and the beautiful girls wear pork-pie hats, and look very winning and rather fierce; but to them the philanthropists at home have provided formidable rivals, by emptying a shipload of young ladies from a “Reformatory” into the streets of Capetown.

I am puzzled what to think of the climate here for invalids. The air is dry and clear beyond conception, and light, but the sun is scorching; while the south-east wind blows an icy hurricane, and the dust obscures the sky. These winds last all the summer, till February or March. I am told when they don’t blow it is heavenly, though still cold in the mornings and evenings. No one must be out at, or after sunset, the chill is so sudden. Many of the people here declare that it is death to weak lungs, and send their *poitri-naires* to Madeira, or the south of France. They also swear the climate is enervating, but their looks, and above all the blowsy cheeks and hearty play of the English children, disprove that; and those who come here consumptive get well in spite of the doctors, who won’t allow it possible. I believe it is a climate which requires great care from invalids, but that, with care, it is good, because it is bracing as well as warm and dry. It is not nearly so warm as I expected; the southern icebergs are at no great distance, and they ice the south-east wind for us. If it were not so violent, it would be delicious; and there are no unhealthy winds—nothing like our east wind. The people here grumble at the north-wester, which

sometimes brings rain, and call it damp, which, as they don't know what damp is, is excusable; it feels like a *dry* south-wester in England. It is, however, quite a delusion to think of living out of doors, here; the south-easters keep one in nearly, if not quite, half one's time, and in summer they say the sun is too hot to be out except morning and evening. But I doubt that, for they make an outcry about heat as soon as it is not cold. The transitions are so sudden, that, with the thermometer at 76°, you must not go out without taking a thick warm cloak; you may walk into a south-easter round the first spur of the mountain, and be cut in two. In short, the air is cold and bracing, and the sun blazing hot; those whom that suits, will do well. I should like a softer air, but I may be wrong; when there is only a moderate wind, it is delicious. You walk in the hot sun, which makes you perspire a very little; but you dry as you go, the air is so dry; and you come in untired. I speak of slow walking. There are no hot-climate diseases; no dysentery, fever, &c.

Simon's Bay, 18th Nov.—I came on here in a cart, as I felt ill from the return of the cold weather. While at Rathfelder we had a superb day, and the J——s drove me over to Constantia, which deserves all its reputation for beauty. What a divine spot!—such kloofs, with silver rills running down them! It is useless to describe scenery. It was a sort of glorified Scotland, with sunshine, flowers, and orange-groves. We got home hungry and tired, but in great spirits. Alas! next day came the south-easter—blackier, colder, more cutting, than ever—and lasted a week.

The Walkers came over on horseback, and pressed me to go to them. They are most kind and agreeable people. The drive to Simon's Bay was lovely, along the coast and across five beaches of snow-white sand, which look like winter landscapes; and the mountains and bay are lovely.

Living is very dear, and washing, travelling, chemist's bills—all enormous. Thirty shillings a cart and horse from Rathfelder here—twelve miles; and then the young English host wanted me to hire another cart for one box and one

bath! But I would not, and my obstinacy was stoutest. If I want cart or waggon again, I'll deal with a Malay, only the fellows drive with forty Jehu-power up and down the mountains.

A Madagascar woman offered to give me her orphan grand-child, a sweet brown fairy, six years old, with long silky black hair, and gorgeous eyes. The child hung about me incessantly all the time I was at Rathfelder, and I had a great mind to her. She used to laugh like baby, and was like her altogether, only prettier, and very brown; and when I told her she was like my own little child, she danced about, and laughed like mad at the idea that she could look like "pretty white Missy." She was mighty proud of her needle-work and A B C performances.

It is such a luxury to sleep on a real mattrass—not stuffed with dirty straw; to eat clean food, and live in a nice room. But my cough is very bad, and the cruel wind blows on and on. I saw the doctor of the Naval Hospital here to-day. If I don't mend, I will try his advice, and go northward for warmth. If you can find an old Mulready envelope, send it here to Miss Walker, who collects stamps and has not got it, and write and thank dear good Lady Walker for her kindness to me.

You will get this about the new year. God bless you all, and send us better days in 1862.

LETTER IV.

JOURNEY TO CALEDON.

Caledon, Dec. 10th.

I did not feel at all well at Simon's Bay, which is a land of hurricanes. We had a "south-easter" for fourteen days, without an hour's lull; even the flag-ship had no communication with the shore for eight days. The good old naval surgeon there ordered me to start off for this high "up-country" district, and arranged my departure for the first *possible* day. He made a bargain for me with a Dutchman, for a light Malay cart (a capital vehicle with two wheels) and four horses, for 30s. a day—three days to Caledon from Simon's Bay, about a hundred miles or so, and one day of back fare to his home in Capetown.

Luckily, on Saturday the wind dropped, and we started at nine o'clock, drove to a place about four miles from Capetown, when we turned off on the "country road," and outspanned at a post-house kept by a nice old German with a Dutch wife. Once well out of Capetown, people are civil, but inquisitive; I was strictly cross-questioned, and proved so satisfactory, that the old man wished to give me some English porter gratis. We then jogged along again at a very good pace to another wayside public, where we outspanned again and ate, and were again questioned, and again made much of. By six o'clock we got to the Eerste River, having gone forty miles or so in the day. It was a beautiful day, and very pleasant travelling. We had three good little half-Arab bays, and one brute of a grey asoff-wheeler, who fell down continually; but a Malay driver works miracles, and no harm came of it. The cart is small, with a permanent tilt at top, and moveable curtains of waterproof all round; harness of raw leather,

very prettily put together by Malay workmen. We sat behind, and our brown coachman, with his mushroom hat, in front, with my bath and box, and a miniature of himself about seven years old—a nephew,—so small and handy that he would be worth his weight in jewels as a tiger. At Eerste River we slept in a pretty old Dutch house, kept by an English woman, and called the Fox and Hound, “to sound like home, my lady.” Very nice and comfortable it was.

I started next day at ten ; and never shall I forget that day’s journey. The beauty of the country exceeds all description. Ranges of mountains beyond belief fantastic in shape, and between them a rolling country, desolate and wild, and covered with gorgeous flowers among the “scrub.” First we came to Hottentot’s Holland (now called Somerset West), the loveliest little old Dutch village, with trees and little canals of bright clear mountain water, and groves of orange and pomegranate, and white houses, with incredible gable ends. We tried to stop here ; but forage was ninepence a bundle, and the true Malay would rather die than pay more than he can help. So we pushed on to the foot of the mountains, and bought forage (forage is oats *au naturel*, straw and all, the only feed known here, where there is no grass or hay) at a farm kept by English people, who all talked Dutch together ; only one girl of the family could speak English. They were very civil, asked us in, and gave us unripe apricots, and the girl came down with seven frounces, to talk with us. Forage was still ninepence—half a dollar a bundle—and Choslullah Jaamee groaned over it, and said the horses must have less forage and “more plenty roll” (a roll in the dust is often the only refreshment offered to the beasts, and seems to do great good).

We got to Caledon at eleven, and drove to the place the Doctor recommended—formerly a country house of the Dutch Governor. It is in a lovely spot ; but do you remember the Schloss in Immermann’s *Neuer Münchhausen* ? Well, it is that. A ruin ;—windows half broken and boarded up, the handsome steps in front fallen in, and all *en suite*. The rooms I saw were

large and airy ; but mud floors, whitewashed walls, one chair, one stump bedstead, and *præterea nihil*. It has a sort of wild, romantic look ; I hear, too, it is wonderfully healthy, and not so bad as it looks. The long corridor is like the entrance to a great stable, or some such thing ; earth floors and open to all winds. But you can't imagine it, however I may describe ; it is so huge and strange, and ruinous. Finding that the mistress of the house was ill, and nothing ready for our reception, I drove on to the inn. Rain, like a Scotch mist, came on just as we arrived, and it is damp and chilly, to the delight of all the dwellers in the land, who love bad weather. It makes me cough a little more ; but they say it is quite unheard of, and can't last. Altogether, I suppose this summer here is as that of '60 was in England.

I forgot, in describing my journey, the regal-looking Caffre housemaid at Eerste River. "Such a dear, good creature," the landlady said ; and, oh, such a "noble savage!"—with a cotton handkerchief folded tight like a cravat and tied round her head with a bow behind, and the short curly wool sticking up in the middle ;—it looked like a royal diadem on her solemn brow ; she stepped like Juno, with a huge tub full to the brim, and holding several pailfuls, on her head, and a pailful in each hand, bringing water for the stables from the river, across a large field. There is nothing like a Caffre for power and grace ; and the face, though *very* African, has a sort of grandeur which makes it utterly unlike that of the negro. That woman's bust and waist were beauty itself. The Caffres are also very clean and very clever as servants, I hear, learning cookery, &c. in a wonderfully short time. When they have saved money enough to buy cattle in Kaffraria, off they go, cast aside civilization and clothes, and enjoy life in naked luxury.

I can't tell you how I longed for you in my journey. You would have been so delighted with the country and the queer turn-out—the wild little horses, and the polite and delicately-clean Moslem driver. His description of his sufferings from "louses," when he slept in a Dutch farm, were pathetic, and

ever since, he sleeps in his cart, with the little boy; and they bathe in the nearest river, and eat their lawful food and drink their water out of doors. They declined beer, or meat which had been unlawfully killed. In Capetown *all* meat is killed by Malays, and has the proper prayer spoken over it, and they will eat no other. I was offered a fowl at a farm, but Choslullah thought it "too much money for Missus," and only accepted some eggs. He was gratified at my recognising the propriety of his saying "Bismillah" over any animal killed for food. Some drink beer, and drink a good deal, but Choslullah thought it "very wrong for Malay people, and not good for Christian people, to be drunk beasties;—little wine or beer good for Christians, but not too plenty much." I gave him ten shillings for himself, at which he was enchanted, and again begged me to write to his master for him when I wanted to leave Caledon, and to be sure to say, "Mind send same coachman." He planned to drive me back through Woreester, Burnt Vley, Paarl, and Stellenbosch—a longer round; but he could do it in three days well, so as "not cost Missus more money," and see a different country.

This place is curiously like Rochefort in the Ardennes, only the hills are mountains, and the sun is far hotter; not so the air, which is fresh and pleasant. I am in a very nice inn, kept by an English ex-officer, who went through the Caffre war, and found his pay insufficient for the wants of a numerous family. I quite admire his wife, who cooks, cleans, nurses her babes, gives singing and music lessons,—all as merrily as if she liked it. I dine with them at two o'clock, and Captain D—— has a *table d'hôte* at seven for travellers. I pay only 10s. 6d. a day for myself and S——; this includes all but wine or beer. The air is very clear and fine, and my cough is already much better. I shall stay here as long as it suits me and does me good, and then I am to send for Choslullah again, and go back by the road he proposed. It rains here now and then, and blows a good deal, but the wind has lost its bitter chill, and depressing

quality. I hope soon to ride a little and see the country, which is beautiful.

The water-line is all red from the iron stone, and there are hot chalybeate springs up the mountain which are very good for rheumatism, and very strengthening, I am told. The boots here is a Mantatee, very black, and called Kleen-boy, because he is so little; he is the only sleek black I have seen here, but looks heavy and downcast. One maid is Irish (they make the best servants here), a very nice clean girl, and the other, a brown girl of fifteen, whose father is English, and married to her mother. Food here is scarce, all but bread and mutton, both good. Butter is 3s. a pound; fruit and vegetables only to be had by chance. I miss the oranges and lemons sadly. Poultry and milk uncertain. The bread is good everywhere, from the fine wheat: in the country it is brownish and sweet. The wine here is execrable; this is owing to the prevailing indolence, for there is excellent wine made from the Rhenish grape, rather like Sauterne, with a *soupeçon* of Manzanilla flavour. The sweet Constantia is also very good indeed; not the expensive sort, which is made from grapes half dried, and is a liqueur, but a light, sweet, straw-coloured wine, which even I liked. We drank nothing else at the Admiral's. The kind old sailor has given me a dozen of wine, which is coming up here in a waggon, and will be most welcome. I can't tell you how kind he and Lady Walker were; I was there three weeks, and hope to go again when the south-easter season is over and I can get out a little. I could not leave the house at all; and even Lady Walker and the girls, who are very energetic, got out but little. They are a charming family.

I have no doubt that Dr. Shea was right, and that one must leave the coast to get a fine climate. Here it seems to me nearly perfect—too windy for my pleasure, but then the sun would be overpowering without a fresh breeze. Every one agrees in saying that the winter in Capetown is delicious—like a fine English summer. In November the south-easters begin, and they are “fiendish;” this year they began in

September. The mornings here are always fresh, not to say cold; the afternoons, from one to three, broiling; then delightful till sunset, which is deadly cold for three-quarters of an hour; the night is lovely. The wind rises and falls with the sun. That is the general course of things. Now and then it rains, and this year there is a little south-easter, which is quite unusual, and not odious, as it is near the sea; and there is seldom a hot wind from the north. I am promised that on or about Christmas-day; then doors and windows are shut, and you gasp. Hitherto we have had nothing nearly so hot as Paris in summer, or as the summer of 1859 in England; and they say it is no hotter, except when the hot wind blows, which is very rare. Up here, snow sometimes lies, in winter, on the mountain tops; but ice is unknown, and Table Mountain is never covered with snow. The flies are pestilent—incredibly noisy, intrusive, and disgusting—and oh, such swarms! Fleas and bugs not half so bad as in France, as far as my experience goes, and I have poked about in queer places.

I get up at half-past five, and walk in the early morning, before the sun and wind begin to be oppressive; it is then dry, calm, and beautiful: then I sleep like a Dutchman in the middle of the day. At present it tires me, but I shall get used to it soon. The Dutch doctor here advised me to do so, to avoid the wind.

When all was settled, we climbed the Hottentot's mountains by Sir Lowry's Pass, a long curve round two hill-sides; and what a view! Simon's Bay opening out far below, and range upon range of crags on one side, with a wide fertile plain, in which lies Hottentot's Holland, at one's feet. The road is just wide enough for one waggon, *i.e.* very narrow. Where the smooth rock came through, Choslullah gave a little grunt, and the three bays went off like hippogriffs, dragging the grey with them. By this time my confidence in his driving was boundless, or I should have expected to find myself in atoms at the bottom of the precipice. At the top of the pass we turned a sharp corner into a scene

like the crater of a volcano, only reaching miles away all round ; and we descended a very little and drove on along great rolling waves of country, with the mountain tops, all crags and ruins, to our left. At three we reached Palmiet River, full of palmettos and bamboos, and there the horses had "a little roll," and Choslullah and his miniature washed in the river and prayed, and ate dry bread, and drank their tepid water out of a bottle with great good breeding and cheerfulness. Three bullock-waggons had outspanned, and the Dutch boers and Bastaards (half Hottentots) were all drunk. We went into a neat little "public," and had porter and ham sandwiches, for which I paid 4s. 6d. to a miserable-looking English woman, who was afraid of her tipsy customers. We got to Houw Hoek, a pretty valley at the entrance of a mountain gorge, about half-past five, and drove up to a mud cottage, half inn, half farm, kept by a German and his wife. It looked mighty queer, but Choslullah said the host was a good old man, and all clean. So we cheered up, and asked for food. While the neat old woman was cooking it, up galloped five fine lads and two pretty flaxen-haired girls, with real German faces, on wild little horses ; and one girl tucked up her habit, and waited at table, while another waved a green bough to drive off the swarms of flies. The chops were excellent, ditto bread and butter, and the tea tolerable. The parlour was a tiny room with a mud floor, half-hatch door into the front, and the two bedrooms still tinier and darker, each with two huge beds which filled them entirely. But Choslullah was right ; they were perfectly clean, with heaps of beautiful pillows ; and not only none of the creatures of which he spoke with infinite terror, but even no fleas. The man was delighted to talk to me. His wife had almost forgotten German, and the children did not know a word of it, but spoke Dutch and English. A fine, healthy, happy family. It was a pretty picture of emigrant life. Cattle, pigs, sheep, and poultry, and pigeons innumerable, all picked up their own living, and cost nothing ; and vegetables and fruit grow in rank abundance where there is water. I asked

for a book in the evening, and the man gave me a volume of Schiller. A good breakfast,—and we paid ninepence for all.

This morning we started before eight, as it looked gloomy, and came through a superb mountain defile, out on to a rich hilly country, covered with miles of corn, all being cut as far as the eye could reach, and we passed several circular threshing-floors, where the horses tread out the grain. Each had a few mud hovels near it, for the farmers and men to live in during harvest. Altogether, I was most lucky, had two beautiful days, and enjoyed the journey immensely. It was most "*abentheuerlich*;" the light two-wheeled cart, with four wild little horses, and the marvellous brown driver, who seemed to be always going to perdition, but made the horses do apparently impossible things with absolute certainty; and the pretty tiny boy who came to help his uncle, and was so clever, and so preternaturally quiet, and so very small: then the road through the mountain passes, seven or eight feet wide, with a precipice above and below, up which the little horses scrambled; while big lizards, with green heads and chocolate bodies, looked pertly at us, and a big bright amber-coloured cobra, as handsome as he is deadly, wriggled across into a hole.

Nearly all the people in this village are Dutch. There is one Malay tailor here, but he is obliged to be a Christian at Caledon, though Choslullah told me with a grin, he was a very good Malay when he went to Capetown. He did not seem much shocked at this double religion, staunch Mussulman as he was himself. I suppose the blacks "up country" are what Dutch slavery made them—mere animals—cunning and sulky. The real Hottentot is extinct, I believe, in the Colony; what one now sees are all "Bastaards," the Dutch name for their own descendants by Hottentot women. These mongrel Hottentots, who do all the work, are an affliction to behold—debased and *shrivelled* with drink, and drunk all day long; sullen wretched creatures—so unlike the bright Malays and cheery pleasant blacks and browns of Capetown, who never

pass you without a kind word and sunny smile or broad African grin, *selon* their colour and shape of face. I look back fondly to the gracious soft-looking Malagasse woman who used to give me a chair under the big tree near Rathfelders, and a cup of "bosjesthée" (herb tea), and talk so prettily in her soft voice;—it is such a contrast to these poor animals, who glower at one quite unpleasantly. All the hovels I was in at Capetown were very fairly clean, and I went into numbers. They almost all contained a handsome bed, with, at least, eight pillows. If you only look at the door with a friendly glance, you are implored to come in and sit down, and usually offered a "coppj" (cup) of herb tea, which they are quite grateful to one for drinking. I never saw or heard a hint of "backsheesh," nor did I ever give it, on principle; and I was always recognised and invited to come again with the greatest eagerness. "An indulgence of talk" from an English "Missis" seemed the height of gratification, and the pride and pleasure of giving hospitality a sufficient reward. But here it is quite different. I suppose the benefits of the emancipation were felt at Capetown sooner than in the country, and the Malay population there furnishes a strong element of sobriety and respectability, which sets an example to the other coloured people. Harvest is now going on, and the so-called Hottentots are earning 2s. 6d. a day, with rations and wine. But all the money goes at the "canteen" in drink, and the poor wretched men and women look wasted and degraded. The children are pretty, and a few of them are half-breed girls, who do very well, unless a white man admires them; and then they think it quite an honour to have a whitey-brown child, which happens at about fifteen, by which age they look full twenty.

We had very good snipe and wild duck the other day, which Capt. D—— brought home from a shooting party. I have got the moth-like wings of a golden snipe for R——'s hat, and those of a beautiful moor-hen. They got no "boks," because of the violent south-easter which blew where they

were. The game is fast decreasing, but still very abundant. I saw plenty of partridges on the road, but was not early enough to see boks, who only show at dawn ; neither have I seen baboons. I will try to bring home some cages of birds—Cape canaries and “roode bekjes” (red bills), darling little things. The sugar-birds, which are the humming-birds of Africa, could not be fed ; but Caffre finks, which weave the pendent nests, are hardy and easily fed.

To-day the post for England leaves Caledon, so I must conclude this yarn. I wish R—— could have seen the “klip springer,” the mountain deer of South Africa, which Capt. D—— brought in to show me. Such a lovely little beast, as big as a small kid, with eyes and ears like a hare, and a nose so small and dainty. It was quite tame and saucy, and belonged to some man *en route* for Capetown.

LETTER V.

CALEDON.

Caledon, Dec. 29th.

I am beginning now really to feel better : I think my cough is less, and I eat a great deal more. They cook nice clean food here, and have some good claret, which I have been extravagant enough to drink, much to my advantage. The Cape wine is all so fiery. The climate is improving too. The glorious African sun blazes and roasts one, and the cool fresh breezes prevent one from feeling languid. I walk from six till eight or nine, breakfast at ten, and dine at three ; in the afternoon it is generally practicable to saunter again, now the weather is warmer. I sleep from twelve till two. On Christmas-eve it was so warm that I lay in bed with the window wide open, and the stars blazing in. Such stars ! they are much brighter than our moon. The Dutchmen held high

jinks in the hall, and danced and made a great noise. On New Year's-eve they will have another ball, and I shall look in. Christmas-day was the hottest day—indeed, the only *hot* day we have had—and I could not make it out at all, or fancy you all cold at home.

I wish you were here to see the curious ways and new aspect of everything. This village, which, as I have said, is very like Rochefort, but hardly so large, is the *chef lieu* of a district the size of one-third of England. A civil commander resides here, a sort of *préfet*; and there is an embryo market-place, with a bell hanging in a brick arch. When a waggon arrives with goods, it draws up there, they ring the bell, everybody goes to see what is for sale, and the goods are sold by auction. My host bought potatoes and brandy the other day, and is looking out for ostrich feathers for me, out of the men's hats.

The other day, while we sat at dinner, all the bells began to ring furiously, and Capt. D—— jumped up and shouted "*Brand!*" (fire), rushed off for a stout leather hat, and ran down the street. Out came all the population, black, white, and brown, awfully excited, for it was blowing a furious north-wester, right up the town, and the fire was at the bottom; and as every house is thatched with a dry brown thatch, we might all have to turn out and see the place in ashes in less than an hour. Luckily, it was put out directly. It is supposed to have been set on fire by a Hottentot girl, who has done the same thing once before, on being scolded. There is no water but what runs down the streets in the *sloot*, a paved channel, which brings the water from the mountain and supplies the houses and gardens. A garden is impossible without irrigation, of course, as it never rains; but with it, you may have everything, all the year round. The people, however, are too careless to grow fruit and vegetables.

How the cattle live is a standing marvel to me. The whole *veld* (common), which extends all over the country (just dotted with a few square miles of corn here and there), is

covered with a low thin scrub, about eighteen inches high, called *rhenoster-bosch*—looking like meagre arbor vitæ or pale juniper. The cattle and sheep will not touch this nor the juicy Hottentot fig; but under each little bush, I fancy, they crop a few blades of grass, and on this they keep in very good condition. The noble oxen, with their huge horns (nine or ten feet from tip to tip), are never fed, though they work hard, nor are the sheep. The horses get a little forage (oats, straw and all). I should like you to see eight or ten of these swift wiry little horses harnessed to a waggon,—a mere flat platform on wheels. In front stands a wild-looking Hottentot, all patches and feathers, and drives them best pace, all “in hand,” using a whip like a fishing-rod, with which he touches them, not savagely, but with a skill which would make an old stage-coachman burst with envy to behold. This morning, out on the veld, I watched the process of breaking-in a couple of colts, who were harnessed, after many struggles, second and fourth in a team of ten. In front stood a tiny foal cuddling its mother, one of the leaders. When they started, the foal had its neck through the bridle, and I halloosed in a fright; but the Hottentot only laughed, and in a minute it had disengaged itself quite coolly and capered alongside. The colts tried to plunge, but were whisked along, and couldn’t, and then they stuck out all four feet and *skidded* along a bit; but the *rhenoster* bushes tripped them up (people drive regardless of roads), and they shook their heads and trotted along quite subdued, without a blow or a word, for the drivers never speak to the horses, only to the oxen. Colts here get no other breaking, and therefore have no paces or action to the eye, but their speed and endurance are wonderful. There is no such thing as a cock-tail in the country, and the waggon teams of wiry little thoroughbreds, half Arab, look very strange to our eyes, going full tilt. There is a terrible murrain, called the lung-sickness, among horses and oxen here, every four or five years, but it never touches those that are stabled, however exposed to wet or wind on the roads.

I must describe the house I inhabit, as all are much alike.

It is whitewashed, with a door in the middle and two windows on each side; those on the left are Mrs. D——'s bed and sitting rooms. On the right is a large room, which is mine; in the middle of the house is a spacious hall, with doors into other rooms on each side, and into the kitchen, &c. There is a yard behind, and a staircase up to the *zolder* or loft, under the thatch, with partitions, where the servants and children, and sometimes guests, sleep. There are no ceilings; the floor of the *zolder* is made of yellow wood, and, resting on beams, forms the ceiling of my room, and the thatch alone covers that. No moss ever grows on the thatch, which is brown, with white ridges. In front is a stoep, with "blue gums" (Australian gum-trees) in front of it, where I sit till twelve, when the sun comes on it. These trees prevail here greatly, as they want neither water nor anything else, and grow with incredible rapidity.

We have got a new "boy" (all coloured servants are "boys,"—a remnant of slavery), and he is the type of the nigger slave. A thief, a liar, a glutton, a drunkard—but you can't resent it; he has a *naïf*, half-foolish, half-knavish buffoonery, a total want of self-respect, which disarms you. I sent him to the post to inquire for letters, and the postmaster had been tipsy over-night and was not awake. Jack came back spluttering threats against "dat domned Dutchman. Me no *want* (like) him; me go and kick up dom'd row. What for he no give Missis letter?" &c. I begged him to be patient; on which he bonneted himself in a violent way, and started off at a pantomime walk. Jack is the product of slavery: he pretends to be a simpleton in order to do less work and eat and drink and sleep more than a reasonable being, and he knows his buffoonery will get him out of scrapes. Withal, thoroughly good-natured and obliging, and perfectly honest, except where food and drink are concerned, which he pilfers like a monkey. He worships S——, and won't allow her to carry anything, or to dirty her hands, if he is in the way to do it. Some one suggested to him to kiss her, but he declined with terror, and said he should be hanged

by my orders if he did. He is a hideous little negro, with a monstrous-shaped head, every colour of the rainbow on his clothes, and a power of making faces which would enchant a schoolboy. The height of his ambition would be to go to England with me.

An old "bastaard" woman, married to the Malay tailor here, explained to me my popularity with the coloured people, as set forth by "dat Malay boy," my driver. He told them he was sure I was a "very great Missis," because of my "plenty good behaviour;" that I spoke to him just as to a white gentleman, and did not "laugh and talk nonsense talk." "Never say 'Here, you black fellow,' dat Missis." The English, when they mean to be good-natured, are generally offensively familiar, and "talk nonsense talk," *i. e.* imitate the Dutch English of the Malays and blacks; the latter feel it the greatest compliment to be treated *au sérieux*, and spoken to in good English. Choslullah's theory was that I must be related to the Queen, in consequence of my not "knowing bad behaviour." The Malays, who are intelligent and proud, of course feel the annoyance of vulgar familiarity more than the blacks, who are rather awe-struck by civility, though they like and admire it.

Mrs. D—— tells me that the coloured servant-girls, with all their faults, are immaculately honest in these parts; and, indeed, as every door and window is always left open, even when every soul is out, and nothing locked up, there must be no thieves. Captain D—— told me he had been in remote Dutch farmhouses, where rouleaux of gold were ranged under the thatch on the top of the low wall, the doors being always left open; and everywhere the Dutch boers keep their money by them, in coin.

Jan. 3d.—We have had tremendous festivities here—a ball on New Year's-eve, and another on the 1st of January—and the shooting for Prince Alfred's rifle yesterday. The difficulty of music for the ball was solved by the arrival of two Malay bricklayers to build the new parsonage, and I heard with my own ears the proof of what I had been told as to their

extraordinary musical gifts. When I went into the hall, a Dutchman was *screeching* a concertina hideously. Presently in walked a yellow Malay, with a blue cotton handkerchief on his head, and a half-bred of negro blood (very dark brown), with a red handkerchief, and holding a rough tambourine. The handsome yellow man took the concertina which seemed so discordant, and the touch of his dainty fingers transformed it to harmony. He played dances with a precision and feeling quite unequalled, except by Strauss's band, and a variety which seemed endless. I asked him if he could read music, at which he laughed heartily, and said, music came into the ears, not the eyes. He had picked it all up from the bands in Capetown, or elsewhere.

It was a strange sight,—the picturesque group, and the contrast between the quiet manners of the true Malay and the grotesque fun of the half-negro. The latter made his tambourine do duty as a drum, rattled the bits of brass so as to produce an indescribable effect, nodded and grinned in wild excitement, and drank beer while his comrade took water. The dancing was uninteresting enough. The Dutchmen danced badly, and said not a word, but plodded on so as to get all the dancing they could for their money. I went to bed at half-past eleven, but the ball went on till four.

Next night there was genteeler company, and I did not go in, but lay in bed listening to the Malay's playing. He had quite a fresh set of tunes, of which several were from the "Traviata!"

Yesterday was a real African summer's day. The D——s had a tent and an awning, one for food and the other for drink, on the ground where the shooting took place. At twelve o'clock Mrs. D—— went down to sell cold chickens, &c., and I went with her, and sat under a tree in the bed of the little stream, now nearly dry. The sun was such as in any other climate would strike you down, but here *coup de soleil* is unknown. It broils you till your shoulders ache and your lips crack, but it does not make you feel the least languid, and you perspire very little; nor does it tan the

skin as you would expect. The light of the sun is by no means "golden"—it is pure white—and the slightest shade of a tree or bush affords a delicious temperature, so light and fresh is the air. They said the thermometer was at about 130° where I was walking yesterday, but (barring the scorch) I could not have believed it.

It was a very amusing day. The great tall Dutchmen came in to shoot, and did but moderately, I thought. The longest range was five hundred yards, and at that they shot well; at shorter ranges, poorly enough. The best man made ten points. But oh! what figures were there of negroes and coloured people! I longed for a photographer. Some coloured lads were exquisitely graceful, and composed beautiful *tableaux vivants*, after Murillo's beggar-boys.

A poor little, very old Bosjesman crept up, and was jeered and bullied. I scolded the lad who abused him for being rude to an old man, whereupon the poor little old creature squatted on the ground close by (for which he would have been kicked but for me), took off his ragged hat, and sat staring and nodding his small grey woolly head at me, and jabbering some little soliloquy very *sotto voce*. There was something shocking in the timidity with which he took the plate of food I gave him, and in the way in which he ate it, with the *wrong* side of his little yellow hand, like a monkey. A black, who had helped to fetch the hamper, suggested to me to give him wine instead of meat and bread, and make him drunk *for fun* (the blacks and Hottentots copy the white man's manners *to them*, when they get hold of a Bosjesman to practise upon); but upon this a handsome West Indian black, who had been cooking pies, fired up, and told him he was a "nasty black rascal, and a Dutchman to boot," to insult a lady and an old man at once. If you could see the difference between one negro and another, you would be quite convinced that education (*i. e.* circumstances) makes the race. It was hardly conceivable that the hideous, dirty, bandy-legged, ragged creature, who looked down on the Bosjesman, and the well-made, smart fellow,

with his fine eyes, jaunty red cap, and snow-white shirt and trousers, alert as the best German Kellner, were of the same blood ; nothing but the colour was alike.

Then came a Dutchman, and asked for six penn'orth of "brood en kaas," and haggled for beer ; and Englishmen, who bought chickens and champagne without asking the price. One rich old boer got three lunches, and then "trekked" (made off) without paying at all. Then came a Hottentot, stupidly drunk, with a fiddle, and was beaten by a little red-haired Scotchman, and his fiddle smashed. The Hottentot hit at his aggressor, who then declared he *had been* a policeman, and insisted on taking him into custody and to the "Tronk" (prison) on his own authority, but was in turn sent flying by a gigantic Irishman, who "wouldn't see the poor baste abused." The Irishman was a farmer ; I never saw such a Hercules—and beaming with fun and good nature. He was very civil, and answered my questions, and talked like an intelligent man ; but when Captain D—— asked him with an air of some anxiety, if he was coming to the hotel, he replied, "No, sir, no ; I wouldn't be guilty of such a misdemeanour. I am aware that I was a disgrace and opprobrium to your house, sir, last time I was there, sir. No, sir, I shall sleep in my cart, and not come into the presence of ladies." Hereupon he departed, and I was informed that he had been drunk for seventeen days, *sans désemparer*, on his last visit to Caledon. However, he kept quite sober on this occasion, and amused himself by making the little blackies scramble for halfpence in the pools left in the bed of the river. Among our customers was a very handsome black man, with high straight nose, deep-set eyes, and a small mouth, smartly dressed in a white felt hat, paletot, and trousers. He is the shoemaker, and is making a pair of "Veldschoen" for you, which you will delight in. They are what the rough boers and Hottentots wear, buff-hide barbarously tanned and shaped, and as soft as woollen socks. The Othello-looking shoemaker's name is Moor, and his father told him he came of a "good breed ;" that was all he knew.

A very pleasing English farmer, who had been educated in Belgium, came and ordered a bottle of champagne, and shyly begged me to drink a glass, whereupon we talked of crops and the like ; and an excellent specimen of a colonist he appeared : very gentle and unaffected, with homely good sense, and real good breeding—such a contrast to the pert airs and vulgarity of Capetown and of the people in (colonial) high places. Finding we had no carriage, he posted off and borrowed a cart of one man and harness of another, and put his and his son's riding horses to it, to take Mrs. D—— and me home. As it was still early, he took us a "little drive ;" and oh, ye gods ! what a terrific and dislocating pleasure was that ! At a hard gallop, Mr. M—— (with the mildest and steadiest air and with perfect safety) took us right across country. It is true there were no fences ; but over bushes, ditches, lumps of rock, watercourses, we jumped, flew, and bounded, and up every hill we went racing pace. I arrived at home much bewildered, and feeling more like Bürger's Lenore than anything else, till I saw Mr. M——'s steady, pleasant face quite undisturbed, and was informed that such was the way of driving of Cape farmers.

We found the luckless Jack in such a state of furious drunkenness that he had to be dismissed on the spot, not without threats of the "Tronk," and once more Kleenboy fills the office of boots. He returned in a ludicrous state of penitence and emaciation, frankly admitting that it was better to work hard and get "plenty grub," than to work less and get none;—still, however, protesting against work at all.

January 7th.—For the last four days it has again been blowing a wintry hurricane. Every one says that the continuance of these winds so late into the summer (this answers to July) is unheard of, and *must* cease soon. In Table Bay, I hear a good deal of mischief has been done to the shipping.

I hope my long yarns won't bore you. I put down what seems new and amusing to me at the moment, but by the time

it reaches you, it will seem very dull and commonplace. I hear that the Scotchman who attacked poor Aria, the crazy Hottentot, is a "revival lecturer," and was "simply exhorting him to break his fiddle and come to Christ" (the phrase is a clergyman's, I beg to observe); and the saints are indignant that, after executing the pious purpose as far as the fiddle went, he was prevented by the chief constable from dragging him to the Tronk. The "revival" mania has broken out rather violently in some places; the infection was brought from St. Helena, I am told. At Capetown, old Abdool Jemaalee told me that English Christians were getting more like Malays, and had begun to hold "Kalifals" at Simon's Bay. These are festivals in which Mussulman fanatics run knives into their flesh, go into convulsions, &c. to the sound of music, like the Arab described by Houdin. Of course the poor blacks go quite demented.

I intend to stay here another two or three weeks, and then to go to Worcester—stay a bit; Paarl, ditto; Stellenbosch, ditto—and go to Capetown early in March, and in April to embark for home.

January 15th.—No mail in yet. We have had beautiful weather the last three days. Captain D—— has been in Capetown, and bought a horse, which he rode home seventy-five miles in a day and a half,—the beast none the worse nor tired. I am to ride him, and so shall see the country if the vile cold winds keep off.

This morning I walked on the Veld, and met a young black shepherd leading his sheep and goats, and playing on a guitar composed of an old tin mug covered with a bit of sheepskin and a handle of rough wood, with pegs, and three strings of sheepgut. I asked him to sing, and he flung himself at my feet in an attitude that would make Watts crazy with delight, and *crooned* queer little mournful ditties. I gave him sixpence, and told him not to get drunk. He said, "Oh no; I will buy bread enough to make my belly stiff—I almost never had my belly stiff." He likewise informed me he had just

been in the Tronk (prison), and on my asking why, replied : "Oh, for fighting, and telling lies;" Die liebe Unschuld! (Dear innocence!)

Hottentot figs are rather nice—a green fig-shaped thing, containing about a spoonful of *salt-sweet* insipid glue, which you suck out. This does not sound nice, but it is. The plant has a thick, succulent, triangular leaf, creeping on the ground, and growing anywhere, without earth or water. Figs proper are common here, but tasteless; and the people pick all their fruit green, and eat it so too. The children are all crunching hard peaches and plums just now, particularly some little half-breeds near here, who are frightfully ugly. Fancy the children of a black woman and a red-haired man; the little monsters are as black as the mother, and have *red* wool—you never saw so diabolical an appearance. Some of the coloured people are very pretty; for example, a coal-black girl of seventeen, and my washerwoman, who is brown. They are wonderfully slender and agile, and quite old hard-working women have waists you could span. They never grow thick and square, like Europeans.

I could write a volume on Cape horses. Such valiant little beasts, and so composed in temper, I never saw. They are nearly all bays—a few very dark grey, which are esteemed; *very* few white or light grey. I have seen no black, and only one dark chestnut. They are not cobs, and look "very little of them," and have no beauty; but one of these little brutes, ungroomed, half-fed, seldom stabled, will carry a six-and-a-half-foot Dutchman sixty miles a day, day after day, at a shuffling easy canter, six miles an hour. You "off saddle" every three hours, and let him roll; you also let him drink all he can get; his coat shines and his eye is bright, and unsoundness is very rare. They are never properly broke, and the soft-mouthed colts are sometimes made vicious by the cruel bits and heavy hands; but by nature their temper is perfect.

Every morning all the horses in the village are turned loose, and a general gallop takes place to the water tank,

where they drink and lounge a little ; and the young ones are fetched home by their niggers, while the old stagers know they will be wanted, and saunter off by themselves. I often attend the Houhynymn *conversazione* at the tank, at about seven o'clock, and am amused by their behaviour ; and I continually wish I could see Ned's face on witnessing many equine proceedings here. To see a farmer outspan and turn the team of active little beasts loose on the boundless veld to amuse themselves for an hour or two, sure that they will all be there, would astonish him a little ; and then to offer a horse nothing but a roll in the dust to refresh himself withal !

One unpleasant sight here is the skeletons of horses and oxen along the roadside ; or at times a fresh carcase surrounded by a convocation of huge serious-looking carrion crows, with neat white neck-cloths. The skeletons look like wrecks, and make you feel very lonely on the wide veld. In this district, and in most, I believe, the roads are mere tracks over the hard, level earth, and very good they are. When one gets rutty, you drive parallel to it, till the bush is worn out and a new track is formed.

January 17th.—Lovely weather all the week. Summer well set in.

LETTER VI.

CALEDON.

Caledon, January 19th.

DEAREST MOTHER,

Till this last week, the weather was pertinaciously cold and windy ; and I had resolved to go to Worcester, which lies in a "Kessel," and is really hot. But now the glorious African summer is come, and I believe this is the weather of Paradise. I got up at four this morning, when the Dutchmen who had slept here were starting in their carts and waggons. It was quite light ; but the moon shone brilliantly still, and had put on a bright rose-coloured veil, borrowed from the rising sun on the opposite horizon. The freshness (without a shadow of cold or damp) of the air was indescribable—no dew was on the ground. I went up the hill-side, along the "Sloot" (channel, which supplies all our water), into the "Kloof" between the mountains, and clambered up to the "Venster Klip," from which natural window the view is very fine. The flowers are all gone and the grass all dead. Rhenoster boschjes and Hottentot fig are green everywhere, and among the rocks all manner of shrubs, and far too much "Wacht een beetje" (*Wait a bit*), a sort of series of natural fishhooks, which try the robustest patience. Between seven and eight, the sun gets rather hot, and I came in and *tubbed*, and sat on the stoep (a sort of terrace, in front of every house in South Africa). I breakfast at nine, sit on the stoep again till the sun comes round, and then retreat behind closed shutters from the stinging sun. The *air* is fresh and light all day, though the sun is tremendous ; but one has no languid feeling or desire to lie about, unless one is sleepy. We dine at two or half-past, and at four or five the heat is over, and one puts on a shawl to go out in the afternoon breeze. The nights are cool, so as always to want one blanket. I still have a cough ; but it is getting better, so that I

can always eat and walk. Mine host has just bought a horse, which he is going to try with a petticoat to-day, and if he goes well I shall ride.

I like this inn-life, because I see all the "neighbourhood"—farmers and traders—whom I like far better than the *gentility* of Capetown. I have given letters to England to a "boer," who is "going home," *i.e.* to Europe, the *first of his race since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes*, when some poor refugees were inveigled hither by the Dutch Governor, and oppressed worse than the Hottentots. M. de Villiers has had no education *at all*, and has worked, and traded, and farmed,—but the breed tells; he is a pure and thorough Frenchman, unable to speak a word of French. When I went in to dinner, he rose and gave me a chair with a bow which, with his appearance, made me ask, "*Monsieur, vient d'arriver?*" This at once put him out and pleased him. He is very unlike a Dutchman. If you think that any of the French will feel as I felt to this far-distant brother of theirs, pray give him a few letters; but remember that he can speak only English and Dutch, and a little German. Here his name is called "Filljee," but I told him to drop that barbarism in Europe; De Villiers ought to speak for itself. He says they came from the neighbourhood of Bordeaux.

The postmaster, Heer Klein, and his old Pylades, Heer Ley, are great cronies of mine—stout old greybeards, toddling down the hill together. I sometimes go and sit on the stoep with the two old bachelors, and they take it as a great compliment; and Heer Klein gave me my letters all decked with flowers, and wished "Vrolyke tydings, Mevrouw," most heartily. He has also made his tributary mail-cart Hottentots bring from various higher mountain ranges the beautiful everlasting flowers, which will make pretty wreaths for J——. When I went to his house to thank him, I found a handsome Malay, with a basket of "Klipkaus," a shell-fish much esteemed here. Old Kleen told me they were sent him by a Malay who was born in his father's house, a slave, and had been *his* "boy" and playfellow. Now, the slave is far richer than the old

young master, and no waggon comes without a little gift— oranges, fish, &c.—for “Wilhem.” When Klein goes to Cape-town, the old Malay seats him in a grand chair and sits on a little wooden stool at his feet ; Klein begs him, as “Huisheer,” to sit properly ; but, “Neen Wilhem, Ik zal niet ; ik kan niet vergeten.” “Good boy !” said old Klein ; “good people the Malays.” It is a relief, after the horrors one has heard of Dutch cruelty, to see such an “idyllisches Verhältniss.” I have heard other instances of the same fidelity from Malays, but they were utterly unappreciated, and only told to prove the excellence of slavery, and “how well the rascals must have been off.”

I have fallen in love with a Hottentot baby here. Her mother is all black, with a broad face and soft spaniel eyes, and the father is Bastaard ; but the baby (a girl, nine months old), has walked out of one of Leonardo da Vinci's pictures. I never saw so beautiful a child. She has huge eyes with the spiritual look he gives to them, and is exquisite in every way. When the Hottentot blood *is* handsome, it is beautiful ; there is a delicacy and softness about some of the women which is very pretty, and the eyes are those of a *good* dog. Most of them are hideous, and nearly all drink ; but they are very clean and honest. Their cottages are far superior in cleanliness to anything out of England, except in picked places, like some parts of Belgium ; and they wash as much as they can, with the bad water-supply, and the English outcry if they strip out of doors to bathe. Compared to French peasants, they are very clean indeed, and even the children are far more decent and cleanly in their habits than those of France. The woman who comes here to clean and scour is a model of neatness in her work and her person (quite black), but she gets helplessly drunk as soon as she has a penny to buy a glass of wine ; for a penny, a half-pint tumbler of very strong and remarkably nasty wine is sold at the canteens.

I have many more “humours” to tell, but A—— can show you all the long story I have written. I hope it does not seem very stale and *decies repetita*. All being new and

curious to the eye here, one becomes long-winded about mere trifles.

One small thing more. The first few shillings that a coloured woman has to spend on her cottage go in—what do you think?—A grand toilet table of worked muslin over pink, all set out with little “*objets*”—such as they are: if there is nothing else, there is that here, as at Capetown, and all along to Simon’s Bay. Now, what is the use or comfort of a *duchesse* to a Hottentot family? I shall never see those toilets again without thinking of Hottentots—what a *baroque* association of ideas! I intend, in a day or two, to go over to “Gnadenthal,” the Moravian missionary station, founded in 1736—the “blühende Gemeinde von Hottentoten.” How little did I think to see it, when we smiled at the phrase in old Mr. Steinkopf’s sermon years ago in London! The *missionarized* Hottentots are not, as it is said, thought well of—being even tipsier than the rest; but I *may* see a full-blood one, and even a true Bosjesman, which is worth a couple of hours’ drive; and the place is said to be beautiful.

This climate is evidently a styptic of great power. I shall write a few lines to the *Lancet* about Caledon and its hot baths—“Bad Caledon,” as the Germans at Houwd Hoek call it. The baths do not concern me, as they are chalybeate; but they seem very effectual in many cases. Yet English people never come here; they stay at Capetown, which must be a furnace now, or at Wynberg, which is damp and chill (comparatively): at most, they get to Stellenbosch. I mean visitors, not settlers; *they* are everywhere. I look the colour of a Hottentot. Now I *must* leave off.

Your most affectionate

L. D. G.

LETTER VII.

GNADENTHAL.

Caledon, Jan. 28th.

Well, I have been to Gnadenthal, and seen the "blooming parish," and a lovely spot it is. A large village nestled in a deep valley, surrounded by high mountains on three sides, and a lower range in front. We started early on Saturday, and drove over a mighty queer road, and through a river. Oh, ye gods! what a shaking and pounding! We were rattled up like dice in a box. Nothing but a Cape cart, Cape horses, and a Hottentot driver, above all, could have accomplished it. Captain D—— rode, and had the best of it. On the road we passed three or four farms, at all which horses were *galloping out* the grain, or men were winnowing it by tossing it up with wooden shovels to let the wind blow away the chaff. We did the twenty-four miles up and down the mountain roads in two hours and a half, with our valiant little pair of horses; it is incredible how they go. We stopped at a nice cottage on the hillside belonging to a *ci-devant* slave, one Christian Rietz, a *white* man, with brown woolly hair, sharp features, grey eyes, and *not* woolly moustaches. He said he was a "Scotch bastaard," and "le bon sang parlait—très-haut même," for a more thriving, shrewd, sensible fellow I never saw. His *father* and master had had to let him go when all slaves were emancipated, and he had come to Gnadenthal. He keeps a little inn in the village, and a shop and a fine garden. The cottage we lodged in was on the mountain side, and had been built for his son, who was dead; and his adopted daughter, a pretty coloured girl, exactly like a southern Frenchwoman, waited on us, assisted by about six or seven other women, who came chiefly to stare. Vrouw Rietz was as black as a coal, but so pretty!—a dear, soft, sleek, old lady, with beautiful eyes, and the kind pleasant ways which belong to nice blacks; and,

though old and fat, still graceful and lovely in face, hands, and arms. The cottage was thus:—One large hall; my bedroom on the right, S——’s on the left; the kitchen behind me; Miss Rietz behind S——; mud floors daintily washed over with fresh cow-dung; ceiling of big rafters, just as they had grown, on which rested bamboo canes close together *across* the rafters, and bound together between each, with transverse bamboo—a pretty *beehivey* effect; at top, mud again, and then a high thatched roof and a loft or zolder for forage, &c.; the walls of course mud, very thick and whitewashed. The bedrooms tiny; beds, clean sweet melies (maize) straw, with clean sheets, and eight good pillows on each; glass windows (a great distinction), exquisite cleanliness, and hearty civility; good food, well cooked; horrid tea and coffee, and hardly any milk; no end of fruit. In all the gardens it hung on the trees thicker than the leaves. Never did I behold such a profusion of fruit and vegetables.

But first I must tell what struck me most. I asked one of the Herrenhut brethren whether there were any *real* Hottentots, and he said, “Yes, one;” and next morning, as I sat waiting for early prayers under the big oak-trees in the Plaats (square), he came up, followed by a tiny old man hobbling along with a long stick to support him. “Here,” said he, “is the *last* Hottentot; he is a hundred and seven years old, and lives all alone.” I looked on the little, wizened, yellow face, and was shocked that he should be dragged up like a wild beast to be stared at. A feeling of pity which felt like remorse fell upon me, and my eyes filled as I rose and stood before him, so tall and like a tyrant and oppressor, while he uncovered his poor little old snow-white head, and peered up in my face. I led him to the seat, and helped him to sit down, and said in Dutch, “Father, I hope you are not tired; you are old.” He saw and heard as well as ever, and spoke *good* Dutch in a firm voice. “Yes, I am above a hundred years old, and alone—quite alone.” I sat beside him, and he put his head on one side, and looked curiously up at me with his faded, but still piercing little wild eyes.

Perhaps he had a perception of what I felt—yet I hardly think so; perhaps he thought I was in trouble, for he crept close up to me, and put one tiny brown paw into my hand, which he stroked with the other, and asked (like most coloured people) if I had children. I said, “Yes, at home in England;” and he patted my hand again, and said, “God bless them!” It was a relief to feel that he was pleased, for I should have felt like a murderer if my curiosity had added a moment’s pain to so tragic a fate.

This may sound like sentimentalism; but you cannot conceive the effect of looking on the last of a race once the owners of all this land, and now utterly gone. His look was not quite human, physically speaking;—a good head, small wild-beast eyes, piercing and restless; cheek-bones strangely high and prominent, nose *quite* flat, mouth rather wide; thin shapeless lips, and an indescribably small, long, pointed chin, with just a very little soft white woolly beard; his head covered with extremely short close white wool, which ended round the poll in little ringlets. Hands and feet like an English child of seven or eight, and person about the size of a child of eleven. He had all his teeth, and though shrunk to nothing, was very little wrinkled in the face, and not at all in the hands, which were dark brown, while his face was yellow. His manner, and way of speaking were like those of an old peasant in England, only his voice was clearer and stronger, and his perceptions not blunted by age. He had travelled with one of the missionaries in the year 1790, or thereabouts, and remained with them ever since.

I went into the church—a large, clean, rather handsome building, consecrated in 1800—and heard a very good sort of Litany, mixed with such singing as only black voices can produce. The organ was beautifully played by a Bastard lad. The Herrenhutens use very fine chants, and the perfect ear and heavenly voices of a large congregation, about six hundred, all coloured people, made music more beautiful than any chorus-singing I ever heard.

Prayers lasted half an hour ; then the congregation turned out of doors, and the windows were opened. Some of the people went away, and others waited for the "allgemeine Predigt." In a quarter of an hour a much larger congregation than the first assembled, the girls all with net-handkerchiefs tied round their heads so as to look exactly like the ancient Greek head-dress with a double fillet—the very prettiest and neatest coiffure I ever saw. The gowns were made like those of English girls of the same class, but far smarter, cleaner, and gayer in colour—pink, and green, and yellow, and bright blue ; several were all in white, with white gloves. The men and women sit separate, and the women's side was a bed of tulips. The young fellows were very smart indeed, with muslin or gauze, either white, pink, or blue, rolled round their hats (that is universal here, on account of the sun). The Hottentots, as they are called—that is, those of mixed Dutch and Hottentot origin (correctly, "bastaards")—have a sort of blackguard elegance in their gait and figure which is peculiar to them ; a mixture of negro or Mozambique blood alters it altogether. The girls have the elegance without the blackguard look ; *all* are slender, most are tall ; all graceful, all have good hands and feet ; some few are handsome in the face and many very interesting-looking. The complexion is a pale olive-yellow, and the hair more or less woolly, face flat, and cheekbones high, eyes small and bright. These are by far the most intelligent—equal, indeed, to whites. A mixture of black blood often gives real beauty, but takes off from the "air," and generally from the talent ; but then the blacks are so pleasant, and the Hottentots are taciturn and reserved. The old women of this breed are the grandest hags I ever saw ; they are clean and well dressed, and tie up their old faces in white handkerchiefs like corpses,—faces like those of Andrea del Sarto's old women ; they are splendid. Also, they are very clean people, addicted to tubbing more than any others. The maid-of-all-work, who lounges about your breakfast table in rags and dishevelled hair, has been in the river before you were awake, or, if that was too far off, in a tub.

They are also far cleaner in their huts than any but the *very best* English poor.

The "Predigt" was delivered, after more singing, by a missionary cabinet-maker, in Dutch, very ranting, and not very wise; the congregation was singularly decorous and attentive, but did not seem at all excited or impressed—just like a well-bred West-end audience, only rather more attentive. The service lasted three-quarters of an hour, including a short prayer and two hymns. The people came out and filed off in total silence, and very quickly, the tall graceful girls draping their gay silk shawls beautifully. There are seven missionaries, all in orders but one, the blacksmith, and all married, except the resident director of the boys' boarding-school; there is a doctor, a carpenter, a cabinet-maker, a shoemaker, and a storekeeper,—a very agreeable man, who had been missionary in Greenland and Labrador, and interpreter to MacClure. There is one "Studirter Theolog." All are Germans, and so are their wives. My friend the storekeeper married without having ever beheld his wife before they met at the altar, and came on board ship at once with her. He said it was as good a way of marrying as any other, and that they were happy together. She was lying in, so I did not see her. At eight years old their children are all sent home to Germany to be educated, and they seldom see them again. On each side of the church are schools, and next to them the missionaries' houses on one side of the square, and on the other a row of workshops, where the Hottentots are taught all manner of trades. I have got a couple of knives, made at Gnadenthal, for the children. The girls occupy the school in the morning, and the boys in the afternoon; half a day is found quite enough of lessons in this climate. The infant school was of both sexes, but a different set morning and afternoon. The missionaries' children were in the infant school; and behind the little blonde German "Mädels" three jet black niggerlings rolled over each other like pointer-pups, and grinned, and didn't care a straw for the spelling; while the dingy yellow little bastards were straining their

black eyes out, with eagerness to answer the master's questions. He and the mistress were both Bastards, and he seemed an excellent teacher. The girls were learning writing from a master, and Bible history from a mistress, also people of colour; and the stupid set (mostly black) were having spelling hammered into their thick skulls by another yellow mistress, in another room. At the boarding school were twenty lads, from thirteen up to twenty, in training for school-teachers at different stations. Gnadenthal supplies the Church of England with them, as well as their own stations. There were Caffres, Fingoes, a Mantatee, one boy evidently of some Oriental blood, with glossy, smooth hair and a copper skin—and the rest Bastards of various hues, some mixed with black, probably Mozambique. The Caffre lads were splendid young Hercules'. They had just printed the first book in the Caffre language (I've got it for Dr. Hawtrey),—extracts from the New Testament,—and I made them read the sheets they were going to bind; it is a beautiful language, like Spanish in tone, only with a queer "click" in it. The boys drew, like Chinese, from "copies," and wrote like copper-plate; they sang some of Mendelssohn's choruses from "St. Paul" splendidly, the Caffres rolling out soft rich bass voices, like melodious thunder. They are clever at handicrafts, and fond of geography and natural history, incapable of mathematics, quick at languages, utterly incurious about other nations, and would all rather work in the fields than learn anything but music; good boys, honest, but "*trotzig*." So much for Caffres, Fingoes, &c. The Bastards are as clever as whites, and more docile—so the "rector" told me. The boy who played the organ sang the "Lorelei" like an angel, and played us a number of waltzes and other things on the piano, but he was too shy to talk; while the Caffres crowded round me, and chattered away merrily. The Mantatees, whom I cannot distinguish from Caffres, are scattered all over the colony, and rival the English as workmen and labourers—fine stalwart, industrious fellows. Our little "boy" Kleenboy hires a room for fifteen shillings a month, and takes in his compatriots as

lodgers at half a crown a week—the usurious little rogue ! His chief, one James, is a bricklayer here, and looks and behaves like a prince. It is fine to see his black arms, ornamented with silver bracelets; hurling huge stones about.

All Gnadenthal is wonderfully fruitful, being well watered, but it is not healthy for whites ; I imagine, too hot and damp. There are three or four thousand coloured people there, under the control of the missionaries, who allow no canteens at all. The people may have what they please at home, but no public drinking-place is allowed, and we had to take our own beer and wine for the three days. The gardens and burial-ground are beautiful, and the square is entirely shaded by about ten or twelve superb oaks ; nothing prettier can be conceived. It is not popular in the neighbourhood. “ You see it makes the d—d niggers cheeky ” to have homes of their own—and the girls are said to be immoral. As to that, there are no so-called “ morals ” among the coloured people, and how or why should there ? It is an honour to one of these girls to have a child by a white man, and it is a degradation to him to marry a dark girl. A pious stiff old Dutchwoman who came here the other day for the Sacrament (which takes place twice a year), had one girl with her, big with child by her son, who also came for the Sacrament, and two in the straw at home by the other son ; this caused her exactly as much emotion as I feel when my cat kittens. No one takes any notice, either to blame or to nurse the poor things—they scramble through it as pussy does. The English are almost equally contemptuous ; but there is one great difference. My host, for instance, always calls a black, “ a d—d nigger ; ” but if that nigger is wronged or oppressed he fights for him, or bails him out of the Tronk, and an English jury gives a just verdict ; while a Dutch one simply finds for a Dutchman, against any one else, and *always* against a dark man. I believe this to be true, from what I have seen and heard ; and certainly the coloured people have a great preference for the English.

I am persecuted by the ugliest and blackest Mozambiquer I have yet seen, a bricklayer's labourer, who can speak English, and says he was servant to an English captain—"Oh, a good fellow he was, only he's dead!" He now insists on my taking him as a servant. "I dessay your man at home is a good chap, and I'll be a good boy, and cook very nice." He is thick-set and short and strong. Nature has adorned him with a coek eye and a yard of mouth, and art, with a prodigiously tall white chimney-pot hat with the crown out, a cotton nightcap, and a wondrous congeries of rags. He professes to be cook, groom, and "walley," and is sure you would be pleased with his attentions.

Well, to go back to Gnadenthal. I wandered all over the village on Sunday afternoon, and peeped into the cottages. All were neat and clean, with good dressers of crockery, the *very* poorest, like the worst in Weybridge sandpits; but they had no glass windows, only a wooden shutter, and no doors; a calico curtain, or a sort of hurdle supplying its place. The people nodded and said "Good day!" but took no further notice of me, except the poor old Hottentot, who was seated on a doorstep. He rose and hobbled up to meet me and take my hand again. He seemed to enjoy being helped along and seated down carefully, and shook and patted my hand repeatedly when I took leave of him. At this the people stared a good deal, and one woman came to talk to me.

In the evening I sat on a bench in the square, and saw the people go in to "Abendsegen." The church was lighted, and as I sat there and heard the lovely singing, I thought it was impossible to conceive a more romantic scene. On Monday I saw all the schools, and then looked at the great strong Caffre lads playing in the square. One of them stood to be pelted by five or six others, and as the stones came, he twisted and turned and jumped, and was hardly ever hit, and when he was, he didn't care, though the others hurled like catapults. It was the most wonderful display of activity and grace, and quite incredible that such a huge fellow should be so quick and light. When I found how comfortable dear old Mrs.

Rietz made me, I was sorry I had hired the cart and kept it to take me home, for I would gladly have stayed longer, and the heat did me no harm; but I did not like to throw away a pound or two, and drove back that evening. Mrs. Rietz told me her mother was a Mozambiquer. "And your father?" said I. "Oh, I don't know. *My mother was only a slave.*" She, too, was a slave, but said she "never knew it," her "missus" was so good; a Dutch lady, at a farm I had passed, on the road, who had a hundred and fifty slaves. I liked my Hottentot hut amazingly, and the sweet brown bread, and the dinner cooked so cleanly on the bricks in the kitchen. The walls were whitewashed and adorned with wreaths of everlasting flowers and some quaint old prints from Louthenburg—pastoral subjects, not exactly edifying.

Well, I have prosed unconscionably, so adieu for the present.

February 3d.—Many happy returns of your birthday, dear —. I had a bottle of champagne to drink your health, and partly to swell the bill, which these good people make so moderate, that I am half ashamed. I get everything that Caledon can furnish for myself and S—— for 15*l.* a month.

On Saturday we got the sad news of Prince Albert's death, and it created real consternation here. What a thoroughly unexpected calamity! Every one is already dressed in deep mourning. It is more general than in a village of the same size at home—(how I have caught the colonial trick of always saying "home" for England! Dutchmen who can barely speak English, and never did or will see England, equally talk of "news from home.") It also seems, by the papers of the 24th of December, which came by a steamer the other day, that war is imminent. I shall have to wait for convoy, I suppose, as I object to walking the plank from a Yankee privateer. I shall wait here for the next mail, and then go back to Capetown, stopping by the way, so as to get there early in March, and arrange for my voyage. The weather had a relapse into cold, and an attempt at rain. Pity it failed, for the drought is dreadful this year, chiefly owing

to the unusual quantity of sharp drying winds—a most unlucky summer for the country and for me.

My old friend Klein, who told me several instances of the kindness and gratitude of former slaves, poured out to me the misery he had undergone from the “ingratitude” of a certain Rosina, a slave-girl of his. She was in her youth handsome, clever, the best horsebreaker, bullock-trainer and driver, and hardest worker in the district. She had two children by Klein, then a young fellow; six by another white man, and a few more by two husbands of her own race! But she was of a rebellious spirit, and took to drink. After the emancipation, she used to go in front of Klein’s windows and read the statute in a loud voice on every anniversary of the day; and as if that did not enrage him enough, she pertinaciously (whenever she was a little drunk) kissed him by main force every time she met him in the street, exclaiming, “Aha! when I young and pretty slave-girl you make kiss me then; now I ugly, drunk, dirty old devil and free woman, I kiss you!” Frightful retributive justice! I struggled hard to keep my countenance, but the fat old fellow’s good-humoured, rueful face was too much for me. His tormentor is dead, but he retains a painful impression of her “ingratitude.”

Our little Mantatee “Kleenboy” has again, like Jeshurun, “waxed fat and kicked,” as soon as he had eaten enough to be once more plump and shiny. After his hungry period, he took to squatting on the stoep, just in front of the hall-door, and altogether declining to do anything; so he is superseded by an equally ugly little red-headed Englishman. The Irish housemaid has married the German baker (a fine match for her!), and a dour little Scotch Presbyterian has come up from Capetown in her place. Such are the vicissitudes of colonial housekeeping! The only “permanency” is the old soldier of Captain D——’s regiment, who is barman in the canteen, and not likely to leave “his honour,” and the coloured girl, who improves on acquaintance. She wants to ingratiate herself with me, and

get taken to England. Her father is an Englishman, and of course the brown mother and her large family always live in the fear of his "going home" and ignoring their existence; a *marriage* with the mother of his children would be too much degradation for him to submit to. Few of the coloured people are ever married, but they don't separate oftener than *really* married folks. Bill, the handsome West Indian black, married my pretty washerwoman Rosalind, and was thought rather assuming because he was asked in church and lawfully married; and she wore a handsome lilac silk gown and a white wreath and veil, and very well she looked in them. She had a child of two years old, which did not at all disconcert Bill; but he continues to be dignified, and won't let her go and wash clothes in the river, because the hot sun makes her ill, and it is not fit work for women.

Sunday, 9th.—Last night a dance took place in a house next door to this, and a party of boers attempted to go in, but were repulsed by a sortie of the young men within. Some of the more peaceable boers came in here and wanted ale, which was refused, as they were already very *vinous*; so they imbibed ginger-beer, whereof one drank thirty-four bottles to his own share! Inspired by this drink, they began to quarrel, and were summarily turned out. They spent the whole night, till five this morning, scuffling and vociferating in the street. The constables discreetly stayed in bed, displaying the true Dogberry spirit, which leads them to take up Hottentots, drunk or sober, to show their zeal, but carefully to avoid meddling with stalwart boers, from six to six and a half feet high and strong in proportion. The jabbering of Dutch brings to mind Demosthenes trying to outroar a stormy sea with his mouth full of pebbles. The hardest blows are those given with the tongue, though much pulling of hair and scuffling takes place. "Verdomde Schmeerlap!"—"Donder and Bliksem! am I a verdomde Schmeerlap?"—"Ja, u is," &c. &c. I could not help laughing heartily as I lay in bed, at hearing the gambols of these Titan cubs; for this is a boer's notion of enjoying himself. This morning,

I hear, the street was strewn with the hair they had pulled out of each other's heads. All who come here make love to S——; not by describing their tender feelings, but by enumerating the oxen, sheep, horses, land, money, &c. of which they are possessed, and whereof, by the law of this colony, she would become half-owner on marriage. There is a fine handsome Van Steen, who is very persevering; but S—— does not seem to fancy becoming *Mevrouw* at all. The demand for English girls as wives is wonderful here. The nasty cross little ugly Scotch maid has had three offers already, in one fortnight!

February 18th.—I expect to receive the letters by the English mail to-morrow morning, and to go to Worcester on Thursday. On Saturday the young doctor—a good-humoured, jolly, big, young Dutchman—drove me, with his pretty little greys, over to two farms; at one I ate half a huge melon, and at the other, uncounted grapes. We poor Europeans don't know what fruit *can be*, I must admit. The melon was a foretaste of paradise, and the grapes made one's fingers as sticky as honey, and had a muscat fragrance quite inconceivable. They looked like amber eggs. The best of it is, too, that in this climate stomach-aches are not. We all eat grapes, peaches, and figs, all day long. Old Klein sends me, for my own daily consumption, about thirty peaches, three pounds of grapes, and apples, pears, and figs besides—"just a little taste of fruits;" only here they will pick it all unripe.

February 19th.—The post came in late last night, and old Klein kindly sent me my letters at near midnight. The post goes out this evening, and the hot wind is blowing, so I can only write to you, and a line to my mother. I feel really better now. I think the constant eating of grapes has done me much good.

The Dutch cart-owner was so extortionate, that I am going to wait a few days, and write to my dear Malay to come up and drive me back. It is better than having to fight the Dutch monopolist in every village, and getting drunken

drivers and bad carts after all. I shall go round all the same. The weather has been beautiful ; to-day there is a wind, which comes about two or three times in the year : it is not depressing, but hot, and a bore, because one must shut every window or be stifled with dust.

The people are burning the veld all about, and the lurid smoke by day and flaming hill-sides by night are very striking. The ashes of the Bosh serve as manure for the young grass, which will sprout in the autumn rains. Such nights ! Such a moon ! I walk out after dark when it is mild and clear, and can read any print by the moonlight, and see the distant landscape as well as by day.

Old Klein has just sent me a haunch of bok, and the skin and hoofs, which are pretty.

LETTER VIII.

Caledon, Sunday.

You must have fallen into second childhood to think of *printing* such rambling hasty scrawls as I write. I never could write a good letter ; and unless I gallop as hard as I can, and don't stop to think, I can say nothing ; so all is confused and unconnected : only I fancy *you* will be amused by some of my "impressions." I have written to my mother an accurate account of my health. I am dressed and out of doors never later than six, now the weather makes it possible. It is surprising how little sleep one wants. I go to bed at ten and often am up at four.

I made friends here the other day with a lively dried-up little old Irishman, who came out at seven years old a pauper-boy. He has made a fortune by "going on *Togt*" (*German, Tausch*), as thus ; he charts two waggons, twelve oxen each, and two Hottentots to each waggon, leader and driver. The waggons he fills with cotton, hardware, &c. &c.—an ambulatory village "shop,"—and goes about fifteen miles a day, on and on, into the far interior, swapping baftas (calico),

punjums (loose trowsers), and voerschitz (cotton gownpieces), pronounced "foossy," against oxen and sheep. When all is gone he swaps his waggons against more oxen and a horse, and he and his four "totties" drive home the spoil; and he has doubled or trebled his venture. *En route* home, each day they kill a sheep, and eat it *all*. "What!" says I; "the whole?" "Every bit. I always take one leg and the liver for myself, and the totties roast the rest, and melt all the fat and entrails down in an iron pot and eat it with a wooden spoon." *Je n'en revenais pas*. "What! the whole leg and liver at one meal?" "Every bit; ay, and you'd do the same, ma'am, if you were there." No bread, no salt, no nothing—mutton and water. The old fellow was quite poetic and heroic in describing the joys and perils of Togt. I said I should like to go too; and he bewailed having settled a year ago in a store at Swellendam, "else he'd ha' fitted up a waggon all nice and snug for me, and shown me what going on togt was like. Nothing like it for the health, ma'am; and beautiful shooting." My friend had 700*l.* in gold in a carpet bag, without a lock, lying about on the stoep. "All right; nobody steals money or such like here. I'm going to pay bills in Capetown."

Tell my mother that a man would get from 2*l.* to 4*l.* a month wages, with board, lodging, &c. all found, and his wife from 1*l.* 10*s.* to 2*l.* a month and everything found, according to abilities and testimonials. Wages are enormous, and servants at famine price; emigrant ships are *cleared off* in three days, and every ragged Irish girl in place somewhere. Four pounds a month, and food for self, husband, and children, is no uncommon pay for a good cook; and after all her cookery may be poor enough. My landlady at Capetown gave that. The housemaid had *only* 1*l.* 5*s.* a month, but told me herself she had taken 3*l.* in one week in "tips." She was an excellent servant. Up country here the wages are less, but the comfort greater, and the chances of "getting on" much increased. But I believe Algoa Bay or Grahamstown are by far the best fields for

new colonists, and (I am assured) the best climate for lung diseases. The wealthy English merchants of Port Elizabeth (Algoa Bay) pay best. It seems to me, as far as I can learn, that every really *working* man or woman can thrive here.

My German host at Houwd Hoek came out twenty-three years ago, he told me, without a "heller," and is now the owner of cattle and land and horses to a large amount. But then the Germans work, while the Dutch dawdle and the English drink. "New wine" is a penny a glass (half a pint), enough to blow your head off, and "Cape smoke" (brandy, like vitriol) ninepence a bottle—that is the real calamity. If the Cape had the grape disease as badly as Madeira, it would be the making of the colony.

I received a message from my Malay friends, Abdool Jemaalee and Betsy, anxious to know "if the Missis had good news of her children, for bad news would make her sick." Old Betsy and I used to prose about young Abdurachman and his studies at Mecca, and about my children with more real heartiness than you can fancy. We were not afraid of boring each other; and pious old Abdool sat and nodded and said, "May Allah protect them all!" as a refrain;—"Allah, il Allah!"

LETTER IX.

Caledon, Feb. 21st.

This morning's post brought your packet, and the announcement of an extra mail to-night; so I can send you a P.S. I hear that Capetown has been pestilential, and as hot as Calcutta. It is totally undrained, and the Mozambiquers are beginning to object to acting as scavengers to each separate house. The "*vidanges*" are more barbarous even than in Paris. Without the south-easter (or "Cape doctor") they must have fevers, &c.; and though too rough a practitioner for me, he benefits the general health. Next month the winds abate, but last week an omnibus was blown over on the Rondebosch road, which is the most sheltered spot, and inhabited by Capetown merchants. I have received all the *Saturday Reviews* quite safe, likewise the books, Mendelssohn's letters, and the novel. I have written for my dear Choslullah to fetch me. The Dutch farmers don't know how to charge enough; moreover, the Hottentot drivers get drunk, and for two lone women that is not the thing. I pay my gentle Malay thirty shillings a day, which, for a cart and four and such a jewel of a driver, is not outrageous; and I had better pay that for the few days I wait on the road, than risk bad carts, tipsy Hottentots, and extortionate boers.

This intermediate country between the "Central African wilderness" and Capetown has been little frequented. I went to the Church Mission School with the English clergyman yesterday. You know I don't believe in every kind of missionaries, but I do believe that, in these districts, kind, judicious English clergymen are of great value. The Dutch pastors still remember the distinction between "Christenmenschen" and "Hottentoten;" but the Church Mission Schools teach the Anglican Catechism to every child that will learn, and the congregation is as piebald as Harlequin's jacket. A pretty, coloured lad, about eleven years old,

answered my questions in geography with great quickness and some wit. I said, "Show me the country you belong to." He pointed to England, and when I laughed, to the Cape. "This is where we *are*, but that is the country I *belong to*." I asked him how we were governed, and he answered quite right. "How is the Cape governed?" "Oh, we have a Parliament too, and Mr. Silberbauer is the man *we* send." Boys and girls of all ages were mixed, but *no* blacks. I don't think they will learn, except on compulsion, as at Gnadenthal.

I regret to say that Bill's wife has broken his head with a bottle, at the end of the honeymoon. I fear the innovation of being *married at church* has not had a good effect, and that his neighbours may quote Mr. Peachum.

I was offered a young lion yesterday, but I hardly think it would be an agreeable addition to the household at Esher.

I hear that Worcester, Paarl, and Stellenbosch are beautiful, and the road very desolate and grand; one mountain pass takes six hours to cross. I should not return to Capetown so early, but poor Captain J—— has had his leg smashed and amputated, so I must look out for myself in the matter of ships. Whenever it is hot, I am well, for the heat here is so *light* and dry. The wind tries me, but we have little here compared to the coast. I hope that the voyage home will do me still more good; but I will not sail till April, so as to arrive in June. May, in the Channel, would not do.

How I wish I could send you the fruit now on my table—amber-coloured grapes, yellow waxen apples streaked with vermilion in fine little lines, huge peaches, and tiny green figs! I must send dear old Klein a little present from England, to show that I don't forget my Dutch adorer. I wish I could bring you the "Biltong" he sent me—beef or bok dried in the sun in strips, and slightly salted; you may carry enough in your pocket to live on for a fortnight, and it is very good as a little "relish." The partridges also have been welcome, and we shall eat the tiny haunch of bok to-day.

Mrs. D—— is gone to Capetown to get servants (the Scotch girl having carried on her amours too flagrantly), and will return in my cart. S—— is still keeping house meanwhile, much perturbed by the placid indolence of the brown girl. The stable-man cooks, and very well too. This is colonial life—a series of makeshifts and difficulties; but the climate is fine, people feel well and make money, and I think it is not an unhappy life. I have been most fortunate in my abode, and can say, without speaking cynically, that I have found “my warmest welcome at an inn.” Mine host is a rough soldier, but the very soul of good nature and good feeling; and his wife is a very nice person—so cheerful, clever, and kindhearted.

I should like to bring home the little Madagascar girl from Rathfelders, or a dear little mulatto who nurses a brown baby here, and is so clean and careful and “pretty behaved,”—but it would be a great risk. The brown babies are ravishing—so fat and jolly and funny.

One great charm of the people here is, that no one expects money or gifts, and that all civility is gratis. Many a time I finger small coin secretly in my pocket, and refrain from giving it, for fear of spoiling this innocence. I have not once seen a *look* implying “backsheesh,” and begging is unknown. But the people are reserved and silent, and have not the attractive manners of the darkies of Capetown and the neighbourhood.

LETTER X.

Caledon, Feb. 22d.

Yesterday Captain D—— gave me a very nice caross of blessbok skins, which he got from some travelling trader. The excellence of the Caffre skin-dressing and sewing is, I fancy, unequalled; the bok-skins are as soft as a kid glove, and have no smell at all.

In the afternoon the young doctor drove me, in his little gig-cart and pair (the lightest and swiftest of conveyances), to see a wine-farm. The people were not at work, but we saw the tubs and vats, and drank “most.” The grapes are simply trodden by a Hottentot, in a tub with a sort of strainer at the bottom, and then thrown—skins, stalks, and all—into vats, where the juice ferments for twice twenty-four hours; after which it is run into casks, which are left with the bung out for eight days; then the wine is drawn off into another cask, a little sulphur and brandy are added to it, and it is bunged down. Nothing can be conceived so barbarous. I have promised Mr. M—— to procure and send him an exact account of the process in Spain. It might be a real service to a most worthy and amiable man. Dr. M—— also would be glad of a copy. They literally know nothing about wine-making here, and with such matchless grapes I am sure it ought to be good. Altogether, “*der alte Schlendrian*” prevails at the Cape to an incredible degree.

If two “Heeren M——” call on you, please be civil to them. I don’t know them personally, but their brother is the doctor here, and the most good-natured young fellow I ever saw. If I were returning by Somerset instead of Worcester, I might put up at their parents’ house and be sure of a welcome; and I can tell you civility to strangers is by no means of course here. I don’t wonder at it; for the old Dutch families *are gentlefolks* of the good dull old school, and

the English colonists can scarcely suit them. In the few instances in which I have succeeded in *thawing* a Dutchman, I have found him wonderfully good-natured; and the different manner in which I was greeted when in company with the young doctor showed the feeling at once. The dirt of a Dutch house is not to be conceived. I have had sights in bedrooms in very respectable houses which I dare not describe. The coloured people are just as clean. The young doctor (who is much Anglicised) tells me that, in illness, he has to break the windows in the farmhouses—they are built not to open! The boers are below the English in manners and intelligence, and hate them for their “go-ahead” ways, though *they* seem slow enough to me. As to drink, I fancy it is six of one and half a dozen of the other; but the English are more given to eternal drams, and the Dutch to solemn drinking bouts. I can’t understand either, in this climate, which is so stimulating, that I more often drink ginger-beer or water than wine—a bottle of sherry lasted me a fortnight, though I was ordered to drink it; somehow, I had no mind to it.

27th.—The cart could not be got till the day before yesterday, and yesterday Mrs. D—— arrived in it with two new Irish maids; it saved her 3*l.*, and I must have paid equally. The horses were very tired, having been hard at work carrying Malays all the week to Constantia and back, on a pilgrimage to the tomb of a Mussulman saint; so to-day they rest, and to-morrow I go to Villiersdorp. Choslullah has been appointed driver of a post-cart; he tried hard to be allowed to pay a *remplaçant*, and to fetch “his missis,” but was refused leave; and so a smaller and blacker Malay has come, whom Choslullah threatened to curse heavily if he failed to take great care of “my missis” and be a “good boy.” Ramadan begins on Sunday, and my poor driver can’t even prepare for it by a good feast, as no fowls are to be had here just now, and he can’t eat profanely-killed meat. Some pious Christian has tried to burn a Mussulman martyr’s tomb at Eerste River, and there were fears the Malays might indulge

in a little revenge; but they keep quiet. I am to go with my driver to eat some of the feast (of Bairam, is it not?) at his priest's when Ramadan ends, if I am in Capetown, and also am asked to a wedding at a relation of Choslullah's. It was quite a pleasure to hear the kindly Mussulman talk, after these silent Hottentots. The Malays have such agreeable manners; so civil, without the least cringing or Indian obsequiousness. I daresay they can be very "insolent" on provocation; but I have always found among them manners like old-fashioned French ones, but quieter; and they have an affectionate way of saying "*my missis*" when they know one, which is very nice to hear. It is getting quite chilly here already; *cold* night and morning; and I shall be glad to descend off this plateau into the warmer regions of Worcester, &c. I have just bought *eight* splendid ostrich feathers for 1*l.* of my old Togthandler friend. In England they would cost from eighteen to twenty-five shillings each. I have got a reebok and a klipspringer skin for you; the latter makes a saddle-cloth which defies sore backs; they were given me by Klein and a farmer at Palmiet River. The flesh was poor stuff, white and papery. The Hottentots can't "bray" the skins as the Caffres do; and the woman who did mine asked me for a trifle beforehand, and got so drunk that she let them dry halfway in the process, consequently they don't look so well.

Worcester, Sunday, March 2d.

Oh, such a journey! Such country! Pearly mountains and deep blue sky, and an impassable pass to walk down, and baboons, and secretary birds, and tortoises! I couldn't sleep for it all last night, tired as I was with the unutterably bad road, or track rather.

Well, we left Caledon on Friday, at ten o'clock, and though the weather had been cold and unpleasant for two days, I had a lovely morning, and away we went to Villiersdorp (pronounced Filjeesdorp). It is quite a tiny village, in a sort of Rasselas-looking valley. We were four hours

on the road, winding along the side of a mountain ridge, which we finally crossed, with a splendid view of the sea at the far-distant end of a huge amphitheatre formed by two ridges of mountains, and on the other side the descent into Filjeesdorp. The whole way we saw no human being or habitation, except one shepherd, from the time we passed Buntje's kraal, about two miles out of Caledon. The little drinking-shop would not hold travellers, so I went to the house of the storekeeper (as the clergyman of Caledon had told me I might), and found a most kind reception. Our host was English, an old man-of-war's man, with a gentle, kindly Dutch wife, and the best-mannered children I have seen in the colony. They gave us clean comfortable beds and a good dinner, and wine ten years in the cellar; in short, the best of hospitality. I made an effort to pay for the entertainment next morning, when, after a good breakfast, we started loaded with fruit, but the kind people would not hear of it, and bid me good-bye like old friends. At the end of the valley we went a little up-hill, and then found ourselves at the top of a pass down into the level below. S—— and I burst out with one voice, "How beautiful!" Sabaal, our driver, thought the exclamation was an ironical remark on the road, which, indeed, appeared to be exclusively intended for goats. I suggested walking down, to which, for a wonder, the Malay agreed. I was really curious to see him get down with two wheels and four horses, where I had to lay hold from time to time in walking. The track was excessively steep, barely wide enough, and as slippery as a flagstone pavement, being the naked mountain-top, which is bare rock. However, all went perfectly right.

How shall I describe the view from that pass? In front was a long, long level valley, perhaps three to five miles broad (I can't judge distance in this atmosphere; a house that looks a quarter of a mile off is two miles distant). At the extreme end, in a little gap between two low brown hills that crossed each other, one could just see Worcester—five hours' drive off. Behind it, and on each side the plain,

mountains of every conceivable shape and colour; the strangest cliffs and peaks and crags toppling every way, and tinged with all the colours of opal; chiefly delicate, pale lilac and peach colour, but varied with red brown and Titian green. In spite of the drought, water sparkled on the mountain-sides in little glittering threads, and here and there in the plain; and pretty farms were dotted on either side at the very bottom of the slopes toward the mountain-foot. The sky of such a blue! (it is deeper now by far than earlier in the year.) In short, I never did see anything so beautiful. It even surpassed Hottentot's Holland. On we went, straight along the valley, crossing drift after drift;—a drift is the bed of a stream more or less dry; in which sometimes you are drowned, sometimes only *pounded*, as was our hap. The track was incredibly bad, except for short bits, where ironstone prevailed. However, all went well, and on the road I chased and captured a pair of remarkably swift and handsome little "Schelpats." That you may duly appreciate such a feat of valour and activity, I will inform you that their English name is "tortoise." On the strength of this effort, we drank a bottle of beer, as it was very hot and sandy; and our Malay was a *wet* enough Mussulman to take his full share in a modest way, though he declined wine or "Cape smoke Soopjes" (drams) with aversion. No sooner had we got under weigh again, than Sabaal pulled up and said, "There *are* the Baviāans Missis want to see!" and so they were. At some distance by the river was a great brute, bigger than a Newfoundland dog, stalking along with the hideous baboon walk, and tail vehemently cocked up; a troop followed at a distance, hiding and dodging among the palmiets. They were evidently *en route* to rob a garden close to them, and had sent a great stout fellow ahead to reconnoitre. "He see Missis, and feel sure she not got a gun; if man come on horseback, you see 'em run like devil." We had not that pleasure, and left them, on felonious thoughts intent.

The road got more and more beautiful as we neared Worcester, and the mountains grew higher and craggier.

Presently, a huge bird, like a stork on the wing, pounced down close by us. He was a secretary-bird, and had caught sight of a snake. We passed "Brant Vley" (*burnt* or hot spring), where sulphur-water bubbles up in a basin some thirty feet across and ten or twelve deep. The water is clear as crystal, and is hot enough just *not* to boil an egg, I was told. At last, one reaches the little gap between the brown hills which one has seen for four hours, and drives through it into a wide, wide flat, with still craggier and higher mountains all round, and Worcester in front at the foot of a towering cliff. The town is not so pretty, to my taste, as the little villages. The streets are too wide, and the market-place too large, which always looks dreary, but the houses and gardens individually are charming. Our inn is a very nice handsome old Dutch house; but we have got back to "civilization," and the horrid attempts at "style" which belong to Capetown. The landlord and lady are too genteel to appear at all, and the Hottentots, who are disguised, according to their sexes, in pantry jacket and flounced petticoat, don't understand a word of English or of *real* Dutch. At Gnadenthal they understood Dutch, and spoke it tolerably; but here, as in most places, it is three-parts Hottentot; and then they affect to understand English, and bring everything wrong, and are sulky: but the rooms are very comfortable. The change of climate is complete—the summer was over at Caledon, and here we are into it again—the most delicious air one can conceive; it must have been a perfect oven six weeks ago. The birds are singing away merrily still; the approach of autumn does not silence them here. The canaries have a very pretty song, like our linnet, only sweeter; the rest are very inferior to ours. The sugar-bird is delicious when close by, but his pipe is too soft to be heard at any distance.

To those who think voyages and travels tiresome, my delight in the new birds and beasts and people must seem very stupid. I can't help it if it does, and am not ashamed to confess that I feel the old sort of enchanted wonder with which I used to read Cook's voyages, and the like,

as a child. It is very coarse and unintellectual of me ; but I would rather see this *now*, at my age, than Italy ; the fresh, new, beautiful nature is a second youth—or *childhood*—*si vous roulez*. To-morrow we shall cross the highest pass I have yet crossed, and sleep at Paarl—then Stellenbosch, then Capetown. For any one *out* of health, and *in* pocket, I should certainly prescribe the purchase of a waggon and team of six horses, and a long, slow progress in South Africa. One cannot walk in the mid-day sun, but driving with a very light roof over one's head is quite delicious. When I looked back upon my dreary, lonely prison at Ventnor, I wondered I had survived it at all.

Capetown, March 7th.

After writing last, we drove out, on Sunday afternoon, to a deep alpine valley, to see a *new bridge*—a great marvel apparently. The old Spanish Joe Miller about selling the bridge to buy water occurred to me, and made Sabaal laugh immensely. The Dutch farmers were tearing home from Kerk, in their carts—well-dressed, prosperous-looking folks, with capital horses. Such lovely farms, snugly nestled in orange and pomegranate groves ! It is of no use to describe this scenery ; it is always mountains, and always beautiful opal mountains ; quite without the gloom of European mountain scenery. The atmosphere must make the charm. I hear that an English traveller went the same journey and found all barren from Dan to Beersheba. I'm sorry for him.

In the morning of Sunday, early, I walked along the road with Sabaal, and saw a picture I shall never forget. A little Malabar girl had just been bathing in the Slood, and had put her scanty shift on her lovely little wet brown body ; she stood in the water with the drops glittering on her brown skin and black satin hair, the perfection of youthful loveliness—a naiad of ten years old. When the shape and features are *perfect*, as hers were, the coffee-brown shows it better than our colour, on account of its perfect *evenness*—like the dead white of marble. I shall never forget her as

she stood playing with the leaves of the gum-tree which hung over her, and gazing with her glorious eyes so placidly.

On Monday morning, I walked off early to the old *Drosdy* (Landdrost's house), found an old gentleman, who turned out to be the owner, and who asked me my name and all the rest of the Dutch "litanei" of questions, and showed me the pretty old Dutch garden and the house—a very handsome one. I walked back to breakfast, and thought Worcester the prettiest place I had ever seen. We then started for Paarl, and drove through "Bain's Kloof," a splendid mountain-pass, four hours long, constant driving. It was glorious, but more like what one had seen in pictures—a deep, narrow gorge, almost dark in places, and, to my mind, lacked the *beauty* of the yesterday's drive, though it is, perhaps, grander; but the view which bursts on one at the top, and the descent, winding down the open mountain-side, is too fine to describe. Table Mountain, like a giant's stronghold, seen far distant, with an immense plain, half fertile, half white sand; to the left, Wagenmakker's Vley; and further on, the Paarl lying scattered on the slope of a mountain topped with two *domes*, just the shape of the cup which *Lais* (wasn't it?) presented to the temple of *Venus*, moulded on her breast. The horses were tired, so we stopped at Waggonmaker's Valley (or Wellington, as the English try to get it called), and found ourselves in a true Flemish village, and under the roof of a jolly Dutch hostess, who gave us divine coffee and bread-and-butter, which seemed ambrosia after being deprived of those luxuries for almost three months. Also new milk in abundance, besides fruit of all kinds in vast heaps, and pomegranates off the tree. I asked her to buy me a few to take in the cart, and got a "muid," the third of a sack, for a shilling, with a bill, "U bekomt 1 muid 28 granaeten dat Kostet 1s." The old lady would walk out with me and take me into the shops, to show the "vrow uit Engelland" to her friends. It was a lovely place, intensely hot, all glowing with sunshine. Then the sun went down, and the high mountains behind us were precisely the colour of a Venice

ruby glass—really, truly, and literally ;—not purple, not crimson, but glowing ruby-red—and the quince-hedges and orange-trees below looked *intensely* green, and the houses snow-white. It was a transfiguration—no less.

I saw Hottentots again, four of them, from some remote corner, so the race is not quite extinct. These were youngish, two men and two women, quite light yellow, not darker than Europeans, and with little tiny black knots of wool scattered over their heads at intervals. They are hideous in face, but exquisitely shaped—very, very small though. One of the men was drunk, poor wretch, and looked the picture of misery. You can see the fineness of their senses by the way in which they *dart* their glances and prick their ears. Every one agrees that, when tamed, they make the best of servants—gentle, clever, and honest ; but the penny-a-glass wine they can't resist, unless when caught and tamed young. They work in the fields, or did so as long as any were left ; but even here, I was told, it was a wonder to see them.

We went on through the Paarl, a sweet pretty place, reminding one vaguely of Bonchurch, and still through fine mountains, with Scotch firs growing like Italian stone pines, and farms, and vineyard upon vineyard. At Stellenbosch we stopped. I had been told it was the prettiest town in the colony, and it *is* very pretty, with oak-trees all along the street, like those at Paarl and Wagenmakers Vley ; but I was disappointed. It was less beautiful than what I had seen. Besides, the evening was dull and cold. The south-easter greeted us here, and I could not go out all the afternoon. The inn was called "Railway Hotel," and kept by low coarse English people, who gave us a filthy dinner, dirty sheets, and an atrocious breakfast, and charged 1*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* for the same meals and time as old Vrow Langfeldt had charged 12*s.* for, and had given civility, cleanliness, and abundance of excellent food ;—besides which, she fed Sabaal gratis, and these people fleeced him as they did me. So, next morning, we set off, less pleasantly disposed, for Capetown, over the flat, which is dreary enough, and had a horrid south-

easter. We started early, and got in before the wind became a hurricane, which it did later. We were warmly welcomed by Mrs. R——; and here I am in my old room, looking over the beautiful bay, quite at home again. It blew all yesterday, and having rather a sore-throat I stayed in bed, and to-day is all bright and beautiful. But Capetown looks *murky* after Caledon and Worcester; there is, to my eyes quite a haze over the mountains, and they look far off and indistinct. All is comparative in this world, even African skies. At Caledon, the most distant mountains, as far as your eye can reach, look as clear in every detail as the map on your table—an appearance utterly new to European eyes.

I gave Sabaal 1*l.* for his eight days' service as driver, as a Drinkgelt, and the worthy fellow was in ecstasies of gratitude. Next morning early, he appeared with a present of bananas, and his little girl dressed from head to foot in brand-new clothes, bought out of my money, with her wool screwed up extremely tight in little knots on her black little head (evidently her mother is the blackest of Caffres or Mozambiques). The child looked like a Caffre, and her father considers her quite a pearl. I had her in, and admired the little thing loud enough for him to hear outside, as I lay in bed. You see, I too was to have my share in the pleasure of the new clothes. This readiness to believe that one will sympathize with them, is very pleasing in the Malays.

March 15.

I went to see my old Malay friends and to buy a water-melon. They were in all the misery of Ramadan. Betsy and pretty Nassirah very thin and miserable, and the pious old Abdool sitting on a little barrel waiting for "gun-fire"—*i. e.* sunset, to fall to on the supper which old Betsy was setting out. He was silent, and the corners of his mouth were drawn down just like ——'s at an evening party.

I shall go to-morrow to bid the T——s good-bye, at Wyn-

berg. I was to have spent a few days there, but Wynberg is cold at night and dampish, so I declined that. She is a nice woman—Irish, and so innocent and frank and well-bred. She has been at Cold Bokke Veld, and shocked her puritanical host by admiring the naked Caffres who worked on his farm. He wanted them to wear clothes.

We have been amused by the airs of a naval captain and his wife, who are just come here. They complained that the merchant-service officers spoke *familiarly* to their children on board. *Quel audace!* When I think of the excellent, modest, manly young fellows who talked very familiarly and pleasantly to me on board the St. Lawrence, I long to reprimand these foolish people.

Friday, 21st.—I am just come from prayer, at the Mosque in Chiappini Street, on the outskirts of the town. A most striking sight. A large room, like a county ball-room, with glass chandeliers, carpeted with common carpet, all but a space at the entrance, railed off for shoes; the Caaba and pulpit at one end; over the niche, a crescent painted; and over the entrance door a crescent, an Arabic inscription, and the royal arms of England! A fat jolly Mollah looked amazed as I ascended the steps; but when I touched my forehead and said “Salaam Aleikoom,” he laughed and said, “Salaam, Salaam, come in, come in.” The faithful poured in, all neatly dressed in their loose drab trousers, blue jackets, and red handkerchiefs on their heads; they left their wooden clogs in company with my shoes, and proceeded, as it appeared, to strip. Off went jackets, waistcoats, and trousers, with the dexterity of a pantomime transformation; the red handkerchief was replaced by a white skull-cap, and a long large white shirt and full white drawers flowed around them. How it had all been stuffed into the trim jacket and trousers, one could not conceive. Gay sashes and scarves were pulled out of a little bundle in a clean silk handkerchief, and a towel served as prayer-carpet. In a moment the whole scene was as oriental as if the Hansom cab I had come in existed no more. Women

suckled their children, and boys played among the clogs and shoes all the time, and I sat on the floor in a remote corner. The chanting was very fine, and the whole ceremony very decorous and solemn. It lasted an hour; and then the little heaps of garments were put on, and the congregation dispersed, each man first laying a penny on a very curious little old Dutch-looking, heavy, iron-bound chest, which stood in the middle of the room.

I have just heard that the post closes to-night and must say farewell—a *riyederei*.

LETTER XI.

DEAREST MOTHER,

Capetown, March 20th.

Dr. Shea says he fears I must not winter in England yet, but that I am greatly improved—as, indeed, I could tell him. He is another of the kind “sea doctors” I have met with; he came all the way from Simon’s Bay to see me, and then said, “What nonsense is that?” when I offered him a fee. This is a very nice place up in the “gardens,” quite out of the town and very comfortable. But I regret Caledon. A—— will show you my account of my beautiful journey back. Worcester is a fairy-land; and then to catch tortoises walking about, and to see “baviāans,” and snakes and secretary birds eating them! and then people have the impudence to think I must have been “very dull!” *Sie merken’s nicht*, that it is *they* who are dull.

Dear Dr. Hawtrey! he must have died just as I was packing up the first Caffre Testament for him! I felt his death very much, in connexion with my father; their regard for each other was an honour to both. I have the letter he wrote me on J——’s marriage, and a charming one it is.

I took Mrs. A—— a drive in a Hansom cab to-day out to Wynberg, to see my friends Captain and Mrs. T——, who have a cottage under Table Mountain in a spot like the

best of St. George's Hill. Very *dull* too; but as she is really a lady, it suits her, and Capetown does not. I was to have stayed with them, but Wynberg is cold at night. Poor B——'s wife is very ill and won't leave Capetown for a day. The people here are *wunderlich* for that. A lady born here, and with 7,000*l.* a year, has never been further than Stellenbosch, about twenty miles. I am asked how I lived and what I ate during my little excursion, as if I had been to Lake Ngami. If only I had known how easy it all is, I would have gone by sea to East London and seen the Knysna and George district, and the primæval African forest, the yellow wood, and other giant trees. However, "For what I have received," &c. &c. No one *can* conceive what it is, after two years of prison and utter languor, to stand on the top of a mountain pass, and enjoy physical existence for a few hours at a time. I felt as if it was quite selfish to enjoy anything so much when you were all so anxious about me at home; but as that is the best symptom of all, I do not repent.

S—— has been an excellent travelling servant, and really a better companion than many more educated people; for she is always amused and curious, and is friendly with the coloured people. She is quite recovered. It is a wonderful climate—*sans que celà paraisse*. It feels chilly and it blows horridly, and does not seem genial, but it gives new life.

To-morrow I am going with old Abdool Jemaalee to prayers at the Mosque, and shall see a school kept by a Malay priest. It is now Rhamadan, and my Muslim friends are very thin and look glum. Choslullah sent a message to ask, "Might he see the Missis once more? He should pray all the time she was on the sea." Some pious Christians here would expect such horrors to sink the ship. I can't think why Mussulmans are always gentlemen; the Malay coolies have a grave courtesy which contrasts most strikingly with both European vulgarity and negro jollity. It is very curious, for they only speak Dutch, and know nothing of oriental manners. I fear I shall not see the Walkers again.

Simon's Bay is too far to go and come in a day, as one cannot go out before ten or eleven, and must be in by five or half-past. Those hours are gloriously bright and hot, but morning and night are cold.

I am so happy in the thought of sailing now so very soon and seeing you all again, that I can settle to nothing for five minutes. I now feel how anxious and uneasy I have been, and how I shall rejoice to get home. I shall leave a letter for A——, to go in April, and tell him and you what ship I am in. I shall choose the *slowest*, so as not to reach England and face the Channel before June, if possible. So don't be alarmed if I do not arrive till late in June. Till then good-bye, and God bless you, dearest mother—*Auf frohes Wiedersehn.*

LETTER XII.

Capetown, Sunday, March 23d.

It has been a *real* hot day, and threatened an earthquake and a thunderstorm; but nothing has come of it beyond sheet lightning to-night, which is splendid over the bay, and looks as if repeated in a grand bush-fire on the hills opposite. The sunset was glorious. That rarest of insects, the praying mantis, has just dropped upon my paper. I am thankful that, not being an entomologist, I am dispensed from the sacred duty of impaling the lovely green creature who sits there, looking quite wise and human. Fussy little brown beetles, as big as two lady-birds, keep flying into my eyes, and the mosquitoes are rejoicing loudly in the prospect of a feast. You will understand by this that both windows are wide open into the great verandah,—very unusual in this land of cold nights.

April 4th.—I have been trying in vain to get a passage home. The *Camperdown* has not come. In short, I am waiting for a chance vessel, and shall pack up now and be ready to go on board at a day's notice.

I went on the last evening of Ramadan to the Mosque,

having heard there was a grand "function;" but there were only little boys lying about on the floor, some on their stomachs, some on their backs, higgledy-piggledy (if it be not profane to apply the phrase to young Islam), all shouting their prayers *à tue tête*. Priests, men, women, and English crowded in and out in the exterior division. The English behaved *à l'Anglaise*—pushed each other, laughed, sneered, and made a disgusting display of themselves. I asked a stately priest, in a red turban, to explain the affair to me, and in a few minutes found myself supplied by one Mollah with a chair, and by another with a cup of tea—was, in short, in the midst of a Malay *soirée*. They spoke English very little, but made up for it by their usual good breeding and intelligence. On Monday, I am going to see the school which the priest keeps at his house, and to "honour his house by my presence." The delight they show at any friendly interest taken in them is wonderful. Of course, I am supposed to be poisoned. A clergyman's widow here gravely asserts that her husband went mad *three years* after drinking a cup of coffee handed to him by a Malay!—and in consequence of drinking it! It is exactly like the mediæval feeling about the Jews. I saw that it was quite a *demonstration* that I drank up the tea unhesitatingly. Considering that the Malays drank it themselves, my courage deserves less admiration. But it was a quaint sensation to sit in a Mosque, behaving as if at an evening party, in a little circle of poor Moslim priests.

I am going to have a photograph of my cart done. I was to have gone to the place to-day, but when Choslullah (whom I sent for to complete the picture) found out what I wanted, he implored me to put it off till Monday, that he might be better dressed, and was so unhappy at the notion of being immortalised in an old jacket, that I agreed to the delay. Such a handsome fellow may be allowed a little vanity.

The colony is torn with dissensions as to Sunday trains. Some of the Dutch clergy are even more absurd than our

own on that point. A certain Van de Lingen, at Stellenbosch, calls Europe "one vast Sodom," and so forth. There is altogether a nice kettle of religious hatred brewing here. The English Bishop of Capetown appoints all the English clergy, and is absolute monarch of all he surveys; and he and his clergy are carrying matters with a high hand. The Bishop's chaplain told Mrs. J—— that she could not hope for salvation in the Dutch Church, since her clergy were not ordained by any bishop, and therefore they could only administer the sacrament "*unto damnation.*" All the physicians in a body, English as well as Dutch, have withdrawn from the Dispensary, because it was used as a means of pressure to draw the coloured people from the Dutch to the English Church.

This High-Church tyranny cannot go on long. Catholics there are few, but their bishop plays the same game; and it is a losing one. The Irish maid at the Caledon inn was driven by her bishop to be married at the Lutheran church, just as a young Englishman I know (though a fervent Puseyite) was driven to be married at the Scotch kirk. The colonial bishops are despots in their own churches, and there is no escape from their tyranny but by dissent. The Admiral and his family have been anathematized for going to a fancy bazaar given by the Wesleyans for their chapel.

April 8th.—Yesterday, I failed about my cart photograph. First, the owner had sent away the cart, and when Choslullah came dressed in all his best clothes, with a lovely blue handkerchief setting off his beautiful orange-tawny face, he had to rush off to try to borrow another cart. As ill luck would have it, he met a "serious young man," with no front teeth, and a hideous wen on his eyebrow, who informed the priest of Choslullah's impious purpose, and came with him to see that he did *not* sit for his portrait. I believe it was half envy; for my handsome driver was as pleased, and then as disappointed, as a young lady about her first ball, and obviously had no religious scruples of his own on the subject. The weather is very delightful now—hot,

but beautiful ; and the south-easters, though violent, are short, and not cold. As in all other countries, autumn is the best time of year.

April 15th.—Your letters arrived yesterday, to my great delight. I have been worrying about a ship, and was very near sailing to-day by the *Queen of the South* at twenty-four hours' notice, but I have resolved to wait for the *Camperdown*. The *Queen of the South* is a steamer,—which is odious, for they pitch the coal all over the lower deck, so that you breathe coal-dust for the first ten days ; then she was crammed—only one cabin vacant, and that small, and on the lower deck—and fifty-two children on board. Moreover, she will probably get to England too soon, so I resign myself to wait. The *Camperdown* has only upper-deck cabins, and I shall have fresh air. I am not as well as I was at Caledon, so I am all the more anxious to have a voyage likely to do me good instead of harm.

I got my cart and Choslullah photographed after all. Choslullah came next day (having got rid of his pious friend), quite resolved that “the Missis” should take his portrait, so I will send or bring a few copies of my beloved cart. After the photograph was done, we drove round the Kloof, between Table and Lion Mountain. The road is cut on the side of Lion Mountain, and overhangs the sea at a great height. Camp Bay, which lies on the further side of the “Lion's Head,” is most lovely ; never was sea so deeply blue, rocks so warmly brown, or sand and foam so glittering white ; and down at the mountain-foot the bright green of the orange and pomegranate trees throws it all out in greater relief. But the atmosphere here won't do after that of the “Ruggings,” as the Caledon line of country is called. I shall never lose the impression of the view I had when Dr. Morkel drove me out on a hill-side, where the view seemed endless and without a vestige of life ; and yet in every valley there were farms ; but it looked a vast, utter solitude, and without the least haze. You don't know what that utter clearness means—the distinctness is

quite awful. Here it is always slightly hazy ; very pretty and warm, but it takes off from the grandeur. It is the difference between a pretty Pompadour beauty and a Greek statue. Those pale opal mountains, as distinct in every detail as the map on your table, are so cheerful and serene ; no melodramatic effects of clouds and gloom. I suppose it is not really so beautiful as it seemed to me, for other people say it is bare and desolate, and certainly it is ; but it seemed to me anything but dreary.

I am persuaded that Capetown is not healthy ; indeed, the town can't be, from its stench and dirt ; but I believe the whole seashore is more or less bad, compared to the upper plateaux, of which I know only the first. I should have gone back to Paarl, only that ships come and go within twenty-four hours, so one has the pleasure of living in constant expectation, with packed trunks, wondering when one shall get away. A clever Mr. M——, who has lived *all over* India, and is going back to Singapore, with his wife and child, are now in the house ; and some very pleasant Jews, bound for British Caffraria—one of them has a lovely little wife and three children. She is very full of Prince Albert's death, and says there was not a dry eye in the synagogues in London, which were all hung with black on the day of his funeral, and prayer went on the whole day. "*The people* mourned for him as much as for Hezekiah ; and, indeed, he deserved it a great deal better," was her rather unorthodox conclusion. These colonial Jews are a new "*Erscheinung*" to me. They have the features of their race, but many of their peculiarities are gone. Mr. L——, who is very handsome and gentlemanly, eats ham and patronises a good breed of pigs on the "model farm" on which he spends his money. He is (he says) a thorough Jew in faith, and evidently in charitable works ; but he wants to say his prayers in English and not to "dress himself up" in a veil and phylacteries for the purpose ; and he and his wife talk of England as "home," and care as much for Jerusalem as their neighbours. They have not forgotten the old persecutions, and are civil to the

coloured people, and speak of them in quite a different tone from other English colonists. Moreover, they are far better mannered, and more “*human*,” in the German sense of the word, in all respects;—in short, less “colonial.”

I have bought some Cape “confeyt;” apricots, salted and then sugared, called “mebos”—delicious! Also pickled peaches, “chistnee,” and quince jelly. I have a notion of some Cherupiga wine for ourselves. I will inquire the cost of bottling, packing, &c.; it is about one shilling and fourpence a bottle here, sweet red wine, unlike any other I ever drank, and I think very good. It is very tempting to bring a few things so unknown in England. I have a glorious “Veld-combers” for you, a blanket of nine Damara sheepskins, sewn by the Damaras, and dressed so that moths and fleas won’t stay near them. It will make a grand railway rug and “outside car” covering. The hunters use them for sleeping out of doors. I have bought three, and a springbok caross for somebody.

April 17th.—The winter has set in to-day. It rains steadily, at the rate of the heaviest bit of the heaviest shower in England, and is as cold as a bad day early in September. One can just sit without a fire. Presently, all will be green and gay; for winter is here the season of flowers, and the heaths will cover the country with a vast Turkey carpet. Already the green is appearing where all was brown yesterday. To-day is Good Friday; and if Christmas seemed odd at Midsummer, Easter in autumn seems positively unnatural. Our Jewish party made their exodus to-day, by the little coasting steamer, to Algoa Bay. I rather condoled with the pretty little woman about her long rough journey, with three babies; but she laughed, and said they had had time to get used to it ever since the days of Moses. All she grieved over was not being able to keep Passover, and she described their domestic ceremonies quite poetically. We heard from our former housemaid, Annie, the other day, announcing her marriage and her sister’s. She wrote such a pretty, merry letter to S——, saying “the more she tried not to like him,

the better she loved him, and had to say, 'Aha, Annie, you're caught at last.' A year and a half is a long time to remain single in this country.

Monday, April 21st, Easter Monday.—The mail goes out in an hour, so I will just add, good-bye. The winter is now fairly set in, and I long to be off. I fear I shall have a desperately cold week or so at first sailing, till we catch the south-east trades. This weather is beautiful in itself, but I feel it from the suddenness of the change. We passed in one night from hot summer to winter, which is like *fine* English April, or October, only brighter than anything in Europe. There is properly, no autumn or spring here; only hot, dry, brown summer, with its cold wind at times, and fresh green winter, all fragrance and flowers, and much less wind. Mr. M——, of whom I told you, has been in every corner of the far East—Java, Sumatra, everywhere—and is extremely amusing. He has brought his wife here for her health, and is as glad to talk as I am. The conversation of an educated, clever person, is quite a new and delightful sensation to me now. He appears to have held high posts under the East India Company, is learned in Oriental languages, and was last resident at Singapore. He says that no doubt Java is Paradise, it is so lovely, and such a climate; but he does not look as if it had agreed with him. I feel quite heart-sick at seeing these letters go off before me, instead of leaving them behind, as I had hoped.

Well, I must say good-bye—or rather, "*auf Wiedersehn*"—and God knows how glad I shall be when that day comes!

LETTER XIII.

DEAREST MOTHER,

Capetown, April 19th.

Here I am, waiting for a ship ; the steamer was too horrid : and I look so much to the good to be gained by the voyage that I did not like to throw away the chance of two months at sea at this favourable time of year, and under favourable circumstances ; so I made up my mind to see you all a month later. The sea just off the Cape is very, very cold ; less so now than in spring, I dare say. The weather to-day is just like *very* warm April at home—showery, sunshiny, and fragrant ; most lovely. It is so odd to see an autumn without dead leaves : only the oaks lose theirs, the old ones drop without turning brown, and the trees bud again at once. The rest put on a darker green dress for winter, and now the flowers will begin. I have got a picture for you of my “cart and four,” with sedate Choslullah and dear little Mohammed. The former wants to go with me, “anywhere,” as he placidly said, “to be the missis’ servant.” What a sensation his thatchlike hat and handsome orange-tawny face would make at Esher ! Such a stalwart henchman would be very creditable. I shall grieve to think I shall never see my Malay friends again ; they are the only people here who are really interesting. I think they must be like the Turks in manner, as they have all the eastern gentlemanly “*Gelassenheit*” (ease) and politeness, and no eastern “*Geschmeidigkeit*,” (obsequiousness), and no idea of Baksheesh ; withal frugal, industrious, and moneymaking, to an astonishing degree. The priest is a bit of a proselytiser, and amused me much with an account of how he had converted English girls from their evil courses and made them good *Mussulwomen*. I never heard a *naïf* and sincere account of conversions *from* Christianity before, and I must own it was much milder than the Exeter Hall style.

I have heard a great many expressions of sorrow for the Queen from the Malays, and always with the "hope the people will take much care of her, now she is alone." Of course Prince Albert was only the Queen's husband to them, and all their feeling is about her. It is very difficult to see anything of them, for they want nothing of you, and expect nothing but dislike and contempt. It would take a long time to make many friends, as they are naturally distrustful. I found that eating or drinking anything, if they offer it, made most way, as they know they are accused of poisoning all Christians indiscriminately. Of course, therefore, they are shy of offering things. I drank tea in the Mosque at the end of Ramadan, and was surrounded by delighted faces as I sipped. The little boy who waits in this house here had followed us, and was horrified: he is still waiting to see the poison work.

No one can conceive what has become of all the ships that usually touch here about this time. I was promised my choice of Green's and Smith's, and now only the heavy old *Camperdown* is expected with rice from Moulmein. A lady now here, who has been Heaven only knows *where not*, praises Alexandria above all other places, after Suez. Her lungs are bad, and she swears by Suez, which she says is the dreariest and healthiest (for lungs) place in the world. You can't think how soon one learns to "annihilate space," if not time, in one's thoughts, by daily reading advertisements for every port in India, America, Australia, &c. &c. and conversing with people who have just come from the "ends of the earth." Meanwhile, I fear I shall have to fly from next winter again, and certainly will go with J—— to Egypt, which seems to me like next door.

I have run on, and not thanked you for your letter and M. Mignet's beautiful *éloge* of Mr. Hallam, which pleased me greatly. I wish Englishmen could learn to speak with the same good taste and *mésure*.

Mr. Wodehouse, who has been very civil to me, kindly tried to get me a passage home in a French frigate lying here, but in vain. I am now sorry I let the Jack tars

here persuade me not to go in the little barque; but they talked so much of the heat and damp of such tiny cabins in an iron vessel, that I gave her up, though I liked the idea of a good tossing in such a tiny cockboat. I will leave a letter for the May mail, unless I sail within a week of to-morrow, or go by the Jason, which would be home far sooner than the mail. I only hope you and A—— won't be uneasy; the worst that can happen is delay, and the long voyage will be all gain to health, which would not be the case in a steamer.

All I hear of R—— makes me wild to see her again. The little darkies are the only pleasing children here, and a fat black toddling thing is “*allerliebst*.” I know a boy of four, literally jet black, whom I long to steal as he follows his mother up to the mountain to wash. Little Malays are lovely, but *too* well-behaved and quiet. I tried to get a real “*tottie*,” or “*Hotentotje*,” but the people were too drunk to remember where they had left their child. *C'est assez dire*, that I should have had no scruple in buying it for a bottle of “smoke” (the spirit made from grape husks). They are clever and affectionate when they have a chance, poor things,—and so strange to look at.

By the bye, a Bonn man, Dr. Bleek, called here with “*Grüsse*” from our old friends, Professor Mendelssohn and his wife. He is devoting himself to Hottentot and aboriginal literature!—and has actually mastered the Caffre *click*, which I vainly practised under Kleenboy's tuition. He wanted to teach me to say “*Tkorkha*,” which means “you lie,” or “you have missed,” (in shooting or throwing a stone, &c.)—a curious combination of meanings. He taught me to throw stones or a stick at him, which he always avoided, however close they fell, and cried “*Tkorkha!*” The Caffres ask for a present, “*Tkzeelah Tabak*,” “a gift for tobacco.”

The Farnese Hercules is a *living truth*. I saw him in the street two days ago, and he was a Caffre coolie. The proportions of the head and throat were more wonderful in flesh, or muscle rather, than in marble. I know a Caffre girl of

thirteen, who is a noble model of strength and beauty; such an arm—larger than any white woman's—with such a dimple in her elbow, and a wrist and hand which no glove is small enough to fit—and a noble countenance too. She is “apprenticed,” a name for temporary slavery, and is highly spoken of as a servant, as the Caffres always are. They are a majestic race, but with just the stupid conceit of a certain sort of Englishmen; the women and girls seem charming.

Easter Sunday.—The weather continues beautifully clear and bright, like the finest European spring. It seems so strange for the floral season to be the winter. But as the wind blows the air is quite cold to-day; nevertheless, I feel much better the last two days. The brewing of the rain made the air very oppressive and heavy for three weeks, but now it is as light as possible.

I must say good-bye, as the mail closes to-morrow morning. Easter in autumn is preposterous, only the autumn looks like spring. The consumptive young girl whom I packed off to the Cape, and her sister, are about to be married—of course. Annie has had a touch of Algoa Bay fever, a mild kind of ague, but no sign of chest disease, or even delicacy. My “hurrying her off,” which some people thought so cruel, has saved her. Whoever comes *soon enough* recovers, but for people far gone it is too bracing.

LETTER XIV.

DEAREST MOTHER,

Capetown, Saturday, May 3d.

After five weeks of waiting and worry, I have, at last, sent my goods on board the ship *Camperdown*, now discharging her cargo, and about to take a small party of passengers from the Cape. I offered to take a cabin in a Swedish ship, bound for Falmouth; but the captain could not decide whether he would take a passenger; and while he hesitated the old *Camperdown* came in. I have the best cabin after the stern cabins, which are occupied by the captain and his wife and the Attorney-General of Capetown, who is much liked. The other passengers are quiet people, and few of them, and the captain has a high character; so I may hope for a comfortable, though slow passage. I will let you know the day I sail, and leave this letter to go by post. I may be looked for three weeks or so after this letter. I am crazy to get home now; after the period was over for which I had made up my mind, home-sickness began.

Mrs. R—— has offered me a darling tiny monkey, which loves me; but I fear A—— would send me away again if I returned with her in my pocket. Nassirah, old Abdool's pretty granddaughter, brought me a pair of Malay shoes or elogs as a parting gift, to-day. Mr. M——, the resident at Singapore, tells me that his secretary's wife, a Malay lady, has made an excellent translation of the Arabian Nights, from Arabic into Malay. Her husband is an Indian Mussulman, who, Mr. M—— said, was one of the ablest men he ever knew. Curious!

I sat, yesterday, for an hour, in the stall of a poor German basket-maker who had been long in Caffreland. His wife, a Berliner, was very intelligent, and her account of her life here most entertaining, as showing the different *Ansicht*

natural to Germans. "I had never," she said, "been out of the city of Berlin, and *knew nothing*." (Compare with London cockney, or genuine Parisian.) Thence her fear, on landing at Algoa Bay and seeing swarms of naked black men, that she had come to a country where no clothes were to be had; and what should she do when hers were worn out? They had a grant of land at Fort Peddie, and she dug while her husband made baskets of cane, and carried them hundreds of miles for sale; sleeping and eating in Caffre huts. "Yes, they are good, honest people, and very well-bred (*anständig*), though they go as naked as God made them. The girls are pretty and very delicate (*fein*), and they think no harm of it, the dear innocents." If their cattle strayed, it was always brought back; and they received every sort of kindness. "Yes, madam, it is shocking how people here treat the blacks. They call quite an old man 'Boy,' and speak so scornfully, and yet the blacks have very nice manners, I assure you." When I looked at the poor little wizened, pale, sickly Berliner, and fancied him a guest in a Caffre hut, it seemed an odd picture. But he spoke as coolly of his long, lonely journeys as possible, and seemed to think black friends quite as good as white ones. The use of the words *anständig* and *fein* by a woman who spoke very good German were characteristic. She *could* recognise an "*Anständigkeit*" not of Berlin. I need not say that the Germans are generally liked by the coloured people. Choslullah was astonished and pleased at my talking German; he evidently had a preference for Germans, and put up, wherever he could, at German inns and "publics."

I went on to bid Mrs. Wodehouse good-bye. We talked of our dear old Cornish friends. The Governor and Mrs. Wodehouse have been very kind to me. I dined there twice; last time, with all the dear good Walkers. I missed seeing the opening of the colonial parliament by a mistake about a ticket, which I am sorry for.

If I could have dreamed of waiting here so long, I would have run up to Algoa Bay or East London, by sea, and had a glimpse of Caffreland. Capetown makes me very languid

—there is something depressing in the air—but my cough is much better. I can't walk here without feeling knocked-up; and cab-hire is so dear; and somehow, nothing is worth while, when one is waiting from day to day. So I have spent more money than when I was most amused, in being bored.

Mr. J—— drove me to the Capetown races, at Green Point, on Friday. As races, they were *nichts*, but a queer-looking little Cape farmer's horse, ridden by a Hottentot, beat the English crack racer, ridden by a first-rate English jockey, in an unaccountable way, twice over. The Malays are passionately fond of horse-racing, and the crowd was fully half Malay: there were dozens of carts crowded with the bright-eyed women, in petticoats of every most brilliant colour, white muslin jackets, and gold daggers in their great coils of shining black hair. All most "anständig," as they always are. Their pleasure is driving about *en famille*; the men have no separate amusements. Every spare corner in the cart is filled by the little soft round faces of the intelligent-looking quiet children, who seem amused and happy, and never make a noise or have the fidgets. I cannot make out why they are so well behaved. It favours A——'s theory of the expediency of utter spoiling, for one never hears any educational process going on. Tiny Mohammed never spoke but when he was spoken to, and was always happy and alert. I observed that his uncle spoke to him like a grown man, and never ordered him about, or rebuked him in the least. I like to go up the hill and meet the black women coming home in troops from the washing place, most of them with a fat black baby hanging to their backs asleep, and a few rather older trotting alongside, and if small, holding on by the mother's gown. She, poor soul, carries a bundle on her head, which few men could lift. If I admire the babies, the poor women are enchanted;—*du reste*, if you look at blacks of any age or sex, they *must* grin and nod, as a good-natured dog must wag his tail; they can't help it. The blacks here (except a very few Caffres) are from the Mozambique—a short, thick-set, ugly race, with wool in

huge masses ; but here and there one sees a very pretty face among the women. The men are beyond belief hideous. There are all possible crosses—Dutch, Mozambique, Hottentot and English, “alles durcheinander ;” then here and there you see that a Chinese or a Bengalee *a passé par là*. The Malays are also a mixed race, like the Turks—*i.e.* they marry women of all sorts and colours, provided they will embrace Islam. A very nice old fellow who waits here occasionally is married to an Englishwoman, *ci-devant* lady’s-maid to a Governor’s wife. I fancy, too, they brought some Chinese blood with them from Java. I think the population of Capetown must be the most motley crew in the world.

Thursday, May 8th.—I sail on Saturday, and go on board to-morrow, so as not to be hurried off in the early fog. *How* glad I am to be “homeward bound” at last, I cannot say. I am very well, and have every prospect of a pleasant voyage. We are sure to be well found, as the Attorney-General is on board, and is a very great man, “inspiring terror and respect” here.

S—— says we certainly *shall* put in at St. Helena, so make up your minds not to see me till I don’t know when. She has been on board fitting up the cabin to-day. I have *such* a rug for J——! a mosaic of skins as fine as marqueterie, done by Damara women, and really beautiful ; and a sheep-skin blanket for you, the essence of warmth and softness. I shall sleep in mine, and dream of African hill-sides wrapt in a “Veld combas.” The poor little water-tortoises have been killed by drought, and I can’t get any, but I have the two of my own catching for M——.

Good-bye, dearest mother.

You would have been moved by poor old Abdool Jemaalee’s solemn benediction when I took leave to-day. He accompanied it with a gross of oranges and lemons.

LETTER XV.

Capetown, Thursday, May 8th.

At last, after no end of "casus" and "discrimina rerum," I shall sail on Saturday the 10th, per ship *Camperdown*, for East India Docks.

These weary six weeks have cost no end of money and temper. I have been eating my heart out at the delay, but it was utterly impossible to go by any of the Indian ships. They say there have never been so few ships sailing from the Cape as this year, yet crowds were expected on account of the Exhibition. The Attorney-General goes by our ship, so we are sure of good usage; and I hear he is very agreeable. I have the best cabin next to the stern cabin, in both senses of *next*. S—— has come back from the ship, where she has spent the day with the carpenter; and I am to go on board to-morrow. Will you ask R—— to cause inquiries to be made among the Mollahs of Cairo for a Hadji, by name Abdool Rachman, the son of Abdool Jemaalee, of Capetown, and, if possible, to get the inclosed letter sent him? The poor people are in sad anxiety for their son, of whom they have not heard for four months, and that from an old letter. Henry will thus have a part of all the blessings which were solemnly invoked on me by poor old Abdool, who is getting very infirm, but toddled up and cracked his old fingers over my head, and invoked the protection of Allah with all form; besides that Betsy sent me twelve dozen oranges and lemons. Abdool Rachman is about twenty-six, a Malay of Capetown, speaks Dutch and English, and is supposed to be studying theology at Cairo. The letter is written by the prettiest Malay girl in Capetown.

I won't enter upon my longings to be home again, and to see you all. I must now see to my last commissions and things, and send this to go by next mail.

God bless you all, and kiss my darlings, all three.

LETTER XVI.

Friday, May 16th.

On board the good ship *Camperdown*, 500 miles North-west of Table-Bay.

I embarked this day week, and found a good airy cabin, and all very comfortable. Next day I got the carpenter's services, by being on board before all the rest, and relashed and cleeted everything, which the "Timmerman," of course, had left so as to get adrift the first breeze. At two o'clock the Attorney-General, Mr. Porter, came on board, escorted by bands of music and all the volunteers of Capetown, *quorum pars maxima fuit*; i.e. Colonel. It was quite what the Yankees call an "ovation." The ship was all decked with flags, and altogether there was *le diable à quatre*. The consequence was, that three signals went adrift in the scuffle; and when a Frenchman signalled us, we had to pass for *brutaux Anglais*, because we could not reply. I found means to supply the deficiency by the lining of that very ancient anonymous cloak, which did the red, while a bandanna handkerchief of the Captain's furnished the yellow, to the sailmaker's immense amusement. On him I bestowed the blue outside of the cloak for a pair of dungaree trowsers, and in signalling now it is, "up go 2.41, and my lady's cloak, which is 7."

We have had lovely weather, and on Sunday such a glorious farewell sight of Table Mountain and my dear old Hottentot Hills, and of Kaap Goed Hoop itself. There was little enough wind till yesterday, when a fair southerly breeze sprang up, and we are rolling along merrily; and the fat old *Camperdown* does roll like an honest old "wholesome" tub as she is. It is quite a *bonne fortune* for me to have been forced to wait for her, for we have had a wonderful spell of fine weather, and the ship is the *ne plus ultra* of comfort.

We are only twelve first-class upper-deck passengers. The captain is a delightful fellow, with a very charming young wife. There is only one child (a great comfort), a capital cook, and universal civility and quietness. It is like a private house compared to a railway hotel. Six of the passengers are invalids, more or less. Mr. Porter, over-worked, going home for health to Ireland; two men, both with delicate chests, and one poor young fellow from Capetown in a consumption, who, I fear, will not outlive the voyage. The doctor is very civil, and very kind to the sick; but I stick to the cook, and am quite greedy over the good fare, after the atrocious food of the Cape. Said cook is a Portuguese, a distinguished artist, and a great bird-fancier. One can wander all over the ship here, instead of being a prisoner on the poop; and I even have paid my footing on the fore-castle. S—— clammers up like a lively youngster. You may fancy what the weather is, that I have only closed my cabin-window once during half of a very damp night; but no one else is so airy. The little goat was as rejoiced to be afloat again as her mistress, and is a regular pet on board, with the run of the quarter-deck. She still gives milk—a perfect Amalthæa. The butcher, who has the care of her, coxers her up with dainties, and she begs biscuit of the cook. I pay nothing for her fare. M——’s tortoises are in my cabin, and seem very happy. Poor Mr. Porter is very sick, and so are the two or three coloured passengers, who won’t “make an effort” at all. Mrs. H—— (the captain’s wife), a young Cape lady, and I, are the only “female ladies” of the party. The other day we saw a shoal of porpoises, amounting to many hundreds, if not some thousands, who came frisking round the ship. When we first saw them, they looked like a line of breakers; they made such a splash, and they jumped right out of the water three feet in height, and ten or twelve in distance, glittering green and bronze in the sun. Such a pretty, merry set of fellows!

We shall touch at St. Helena, where I shall leave this letter to go by the mail steamer, that you may know a

few weeks before I arrive how comfortably my voyage has begun.

We see no Cape pigeons; they only visit outward ships—is not that strange?—but, *en revanche*, many more albatrosses than in coming; and we also enjoy the advantage of seeing all the homeward-bound ships, as they all *pass* us—a humiliating fact. The captain laughed heartily because I said, “Oh, all right; I shall have the more sea for my money,”—when the prospect of a slow voyage was discussed. It is very provoking to be so much longer separated from you all than I had hoped, but I really believe that the bad air and discomfort of the other ships would have done me serious injury; while here I have every chance of benefiting to the utmost, and having mild weather the whole way, besides the utmost amount of comfort possible on board ship. There are some cockroaches, indeed, but that is the only drawback. The *Cumperdown* is fourteen years old, and was the crack ship to India in her day. Now she takes cargo and poop-passengers only, and, of course, only gets invalids and people who care more for comfort than speed.

Monday Evening, May 26th.—Here we are, working away still to reach St. Helena. We got the tail of a terrific gale and a tremendous sea all night in our teeth, which broke up the south-east trades for a week. Now it is all smooth and fair, with a light breeze again right aft; the old trade again. Yesterday a large shark paid us a visit, with his suite of three pretty little pilot-fish, striped like zebras, who swim just over his back. He tried on a sailor’s cap which fell overboard, tossed it away contemptuously, snuffed at the fat pork with which a hook was baited, and would none of it, and finally ate the fresh sheep-skin which the butcher had in tow to clean it, previous to putting it away as a perquisite. It is a beautiful fish in shape and very graceful in motion.

To-day a barque from Algoa Bay came close to us, and talked with the speaking trumpet. She was a pretty, clipper-built, sharp-looking craft, but had made a slower run even than ourselves. I dare say we shall have her company for a

long time, as she is bound for St. Helena and London. My poor goat died suddenly the other day, to the general grief of the ship; also one of the tortoises. The poor consumptive lad is wonderfully better. But all the passengers were very sick during the rough weather, except S—— and I, who are quite old salts. Last week we saw a young whale, a baby, about thirty feet long, and had a good view of him as he played round the ship. We shall probably be at St. Helena on Wednesday, but I cannot write from thence, as, if there is time, I shall get a run on shore while the ship takes in water. But this letter will tell you of my well-being so far, and in about six weeks after the date of it I hope to be with you. I hope you won't expect too much in the way of improvement in my health. I look forward, oh, so eagerly, to be with you again, and with my brats, big and little. God bless you all.

Yours ever,

L. D. G.

Wednesday, 28th.—Early morning, off St. Helena, James Town.

Such a lovely *unreal* view of the bold rocks and baby-house forts on them! Ship close in. Washerwoman come on board, and all hurry.

Au revoir.

5. POLAND.

BY W. G. CLARK.

THE journey of which the following pages are a record, was undertaken in the summer and autumn of last year, in company with a friend, who has for many years taken a deep interest in all that relates to Poland, and is well acquainted with all Poles of eminence, in the country and out of it. While gladly availing myself of the advantages afforded by his companionship, I endeavoured to form an independent opinion, and, as far as possible, to get at the truth in all cases. It has been my earnest desire to give an impartial account of all I saw and heard.

Many statements advanced here without proof would command respect, if I were at liberty to say on whose authority they are made; but it has been impressed upon me most earnestly that I could not be too cautious in mentioning names, as the Russians are—to their credit be it said—so sensitive to English opinion, that everything which is written about them and their affairs is eagerly read and closely scanned. It is always a sorry requital for hospitality to publish what one's host tells one in unrestrained confidence; it would be a base return, indeed, if any revelations of mine should entail upon my kind entertainers imprisonment and exile.

I am bound also to say, that from the Russians we received only the wonted courtesy which they show to English travellers. If I speak severely of their conduct to the Poles, I do so because truth and justice seem to require it, and not because I have any personal grudge to gratify.

Wednesday, Aug. 12th.—We left Frankfort-on-the-Oder by

railway, soon after eleven. At Custrin, the line crosses first the Oder and then the Warta, the main drains of Silesia and of Posen, which unite about a mile below Custrin, and are the natural defences of the fortress. In the market-place of Custrin, Katt was executed, while his fellow-truant, Frederick (afterwards "the Great") looked on from a window—a case in which the principle of the whipping boy was pushed to its extreme limits. Surely both ought to have been pardoned, or both shot. Royal power, we know, doth then show most like God's, when mercy seasons justice. When unmercifulness is combined with injustice, it shows very like some other power. The savage, stupid brute, Frederick's Father, whom eccentric genius has of late rehabilitated into a hero, finds no admirers in his own land, although the Prussians are very ready to make up for the shortness of their history by magnifying each successive actor in it.

From Custrin by Lansberg and Kreutz—but the other day a hamlet among lonely woods, and now a bustling junction—to Posen. The great plain is broken by lines of hills—originally sand-dunes on the shore and in the shallows of a primeval sea. The fir-woods are so large and so frequent, that the country has the look of a newly-settled tract, where forest is the rule and clearance is the exception. There are no hedges to divide the strips of buck-wheat, barley, oats, rye, millet, beetroot, potatoes, and tobacco.

In the train was a native of Rhineland, a Jew by race, who had been fourteen years in California, and whose talk was of nuggets. He looked like a compound of Shylock in youth and Sam Slick, speaking English with a German accent, a Hebrew lisp, and a Yankee intonation. He had stayed five days with his parents, but found their town such a "one-horse place" that he could stand it no longer, and had set off to make the tour of Europe. Why he should do that continent the honour did not appear, for he held it in the greatest contempt. In passing through London, he had stayed at "The Grosvenor." There were, he said,

in San Francisco, half a dozen hotels as magnificent, where you could live better for half the price.

We got to Posen at five P.M., and came to the Hotel de l'Europe, of which we had seen at the Kreuz station an attractive picture, with a quadrilingual advertisement. How could we do better than go to an hotel not only "newly and pompously raised," but also "openly and soundly situated"? We found it comfortable, clean, and cheap. Herr Stern, the landlord, is what people call quite a character. He takes pleasure in relating the story of his life—how from a journeyman mason (*Maurer-Gesell*) he became a master builder (*Bau-Meister*), and now, as hotel-keeper, ranks with the professional men of the town. He was born at Göttingen, and, as a subject of a potentate whom he called "King Hieronymus of Westphalia," fought on the French side at Leipsic, ran away with the rest, and hid himself in a wood; after which he exchanged gladly the musket for the trowel, and became the architect of his own fortunes. Oddly enough, though born at Göttingen, he is a Catholic, and married at Posen a Polish wife, who, more oddly still, is a Protestant. Nothing could exceed the kindness of both. How much pleasanter it is to be in an inn where landlord and landlady take a personal interest in your comfort and well-being, than in one of those modern caravanserais where you are only Number So-and-so!

Posen is a handsome town, with large spaces fringed with trees, that serve for markets thrice a week, or military parades daily. It is strongly fortified, and outside the bastions are woods of poplar and acacia, with a carriage-drive and pleasant walks. No traces are left of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when it was frequently the residence of the Polish kings. The Rath-haus, with open galleries in front, and four towers, is a building of various dates, 1508, 1555, and 1672. From the highest tower there is a fine view over the town, with its bastions and belt of wood, the winding Warta, and the rolling plains ending everywhere in a horizon of distant forest. In front of the Rath-haus is the pillory—a stone column mounted on steps and crowned with a figure of

Justice—a man in armour, with a sword. The iron clamps which fastened the neck of the criminal are still there. It was erected in 1535, and repaired at different periods. Round the top are the words “*Discite justitiam moniti et non temnere Divos,*” and “*Vendidit hic auro patriam.*” The finest churches are the Corpus Domini and the Jesuits’—the latter lofty, spacious, and rich with many-coloured scagliola, but loaded with tasteless ornament. The adjoining convent—a vast building—is now the residence of the intendant of the province, and seat of the civil government. The convents have been all suppressed—in spite of a promise to the contrary—and the revenues applied, at least in part, to the founding of upper schools, *i. e.* six for the Germans and three for the Poles, which is anything but a fair arrangement, considering that the property was all Polish to begin with, and that the present population of the town is about half Polish and a third German, the remaining sixth being Jewish. We had seen in Berlin a statue of one of the Friedrich Wilhelms holding a scroll, with the motto “*Suum cuique.*” “*Væ victis*” would have been more appropriate.

The Prussians have, avowedly and systematically, dealt with the Poles in Posen as they accuse the Danes of dealing with the Germans in Schleswig. They have used their utmost efforts to abolish the language and denationalize the people. During the reign of Friedrich Wilhelm III. two million thalers a-year were devoted to the purpose of helping Germans to buy out the Polish proprietors.

The cathedral, on the other side of the Warta, is a building of the last century, containing monuments of a much earlier date, especially brasses, worthy of note. The Raczinsky Chapel, at the east end, decorated internally in gaudy Byzantine style, contains two bronze statues, by Rauch, of Miecyslaw I. and Boleslaw I., the first Christian and the first great conqueror among the Polish kings. Opposite is a sarcophagus, in imitation of one which contained the bones of Boleslaw, and which was destroyed by the fall of a former cathedral. Some fragments of the old sarcophagus are pre-

served in the new. The chapel was constructed some years ago, at the expense and by the efforts of Count Edward Racziński, aided by a subscription among the Polish nobility.

And thereby hangs a tale:—Count Racziński had caused his own name to be inscribed in very small letters on the pedestal of the statues. When the other subscribers found this out, they insisted on its removal. Racziński offered then to pay the whole cost of the chapel himself, but this they refused. He therefore took a smith with him to the chapel, and stood by while the name was being erased. During the whole time, he kept repeating, “Yes, the name of Racziński shall be erased.” He then went home, took leave of his family, telling them that he was going to a small country-house that he had some way off among the woods. There he spent the day, with one servant only. As evening approached, he called the servant to his room, and asked him if the sun had set. The man said “No.” “Tell me when it is set,” said his master. When the sun had set, the servant came. His master gave him a letter, and told him, when he heard a shot, to set off with the letter to his son. The man heard what he supposed to be merely a signal, and went on his errand. The letter was found to contain an announcement of his intention to put an end to his life, and a strict injunction that his body should be carried to the grave by peasants, and that the place where it lay should be marked by no monument whatever. An extreme desire for fame and praise and honour is said to be characteristic of the Polish nation. In this case, it cost a good and generous man his life. It was not “the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,” but the goad that thrust the darkened spirit down. As if to atone for the past wrong every one calls the chapel the Racziński Chapel, and its founder’s name is more in men’s mouths than if he had not endeavoured to efface it by suicide.

Saturday, August 15th, the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin, is a great day among the Poles. Great numbers of peasants come into Posen, all in holiday costume—the men with long blue coats, boots reaching to the knee, and

broad-brimmed black hats ; the women in light-coloured cotton gowns, with ribbons streaming behind, and tight-fitting white caps bound round with gay handkerchiefs. The petticoats make up in compass what they want in length, and their voluminous folds produce all the effect of crinoline. But the fashion is immemorial with them, and not by any means borrowed from Paris. Ladies of the upper and middle class wear hats of a becoming shape, with flowers or feathers in front. Only here and there among the Germans does one see a fair face disfigured by the hideous scuttle-shaped bonnet of the present day. The peasant-women who came to church on the 15th of August brought in their arms huge bundles of flowers, vegetables, weeds, poppy-heads, &c., which were sprinkled with holy water and blessed by the priest, and are then supposed to be of sovereign efficacy in all ailments. The archbishop celebrated high mass at the cathedral, which was crowded. The music was very fine. Both on entering the church and at the elevation of the host, many men as well as women prostrated themselves, touching the floor with their foreheads. The attachment of the Poles to their national faith has been intensified by the sufferings of the nation. The Roman Catholic faith is to them what the "orthodox" faith was to the Greeks—a symbol of unity, and not a symbol only, but a real bond of brotherhood. All the evils which the Church wrought in Poland when it was dominant are forgotten ; how, under the administration of the Jesuits, it persecuted and crushed freedom of opinion, and, more than any party feuds, helped on the degradation and dismemberment of the kingdom. Once it was a vulture tearing out the entrails of the living, now it is a dove watching by the dead. The Church has suffered with the nation, but, unlike the nation, its unity is indestructible. The life of the Church is the pledge of the nation's resurrection. So even from the depths, that but for the Church would be depths of despair, rises the fervent and triumphant "*Gloria in excelsis.*"

One afternoon, we walked to a neighbouring village. The cottages are built of unbaked clay, and thatched. The

house of the principal proprietor, dignified with the name of Schloss, is a substantial farmhouse, standing back from the road, with two long ranges of barn and stables before it. The owner is a new comer from Berlin, regarded by his humble neighbours very much as an Englishman might be in Connaught. But a German under these circumstances runs no risk of his life. The peasants are sometimes seized with a mania for incendiary fires, but, at those times, Polish ricks and barns have no more immunity than German. The watcher from the tower at Posen told us, that last year he frequently saw three or four fires in one night.

The landlord of the little village inn told us that there was a great want of hands for field-work, because five-sixths of the young men had gone off to join the insurgents. But this must be an exaggeration.

We spent each evening of our stay at the Countess D——'s. One or two people were invited to meet us. Madame D—— apologised for the narrowness of her circle by saying, that of the Polish gentry in and near Posen, eighty were in prison at Berlin,* others were fled, and others gone over the border. The men of her family, sons and sons-in-law, were all away, and the Government had sequestered their property. Repeated searches of the house were made by the police, and spies were set to watch all their movements.

One of these evenings we met the Abbé Kosmian, who, among other good works, has founded a school for the education of young Poles of rank—a great convenience to those parents who could not afford to pay a private tutor.

Another time we met M. ——, a Pole, but one of the deputies sent to the Prussian lower house. We spoke to him of the unpopularity of the Government; how, in particular,

* These eighty were imprisoned on a charge of "high treason," it being high treason, according to a convention made with Russia, to aid and abet an insurrection against the Czar. It seems, too, that in Prussia people may be imprisoned for an indefinite time, at the pleasure of the King or M. von Bismark, without even being brought to trial. The prisoners' friends were allowed to send them books. The book, we were told, most frequently asked for was Shakespeare in English—another trait of Polish barbarism!

one honest-looking gentleman we had met at Magdeburg had said to us, his voice trembling with emotion and his eyes filled with tears, "I am a loyal man ; I honour my king ; but I cannot express the scorn and the hatred I feel for his Government." The deputy, nevertheless, was of opinion that, if Bismark persevered, he would carry the day ; for "the Germans," he said, "are, politically, so infirm of purpose." It is rather singular that "*leichtsinnigkeit*," *i. e.* infirmity of purpose, is one of the faults with which Germans charge the Poles, as individuals ; and the charge is borne out by the fact that the German immigrants are constantly thrusting back the Poles, proving themselves the more persevering and thrifty race. Yet, politically, German feebleness and vacillation contrast strangely with the dogged resolution and invincible tenacity of the Poles.

On Sunday, August 16th, we went to Kurnik, where is the country-house of the D—— family. Madame D—— had gone thither in the morning. The castle is a Gothic building, of red brick, built by the late Count, surrounded by an ancient moat. Many successive castles have stood on the spot, and have been destroyed by successive invasions. In digging the foundation, sculptured stones of very ancient date were found—one apparently a pagan idol with human head rudely carved.

A park, or "English garden," of a hundred acres, adjoins the house, and within a few yards is the shore of a lake two leagues in circuit, and one of a series of lakes extending many miles. From the roof of the tower is a view as striking as any view can be without mountains. Close at hand are two villages, separated only by the castle and the park, each stretching in a long street by the shore of its own lake, encircled by the fields of the peasant proprietors ; beyond the lakes, a great forest of oak, birch, alder, and fir ; on the other side, vast tracts of arable traversed by roads fringed with a double line of poplars, ending at last in forest, or stretching away to where land and sky blended in blue haze.

Nearly all the land we saw, our hostess said, was her son's,

or rather, the agent's whom the Government had put in over their heads, who shot their game and cut down their trees at his will and pleasure, and who only did not live in their house because he found the rooms too large for his comfort.

We were forced to leave the tower by a storm, which had been threatening for some time. A mass of dark cloud, piled as in a great arch, gradually covered the sky, trailing after it a grey veil of rain, traversed every moment by forked lightning. We could see the dust swept in clouds before it, and could hear the roar of the woods in the intervals of the thunder-peals, while as yet there was deathlike stillness in the lake and woods beneath us, and the light was like that of an eclipse. A few minutes, and the walls were lashed with a torrent of rain, the trees were writhing and tossing in the wind, and the lake was breaking into waves and foam, like a mimic sea. The rain, much needed by the thirsty soil, lasted two or three hours.

We had plenty of occupation in looking at a collection of arms and armour, partly inherited and partly bought by the late Count D——. It must be one of the most valuable in Europe, and it is in excellent order. There is also a priceless library of literature, in the Polish language, or relating to Poland; but that we could not examine, for the book-cases were sealed up, as being under sequestration, by the Government.

An upholsterer would have thought the furniture scanty and plain. We noticed, however, some beautiful specimens of wood-carving, the work of self-taught artists, natives of the neighbouring village. I saw, on the table, a file of a London daily paper, the latest numbers unopened. "I have not the heart to read it," said our hostess, "now that it has turned against us." At dinner, our fare was simple, but excellently cooked, and plentiful without profusion. I mention these things because I had read, in the novel of "Soll und Haben," a very different account of a Polish household. The author, a German Liberal, and a courtier of the Grand Duke of Coburg, represents the Polish nobility as living in the sort of barbarous discomfort and riotous wastefulness which one

might have found in the castle of an Irish chieftain in the sixteenth century. We found, on the contrary, only simplicity and excellent taste, and no sign of lavish expenditure, except in the museum, library, and arboretum. If this be barbarism, what and where is civilization ?

The Countess D—— seldom leaves home ; and for an excellent reason. There are about 2,000 peasants who look to her for counsel and help in all their troubles, even for medicine in their bodily ailments. These peasants, though now free, are absolutely devoted to their former lords. Only the other day, when they heard of the sequestration, they went to the priest, and asked him why they should not rise and drive out the Prussians as the people over the border were driving out the Russians. They are said to be simple-hearted, extremely sensitive to kindness, as easy to lead as hard to drive.

In the evening, we looked over a number of photographs of persons who have distinguished themselves in the cause of Poland. Among them were youths between seventeen and twenty, and to not a few of their names was attached a note—*“Tué en bataille.”* *“Fusillé par les Russes.”* One of these was Count Leon Plater. His mother and sister had written to our hostess a touching account of their last interview with him. His courage did not fail for an instant ; and he tried to comfort them by saying, that a man could die but once, and never better than when he died for his country. Two other sons were condemned to die, but they bethought them of telegraphing to the Empress of the French, who telegraphed to the Emperor of Russia and obtained their pardon. After that, the Russians, we were told, had taken care to shorten the time between a sentence and its execution.

Monday, Aug. 17th.—On our way from Posen to Breslau we turned off to spend a day with Mr. K., a Polish gentleman originally of “the kingdom.” His property was confiscated after the insurrection of 1831, in which he took part ; but out of the wreck of his fortunes he had saved enough to buy an estate in the Duchy of Posen, small, if judged by the

Polish standard, large according to ours—3,000 acres. Our host sent, to meet us at the station, a carriage with four stout useful horses. The high road is an excellent one, macadamized with granite, and the toll-bars are cheap and far between. A little tin box is thrust from a window, at the end of a long stick, to receive your money, and to give back a receipt-ticket and the small change. The granite is scattered about the country everywhere, in lumps of all sizes, from great boulders to small pebbles. It is supposed to have come from Sweden or thereabouts, being of a different quality from the granite of Silesia, which is used for building. The land hereabouts, and generally throughout the duchy, is sandy. Sometimes the sand rests upon a stratum of clay, varying in depth, overlying gravel; sometimes it rests immediately upon the gravel; and the soil is heavy or light accordingly. Our host divides his heavy land into fourteen sections—I cannot say “fields,” where there is neither hedge nor ditch to mark the boundary—and his light land into twelve, and cultivates them according to the following elaborate system of rotation, fourteen and twelve years respectively. For the heavy land—1. Colza with manure. 2. Wheat. 3. Vetches. 4. Oats. 5. Fallow. 6. Wheat with manure. 7. Potatoes. 8, 9. Barley and trefoil (pasture for the second year). 10, 11. Wheat with trefoil (pasture for the second year). 12. Peas. 13. Rye. 14. Fallow. For the light land—1. Rye with manure. 2. Potatoes. 3, 4. Barley, with white trefoil and grasses (pasture for the second year). 5. Rye. 6. Peas with manure. 7, 8. Rye with grasses (pasture for the second year). 9. Rye. 10. Peas or potatoes with manure. 11. Rye or Barley. 12. Fallow.

The farm buildings were in excellent repair and very extensive, because it is the custom in these parts to garner the corn, not to stack it. The abundant harvests of the present year have filled the barns, and the overplus has been stacked. The cattle seem rather small, but we had satisfactory proof of the excellence both of the milk and the meat.

Our host told us that the land in the Duchy of Posen was owned by 750 Poles, 550 Germans, and a very few Jews.

The great proprietors are mostly Poles ; so that about three-fourths of the land is still in Polish hands. He confirmed what we had heard elsewhere, as to the friendly relations existing between the peasants and the Polish proprietors. The German proprietors, on the other hand, are regarded with distrust and dislike.

Till about the end of the fifteenth century, the peasants were free ;* but at that time, when the power of the nobles got the ascendancy over that of the king, they passed a series of laws which reduced the peasant virtually to the condition of *adscriptus glebæ*. The short-lived constitution of May 3, 1791, emancipated them, gave them the right of possessing land, and even provided that, after a lapse of fifty years, they might become nobles. But the final partition abrogated this constitution. From that time the condition of the peasantry was substantially the same under the Prussian, Russian, and Austrian rule.† A peasant rented so much land, and paid the rent in labour. If, for instance, he had ten or fifteen acres, he would have to work three or four days a week for the owner with his own hands ; if he had thirty acres, he would have to work with two oxen kept by himself ; if he had forty, he would have to keep two horses as well ; and so on. In 1823, he was made owner of the land on condition of paying a sum in money every year for a certain number of years, the number of years varying, of course, inversely with the annual payment. This plan was found to produce endless quarrels between landlord and peasant ; so, in 1848, the Prussian Government provided that the payment should be made to itself. The Government then paid the landowners, stipulating that they were to receive 75 per cent. of the sum they were entitled to under the scheme of 1823. Mr. K. admitted

* The right of the peasant to own land, and his equality with the noble before the law, had been solemnly affirmed, at the Diet of Wislica, under Casimir the Great, in 1347.

† The introduction of the Code Napoléon into the Grand Duchy of Warsaw on its formation in 1807, finally liberated the peasant in that part of Poland, but the old system of labour-rents prevailed even there till the outbreak of the insurrection.

that this was a very good measure. The landowners, he said, were glad enough to abandon 25 per cent. of their due, to be rid of the trouble of collecting it. Our active-minded host, who, with his 3,000 acres to manage, might have been supposed to have his hands full, had undertaken, with the assistance of one *collaborateur*, a colossal literary work—nothing less than a complete translation of Shakespeare into Polish. There exists already one complete translation, but indifferently done, besides ten or eleven partial translations.

At dinner we had some neighbours; General K., a former aide-de-camp of Napoleon, still a hale and hearty man, and his son, once an officer of Engineers in the Prussian service, but always a true Pole at heart. Country gentlemen in Posen—the Poles, I mean—live on terms of great intimacy with their neighbours, and use hospitality to one another most ungrudgingly. They drink Bordeaux and white Hungarian wines at dinner, but not to excess; for they follow the French custom, according to which the gentlemen leave the dining-room with the ladies. A verandah, sheltered by trellis-work and a profusion of creeping plants, is a necessary adjunct to every Polish house. There, if the weather be fine, coffee is served, the ladies meanwhile occupying themselves with needlework, and the gentlemen amusing themselves with cigars.

“The Polish ladies all smoke; don’t they?” said an Englishman to me the other day. I thought of the Quaker’s answer: “Friend, first thou tellest me a lie, and then thou askest me a question.” In fact, I only saw two ladies smoke (cigarettes, not cigars), and one of them was in prison, without books or needlework.

Tuesday, Aug. 18th, to Friday, Aug. 21st.—Breslau is like Paris in the following respects: The nucleus of the city is an island in the river, where the cathedral stands. Thence the city spread over a second island, and flowed over on to the bank. Its old fortifications have been turned from bulwarks to boulevards and planted with trees, from which wide streets with stately houses radiate on all sides.

The large and lofty churches, the Rath-haus, and the Stadt-haus (now modernized), date from the thirteenth, fourteenth,

and fifteenth centuries, when Breslau was a prosperous commercial town, and united in one creed under its Prince Bishops. The name of the great square, "Rynek"—in German, "Ring"—shows that it was originally inhabited by Slavonians. Now the major part is German and Protestant, about one-third is Slavonian and Catholic, and there is a numerous colony of Jews. By the way, a stranger always supposes the Jews to be more numerous than they are, because each Jew who passes attracts his attention by some peculiarity of dress or feature, while most of the Christians go by him unnoticed. It is seldom that a city continuously prosperous, as Breslau has been, retains so many races of antiquity. Its motto seems to have been "Non super antiquas stare, sed ire, vias." Even the churches which have been transferred to the Protestants have escaped the fury of the iconoclasts, and retain all the architectural and artistic ornaments of the older churches without the tinsel and frippery which deform so many of the modern Roman Catholic ones.

Saturday, August 22d.—By railway to Cracow in about eleven hours—thirty-five German miles. The first twenty-six miles are traversed in less than five hours—*i. e.* as far as Myslowitz, the last place within the Prussian frontier. Then there is a stoppage of an hour and a half, and a still longer one at Szczakowa, where is the Austrian custom-house.

Coal and iron are both found in Upper Silesia, and accordingly within the last twenty years it has lost its peaceful and pastoral look, and is rapidly becoming black and busy—"a manufacturing district." The companies that own, and the men who superintend, the furnaces are all German; the workmen are Slavonians.

There is now great strictness about passports, which were taken from us at Myslowitz and at Szczakowa, and again looked at before we were allowed to leave the train at Cracow. Szczakowa is a cluster of houses, surrounded on all sides with white sand, perfectly bare of vegetation, like an oasis of desert in a forest of pine. There the train from Warsaw should have joined ours; but it never came, and had not come for some days. The insurgents, it was supposed, had broken

the line up in places. From Szczakowa the railway winds below well-wooded hills and along well-watered valleys to Cracow.

We drove to the Hotel Saski, and considered ourselves fortunate in finding vacant rooms there, as all the hotels in Cracow were crowded with guests, chiefly refugees from "the kingdom." Here, as at Vienna and Warsaw, there is no *table d'hôte*, but the guests dine when they please at a restaurant attached to the hotel. Here you may taste some genuine Polish dishes, such as *Zrazy à la Nelson*—Polish, notwithstanding its name, and signifying beef stewed with mushrooms and onions; *Barshtsh*, *i.e.* beetroot soup, acid, but not unpleasant, more easily swallowed than pronounced; and *Chlodnik*, where the difficulty is about equal for a stranger, being a mixture of sour cream, chicken, cucumber, and ice. Cookery was the only subject which our Polish friends discussed with any interest, except the inexhaustible topic of the insurrection. We sometimes welcomed the digression as a relief.

Strange company met there—all sorts of odd waifs and strays flung together by the storm of revolution—some who had fled across the frontier to escape the Russians, others who were approaching as near the frontier as might be, to aid the insurgents. Fresh expeditions were constantly in process of organization; one was despatched while we were there. Among those who joined it was a young Englishman with a German name, who had, I believe, been connected with a newspaper in London, not however in a literary capacity, and on the strength of this allowed himself to be regarded as a correspondent of the *Times*, and treated with consideration accordingly. He had come out with a cargo of revolvers and tourniquets, which he had succeeded in smuggling across the Silesian frontier. We could not conceive why he adventured himself "*dans cette galère.*" Insurrection should be made of sterner stuff. He had no sympathy with the Polish cause, he was physically feeble, and he was in the deepest depression of spirits when he started for the rendezvous. His subsequent adventures were curious. The insurgent corps to which he

was attached met a Russian detachment, and fought for two days. During the first day our friend carried a musket as a combatant, the second day he devoted himself to his supposed duties as correspondent, and took post in a tree, to see the fight. There, as he was eating an apple (for into such minutiae does the story descend), a Cossack spied and fired at him. The Englishman threw six roubles to the barbarian, and made signs that he would "come down" and surrender—which he did. There was great joy among the Russians when the news was spread that they had captured the correspondent of the *Times*. The prisoner was taken to Lublin, and treated with great distinction. One unlucky day he was invited to a great dinner, where Mouravieff's health was drunk. An agent of the National Government who was present, perhaps in Russian uniform, reported that the Englishman had drunk the toast, whereupon he was denounced as a traitor and sentenced to death. To crown his misfortunes, he was publicly disclaimed by the *Times*. What has become of the poor wretch, whether he has survived Russian dungeons, Polish daggers, and Jove's own thunder, I know not.

Apropos of the *Times*, the *Czas*, which in Polish means the same thing, is published at Cracow. It is the chief organ of the Polish cause, and expresses itself with an outspoken plainness which does honour to the Government that permits it. As far as regards great political questions, it appears that a very real freedom of the press exists in Austria. But woe to the newspaper which offends the bureaucracy! The ministers of the Crown may be attacked with impunity, but your local official is sacrosanct. He can throw all kinds of impediments in the way of an offending journalist. The bureaucrats in Austria are a compact and powerful body, having the same real preponderance in the state that the Equites of Rome had, when they monopolized the farming of the taxes. They are naturally extremely averse to all change, for by change they have all to lose and nothing to gain; they stand between the Government and the people,

and are able to oppress the latter, while thwarting the liberal measures and good intentions of the former.

Cracow may be said to have finally supplanted Gnesen and Posen as capital of the Polish kingdom in 1285 A.D., when Leszek fortified the town. From that time to the end of the sixteenth century, when Sigismund Wasa transferred his court to the more central Warsaw, it was the residence of the kings. Even afterwards it retained a ceremonial precedence, for each succeeding monarch was crowned and buried in the cathedral. It was the chief scene and centre of the pride, pomp, and circumstance which unhappily fill so large a space in Polish history, and for a student of that history it is, beyond all other places, rich in associations; so that a traveller, when he first enters, will be sure to experience a feeling of disappointment on finding that in its architecture the city retains so few memorials of the past. Far richer in this respect than any other Polish city, it is still far poorer than many German towns which fill a much humbler place in history. Fires, sieges, captures, and, perhaps more than all, a love of novelty, have combined to destroy or to deface the ancient monuments. The cathedral, which in its position within the precincts of the fortress-palace reminds one of St. George's Chapel at Windsor, and in its sepulchral treasures rivals Westminster Abbey, is dedicated to St. Stanislas, whose body lies in a silver shrine under the high altar. His statue is over the western door. Built at the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth century, the church is imbedded in structures of other dates—some mean, all incongruous. At the west front is an Italian portico, and against the south wall two sumptuous mausoleums, the Sigismund or Jagellon Chapel, and that of Wasa, built respectively in 1520 and 1666. The interior is crowded, and, in an architectural point of view, defaced by cumbrous altars and tombs of the Renaissance period. I trust, however, that they will be allowed to remain. We cannot be too conservative in dealing with the monuments of the past. The history of Poland is written on these

walls, and we should mutilate it if we destroyed the later chapters. The loss would be poorly compensated by increased architectural effect in a building which, but for historical associations, would not be very imposing at best. Even in Westminster Abbey, a far nobler building, we should lose more than we should gain by the demolition of the non-Gothic monuments. And, on the same principle, I regret that the banqueting-hall of the Dukes of Athens has not been suffered to remain on the Acropolis. But at Cracow, with all their zeal for innovation, the builders have always piously respected the tombs of their ancient kings. Against the south wall of the choir, under a Gothic canopy of freestone, is a statue of the great Casimir, who died 1370 A.D., recumbent, with crown, sceptre, and ball, and a lion at his feet, on a richly ornamented base, all of red marble. In a chapel close to the western door are the tombs of Ladislas of Varna (1447) and his brother Casimir (1492), the latter by Veit Stoss. Between these two is an elaborate pile in memory of Bishop Soltyk (1788), who was carried off to Siberia by the Russians. The monument is worthy of remark for the design, if not for the execution. There is a sarcophagus of red marble, on which is a bas-relief of the Bishop in a carriage guarded by Cossacks. Fame and the Angel of Doom, two colossal figures, are lifting the lid of the tomb, and out of it rises the eagle of Poland crowned, and behind the eagle an arm with a sword.

In the floor of the nave is a bronze door, inscribed "Groby Królów Polskich," "Grave of the Polish Kings." A verger lifts the door, and you descend into the vault where the patriots Kosciusko and Poniatowski have been admitted as equal tenants with John Sobieski and Ladislas IV. In the Sigismund Chapel, designed doubtless by an Italian architect, there are statues in red marble of Sigismund I. and Sigismund Augustus; also a mezzo-relievo in the same material larger than life, of Anna Jagellon, wife of Stephen Bathory. This is a favourite form of memorial in Poland, and peculiar, so far as I know, to the country. Sometimes the figure is

set in the wall vertically, sometimes horizontally, and sometimes at an angle of 45° or thereabouts.

Several of the great families have chapels here. In the Potocki* Chapel is a "Christ" by Thorwaldsen, and near the tomb of Casimir the Great a heroic statue of one Wladimir Potocki, also by Thorwaldsen. Among the Polish nobility the modern sculptors and portrait-painters of France, Germany, and Italy have found their most munificent patrons.

The Rynek of Cracow, speaking roughly, is a square, of which each side measures 350 yards. In the centre is the cloth hall, built by Casimir the Great, 120 yards long, modernized outside, and having a mass of parasitic buildings clinging to it, as the law courts cling to Westminster Hall. Of the town hall, destroyed during the present century, a tall tower remains. In one corner is the fine church, Early Pointed and in brick, of our Lady, "Panny Maria," which contains over the altar a masterpiece in wood-carving by Veit Stoss. Of the town walls, destroyed during the time of the republic, the gate of St. Florian alone remains. In front of the gate proper is a singular kind of propylæum, an oval structure, having towers with conical roofs at intervals. This was built by John Albert, at the end of the fifteenth century.

The ditch which Casimir dug to divide Cracow from its suburb Kasimierz, and fragments of the walls which John Albert built to protect the Jews, whom he ordered to reside there, still remain. In 1499, a body of Teutonic knights, who chanced to be quartered for a time at Cracow, climbed over the newly-erected, perhaps half-finished, walls of Kasimierz, and pillaged the Jews' houses and killed the inmates, thinking to do God service while glutting their avarice and lust of blood. The remnant who were saved owed their lives to the protection of the Polish king. Notwithstanding the occasional outbreaks on the part of the populace, Poland has been honourably distinguished for the security which it guaranteed to the Jews. It was to Poland and to Turkey

* Pronounced "Pototski."

that they fled when the western nations of Europe either drove them out or denied them an asylum.

The peculiar position of Poland on the frontier of civilization, which compelled its inhabitants to do, as it were, garrison duty, ready to rise at a moment's notice, prevented the development of the arts of peace and the formation of a middle class. The Jews filled the vacant place in society, and have still in their hands all the minor commerce of the country. I say "the minor commerce," for, with some brilliant exceptions, the Jews, as a people, do not seem well-fitted for the conduct of great enterprises. It is wonderful to see how poor the majority of them are after many generations of eager money-getting and careful thrift. They meet you at Cracow, as in other Polish towns, at every turn: they follow your carriage; they watch you on the stairs; they haunt your bedroom door, anxious to be employed on any errand, no matter what, by which a little money can be made: they stand about the streets in groups of two and three, squalid and unwashed, eagerly conversing. As you pass, they interrupt their talk for a moment to say, "Etwas zu wechseln, meine Herren?" Now and then you meet a striking figure—some youth or maid whose native beauty shines through the slovenly and sordid dress—one whom a painter might draw for a David or a Judith. You pause in involuntary admiration. The dark eyes flash, the crimson lips part, and say, "Wechseln?"

In order to see the interior of the castle, it is necessary to get the permission of the Austrian platz-major or commandant. We presented ourselves accordingly one morning. The commandant not only gave us permission, but volunteered to be our guide. The great court, commenced early in the sixteenth century and never finished, resembles, with its tiers of open galleries, that court of the Vatican where are the loggie of Raphael. These, however, are on a larger scale. Some of the rooms retain, in gilded cornices and carved fireplaces, traces of their ancient splendour. Several of the doors also are richly carved, and bear the cipher of Sigismund I.

Our Austrian friend was anxious to impress upon us the care with which all relics of antiquity were preserved. Any desecration, he said, that the palace had suffered, was done before the Austrians entered Cracow in 1846. He took us also to see the Dragon's Cave, a subterranean passage—partly natural, partly artificial—by which the confederates of Bar gained access to the castle as Camillus took Veii.

Another day the commandant accompanied us to the salt-mines of Wieliczka. We had a long conversation, as we drove thither, on the affairs of Poland. He assured us that the Galician troops in the Austrian service would all desert if the Government were to declare for the Poles, so strong was the feeling in the class from which the soldiers were drafted. In the Ukraine, Podolia, and Volhynia, the peasants were as strongly opposed to the Poles, who were the nobility in those parts. To this day they remembered the Jesuit persecutions of 1648, which had driven their fathers to revolt; for they were still, as of old, ardently devoted to the Greek Church. In Eastern Galicia, even under Austrian rule, some traces might still be seen of the old Polish domination, where the Greek priest, who had the whole people for his flock, lived in a wooden house and was very poor, while the Roman Catholic priest, who had only a few noble families for *his* flock, lived in a stone house, with a comfortable stipend. Perhaps in the Polish times the Roman Catholic priests regarded themselves as “a garrison,” although that theory scarcely corresponds to the ideal which men had in their minds when they first founded churches and submitted to tithes. And it might have been worth the while of the Government to consider whether they could not get the garrison duty more efficiently done at a cheaper rate.

After being duly provided with white smocks and candles, we were conducted over the mine—so much, that is, of the sixty miles of passages as is shown to visitors. There are great caverns, a ball-room, and a lake—all made on purpose to show—which were lit up with Bengal lights; and after descending many damp wooden stairs, we were at last hauled

up a shaft, six at a time, attached to a stout cable. The effect of the whole was, to my mind, very inferior to the mines of Hallein: the salt walls are not so white and glistening, the descent is much easier and more commonplace. At Hallein you do not go down stairs, but slide down smooth, steep, wooden troughs with a velocity which is enough to give pleasant excitement on the way, and almost enough to make you thankful when you are safely at the bottom.

In one of the halls we saw a large quantity of salt ready to be despatched to Russia. "This," as a Polish gentleman, who was one of the party, whispered to me, "is part of the tribute which Austria covenanted to pay Russia for her services in '49." In fact, I afterwards learnt that Austria had agreed to supply Russia with 100,000 centners of salt per annum at a fixed price. The contract expired in 1862, but the salt continued to be sent nevertheless, because the Austrians were willing to sell, and the Russians to buy, at the price.

The neighbourhood of Cracow is rich in interest. Two miles from the city, westward, on the last spur of a range of low, wooded hills, running parallel with the Vistula, stands the Mogila, or Tumulus, of Kosciuszko, piled up during the "republican" days of Cracow, in imitation of two others of immemorial antiquity, called popularly those of Krakus and of Wanda. It was a truly national monument. There was hardly a Pole who did not contribute his handful of earth. It is, perhaps, eighty feet high above the level of the hill; there is a granite stone, inscribed "Kosciuszko," on the top, and a mortuary chapel at the base. The whole has been enclosed in a grim Austrian fortress, the guns of which command the town, and are ready at the least provocation to add injury to insult.

Three miles further on, among thick pine-woods on a projecting hill, stands the convent of Bielany, founded in 1607. The monks, Camaldolites, are seventeen in number—ten Italians, six Poles, and one Hungarian. The prior is always sent from Rome: he used to be changed every two years, but the present prior has, in consequence of the dislocation of ecclesiastical

routine, remained nearly four. He is a man of noble presence, with fine regular features, calm, dark eyes, and flowing black beard. If fate should ever transfer him from his cell, his books, and his flowers to the Vatican, he would look every inch a pontiff. He had, I suppose, been a peasant, for he spoke not pure Tuscan, but the *lingua rustica* of Perugia.

Nestling under the convent walls is a little house where lives a venerable priest, M. Schingler, the last president of the Cracovian republic. He is a man of great knowledge and full of humour; but being Aulic counsellor and Excellency, by grace of the Austrian Emperor, and having been hand in glove with Metternich, the Poles throw doubt on his patriotism. His absence from Cracow at a critical moment gave the Austrians a pretext for occupying the place; the president is therefore suspected of having contrived the "anarchy." A friend of his reported to me a remark of the old statesman: "When I was president of the Cracovian republic, I used to say that there were three ecclesiastical sovereigns in Europe—the Pope, the Vladika of Montenegro, and myself: now, the Cracovian republic is abolished, the Prince of Montenegro is a layman, and the Pope is going to the dogs as fast as he can."

Four miles further across the Vistula, on an abrupt rock close to the river, stands the more ancient and famous convent of Tynieć, frequently the refuge of kings and princes in troublous times. The ruins now scarcely afford shelter for one poor family. The last event of its history was its occupation by the confederates of Bar.

We spent a day at the country-house of a Polish family near Cracow. Here, as elsewhere, we were struck with the resemblance between Polish and English manners and customs—especially as regards rural life. In Poland, however, the domestic arrangements are less luxurious than they would be with a corresponding fortune in England. We drove a few miles, chiefly through pine-woods, to visit the ruins of Tenczyn, a strong fortress on a commanding height, which was ruined, according to common report, by Gustavus

Adolphus. But he never got so far south; it was probably Charles Gustavus.

On the way we visited a brewery and distillery belonging to the Count, for these two trades are still a virtual monopoly in the hands of the great landholders. The arrangements seemed perfect, and the result—so far as the beer was concerned—was excellent. The steward told us that his master's estates in Galicia, the Kingdom, and the Ukraine, amounted in all to 22 German square miles—nearly 400 English!

At dinner we had some trout artificially produced by the family doctor, who gave us a learned lecture on the methods of pisciculture. I thought from the flavour of the fish that Nature must have had some share in the work.

During our stay at Cracow we had the good fortune to meet an English gentleman who had been some months in Poland, and had acquired considerable facility in speaking the language. He agreed to join us in an expedition to Warsaw—a journey dull in ordinary times, but promising under present circumstances unusual interest. Accordingly, on the 30th of August, we left Cracow early in the morning, in a carriage which we had engaged to take us to the first post station on the Russian side. As we ascended the slope we had a beautiful view of the city, with its red roofs and white walls and belt of green trees, backed by the Carpathians, ridge over ridge, and high over all, far away, dimly seen through the summer haze, the clustered peaks of the Tatra, like the spikes of a crown. Our new companion, who had lately climbed the highest of these peaks, accompanied by a priest who was doing it for penance, in imitation of the ascetic brethren of the Alpine Club, affirmed that it was harder of ascent than any Alp he knew.

About four English miles from Cracow we come to the place where two posts, marked respectively with Russian and Austrian colours, indicate the frontier. A little further on is the station of Michalovicz, where our passports and luggage were examined. The passports, all from the English

Foreign Office, delivered respectively by Lords Malmesbury, Clarendon, and Russell, puzzled the officials both here and at other places. They always mistook the name of the giver for that of the receiver of the passport; and utterly perplexed at the multiplicity of titles with which the Secretary of State described himself, they selected out of these the least strange as the name of the traveller. It was thus that one of us figures as "Baron Hyde," another as "Jan E. Russell," and the third as "James Howard."

All our books were taken from us and sent back to Cracow. Even for a railway guide or a dictionary we pleaded in vain. The fragments of old newspapers in which our boots were wrapped were stuffed into the coat-pocket of the officer who made the search. I heard afterwards, at Warsaw, from another English traveller, that, as he entered by way of the railroad from Berlin, his courier, by a judicious application of roubles and kopecks, got all his books passed. This expedient did not occur to us. After we had been detained about an hour, we were allowed to proceed on our journey.

The usual way of going from Cracow to Warsaw is, of course, the railroad, but the insurgents had broken down no less than eight bridges, which would take some time to repair; so we had no choice but to post along the old road—a distance nearly the same as that between London and York. But "posting" in Poland is not the luxurious way of travelling that it used to be in England. Instead of a carriage or post-chaise, we had a cart without springs, and stuffed with trusses of straw. But the horses are good, and do from thirteen to fourteen versts an hour—nearly ten English miles. The price, too, is moderate: ten kopecks a verst for the horses, and two for the carriage. One kopeck a verst is a handsome gratuity for the postilion at the end of the stage.

Our first stage, twenty-eight versts, was accomplished in two hours and a quarter. We passed on the way through one village, Slumniki, in which a block of houses had been lately burnt. Miechow, where we halted, is, or rather was, a town of some importance. It was attacked in February by the

insurgents under Churowski. The affair was sadly mismanaged. Half his men missed their way during the night march, and the rest did not arrive till after daybreak; so, instead of surprising the Russians, they found them well-prepared for the attack, and were easily driven back. The Russian commander, Nepenin, ordered his troops to set fire to the town in many places, and the whole was burnt, with the exception of a church and a convent adjoining. The inhabitants,* who had had no knowledge of the attempted surprise and had taken no part in it, found shelter in the nearest villages or in the woods. Many died of fright, cold, and hunger. The walls of the houses had been whitewashed and gaily painted, so that the town in its present state reminded us of Pompeii. The churchyard was filled with the white tents which sheltered a detachment of Russian infantry. The adjoining convent was full of prisoners, with a soldier on guard at each door. In the topmost story a kind of restaurant had been established. The poor woman who kept it had been one of the sufferers from the fire. She and her six little children had fled to the wood. She said the day of judgment itself could not be more terrible than that day was. When we said good-bye, she told us that we had come like stars and rays of light across her path. We had spoken kindly to her; that was all.

Notwithstanding all this recent suffering, the place had a festival air. It was Sunday, and numbers of peasants had come in to church, and were scattered in groups all over the square, talking and bargaining for fruit, bread, &c.—the men in white coats and scarlet caps, the women also in white, with smart handkerchiefs tied round their heads. It was like a gay flower-garden.

As we passed by the churchyard, one of the officers came out of his tent, and spoke to us in English. He was from

* Miechow, according to the latest official census, that for 1857, contained 1,427 inhabitants. When we saw it, the number could not have been much more than the odd 27, not reckoning the prisoners housed in the convent and the soldiers bivouacking in the churchyard.

Finland, he said. During the Crimean war he had been taken prisoner and sent to Lewes, and he retained a most grateful remembrance of the kindness with which he had been treated by the neighbouring gentry. He detested the service on which he was engaged, not, as it seemed, from any sympathy with the insurgents, but because it was so unlike fair fighting, so unfit for a soldier and a gentleman. "Ah!" he added, "I would *yet* be a prisoner at Lewes."

Our next stage was Xions, pronounced something like the French "*chance*." The Marquis Wielopolski has a chateau there, a tall old-fashioned house surrounded by trees, the first country-house we had seen.

At Wodzislaw, twenty-four versts further on, we went to a pot-house dignified by the name of Restauracya, where were thirty or forty peasants of both sexes, all drinking and some drunk. One of the men, after significantly shaking each of us by the hand, showed us a passport signed by an insurgent chief, with the stamp of the National Government, of which he seemed very proud. Happening to pat the head of a pretty child, which attracted me as being the only perfectly sober person in the company, I had great difficulty in preventing the grateful mother from kissing my feet.

Near Jendzejow we heard that there were several bodies of insurgents hidden somewhere in the woods.

Just at sunset we reached the post-house of Chenciny, nineteen versts further on, where the river Nida flows through a flat green plain. Beyond is a range of wooded hills, and a rock crowned with the towers of an old castle.

While we were changing our horses and cart, a handsome youth rode up at full speed, with the news that a large body of Russian troops was on its way from Kielce, and warned us that we might get out of the way; for he evidently thought that we were somehow implicated in the insurrection, else we should not have been travelling in such place and time. However, as our passports were perfectly in order, and our consciences clear of any overt act of treason against Russia, we continued our route; and after ascending a wooded slope we

passed close under the castle of Chenciny, a great building of the middle ages, with three towers stretched along the ridge of a steep, bare rock. Below, on the northern slope, stands the white town, interspersed with trees—a scene well worth the painting, especially as we saw it, when the pine-woods in the background looked purple under the golden light of sunset.

Before reaching Kielce we came upon the Russian troops, who were halting, and occupying half the breadth of the road at intervals for about a mile. It was full moon, and as they stood on the white road, chequered with the black shadows of the poplars which bordered it, the moonlight glancing here and there upon a bayonet, musket, or sword-hilt, they looked like some ghostly army bound on an errand of darkness—as, indeed, they were. The force was one of the ordinary strong columns with which the Russians, taught by experience, now conduct operations against the insurgents. First, there were five companies of infantry, about 150 men in each; then a squadron of Cossacks; then two guns and ammunition-waggons, with artillery-men, &c.; then the baggage; then a squadron of dragoons; and then a sixth company of foot, as rear guard. Once an officer stopped us, asked where we were going, and politely wished us a safe journey. We could not in conscience return the compliment.

At the gate of Kielce the soldiers asked for our passports, thrust a sharp iron rod through the straw stuffing of our cart, and then intimated that they wanted something to drink—a process which is repeated at the gates of every important town. As we entered, General Czenghery passed in a carriage at a rapid pace, escorted by a troop of Cossacks, half-hidden in a cloud of dust.

We found at Kielce an inn, with comfortable beds and a good supper. It is the chief place of the “government,” or province, formed out of the non-Austrian part of the palatinate of Cracow. General Czenghery commands here—one who deserves a place among the bas-reliefs on the pedestal of the statue which Russian gratitude will erect in honour of Mouravieff.

Next morning we went to the Seminary to call upon a priest, to whom one of us had a letter of introduction. This visit and the examination of our passports took up some time, so that it was eight o'clock before we left the place. Just outside were the tents where the soldiers were encamped. Looking back, the town of Kielce on a sloping hill, with its white houses and churches, had a very pleasing effect. One of the churches has four towers, covered in the Russian fashion with tin, which glitters in the sun, and (it is said) is admired by the peasants more than any architectural combination. The district through which our road lay is rich in iron-stone; and when the projected railroad which is to join the Vienna and Warsaw line with Sandomir is completed, it will acquire great importance. Then, too, Sandomir, whose wheat is said to be the finest in Europe, will have railroad communication uninterruptedly with Dantsic. The country is hilly, almost mountainous, covered in many parts with pine-woods. Sometimes the road passed through one of these woods, where the scent and shade were most refreshing. From time to time we saw long straggling villages, with wooden, thatched houses standing separately. Here the oats were still unreaped, showing that the general level of the ground is high.

At Suchedniow, till lately a flourishing place inhabited by miners, all the houses, with rare exceptions, had been burnt by the Russian troops, together with a large building used as a depôt, notwithstanding that the whole was Government property. The reason alleged was, that some of the miners had taken part in the insurrection. The officers had endeavoured in vain to prevent the soldiers from burning and pillaging, but, encouraged by their general, Czenghery, they set the authority of the subalterns at defiance. The houses are generally built of wood, with the exception of the fireplace, oven, and chimney, which are brick, and which in each case were alone left to mark where the house had been.

At the post-station, we were somewhat surprised at being addressed in English by a man who said he had been an

agent of the National Government for the purchase of arms in England. He had been wounded in the hand, he said, in a recent engagement. Whether his story was true or not, we had no means of judging. He seemed on the most amicable terms with the officials, who wore the civil uniform of the Russian Government.

At Szydłowiec, where we dined and spent the four hottest hours of the day, there were 158 prisoners in the town-house and in various private houses, on their way to Radom and Warsaw. Several were lounging out of the windows. The sentinel motioned us off when we approached to talk to them. We went to see the church, which contains a monument in bas-relief of an old seigneur of the place, in full armour. From the ornamentation of the borders, we guessed that it could not be earlier than 1500. The church is about two centuries older: a high brick building, with lancet windows. It contains also a statue of a Princess Jona Radziwill, done at Rome at the end of the last century. A chateau, now empty, near the town, was doubtless her residence.

We reached Radom, twenty-eight versts further on, shortly after six. About a mile from the town, we found a picket of Cossacks, ill-looking, slovenly fellows, lounging under some trees. They had piled their lances and muskets and tethered their horses. These horses, with their high peaked saddles, seen against the horizon, looked like so many camels.

On arriving at our hotel, a humble but clean place, we were beset, as usual, with a swarm of Jews, who watched all our movements, and followed us as we went in and out with eager eyes. Even the postilion, as soon as he received his gratuity, became an object of respectful attention.

Our hostess apologized for the scanty accommodation provided for us, by saying that the rest of her house was occupied by soldiers. Half a dozen Cossacks were sleeping in the stable-yard.

We went to take tea with M. S——, a professional gentleman, to whom we had a letter. In his house, as generally in Poland, we found the furniture simple and elegant. A good

deal had been spent on books and pictures, very little on upholstery. We had tea with him and his daughters, one of whom, with other young ladies of the place, did duty as nurse at the civil hospital. About a week before our visit, there had been two engagements on successive days at Kowala and at Wyr, not far from Radom. The Russians, beaten on the first day, and chased to within a short distance of Radom, had, on the second day, remained in possession of the field. Their usual custom is to kill all the wounded; but on this occasion, for the first time, they departed from their practice, and brought seventeen wounded Poles to Radom, where, for want of room in the military hospital, they were lodged in the civil one. Among these were two officers, deserters from the Russian army. Both were shot: one of them had had his hand amputated by the surgeon on the morning of the same day.

General Uschakoff, who commands at Radom, a worthy colleague of General Czenghery, has established a reign of terror there. His soldiers are authorized to beat any one whom they choose to charge with infringing any rule, from the civil governor (who happens to be a Pole) down to the Jews. No one may stir out after sunset without a lanthorn, nor at all after nine o'clock. Even women and children are treated with systematic insult.

Early next morning, one of my companions managed to get admission to the civil hospital. Eleven of the wounded had been removed to the military hospital during the night, where, instead of their kind countrywomen, they would have for nurses rude Russian soldiers, who subject them to all kinds of ill treatment. The officer who was charged with their removal selected such as were likely to recover, so as to be able to serve in the army of the Caucasus or of Siberia; those whose wounds were of such a nature that they would be sure either to die of them, or be crippled for life, he left, with the words, "Let them rot where they are!"

It is impossible to remember or record, as it was impossible, even on the spot, to verify, half the stories we heard of

Russian cruelty. Here is a sample: After the battle of Wyr, a Polish officer, who had taken refuge in a house at some distance from the field, was surprised without his arms by a party of Russians, and shot. The wound was not mortal, so the non-commissioned officer in command suffocated him by cramming mud and sand into his mouth and nostrils. For this gallant deed, he received a present of 200 roubles and the cross of St. George. We heard, too, an instance of the way in which Russian ukases are published to impose upon Europe, without the least intention of their being acted upon at home. Some months ago, a general amnesty was proclaimed to all who would lay down their arms, and every one of course supposed that such an amnesty would be retrospective as well as prospective. Well, the very day after its publication, the Russians sent to Siberia 100 prisoners from Radom alone.

We had to wait long at the "Magistrat," or government house, before we got our passports *viséd*, owing to the utter ignorance and helplessness of the officials. The passports were supposed to be written in French, and accordingly a young Frenchman, private tutor to the children of the President, was sent for to interpret. Even with his aid, it was long before they could be made to understand what they were to write, and where they were to write it. Perhaps they were not so stupid as they seemed, and their movements might have been expedited by a rouble.

Outside the town we saw the tents of the soldiers, and on a piece of level ground close by some artillery practice was going on. From Radom to Warsaw the country is much less interesting than that through which we had passed on the two preceding days. It is, what I had wrongly supposed the whole of Poland to be, almost a dead flat, where tracts of forest alternate with breadths of stubble and fallow, hedgeless and treeless, except about the villages and homesteads, which are so far between, that one wonders where the men live who till and reap the fields, and how they get to and from their work morning and evening.

During our second stage we diverged a little from the main road, to call on M. B——. He was from home, and we were received by his wife, who, till she read the introduction we had brought, regarded us with evident alarm. The poor lady, whose natural expression of countenance was that of extreme cheerfulness and good-humour, was overwhelmed with recent sorrow. As soon as she found that we were friends, not foes, she poured forth, in mingled Polish and French, the story of her bereavement. Two of her three sons had been killed in a battle on the last day of June; how, she never knew. Making a great effort, she went to a drawer, brought out two photographs, threw them on the table, and said, “*Voilà deux jeunes hommes qui sont déjà morts—déjà morts,*” and then burst into a passion of tears. By-and-by, becoming more calm, she said, “I hope it will please God to restore Poland; but my happiness is gone.” It was the most pathetic scene I ever saw. We had not known of the affliction, or we should not have intruded on it. We could only hope that the sympathy even of strangers was some comfort, and, at all events, less distressing than her own lonely thoughts.

Leaving the house, our postilion took a wrong turn, and we found ourselves in a place where it seemed impossible to go forward or turn round. However, by crossing a rickety bridge of planks which led into a field, and then a dry wide ditch which led out of it, with banks so steep that we had never driven up and down the like except in a dream, we got into the right way. We noticed some fine timber, oak and elm, growing hereabouts, and scattered in the fields many boulders of granite.

About noon we crossed the Pilica River by a temporary bridge, the other having been burnt by the insurgents. A few detachments of Russian infantry were encamped here. From thence till we approached the immediate neighbourhood of Warsaw, we did not see a single soldier. This could not be in consequence of the country being free from insurgents, as a band of them the very night before had stopped the mail-carriage at one of the intermediate stations, and taken all

the letters intended for Russian officers at Radom, Kielce, &c. We met with no adventure, and only one very commonplace mishap. One of our wheels suddenly gave way. The accident fortunately happened within a few hundred yards of a roadside inn kept by a German, whose wife cooked for us the excellent form of omelette known throughout the Fatherland as "Rühreier mit Schinken." The last station before Warsaw is a lonely house, beside a wood of pine, where there is a post marked 1,097 $\frac{1}{4}$ versts to St. Petersburg. Eighteen versts more brought us, shortly after eight o'clock, to the gates of Warsaw. After some delay, during which our passports were examined and the customary *douceur* given to the soldier on guard, we were admitted, and drove to the hotel, which we reached just as the first drops of a long-threatened thunder-storm began to fall.

The whole cost of the three days' journey for three persons was—post-horses, cart, and drivers, 37 roubles; beds and food for ourselves, 12 roubles: total, 49 roubles—equivalent, at the present rate of exchange, to 7*l.* 10*s.* sterling.

The Hotel de l'Europe at Warsaw is an immense pile, which when completed will be a quadrangle, the exterior façades measuring respectively 105 and 75 yards. There is a restaurant and café on the ground-floor. It is the property of a joint stock company, and is managed by Count —, who lives in the hotel. I ought to speak in the past tense, for since we were there it has been turned into barracks: a Russian spy was assassinated in the house, and as the assassin escaped the proprietors are punished in his stead. During our stay the house was temporarily occupied by troops, to enforce the payment of taxes. Four soldiers slept, or rather played cards, all night, in a room next to mine. With this exception, we found the place very comfortable, though rather dear. Everything, however, is dear at Warsaw. The causes assigned for this are heavy custom-duties, length of land-carriage, want of wholesome competition, and the present derangement of the currency.

Warsaw, though it has many large and some fine buildings, spacious squares, and broad streets, is not an interesting or impressive city. The material is brick and stucco, and the stucco is made to look meaner by a covering of yellow wash. Even in the oldest part of the city, all is modern or modernized. In the heart of the old town is the Rynek, a square of no great size, in the centre of which was the place of execution, now occupied by a fountain. Close by, is the cathedral, restored in the worst style of modern Gothic, but still retaining some fine brasses in bas-relief, monuments of the old Dukes of Mazovia, &c. The new town has spread along the left bank of the river and stands at an elevation of forty feet, or thereabouts, above it. The palace reminds me of the Royal Palace at Naples. In front of it is the column of Sigismund III., the base of which commemorates his victories over the Muscovites and others. It is to the credit of the Russians that they have not effaced the inscription. In a parallel case the French, who destroyed the monument on the field of Rosbach and mutilated the tomb of Maximilian at Innspruck, would certainly have done so. From the square a long street, called "the New World," extends for at least a mile, occasionally expanding into a "place," and then again contracting to a street. In it are the Hotel de l'Europe, the statue of Copernicus, the Church of the Holy Spirit, and the famous Zamoyiski Palaces. Close to the Hotel de l'Europe is the Saski Square, "Place de Saxe," with a bronze obelisk commemorating the Poles who fell in defence of their monarch (Nicolas, to wit) on the 17th (29th) November, 1830. We stopped one day to read, as best we might, the bilingual inscription, when we were motioned off by a sentinel. The square was occupied with unsightly huts of wood, for the soldiers quartered there.

On one side is the Saski Palace, a once royal and now imperial residence, picturesquely but most inconveniently divided into two halves, with a colonnade between. Beyond the colonnade is the garden, "Jardin de Saxe," a favourite morning promenade; and beyond that an open market for

fruit, flowers, and vegetables, which, on a Sunday morning particularly, is crowded with peasants who come to sell and Jews who come to buy. The theatre, in another square, is a stately pile in two stories, so to speak, with a second colonnade and pediment above the pediment of the portico. I had never seen the like, except in Martin's pictures of Babylon, or Nineveh. The effect is not bad, though I suppose it would have struck Vitruvius dumb with horror.

A magnificent bridge of iron with stone piers, 560 yards long, also the work of a company, nearly finished, is to connect Warsaw with its suburb Praga. Before there was only a bridge of boats, notwithstanding Campbell's testimony to the contrary :

“ On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His red-dyed waters murmuring far below.” *

By the way, if this poem were the only remaining record, we should infer that Kosciuszko was killed when the Russians stormed Warsaw, the fact being that the decisive battle was fought at Macieiovice, far away from the capital, and Kosciuszko was not killed, only wounded and taken prisoner, and he lived many years after he “fell.”

Apropos of Praga, a lady well acquainted in former days with the imperial family told us that the Grand-Duke Constantine—the *old* Constantine—used to relate how that, when a child, he had hidden himself under the table in the Empress Catherine's boudoir and overheard her giving Souvaroff his final orders before he set out for Poland. “Leave in Warsaw,” she said, “not one stone upon another.” And she repeated over and over again, “Entendez-vous ; pas même pierre sur pierre.” The scene was impressed on the child's mind because he happened to sneeze, was found out, and soundly whipped. Souvaroff contented himself with applying to Praga only the order he had received for Warsaw ;

* Campbell seems to think that Prague is the name of a river. In the edition of 1848 this passage is “illustrated” by a drawing of Turner's, representing Prague in Bohemia, exaggerated so as to be hardly recognisable.

and the Grand-Duke always added, "C'était le plus honnête homme que j'ai jamais connu." As the epithet "honnête" is not quite applicable, and as the remark has no particular point in it, probably it was what the Grand-Duke really said.

It has been my fortune more than once to inhabit a city in a state of siege—Paris in 1849, Naples in 1860—but I had never been before subjected to regulations so strict as those of Warsaw. No one could leave the town even for a walk or ride without a special permission, to be obtained by foreigners through their consul, and to be renewed every three or four days. No one must stir out after eight o'clock without a lantern, nor after ten at all. One night we were a few minutes after ten, and when just at the door of our hotel we were seized by a patrol. For once the soldiers were incorruptible, and we were marched off to a station-house. As we entered, we saw a number of anxious faces peering through a grated door; we, however, were lodged in a separate room. "Where are we?" we asked. "In the seventh circle," was the reply, which had such a Dantesque flavour about it, that we began to abandon all hope of sleeping in our beds that night. Our prison, however, was a very commonplace secretary's room, with ledgers &c. all round. About midnight the commissary appeared, and with polite expressions of regret for our long detention, sent a soldier to escort us home. The unhappy Poles were still looking through the grated door as we went out. Possibly they are there yet.

Of course, the ordinary routine both of business and pleasure was interrupted. The club was closed; the theatre was frequented only by Russian officers; there was no music or dancing in private houses. If any one had had a heart for either, public opinion would have prevented it. Even in the churches, ever since the banishment of the Archbishop of Warsaw, the music had been stopped. Instead of the bell which is rung from time to time during mass, a kind of wooden clapper was used.

Every native woman, of whatever rank, appeared in deep mourning. The first Sunday after our arrival, we saw the

Grand Duchess, with the ladies of her court, driving through the streets. They were dressed in colours ostentatiously brilliant, as if to mark the gulf which lay between them and the sombre population through which they were passing. This mourning was first assumed, I believe, after the massacre on the 27th of February, 1861. The men used to wear crape hatbands till they were forbidden by the police, whereupon the ordinary round hat was discontinued by common consent. When we were there, a round hat was worn only by Russian officials, foreign consuls, and newly-arrived strangers.

But by this time the mourning, which at first was a political demonstration, had become domestic and only too real. There was scarcely a family which had not to mourn the death of some relative, in the field or on the scaffold. In some families the number of exiles was greater than the remnant left. In many houses a husband, a father, a brother, or a son had been taken by the police, and the relatives left at home were in utter ignorance as to his fate, knowing neither the charge brought against him, nor whether he had been tried, nor what punishment had been awarded to him. The great deserts included in the Russian dominions invest the Czar with a terrible power. Even in ordinary times being drafted to serve in the army is a far more terrible punishment than we inflict upon any but the worst of our felons. Of the conscripts, not five per cent. ever return to their homes again. And if such a fate awaits the ordinary citizen, who has done no wrong, what becomes of those whom their Russian masters choose to call "criminals"?

I know one person, still in what would have been the prime of life, who has passed twelve years in Siberia. He is a well-born, highly educated, and accomplished gentleman; he was accused of treason, and after a mock trial sentenced to banishment for life. He went in a carriage of some kind to Tobolsk; from Tobolsk he went on foot to the mines where he was to work—a nine months' journey. The convoy left Tobolsk on Christmas-day, and arrived at its destination the

first week in the following October. During the whole of that time, by night as well as by day, he was chained to five other prisoners, some of them thieves and murderers, and so chained that, as he told me, not one of the six could lift his arm without all the others lifting their arms too. Six years he worked with gyves on his ankles in the mines; after that he was promoted to be a clerk, and did office work. On the accession of Alexander II. he was included in the amnesty and returned home, an old man before his time, to find his place long filled up and all things strange about him.

Such is the fate that may at any time befall any one under the Russian rule.

Of the Poles whom we knew at Warsaw, several have been already carried off; and not one of those who are left can feel sure when he rises, that he may not be taken before night, or when he lies down, that he may not be taken before morning.

Several executions took place during our stay. One morning about nine o'clock, coming to the large open space in front of the citadel, I saw all the green slope occupied with troops, squadrons of cavalry, and masses of infantry, some with arms, on duty, and some without arms, drawn thither by curiosity. Halfway up the slope was a gallows, from which a figure, dressed all in white, was hanging, turning slowly round and round as it swung in the wind. Beside the troops, and kept back by them, a crowd of men, women, and children was looking on in perfect silence. I asked a man near me, speaking German—for all the middle class in Warsaw speak German, almost as certainly as the upper class speak French—who the culprit was. He replied that he was a printer (twenty-five years of age), who had printed some document for the National Government. Another affirmed that he was a police-agent of the National Government, and had attempted to execute one of their sentences of death. The latter was, I believe, the reason assigned for the execution in the official gazette. If this were indeed the fact, no one could say that

at the hands of the Russians he did not deserve his fate. But the official gazette is, in popular estimation, merely an organ of deliberate and systematic falsehood; and I can affirm, both from my own observation and the testimony of impartial men long resident at Warsaw, that the popular estimate is not far from the truth. Again, no man is brought to a fair trial. The accused is not allowed, as a general rule, to have an advocate to defend him or to call witnesses on his side. The unsupported testimony of a single Cossack or a police-spy is admitted as proof positive. The public is not admitted to witness the trial, nor does it know, in most cases, whether there be a trial or not. Who can wonder that those brought to what the Russians call "justice" should be regarded by their fellow-countrymen as innocent victims?

The crowd, as I said, looked on in silence, and without any apparent emotion. After some minutes they began to stream away, singly and in groups. Suddenly from one of these groups came a piercing shriek, then another, and another. I went up, and saw a young woman in deep mourning, lying in a kind of convulsive fit on the ground. Her hysterical passion had spread to the women who were about her. Some were endeavouring to raise her up, some clasped their hands in despair, among shrieks, and sobs, and wailings. It was the sister of the man who had just been executed. One of the sympathising women told me that his mother and another sister, a little girl, had seen it too, but had been taken home. Some Russian soldiers were looking on, laughing and jesting. One of the bystanders interpreted their remarks to me. Their language, if faithfully translated, was, like their demeanour, insolent and brutal to the last degree.

The success with which the National Government has eluded all the efforts of the Russians to discover and to crush it has, I see, suggested to some of the English papers doubts, not only as to whether its centre of action is at Warsaw, but even as to whether it exists at all. No one with whom I ever spoke on the subject at Warsaw, and I spoke with many, had

any doubt at all on either point. Indeed, the proofs, not merely of its existence, but of its regular and systematic activity, meet one at all hands. It has its agents everywhere ; it imposes and collects taxes ; it tries traitors and spies, and condemns to death ; it has a police to execute its sentences ; it has an official newspaper, which is regularly distributed. I was one day calling upon a friend, a blank envelope had just been left in his letter box by an unknown hand, which, when opened, was found to contain one of these newspapers, just published, and with it plans of two battles, extremely carefully executed, in which the insurgents had been victorious. The paper contained news of the progress of the insurrection, of the prospects of foreign intervention, &c., together with a list of six or seven persons in Russian pay condemned to death, and a paragraph disclaiming all connexion with a certain murder which the Russians had attributed to the secret government.

As to the persons composing the Government, all with whom I spoke on the subject either were, or affected to be, completely in the dark. Only this much was positively asserted, that not one person of high birth was in the "Directory," as we may call it, at Warsaw. Several noblemen are well known to be acting as its agents elsewhere. Its organization was described to me as follows—how my informant derived his knowledge, I cannot say:—It is constructed on the usual model of regular governments, with a council of ministers, and a president of the council at its head. There is a minister of home, and a minister of foreign affairs, a minister of finance, of war, of police, of grace and justice. The last two portfolios are probably in the same hand. Each minister chooses his own agents, who are, of course, persons well known to him, but not necessarily, or even usually, known to each other. The principal agent of each minister is however entrusted with the whole secret, and in case of his chief's arrest, illness, or death, he takes the vacant place, and thus there is no interruption in business. Names are never mentioned ; business is transacted as much as possible

without writing ; and when writing is absolutely necessary, in conventional symbols, varying in every case. For instance, a despatch may really relate to the marching, clothing, and arming of insurgent troops, and yet speak only of packs of wool or loads of grain. For the basis of organization they take the palatinates* of the ancient Poland, so that the functions of the National Government do not stop at the boundaries of the Russian kingdom, but extend into Posen, Galicia, Lithuania, Volhynia, Podolia, and the Ukraine. The Poles at Posen speak familiarly of "*our* Government," not meaning the Russian any more than those of Galicia mean the Austrian, by the same term. The question so often asked in England—"How is it possible for this great organization to escape detection?" is answered (1) by the precautions taken in the constitution and administration of the revolutionary government ; for the Poles, after three generations of oppression, have become thorough adepts in conspiracy ; (2) by the connivance of the Russian civil officials, nearly eighteen thousand in number, who are almost all Poles by birth, and therefore sympathise with the insurgents ; and (3) by the stupidity of the Russians properly so called, who fill the highest civil, and all the military, offices. Nothing is easier for a Pole than to outwit a Russian, and nothing, we may add, gives him such exquisite pleasure.

I have the following anecdote from the best authority:—Near one of the large towns in Poland a proprietor had established a hospital for wounded insurgents, keeping it, of course, as secret as he could. One day, he received a visit from a stranger, who told him that the Russians had discovered it and were about to make a raid the next morning. He acted upon the hint, and during the night transferred his patients elsewhere. Sure enough the Russians came next day, and having found only an empty farm-house, went away. Some time after the said proprietor went to the neighbouring

* The present "Kingdom," divided by the Russians into five governments, was anciently divided into eight Palatinates or Voyvodships—viz. Augustowo, Mazovia, Plock, Kalisz, Cracow, Sandomir, Lublin, and Podlachia.

town, and in the policeman who, according to custom, accompanied a patrol which he met, he recognised his unknown friend.

The next story is probably apocryphal, but it illustrates the popular belief in the energy and keen-sightedness of the National Government:—

A Pole at Warsaw turned traitor, and informed the Russians of certain cellars where the printing was done for the National Government. When he gave the information he stipulated that he should have his reward beforehand, and be allowed to leave the country on the morning of the day on which the search was to be made. He got his money and departed. In the evening the Russians went to the place indicated, broke open the doors of the cellars, found indeed abundant indications in torn papers and ink stains that a printing establishment had been there, but all the presses had been removed. They went from one compartment of the cellar to another, and found all empty, till they came to the very last compartment of all, where was a large chest carefully locked. With some trouble they opened it, and there they found the corpse of the informer.

There is no feature in the insurrection which has so much tended to alienate foreign sympathies, or which is so deeply deplored by the wisest of the Poles themselves, as the system of assassination set on foot by the secret government. This detestable crime, so frequent in Italian history, has never been common in that of Poland. Amid all the violence and anarchy which prevailed from time to time, secret murder was never rife. No one attempts to justify it, but many, and, as it seems to me, with some success, attempt to palliate it by considerations such as the following:—It is only terrible necessity which has driven the Poles to adopt a practice so abhorrent to their nature. If we admit the lawfulness of the insurrection, then the lawfulness of these—shall we call them “extra-judicial executions?”—follows as an inevitable inference. The insurrection could not have lasted a month if it had not

had a central authority to organize, direct, and supply it with men, arms, clothing, and food. For the latter purpose, a regular system of taxation was required. Now taxes could neither be collected nor their proceeds properly applied without all the machinery of a regular government. And a government is no government unless it has the power of enforcing by penalties — even the last penalty of all — obedience to its commands. In Poland, as in all countries, there are found men base enough to betray any cause for gold or from fear. The Russians have unlimited means of terrifying by threats and tempting by bribes. Unless the Poles, by a system of counter-terrorism, had been able to deter would-be spies and traitors, their Government could not have lasted a week. This Government therefore was compelled, for its own existence, to arrogate to itself the right of trying and punishing with death the spies and traitors aforesaid. Their trials are conducted with at least as much fairness as the Russian trials. An inhabitant of Warsaw, not a Pole, who was stronger than any one else in his condemnation of the system, was obliged to allow that he knew of no one who had as yet suffered by order of the National Government who did not richly deserve it.

The whole argument may be summed up thus: Admit the right of the Poles to rise in insurrection, then you admit their right to form a government: every government must have the power of trying and punishing traitors; but the Polish Government, by the nature of the case, can only try and punish in secret; therefore it has a right to do so. We mislead ourselves and do them injustice by using the word "assassination," the dastardly act by which a villain gratifies his personal hatred, or his lust of gold, or thirst for blood. We English, who have never been driven to such dire extremities of suffering and despair, cannot judge fairly of the act or crime, if such it be. Brutus and Cassius and Cicero would have applauded it, and the most eminent of Athenian moralists would have judged the police-agent of the National Government worthy "to wear his sword in myrtle wreaths, like Harmodius and Aristogiton."

We drove one day to Willanoff, formerly a palace of John Sobieski ; now belonging to one of the Counts Potocki. The oldest part is a building two stories high, with an ornate Italian front. Additions have been made recently, and, in particular, a detached house has been built for guests, according to Polish custom. The older rooms are left, with one exception, exactly as they were when John Sobieski inhabited them. There is the chair he sat on, the table at which he dined, the pictures he looked at. Here he died quite suddenly. The present Count is transforming the room where he died into a chapel, above the altar of which is to stand a copy of Raphael's Sistine Madonna and Child, *in marble!* I cannot but think that it would have been a still more pious tribute to his memory to have made no change in the room.

Close by runs a branch of the river, and in the gardens are some gigantic specimens of the so-called "Poplars of the Vistula."

M. V——, the French consul, whose work on British India is well known, was one of the party. He said that the Russians were fond of comparing their position in Poland with that of the English in India, and of justifying their own severities by the example of the English in 1857. But, he said, there was all the difference in the world between the two cases. In India, the superior race was governing the inferior, much better than they had ever been governed before, and with a sincere desire to do impartial justice and to promote the prosperity of the country ; while the Russians, far inferior in intelligence to the subject Poles, had thwarted and resisted all attempts at improvement, physical and moral. In Poland, the people had been goaded into revolt ; in India, the prætorians had been pampered into mutiny.

The evening before the departure of the Grand-Duke, we went to the Lazenski Palace, which also was once a residence of John Sobieski. It is a small and pretty house, like an Italian villa, standing on flat ground near the Vistula. It is almost surrounded by the waters of an artificial lake, and

avenues, cut through the wood, radiate from it in all directions. A great number of officers, in gay and varied uniforms, had assembled on a terrace in front of the house to receive the Grand-Duke and Duchess as they returned from their ride, and to bid them farewell. As they came near, attended by officers and ladies, all put their horses to the gallop, and then suddenly pulled them up at the door. It made a very pretty and effective scene.

A friend of ours, who attended their Highnesses to the railway-station next day, told us that both the Duke and Duchess were in tears, and the latter, particularly, seemed overwhelmed with grief. Their departure was a matter of necessity, as the situation had become impossible for a kind-hearted and merciful ruler. As soon as they were gone, a deeper gloom seemed to spread over society, for the Poles knew well that greater severities were at hand.

The first measure was the collection of taxes by military force, an operation which we had several times the pleasure of witnessing. A company of infantry was drawn up in the street. One of the officers, attended by a civilian, went in and demanded payment, which, being forbidden by the National Government, was of course refused, whereupon a detachment of six or seven men, with a non-commissioned officer, entered the house, with orders to stay there till the owner paid. If it were a shop, the shutters were immediately put up, and no one was suffered to enter or leave the house. In this way, during a single morning, a whole street was occupied. One day, as we watched the proceedings from the café under the Hôtel de l'Europe, we were amused to observe a thrill of sensation in the ranks as they approached a spirit shop, and the evident alacrity with which the lucky detachment stepped forward to go where duty called them. The officer in command, probably ashamed of the cause in which his sword was drawn, ordered us to leave the window. Next day came the turn of the café itself, which was closed and occupied by troops. While open, it was a great resource, for there were both French and English newspapers. In these, how-

ever, all articles relating to Poland, as well as any casual allusion to Polish affairs, had been carefully blackened over with printer's ink, so that the *Débats* and *Times* presented a most mournful appearance. The latter paper was constantly accused by the Poles of favouring the Russians. If so, the Russians were quite insensible to the favour, or most ungrateful for it.

Every week at Warsaw, as well as at Wilna and other large towns, there is a gaol delivery. A detachment of political prisoners, supposed to have been tried and found guilty, and not sentenced to death, are sent off to St. Petersburg, the first stage of their exile.

A gentleman, whose veracity is above all suspicion, told me that he had seen the official list of the batch sent from the citadel at Warsaw, on Sunday, September 6th. The total was 225. Of these, 65 were to go to Siberia, and 160 to serve in the Russian armies, guarding the frontiers of the empire in the Caucasus and elsewhere. Among the latter prisoners there are two classes. The first class serves with privilege of promotion, *i. e.* with a faint hope of being allowed, after a lapse of years, to serve their oppressors as serjeants or corporals; the second class have no such *exil doré* in prospect, but must remain private soldiers for life.

My informant had no reason to suppose that the batch sent off on September 7th was either more or less numerous than the average weekly batches. Assuming, therefore, 225 is the average, in the course of one year 11,700 will have been transported from Warsaw alone. In these are included the prisoners from Lublin, Radom, and places west or south of the capital, who would be sent by way of Warsaw. Grodno, Kowno, and Wilna, under the relentless activity of the Mouravieffs, probably furnish an equal number; and if we include the other Polish provinces, we shall, probably, not be far wrong in assuming that at least 30,000 men have been sent into exile during the year 1863. And when we remember that these men are, almost without exception, men of education, belonging, as we should say, to the upper and middle

class in society, and in the prime of life, the very flower of the youth of Poland, we must feel that the quelling of the insurrection is only a question of time. Given a Mouraviëff to do the work, and a Louis Napoleon to stand by and see it done, the date of the extermination of the Polish insurrectionary element may be calculated by simple arithmetic. And it would be exceedingly unbecoming a mercantile people if we allowed any irrelevant considerations as to justice, duty, pity, and the like, to interfere with our ciphering. In order to complete the data for the proposed problem, I give the population of the kingdom of Poland as estimated officially in 1859, according to Colonel Stanton's statement, printed among the *Commercial Reports from January to June, 1862*, p. 267 :—

Rural population	3,599,959
Town do.	1,164,487
Gentry	77,336
Foreigners	31,581

Now, in estimating the forces of the insurrection, the rural population may be taken as practically neutral, and struck off the list. The foreigners, too, may be omitted. From the town population we must deduct those of German extraction and the Jews, who, although favourable to the cause, are not a warlike race. I find in the *Trades' Reports, 1860, No. 7, p. 262*, the German population of the kingdom given as 270,881, and the Jewish as 579,802. The great majority both of Germans and Jews are settled in the towns, but I know of no official authority for determining the exact proportions. We shall, probably, not be far wrong in assuming that at least 200,000 Germans and 450,000 Jews belong to the town population. Deducting, therefore, 650,000 from the town population, we have, in round numbers, 500,000 dwellers in towns, to be added to the 77,336 "nobles" or gentry, as the population from which the forces of the insurrection are to be recruited. Let us suppose that one in four is an able-bodied adult male, and that, of the able-bodied, every other man is also willing-minded—a large allowance when we consider the dangers and the hardships to be encountered—dividing, therefore,

the total number by 8, we get 72,000 in round numbers, as the number of fighting men. To this number must be added the volunteers from Posen, Galicia, &c., together with exceptional peasants and Jews. In the hospitals which we visited, occupied by the wounded insurgents, I should say that one man in six was a peasant, and one in six a native of some outlying part of Poland. Once only we found a wounded Jew. Taking, therefore, these classes together as something more than a third of the 72,000, we get for the total, in round numbers, 100,000. At the rate, therefore, of 30,000 transportations per annum, the Russians may expect to complete their work in three years and a third. The noble task will, therefore, be accomplished by the end of April, 1866.

In this rough estimate, I have been obliged to discard some items, which to a certain extent, indeed, counterbalance each other. I have not taken into account the probable increase of population since 1859, nor the fact that, among those transported by the Russians, there may be some women, and children, and men too old, or too peaceful, or too timid, ever to have taken part in the insurrection. On the other hand, I have omitted all mention of insurgents killed in and after battle, and of prisoners hung and shot.

When the work is done, there will be outward quiet in Poland; but a new generation will grow up year by year, filled with bitter hatred for their oppressors, and burning for an occasion of avenging their fathers, who have been hung, or shot, or consigned to a living death in the Caucasus and Siberia. Russia's difficulty will be Poland's opportunity. Taught by terrible experience, the Poles will choose their time better, and the Russians may, one day, find that it would have been a wiser policy to establish a neutral power on their frontier than to keep a foe in their ranks.

We left Warsaw by railway for Grodno, on Wednesday, September 9th, about seven in the morning. We were obliged to present ourselves at the station more than an hour before,

owing to the formalities connected with our passports. We had a long, monotonous journey. The railroad ran chiefly through woods of fir and birch, which had been cut and burnt down on either side for a hundred yards or so, that they might not afford shelter for insurgent sharpshooters. The blackened stumps, two feet above the ground, looked dismal enough. Each station was occupied by a detachment of troops, who lived in tents; close by were huts constructed of pine branches, for cooking, &c. The horses, too, were accommodated with stalls made of like materials. Hard by, a little colony of wandering Jews had established themselves, ready to do anything for a consideration. At intervals all along the line sentinels were posted; sometimes a foot soldier, sometimes a Cossack on horseback, with black woollen cap. Soon after ten we crossed the river Bug. The woods alternated with flat sandy plains, where blocks of granite were strewn here and there. We did not come to a single town for seven hours. Not that there are no towns in the district, but the railway has been constructed by the Russian Government merely for strategic purposes, that troops may be sent as speedily as possible from St. Petersburg to Warsaw; so the line makes no bend for the convenience of the population, but runs as straight as the Rue de Rivoli, or the Boulevard de Sébastopol.

The first town we saw (soon after crossing the Narew, which divides "the kingdom" from Lithuania) was Bialystock, whose red roofs and green cupolas looked thoroughly Russian. We had some notion that we should pass by the famous forest of Bialystock, where the great "Zubra," or Urochs, still is found but that lies far to the southward, out of sight. We passed one station which had been burnt; another which was regularly fortified with a mound and stockade—the agger and vallum of the Romans. I got for the first time a notion of what a castellum looked like, such as was left by Ostorius or Agricola, by the side of a new military road under the protection of the legionaries.

About five o'clock we came in sight of the massive churches

and many cupolas of Grodno. As the country we had been traversing was a dead flat, or seemed such, we were rather surprised to find the Niemen flowing far below us. The railroad crosses it by a high and stately bridge.

The old castle, of which some fragments remain, stood at an angle formed by the Niemen and a small stream which flows through a ravine to join it, and the site had been isolated from the table land near it by a deep artificial trench.

The station at Grodno was beset to an unusual degree by Jews, who seized our luggage, ran alongside of the droschky, haunted the passages of the inn, and lay in wait for us day and night. Droschkies of the Russian type, of which we had seen a few belonging to private persons at Warsaw, ply for hire in the streets of Grodno. Two persons can just be accommodated in the seat, which is so low that it looks like a sledge upon wheels. The driver is perched up in front. High over the neck of the horses is a wooden arch, shaped like a horse-shoe, springing from the shafts, the object of which is to equalize the pressure and prevent the shafts from galling the animal's shoulders.

The first piece of news which we heard on our arrival—I will not say how, or from whom—was that an Englishman, Mr. Anderson, had been arrested three days before, placed in solitary confinement, and not allowed to communicate with any one. He had been living for some months in the house of a Polish nobleman of the neighbourhood, Count Bisping, who had also, we learnt, been arrested on a charge of having aided the insurgents.

We, of course, determined, if possible, to have an interview with the Englishman, and meanwhile we wrote to Lord Napier at St. Petersburg and to the consul at Warsaw. In the morning we went to the adjutant of the *Chef Militaire* and preferred our request. We were asked to call again. The second time we found the *Chef Militaire* himself and the chief of the police with the adjutant. They received us politely enough, were extremely curious to know how we had

heard of Mr. Anderson's imprisonment—which, of course, we declined to tell them—and finally told us we must call upon the governor. We went three or four times to the governor's house before we could be admitted.* At last a *douceur* to the servant opened the doors, and we were ushered into the presence of General Skwortzoff. He quite overwhelmed us with civil phrases, professed his great delight in making our acquaintance, shook hands most warmly, but declined to allow us to see the prisoner. Next day was the Emperor's fête. As we were looking on at a ceremonial in one of the Russian Orthodox churches, the head of the police came up to us and announced that our countryman had been released from prison and was then at his house, where we might see him. Accordingly we went. As we passed through the market-place, where the tables were being spread for an *al fresco* dinner to be given to the soldiers in honour of the day, some peasants came and presented some huge bouquets, which the astute Russian gave us to carry through the streets, that we might have the air of Imperialists. We had scarcely been shown into a room when the released prisoner entered, wild with delight. "By Jove!" he said, "you *are* bricks!" He was allowed to return with us to the inn after he had signed a promise, which we attested as witnesses, that he would not attempt to leave Grodno.

Mr. Anderson told us that the whole charge both as against his friend and himself was utterly false. Count Bisping had some days before discharged a dishonest cook, who, in revenge, suborned two peasants to denounce his master and his English friend to the Russians. These peasants asserted that they had seen both carrying arms, including some cannons (!), to an insurgent camp. The informers no doubt received their five roubles apiece—the usual reward. Mr. Anderson, after some weeks, was set at liberty, because Lord Napier had taken up his cause; Count Bisping, equally innocent but having no

* In the intervals of our calls, we amused ourselves by looking on at a cavalry parade and inspection, which lasted some hours. The horses seemed very serviceable, and the men smart.

protectors, was sent into exile at Orenburg. Such is Russian justice.

Sentinels were posted round Grodno on every road, who turned us back when we attempted to go out of the town for a walk. We discovered, however, certain bypaths by which we made our escape, and made an excursion into the country. Of course, Mr. Anderson's parole prevented his accompanying us.

There were several places used for gaols in Grodno. They contained in all, when we were there, 376 political prisoners. I believe this statement to be thoroughly trustworthy, though I need not say I did not get it immediately from an official source.

After sundry delays and difficulties about our passports—which we attributed to our meddling with Mr. Anderson's affair—we left Grodno by the five o'clock train on Friday. Every station was decorated with boughs of oak and fir in honour of the Emperor, and as the train stopped at each the soldiers turned out and, standing in a circle, sang with high-pitched, strident voices sundry ditties, which we were told were of a joyous and convivial character, though to us they sounded dolorous in the extreme. In the centre of the circle a non-commissioned officer performed a grotesque dance with all manner of capers and grimaces, which were supposed to amuse the spectators, though they looked on without a smile. A heavy and continuous downfall of rain added to the solemnity of the scene. Froissart said that the English soldiers amused themselves "*tristement*;" I wonder what he would have said of the Russian.

We reached the Wilna station about eleven o'clock. For some time not a droschky was to be had. At last we found two, soaked through with rain, in which we were driven to the town. There had been a grand illumination that evening, but the rain had spoilt it when at the best, and by this time the last lamps were flickering feebly and dying out one by one.

Saturday, September 12th, to Tuesday, September 15th.—We

had not been many hours in Wilna, before we found abundant proof that we were under a harsher rule than at Warsaw, or even at Grodno. It is true that no sentinel challenged us during the daytime on quitting the gates, nor did it require a special permit to take a walk outside the town ; but during the night, watchmen and soldiers were stationed, one by one at very brief intervals all along the streets, and at every street-corner two. About every ten minutes, one of them sprung his rattle—at least, made an exasperating noise with an equivalent instrument of annoyance—a process which rendered sleep impossible in the front rooms of our otherwise excellent hotel. The reign of terror sealed the lips and weighed upon the hearts of every man, woman, and child, belonging to the proscribed race. Not once did we hear, at Wilna, the smallest allusion to the present state of things. In one instance, the terror seemed even to have overcome the hospitality and courtesy instinctive in all Poles. On presenting our letter of introduction, we were turned away from the door. In other houses, where we found a kind, though mournful, welcome, if one of us ventured upon a question relating to contemporary events, it was answered by a blank silence and a forced change of subject.

On Saturday, September 12th—a bright autumnal morning—we took a long walk. We passed through a gate something like Temple Bar. The upper part of the gateway was a chapel, dedicated to the Madonna. Music was playing, and a service going on. All down the street, on either side, men and women were kneeling, touching, from time to time, the pavement with their foreheads. Every passenger, when he came in sight of the gate, took off his hat, and kept it off all the way. The worshippers were Catholics, and therefore Poles. There was no mistaking the expression of their countenances. They were passionately, though silently, imploring Our Lady of good succour in behalf of the desolate and oppressed. Mouravieff had forbidden mourning, so the women all wore, with their black dresses, a knot of coloured ribbon.

We walked over the rolling hills, on the south side of the town—where fields and pastures, undivided by hedge or wall, were intermixed with woods of fir and birch, with here a Catholic, here a Jewish, here a Greek, cemetery among the trees. We had some fine views of Wilna, with its red roofs and green domes and spires, backed by abrupt grassy and wooded hills, on one of which stands the ruined old castle with the modern citadel at its base. Here and there we caught a glimpse of the two rivers which join above the town.

In the afternoon we presented a letter to M. P——, the civil governor, who had filled some office at Warsaw, to the great dissatisfaction of the Poles, and had in consequence been promoted to a higher grade at Wilna. We asked permission to visit the prisons, and were informed that it was necessary to ask in person the Governor-General himself. There was to be a grand reception on the following morning, and M. P—— kindly offered to present us. The only condition, *sine quâ non*, was, that we should appear "*en frac*," that is, in dress coats. Here was a difficulty. One of us had scruples about interchanging courtesies with a Mouravieff—another had no coat. But the difficulty was thus arranged: A., who had both scruples and coat, lent the coat to B., who had neither; so, at the time appointed next morning, B. and C. presented themselves, *en frac*, at the Governor's residence. We were rather apprehensive of an invitation to dinner, but we resolved to decline that. If you break bread with a man you condone all his deeds, and must hold your peace. The ante-rooms were filled, or partly filled, with officials, civil and military, in gorgeous costume. A perfect rain of stars and crosses had been showered down on the Emperor's fête-day, upon the favoured instruments of Mouravieff. Our friend, the civil governor, appeared with a chamberlain's gold key, and blue rosette, brand-new, pinned to his back. While waiting for the appearance of the Governor-General, we were introduced to several of his attendants, who received us with great cordiality. One of them introduced himself thus, speaking French with the glib volubility characteristic of his

countrymen : “ I—*moi qui vous parle*—am the Prince O—— Chamberlain to the Emperor. I leave my family, my fine fortune, to come and act as chamberlain to General Mouravieff, that I may serve my country in some capacity at this crisis. The effect of the Polish revolt has been to unite all parties in Russia. There has been a most unexpected reaction—not a man but desires war with France, with England, with all the world, that we may wipe away the stain of Sebastopol, &c.”

All seemed to think us highly favoured in being allowed to see and speak to General Mouravieff, “ *le grand homme*,” “ *le meilleur des hommes*,” “ *notre bon vieillard*,” as they called him.

At last he appeared, wearing the star of St. Andrew, which he had just received from the Emperor ; the highest honour, we were told, which could be conferred on a subject. Not a tall man at any time, he is now somewhat bowed with age, corpulent, and unwieldy. His face is fat, pallid, and expressionless, close shaven, except for a short moustache. His eye is grey and cold, but not stern. Had I been told that he was the greatest of philanthropists, I should not have thought that his looks belied him. Our Polish friends at Warsaw, who questioned us very minutely as to his appearance, seemed disappointed to hear that he looked like *un homme comme un autre*, and not a monster.

He went round the circle addressing a few friendly words to each. He spoke to us about the object of our visit, and at once granted our request to see the prisons. He called Colonel Lebedeff, the director of the prisons, and ordered him to show us what we wished to see. During our conversation there was a profound silence in the room. Every one seemed to hang on his lips, and to envy us the honour we were receiving. He took leave of us with great politeness, and, to our great relief, did *not* ask us to dinner.

I think it very probable that Mouravieff is not the blood-thirsty monster which he appears to the imagination of the Poles ; that he does not rejoice in cruelty for its own sake ; but that, having undertaken the task of subduing the revolt

in Lithuania, he is resolved to let no compunctious visitings of nature interfere with its execution. Conciliation is impossible—half measures would be unavailing—he is resolved, therefore, to employ to the bitter end the only effectual means—to smite unsparingly, and to destroy all whom he cannot terrify into submission. He favours neither person nor rank ; he pities neither sex nor age. When his main object is to strike a wide terror over the land, he cares not how many innocent victims he may destroy in the process.

For instance, in two villages, Szezuki, near Grodno, consisting of thirty-four houses, and Jaworowka, near Bialystock, consisting of eighteen houses, inhabited by the so-called peasant-nobles, the insurgents had received food and shelter. Every inhabitant, from the most aged man to the youngest infant—except a few men who escaped to the woods—was sent to Siberia. It was in vain they pleaded that they could not resist, and durst not refuse, the insurgents. Mouravieff was inexorable.

His subordinates have their directions accordingly. He who orders deeds of cruelty may remain cold and passionless ; but those who have to execute them rapidly acquire, if they have it not at first, the taste for blood. One of his officers, Kasangli, a Greek by origin, having caught four peasants, whom he suspected of furnishing supplies to the insurgents, had their hands bound and were then tied each to the stirrup of a Cossack. They were thus dragged from village to village, and at last put to death in a wood. The wife of one of these peasants appealed for redress to M. Twadowski, a Polish gentleman of Grodno, who complained to M. Bobinski, the then Governor. M. Bobinski promised to ask the Greek for explanations. Soon after, a pope (*i. e.* an Orthodox priest), probably instigated by Kasangli, accused M. Twadowski of having spoken against the Russian Government. On the sole testimony of this man, M. Twadowski was condemned to exile for life, with hard labour, and sent to Siberia. Kasangli was promoted to be *Chef Militaire* at Walkowysk.

Mouravieff's "thorough" policy has had great success. He

has succeeded almost in trampling out the last embers of revolt in Lithuania. Already, in September, there remained only some scattered bands of desperate men, who, as an eye-witness told me, wore the air of hunted vermin rather than of soldiers. But in Lithuania he had a much easier task than the governor of "the kingdom." In Lithuania the peasantry—not including the peasant-nobles—are not allied in blood to the Poles; nor, since their forcible conversion by Nicholas, in religion: and consequently the hope of gain has drawn them all over to the Russian side. The soldiers, therefore, have always had the peasants for allies, ready to track out and denounce concealed insurgents; for whose capture they receive five roubles a head. But in "the kingdom" the peasants are Poles in race, language, and religion, and are either neutral or favourable to the cause of the insurrection; while the numbers and organization of the insurgents have enabled them to exercise upon would-be spies and informers a counter-terrorism quite as efficacious as the threats or promises of the Russians. It does not therefore follow that if Mouravieff were transferred to Warsaw his measures would be as speedily and completely successful as they have been in his own province.

Immediately after the levée a ceremony of an unusual kind took place in the Catholic Church of St. John. Two youths, about seventeen years of age, taken with arms in their hands, and condemned to death, had been pardoned on condition of publicly taking an oath of fidelity to the Emperor; and Sunday, Sept. 13th, was the day on which their recantation was to be made. The church was crowded with people. What the feelings of the spectators were, whether they felt indignation at or pity for the young men, I was not able to divine. Certainly curiosity was one great motive of their coming, for they thrust each other about, and struggled to get as near the place as possible. Just inside the door, I—when accidentally separated from my companions—found a group of Russian officers whom we had seen at the levée. They carried me along with them, made way through the crowd, and insisted

upon my taking a place within the rails. They wished, as I thought, that an Englishman should be seen in a conspicuous place as their friend. I, however, "effaced myself" as much as possible behind a pillar. In front of the altar a table was set, with two candles and a crucifix; and beside it stood a priest, in gorgeous robes, ready to administer the oath. Presently came the two young men, dressed in a fashion which was perhaps intentionally slovenly. I was not able to see in their countenances any trace of emotion. The oath, a somewhat long document in Polish, was read to them by the priest, while they held their hands up, and at the end kissed the crucifix. Perhaps some among the crowd of spectators had hoped that at the last moment they would refuse the oath, or swear to be faithful to Poland instead of the Emperor; if so, they were disappointed. I ventured to express to one of the Russians my compassion for two young men forced at so early an age to choose between the cruel alternative of death or dishonour. He replied, somewhat testily, "What else can we do with them?" After they had taken the oath, M. P——, the civil governor, gave them a lecture in Polish on their duties to the Emperor, and then, with a stern countenance, shook hands with them. All the Russian officers then shook hands with them too, and the ceremony was at an end.

Early next morning, according to appointment, Colonel Lebedeff came to our hotel. He was a member of the Committee of Prisons at St. Petersburg, and had examined the system of prison discipline in England, under the guidance of Sir Joshua Jebb, of whom he spoke in terms of the warmest admiration. He had recently been sent to Wilna to organize the new gaols there, which were required for the effectual carrying out of Mouravieff's plans. He had the control of the hospitals also; and these we visited first. There were two, one Russian and one Polish; the first containing sick and wounded soldiers, the other sick and wounded insurgents. In the Russian hospital there were nine, in the Polish thirty-four, wounded. "I want to convince you," said Colonel

Lebedeff, "that we treat the insurgents as well as we treat our own men." And this appeared to be the case. It is not the less true that as soon as the inmates of the hospital were cured they were to be hanged, shot, sent to Siberia, or draughted into the army of the Caucasus, as the case might be. Death, or a lifelong punishment, was reserved for all but the incurables. Poles, as well as Russians, brightened up as Colonel Lebedeff entered. He spoke to them kindly, and was solicitous for their comfort. One young man had a room to himself. He said something in a jocular manner, and with a broad grin, to the colonel, to which the latter replied in the same tone. I inquired what the joke was. "Oh," said the colonel, "he only told me he was certain to be hanged; and he will, too." According to the story told us, he deserved his fate. He had been one of the chiefs of the national police, and had made revelations about his associates in hopes of saving his own life.

Among the wounded was a man of five-and-forty, or thereabouts, almost a dwarf in stature, but broad shouldered and stalwart, nevertheless. He looked like "a little lion," as the colonel called him. He had shot three Russians in one battle; and in a hand-to-hand combat with another received a bayonet thrust in the jaw, not, however, without severely wounding his adversary, whom, by the way, we saw in the other hospital.

In the sick ward were two children; one of fifteen, who had carried a musket, and another of fourteen, very small for his age, whose duty was to make *papierosses*, *i.e.* cigarettes, for the band. Few of the insurgent prisoners had a single wound only; one had as many as twelve, of which he had received eleven as he lay on the ground.

From the hospitals we went to visit a camp. The tents of a whole regiment were pitched in a grove of pine-trees, on a dry, sandy soil. The men were all at dinner by the river side. The dinner consisted of a kind of pea-soup, which we tasted, and found not unsavoury. The men were generally ruddy and fair-haired, with faces expressing a kind of stolid

good humour. But they are capable, we know, of being roused to great ferocity at times. It was some of these good-tempered fellows who inflicted the eleven wounds on the poor Pole in hospital yonder, as he lay on the field of battle. The soldiers made a ring, and favoured us with a series of songs, while one of them performed a comic dance in the middle. Among the songs was one quite new. The purport, as Colonel L. translated it to us, was that the peasants (!) had rebelled against their father the Emperor, and the Austrians, French, and English were coming to help them; but they, the faithful soldiers of Alexander, would drive them all back. Colonel Lebedeff said that the Russian soldiers have an especial hatred for the Austrians.

Our conductor then took us to see one of the prisons. The prison he selected was that recently established in the Convent of the Missionaries, a large building with a church attached. Cells, refectory, parlours, and offices—all that belonged to the monks except the church—had been converted into a prison, which contained when we visited it 180 men and 56 women. We first visited the kitchen; which the colonel had just reorganized, placing a Polish woman as head cook, with some Russian soldiers as assistants. Dinner, consisting of beef and red cabbage, was just being prepared; we tasted it, and found it very good. Then we saw the baths, which had just been made, and the laundry. In the latter a Polish lady was employed in unpacking and assorting parcels which the prisoners' friends had sent for their use. She was a prisoner too, and had been in this and other prisons for seven months. Her crime was the having opened a school for peasants' children, without having obtained leave from the Government. "Then," we asked, "you had nothing to do with the insurrection?" "No," she said, "the insurrection had not begun in Lithuania then—*autrement*," she added fiercely, looking Colonel Lebedeff full in the face, "*autrement, j'aurais fait mon devoir comme Polonoise!*" He was, I am sure, too generous to take notice of her defiance.

Next we went to a large room on the first floor, where

upwards of forty women were kept all together. It was evident that they belonged for the most part to what we should call the upper and upper middle classes. They were sitting on their beds, reading, or working, or looking listlessly at the strangers who entered. All were in deep mourning, for the knot of coloured ribbon is not insisted upon in jail. The beds were curtainless of course, and covered with dark grey blankets; the whitewashed walls were quite bare; and there was no furniture except a few chairs, and a table in the centre of the room. There were two young children who had been permitted to come and see their mother.

We had scarcely entered, when a lady came up to the colonel, and, trembling with excitement, clasping her hands, spoke to him in French: "Why am I more unhappy than other mothers? why am *I* not permitted to see my children?" Then, turning to us, she implored us to intercede. She told us she had been there six weeks; she was a widow with four children, so high and so high (marking with her hand successive heights from the floor, and from which we gathered that her children were between twelve and five years old); that she had been suddenly taken from her home, without any reason assigned, and without having time to make any provision for the care of her children. She did not know who was taking charge of them. She had not, for six long weeks, seen or heard a word of them. Colonel Lebedeff did not deny the literal truth of her statement, neither did he promise that the hardship should be redressed.

We saw other rooms, or rather cells, where were ladies, either two and two or solitary. In one were a mother and daughter, the latter about fourteen, also accused of abetting insurrection. In another were two young ladies, one of extreme beauty and commanding stature, who might have sat for a Judith.

In the largest room, occupied by men, were seventeen of the peasant-nobles, rough in dress and look and manner, and to a stranger's eye scarcely distinguishable from the ordinary peasant. In another were eight Roman Catholic priests; in another six more. A cell of average size—*i. e.* as

nearly as I could guess, about eighteen feet long by fifteen wide—was occupied by eight prisoners. As the weather was fine, the window at the end could be kept open; but how the ventilation was to be provided when the rigour of winter set in, I could not imagine. The occupants were either employed in making little busts or crucifixes, with a paste made of bread-crumbs, grease, and ashes of tobacco, or smoking the unfailing papierosse. No books but books of devotion were allowed them. When asked if they had any complaint to make, they answered either with a sullen “no,” or “no,” with a qualification, as “Things are better of late.” This was the only prison which we saw. Colonel Lebedeff did not offer to show us any more, nor, as he had already given us five hours of his time, did we venture to ask him. We inferred that the prison we had seen was the one in which his reform had been most perfectly carried out. Even there they had only been introduced very recently. The new kitchen had only been used three days, and the baths had never been used at all.

An English member of parliament, who afterwards visited Wilna, and gave an account of what he saw in a letter to the *Times*, was taken by Colonel Lebedeff to visit three prisons, and was assured that he had seen all. “All” must have meant all that Colonel Lebedeff had authority over. In September there were five prisons—that is, four convents, used as such, and the citadel. With the last-named, Colonel Lebedeff had, as he told us, nothing to do. And no visitor has, so far as I know, ever been admitted there. Rightly or wrongly, the Poles believe that imprisonment in the citadel is attended with all manner of horrors. The worst dungeon of all is said to be the Pavilion No. 14. I do not repeat the stories I have heard about the treatment of the prisoners there, because I cannot authenticate them. Even if all were untrue, I do not see that the great question of right, as between the Poles and the Russians, is at all affected. A mother pining for the sight of her children is not to be comforted by a well-ventilated cell or a palatable dinner; and

when the prison is merely a passage to exile or the grave, the thoughtful humanity of the kindest of directors can do nothing to alleviate its horror.

In the evening we took tea at the house of Count —, one of the great nobles of Lithuania. His family came originally from Hanover, but they have been settled in Lithuania for several centuries. The present Count, a student by nature, has become more so by necessity, as bad health has prevented him from taking a part in the business and the pleasures of active life. He has read widely and thought deeply about the history of his country, and his philosophy is as profound as his erudition is extensive. Among other things, he said that the great defect of Slavonian nations in former days was the uncertainty of the tenure of land, and a consequent absence of fixed and permanent organization. Among Teutonic nations the land is regarded as the basis of all political combination, among Slavonian the proprietor, at whose death all the organism which centered in him is resolved again into chaos. In Lithuania, during the centuries when the Western nations were consolidating into their modern forms, there was indeed an ecclesiastical division of land, but no political division, no "communes," because neither taxes nor men were levied by the Government. In the eye of the law, the proprietor alone had an existence; the peasants were chattels. No middle class was formed, because any peasant who, availing himself of some exceptional opportunities, acquired wealth could, and did always, purchase admission to the rank of noble; and still more frequently service in war was similarly rewarded. This is the origin of the peasant-nobles. So that the non-formation of a middle class was due not to the exclusiveness of the nobles, but to the facility with which they gave admission to their ranks. The place of the middle class was occupied by Jews. These are the causes which prevented the consolidation of Polish power, and brought about the present state of things, when not a single Slavonian people (the Russian not excepted) is governed by men of their own race.

Since the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Polish and Lithuanian serfs were by law *adscripti glebæ*, but the administration of the law was so feeble, that, in fact, they were free to go when they pleased. Proprietors encouraged fugitives to settle in their land, and in any estate probably thirty per cent. were such. The family archives of Lithuania are filled with papers relating to interminable actions at law for the recovery of runaways. It was not till the Russian rule began that the serf felt the real hardships of his position. Then a strong hand enforced the law; and serfdom, actual, not theoretical, began then.

We were also much interested by an account which he gave us of some colonies of Tartars which had settled in Lithuania—one about eight miles from Wilna—nearly four centuries ago, and which still preserve their distinctive customs and still profess Mahometanism. In an official census taken for the *kingdom* of Poland in 1857, I find that there are 377 Mahometans, who, I am told, are also Tartar colonists. How well this long maintenance of their religion speaks for the tolerance of the Polish Government, and how favourably in this respect the Poles contrast with the Spaniards, who, after luring a number of German Protestants, with the most solemn promises of respecting their religion, to settle in La Mancha, compelled them all, by cruelties and threats, to become Roman Catholics.

Next day we returned to Warsaw by the railway, as we had come, leaving at five in the morning and arriving at eight in the evening. We had to convey a battalion of soldiers, and the carriages were much crowded. At the Grodno station we saw the captive Englishman, who was allowed to come so far, in custody, to speak with us.

In Warsaw* we remained a few days, to prepare for our

* The reasons, which prevent me from mentioning my Polish friends, happily do not apply to the English consul, Col. Stanton, and the vice-consul, Mr. White, whose kindness I desire to acknowledge. The first by his military experience, the second by his knowledge of the people, and both by their impartiality and truthfulness, serve and represent their country admirably well.

intended journey across the country to Lemberg in Galicia—a route which we chose because it would take us through Lublin—the province which is reputed to be the chief focus of insurrection. Besides our passports given by the British Foreign Office, and duly signed and countersigned by the authorities at Warsaw, we had another passport, a very small slip of paper not signed at all, but stamped with the arms of a certain other Government, and effectual for our protection, in case we fell in with any bands of insurgents. One of our party carried the precious paper carefully concealed. We arranged to travel with post-horses, not, however, as on the previous journey in a cart, but with a post-carriage—a roomy vehicle, but heavy and almost as ill provided with windows as a prison-van. Punctuality is not one of the Polish virtues, and we started on our long day's journey at least an hour and a half after the appointed time. We were kept another half-hour at the police-station on leaving Praga, and with our lumbering vehicle the pace was less by two versts an hour than it had been with the cart. Shortly after leaving Praga, we passed a bronze obelisk terminating in a ball and cross, erected by the Russians to commemorate the battle of Grochow. The wide well-made road, with grassy strips on either side for equestrians, goes straight-forward over level ground, passing alternately between wide tracts of ploughed or stubble land, and through woods. The villages are few and far between, and there are no towns at all. The telegraph wires, which for a certain distance follow the line of the road, were broken and the posts prostrate on the ground. Soon after passing the first station, the road divides—the right branch leading to Brzesc Litewski, and the left, which we followed, to Lublin. At noon we came to Starawiecz, thirty-four versts from Warsaw, where we found a detachment of Russian soldiers, with a number of waggons filled with hospital stores. They were on the march towards Lublin, and their especial business was to protect the person of the newly-appointed civil governor, who, with his family, occupied two carriages. The horses were picketed, and the men reclining on the

ground to rest. They set forward again on their march while we were changing horses. The officer in command politely offered us the advantage of the escort, but, as it would have involved our moderating our pace to three miles an hour, we declined the honour. He informed us that, the day before, two hundred Polish prisoners, with a Capuchin friar among them, and an Englishman, had been escorted to Warsaw. The Englishman we afterwards found to be the famous "*Times* Correspondent," of whom mention has already been made. We passed several Jews, wearing a kind of white hood over their black gowns. Fathers of families, I understand, have the privilege of wearing this ornament on high days.

We dined at Garwolin—a large village, with wide street. The houses are built of pine logs and roofed with shingle. The only brick building in the town is the church. The landlord of the little inn told us that there had been three companies of Russians quartered in the place for four months. They had left three days ago to take the two hundred prisoners to Warsaw. Hardly were they out of town before the insurgents came in, and they had paid daily visits since. The vast woods in the neighbourhood give them such effectual shelter, that the Russians can neither dislodge nor discover them. When Generals January and February came to take the command, perhaps the thing might be done.

After Garwolin, the country becomes more picturesque, and is varied by gentle undulations. An air of desolation however and of decay seems to pervade everything. In many cases I saw the forest growth again creeping over plots which had been cleared for the plough. Improvement had evidently been arrested years before the war. It was growing dark as we passed through the dense wood of Szyzym, famous for the most brilliant victory which the insurgents have ever won over the Russians—the only occasion, I believe, on which they have ever captured a gun. Our driver halted on the spot where it took place. By daylight, as he told us, we might have seen the traces of shot on the trees. At Szyzym we left the high road for Pulawy, where we were to stay for

the night. Four horses, we found, were necessary to drag us through the sandy tracks which we had to traverse. On either side was a continuous pine forest. The road was such that we never got out of a foot's pace, and sometimes stuck fast altogether. It was eleven o'clock before we reached Pulawy.

Pulawy is famous all over Poland for its chateau once belonging to Prince Adam Czartoryski, and, with the rest of his estates, forfeited to the Government in 1831. Its library, pictures, and works of art were carried off to St. Petersburg, and the house left tenantless for some years; then it was converted, under Government patronage, into a school for the education of young Polish ladies of noble family, till the Emperor Nicholas appointed a cast-off mistress to preside over it, upon which, naturally, the young ladies were taken away by their parents, and Madame ——'s post became a sinecure. Within the last year or two, at the time when the Emperor Alexander submitted his will implicitly to the counsels of Wielopolski, it was converted into a polytechnic school or university, with a numerous staff of professors. The director of studies is Count Lubienski, a man of eminent ability, who has been brought up from Kiew to fill a place which in happier times may be of great utility and importance. Now all the students are gone off "to the woods," as the phrase is, on business of much more urgent importance than civil engineering or agricultural chemistry. We had been expected all the evening, for Count Lubienski, being then at Warsaw, had written to his wife to prepare rooms for us. Late as it was, we found Madame L. still up, ready with tea and a Polish welcome, than which no welcome can be more kind and cordial. Beds were prepared for us in some of the vast saloons of the palace, now bare of furniture, but in excellent substantial repair.

Next day, under the guidance of some of the professors, we visited the whole establishment. The palace, according to a common fashion in Poland, occupies three sides of a quadrangle, the "annexes" on either side being much lower than

the main building. The central portion is devoted to lecture-rooms, museums, laboratories, &c. There are also three rooms which had been fitted up as chapels for the young lady-pupils—Orthodox, Roman Catholic, and Protestant. In the wings live the professors. The professor of chemistry, who has several spacious rooms filled with apparatus, apologized for all deficiencies on the ground that the institution had been so recently founded. To me it appeared to be better furnished in this respect than other institutions I wot of, which cannot plead the same excuse. The pupils mostly lodge, or rather lodged, in the village. The palace stands on the top of a hill which slopes steeply down to the flat bed of the Vistula. The slope is covered with fine trees, and has been cut into terraces, where are grottoes, and underground passages, and temples once filled with statues, pictures, and antiquities. The grounds are laid out as a *jardin Anglais*—as different as may be from an English garden, but very charming nevertheless, resembling what our fathers called a wilderness, where art is merely the humble servant of nature, and makes her presence felt rather than seen. We noticed in particular some splendid pines—*pinus sylvestris picca*, and *abies*—some of which towered high above the giant elms or oaks about them. Over the broad and winding river the banks swell into uplands, with breadths of yellow stubble and black fir-woods—the scene of a recent engagement. A bullet fired, we were told, in wanton mischief by a soldier into the village struck a poor girl of nineteen. We were taken to see her. She had suffered dreadful tortures and was evidently sinking. Had we not been told that she was under twenty we should have taken her for fifty at least, so wan and withered was she. She had been remarkable for beauty.

In the afternoon we went to Kasimierz, a town seven miles off, on the right bank of the Vistula, founded by Casimir the Great, once a place of great trade as a corn depôt. A very remarkable structure is the town-hall, rebuilt in 1615, covered with fantastic sculptures, some doubtless of older date and preserved from an earlier building. There are

St. Christopher, St. Catherine, and the four Evangelists, which are grotesque without being meant to be so; and there is the Evil One, designedly grotesque, and a masterpiece in its way. Some vast warehouses, now roofless, still remain, where the corn used to be housed, ready to be floated down the Vistula to the Baltic. Merchants from all nations used to come to Kasimierz. What were the causes of its decline I could not distinctly learn—probably war in the first instance, and then improved high roads which diverted the carrying trade elsewhere. There is a ruined castle above, rebuilt or repaired in the sixteenth century, and a round tower of far earlier days, the door of which is only accessible by a long ladder. Looking south, the hills between which the Vistula flows approach on either side, like the *Porta Westphalica*, and beyond we saw an interminable plain, deep blue, like a sea. I have seldom seen a view more magnificent of its kind, conveying an impression of vastness and solitude, and of sadness also, caused partly by the setting sun's pathetic light, partly by the sight of the ruins, and by our knowledge of the misery in store for all the dwellers on those wide plains. Not far from the town is another ruin: the castle where Esther, the Jewish mistress of Casimir the Great, used to live.

As we returned home by moonlight, a cart coming at a rapid pace pulled up beside us, and one of the occupants, in a tone of military command, ordered us to halt. It proved to be one of the insurgent captains in full uniform, accompanied by two sturdy peasants in sheepskin coats, armed to the teeth. We explained our nationality, exhibited the secret passport, and after a very friendly and animated conversation were allowed to continue our route. While we were at Pulawy, we heard of the Orsini bombs which had been thrown under General Berg's carriage on the afternoon of the day on which we left Warsaw. The circumstances are so well known now that I need not repeat what I heard. This much I affirm, as a fact known to me by indisputable authority, that Count Stanislas Zamoyski, who has been first imprisoned for months and then sent to Siberia, was entirely innocent not only of

any knowledge of the plot, but also of any connexion with the insurrection, being occupied in managing the pecuniary affairs of his father and other absent members of the family. But innocence is of no avail.

On Monday we proceeded on our journey. We passed on the road a number of carts driven by two or three Jews each, and laden with salt. There was a Government depôt of salt in the neighbourhood, which the insurgents seized and sold to the Jews at half-price. The Jews carried it off and retailed it to the peasants at a handsome profit. That such an arrangement was possible seemed to indicate the weakness of the Russian authority. We passed another Jew on foot, more piously employed. He had a small tin box, containing texts of the Old Testament as I was informed, tied on to his forehead. He carried his hat in one hand and a book, from which he was devoutly reading aloud, in the other. He was barefooted, and a pair of huge old boots, along with a well-filled sack, hung over his back. If devotion ever could be ridiculous, it would be in that form.

We diverged from the main road for some distance, to visit a country gentleman to whom we had letters. He was from home, but we were entertained by the steward, who gave us some interesting accounts of the progress and prospects of the insurrection. His belief was that winter might interrupt, but would not quell the revolt. He told us that the peasants of the Lublin, though desiring above all things peace and quiet, yet would be much better pleased to attain those blessings by the expulsion than by the success of the Russians, whom they hated as foreigners. Moreover, they both loved the Poles better, and feared them more; for the organization of the National Government in those parts was far more effective than the regular administration of the Russians. The National Government had lately ordered 6,000 winter uniforms to be contributed from the province of Lublin alone. The Woyvode, or Palatin, transmitted the order to the Nacelniks who preside over the seven "circles," the Nacelniks to the Wojts, and the Wojts to the Soltys, whose functions are somewhat

akin to those of parish-constable combined with a French *maire de commune*. All this official hierarchy is as complete on the insurgent side as on that of the Russians, and their orders are more promptly obeyed. The Jews are the intermediate agents, and manage it all, deriving a good profit by the transactions. In the small hamlet where we were, twenty-five uniforms had been assigned as the quota. These the women manufactured in secret, and the Jews carried them off by night to the *dépôt* in the woods.

After this *détour* we returned to the main road, and so, through an undulating country, chequered with forest and dotted here and there with houses all of wood from basement to roof, and lines of windmills cresting each higher ridge, we came at sunset to Lublin. From a distance the town had a sort of oriental splendour, with the sun lighting up the metal spires and cupolas; but the splendour vanished with the sun. Outside the gate troops were encamped under canvas, with a small park of artillery. We found a humble, but not uncleanly inn, which furnished excellent "tchai."* The same regulations as to lanthorns were in force at Lublin as at Warsaw. We paid and received a visit, which was abridged by the obligation which compelled every one to be at home before ten, or spend the night in the guard-house.

Next morning our new friends showed us over the town. Portions of an old wall and two gateways, now in the very centre of the town, still remain. There is also a castle, modern or modernized, and coated with yellow wash, which was full of prisoners. It was market-day, and the streets were crowded with peasants, the women in blue gowns, with bright-coloured handkerchiefs tied round the head. My companion, to his great surprise, was suddenly seized and embraced by a passer-by, who turned out to be an old acquaintance. All whom we saw at Lublin spoke despondingly of the Polish cause, and were of opinion that, except the Western Powers interfered, there was no hope. I noticed, as

* If I were to render tchai by "tea," I should convey the truth, but not the whole truth. Tchai is a cup which "cheers" and *might* "inebriate."

a rule, that those who were actively engaged in the insurrection were much more sanguine than those who only looked on and contributed their money. Of course the bolder spirits take the former course; the more timid the latter.

Our hospitable friends, either from not having learnt that one duty of hospitality is to speed the parting guest, or from the national indifference as to times and distances, persuaded us to postpone our journey till three P.M.—at least two hours too late for the distance we were to travel. We had intended to stay all night at a country-house beyond Krasinstaw, about sixty versts from Lublin. We learnt, however, afterwards that the owner had fled and the Russians were in quest of him; so perhaps it was as well that we did not get further than Krasinstaw. There is nothing remarkable on the way, except that near Fayslawice we were shown a wood where, a month previously, there had been a skirmish dignified by the name of battle. Our postilion was in mortal terror during the latter part of the way. As far as we could make out, the cause of his alarm was lest he should not arrive before nine o'clock, after which hour no one is allowed to travel.

Krasinstaw has no hotel. It has, however, a passport-office, which was soon crowded with Russian officers, curious to see and learn our business. By their advice we procured two beds and a sofa at a confectioner's shop, which served as lounging-place for the officers. Several of them cross-examined us as to the purport of our journey with more pertinacity than skill. "Ah!" said one, "*vous allez écrire dans vos journaux que nous sommes des barbares.*" Not so bad a guess.

Next day we had a long drive over a monotonous tract, diversified only by sand hills and scrubby firs. On the way we met a large body of Russian troops, perhaps 500 in number, many of them without arms, and in a ragged condition. We supposed that those on the sick list were allowed to deposit their arms in a waggon. About noon we came to a flat, grassy plain, interspersed with birch woods, in the midst of which stands the little town and fortress of Zamose,

from which the Zamoyski family derives its name and origin. The post road turns at a sharp angle, and leaves the fortress a few hundred yards to the right. The post station of Zamosc is thirty-one versts from Tomaszow, the last within the Russian frontier. Owing to the length of the stage an extra horse is required.

The landscape nearly all the way is grey and colourless, with rows of poplars and willows here and there; at rare intervals hamlets of wooden houses, and at still rarer intervals a melancholy country-house with a grove round it. As we approach the frontier, a long line of low hills comes into sight, covered with forest. In a very lonely part one of our wheels came off, and we were brought suddenly to a stop, and left lying helplessly on the road in a most awkward position. But nothing was broken, and the post-boy, with our help, lifted the carriage, and fastened the wheel on again.

At Tomaszow there was a police-station, where passports were puzzled over as usual. A couple of miles further on are the posts marked respectively with Russian and Austrian colours. Not a soldier was to be seen on either side. We could not help feeling a thrill of pleasure as we escaped from the unhappy kingdom of Poland, though Galicia, except by contrast, is not in the most enviable circumstances.

In one respect the Russian authorities are much superior to the Austrian, viz. in their roads and posting arrangements, due, indeed, to the Polish nobleman who was finance minister between 1815 and 1830. There was no carriage to be had at the Austrian post-house, so we had no alternative but to take on ours to Rava. The Jews, here as elsewhere in Poland, are the chief innkeepers, but it was a high day with them, and their religion prevents them admitting a guest, or, at least, feeding him, till after nine o'clock P.M. So we stayed with an honest Christian opposite the post-house, who made up in good will what his house wanted in comfort and good cheer. I slept this night, as the last, in a billiard-room. Our host talked with great volubility in German. The peasants, he said, hated the Polish landlords, and were all for the

Emperor. The landlords are Roman Catholics—the peasants United Greeks; our host called them Russians. The Russian priests, he said, were all good-for-nothing fellows—“*ganz wie die Juden*”—and only thought how they might fleece their flocks, exacting for every ministration a cow, or sheep, or goose, or so many days' work, according to the means of the people who wanted marrying, christening, or burying, as the case might be.

Rava Ruska, or Ruthenian Rava, as the place is called, was a thriving place two years ago, with six hundred houses—some of brick, some of wood. An enterprising Jew even established a vapour bath, which took fire the first time it was heated. The flames spread from house to house, and destroyed two-thirds of the town. When we saw it, it was rising from its ashes, but still presented a piteous spectacle.

As the postmaster had no carriage large enough to take three persons and their luggage, we were obliged to take two carriages, and pay double. In two hours and a half we got to Zolkiew, a town which has an air of venerable antiquity, but which is really of very recent origin. Once a hamlet round the dwelling-place of the Zolkiewski family it was made into a town, with walls and gates all round, a stately church and palace inside, by the famous general of that name, in 1600. The founder was great-great-grandfather of John Sobieski, who lived frequently in the palace, and gave many gifts to the church. In the church are statues in red marble of the founder and his son. It is remarkable that the son is represented with the head shaved, having only a forelock, according to a fashion once prevalent in Poland, but the father wears his hair in the usual modern style.

There are some large and very interesting contemporary pictures of Polish victories—that of Kluszyn, under Zolkiewski, 1610, and that of Chocin, 1673, under John Sobieski. Another, by Altamonte, represents Sobieski at the siege of Vienna; and another, by the same artist, the battle of Gran.

In the sacristy is a complete dress for the priest to say mass in, and made out of spoils found in the Turkish vizier's tent, given by the conqueror himself. He also presented a Madonna by Carlo Dolce.

The priest, Count Josef Nowakowski, after showing us over the church, invited us to his house close by, where he regaled us with mead of his own brewing, fifteen years in bottle. It was like Constantia, and extremely good. I began to understand how our Saxon fathers came occasionally to take more than was good for them. Sobieski's palace is now a ruin. It was not solidly built, and will soon disappear altogether.

Two hours' drive over a hilly country brought us to Lemberg. The peasants we passed on the road were dressed in coarse white tunics, with leather belts and trousers, also white, tied round the ankles, like the Dacian captives on the arch of Constantine at Rome. They wore either woollen caps or straw hats, which they took off most politely as we passed. There were many water-meadows and pastures with cattle feeding. Once I saw what looked, in the distance, like a lake. On approaching, it turned out to be a meadow thickly covered with gossamer webs, on which the rays of the almost level sun were shining.

Lemberg, called also Lwow or Leopold, is a smart, thriving, clean-looking city, in a valley bounded to the east by a range of abrupt well-wooded sandy hills, and to the west by a gentle, continuous slope. The last of the sandy hills is the highest of all. The Poles call it Gura Zamek, "castle hill;" the Germans, Schlossberg, or Sandberg. On the top are some scanty remains of the castle which was the nucleus of Lemberg. From it one looks eastward over a seemingly boundless plain, soon to be traversed by the railroad, which, under the energetic direction of Prince Sapieha, is to connect Odessa with Vienna. Southward one sees ridge over ridge of wooded hills, stretching away to the distant Carpathians, and northward, immediately below, the white walls and red or grey zinc roofs of Lemberg, almost encircled with woods

of beech and pine. On the steep sides of the Sandberg shady drives and walks serpentine in all directions, with seats at every knoll that commands a view. I have never seen such clear, cloudless sky, nor breathed such pure air as at Lemberg.

The inhabitants are as various in creed as in race. There are no less than three Bishops of Lemberg—Greek United, Roman Catholic, and Armenian. There is also, of course, a multitude of Jews, and a few Protestants. Saturday, September 26th, was a great festival of the United Greeks. Their principal church, on a hill overlooking the town, was crowded about eight A.M. with country people in their gayest costume—the women in white coats and skirts, white or coloured handkerchiefs on the head, ribbons, necklaces of red beads, and gay aprons; the men in coarse white tunics, with grey overcoats braided with blue or red worsted. Before the high altar was an iconostasis, as in the Orthodox churches, but then the gates stood open during the whole service—a type of the compromise between the East and West, on which the Uniate Church rests. Mass was being said or sung at several altars at once. In the centre of the church stood a table, with white embroidered cloth, with four tall candles and a bronze crucifix. On the table lay a bible, richly bound, and a large cross of carved wood. To the cross was attached a great bundle of herbs. The people approached one by one, kissed first the book, then the cross, and plucked a handful of the herbs. Then they crossed and prostrated themselves, touching the floor with their foreheads three times. Several priests were hearing confession, and when absolution was given, the priest threw one end of his stole, with a cross embroidered on it, over the head of the penitent, who, when he rose from his knees, deposited a ten-kreutzer piece, and kissed the priest's hand. Nothing could be more reverent and devout than the bearing of the crowd.

On Sunday, we visited the Armenian church, which stands in a walled courtyard, quite paved with gravestones, some three centuries old, all having Armenian inscriptions. The

congregation numbered about 200, among whom were two or three peasants. In the Roman Catholic cathedral, among a crowded congregation, I did not see a single peasant. Outside the church is a "pietà," with some bas-reliefs in bronze. One of these represents the Saviour appearing to Mary Magdalene in the garden. Underneath is a pretty couplet :

"Te simul abscondis simul et vis, Christe, videri ;
Nam te fletque una, quærit amans et habet."

Sunday is the great market-day for fruit, poultry, and vegetables. It is impossible to conceive a gayer scene than that presented by the Rynek, filled with a party-coloured multitude, with the bustle of business and clamour of tongues. In the evening, crowds of promenaders throng the so-called Jesuits' Garden, now, like the convent, secularized and made public. A military band plays there twice a-week.

Lemberg has its sad scenes too. The prisons are crammed with Polish gentlemen, who, if the statements of their female relatives are to be believed, meet with all sorts of ill-treatment and indignity at the hand of the Austrian officials. This was certainly not the case with one prisoner whom we were allowed to visit, but then, as it was explained to us, his rank might obtain him exceptional indulgences. Our interview lasted half an hour, in the presence of one of the officers of the prison.

The Government, it seems, arrests these Poles on suspicion, keeping them as long as it pleases, or releasing them, without making any charge or bringing them to trial. The Austrian constitution contains a provision for the protection of the subject analogous to our Habeas Corpus, but this is nullified by a clause to the effect that, when the public safety is in danger, the Government may suspend the constitutional privilege. This is like the "Alta Polizia" of the Ionian constitution, which enabled the Lord High Commissioners to govern despotically whenever he thought fit to do so.

The Poles at Lemberg agree with those at Cracow, in asserting that the Austrian authorities at first encouraged the

insurrection, and even (if the phrase may be allowed) ostentatiously connived at the mustering of men and gathering of arms, but, gradually, had turned to the other side, and now persecuted the Poles with constantly increasing rigour. The task of discovery is made easy by the aid of the peasantry, who hate their Polish landlords. Both the Uniate priests and the Government officials take care to impress upon them the belief that, if the Poles recovered power in Galicia, they would take bloody vengeance for the massacres of 1846.

Some of the principal Polish nobles have consented to take office and receive honours under the Austrian Government. It is amusing to see the contempt which the ladies of their families affect for both offices and honours. One evening, the conversation turned upon some measure which was to come before the lower house at Vienna. "I don't know," said the hostess, "whether my husband will speak." "But, Madame la Princesse," said one, "he is not in the lower house." "True," said the lady, with an accent of ineffable disdain, "I forgot; he's in their House of Lords."

At Lemberg, we parted, with great regret, from the friend who had been our companion since we left Cracow. His energies were prostrated for the time by an attack of fever. The doctor who attended him refused, as we afterwards learned, to receive any fee from one who sympathised with Poland. After his recovery he came home, and has since returned to Poland, to contribute to the columns of the *Daily News* the results of his great knowledge of the country, his indefatigable industry, and undaunted courage.

From Lemberg we came by railway—a nine hours' journey—to Cracow. The weather had suddenly changed, and rain fell incessantly all the way. One of our travelling companions was a young Pole, who had been with Langiewicz. Five thousand men, he said, were assembled, well armed and full of confidence, when the sudden flight of their leader paralyzed them all. They disbanded forthwith. He did not attribute Langiewicz's conduct to cowardice, and could not even guess at his motives. It is certain that his abandonment of the

cause did it infinite harm. Revolutionary zeal, which has none of the unity and strength which tradition and usage give, wants, above all things, a man to lead and guide it. A Polish Garibaldi, such as Langiewicz once promised to be, would have been a tower of strength. The hopes of his own people would have been quickened, and foreign sympathy would not have cooled as it has done.

From Cracow we returned home, by way of Vienna. At one of the hospitals which we had visited in Poland, there was a young Hungarian severely wounded. When he was told that we intended to pass through Vienna, he begged us to carry a letter to an uncle of his, who lived in one of the suburbs of that city. The letter—a very long one—was written by a lady at his dictation, for the poor fellow not only was too ill to write, but even spoke with difficulty. When we got to Vienna, after some trouble we discovered the uncle. Instead of the friendly greeting we expected, the man treated us with the greatest rudeness. “I know no such person,” he said. “I am a Government *employé*, and I have no time to speak to you.” “Ich bin Beamte und ich habe keine Zeit,” he repeated, and rather hustled than bowed us out of his door. So the letter was never delivered.

POSTSCRIPT.—*Feb.* 2, 1864.—From what I saw and heard during the journey of which I have narrated the chief incidents, I came to the conclusion that the cause for which the insurgent Poles are contending is the cause of right and justice. I retain the same conviction still, now that time and distance have worn away the impression made by the actual sight of suffering heroically borne, and all the incidents of a struggle of the weak against the strong. Indeed, all that I have heard and read subsequently has tended to confirm my belief. But it would be idle to deny that I feel discouraged and disheartened by the indifference with which I find the question regarded in England. It would be the height of presumption to suppose that anything I can say will influence this indifference (for which, indeed, I see ample excuse in

surrounding circumstances), nevertheless, I feel bound to state what I believe to be the truth. At least, "*liberavero animam meam.*"

The general opinion of England seems to be expressed with colloquial strength and directness in some such phrase as this: "The Russians hang, the Poles stab; they shoot each other when they have a chance; one party is as bad as the other; let them fight it out."

These off-hand after-dinner utterances often involve fallacies which it would require a volume to refute, and an answer given in a page must be imperfect and unsatisfactory; but I will try to reply as fully as may be in the brief space at my disposal. If we are determined to carry out what Prince Gortschakoff strangely calls "the principle of non-intervention," then we must shut our eyes and hold our tongues. The goodness or badness of a cause is nothing to us. Let us manufacture and carry goods, and make money. Let us turn our shield of arms into the sign of a shop, and write, instead of "*Dieu et mon droit,*" "*La nation boutiquière.*" But this is impossible. Our imperial traditions prevent it. The force of fact prevents it. The increased intercourse between people and people is drawing us nearer day by day. Europe is becoming more and more one household, and we cannot, if we would, isolate ourselves from our brethren. If, out of cowardice or love of ease, we stand by and see wrong done, the evil we sanction by our acquiescence will surely one day be felt by ourselves. If truth and justice and right have any meaning in politics, it must be the duty of nations as well as individuals to maintain and defend them. As a Polish lady said to us, in the bitterness of her anguish for near relatives killed, exiled, and imprisoned, "*Vous êtes grands, forts, libres: à quoi bon votre grandeur et votre force si vous n'aidez pas les faibles et les opprimés à conquérir leur liberté à eux?*"

I hold that it is as much the duty of England to prevent wrong being done in Europe, as it is the duty of any man to prevent it in the house in which he lives.

And that a foul wrong is being done in Poland is beyond

question, to any one who takes pains to ascertain the facts. For one Russian who falls by order of the National Government a hundred Poles are condemned to death, or exile for life, without hope,—which is worse than death.

But I hear it said, “Have we not done the same in India? Should we not do the same in Ireland?” The Russians are fond of reminding us how we blew the mutineers out of guns; and M. de Montalembert, in his speech at the Catholic Congress at Malines, coupled “a Poland agonizing” with “an Ireland starved.” The first attempt at the *tu quoque* retort, I have already answered in the words of the French consul at Warsaw, who is well acquainted both with English rule in India, and with Russian rule in Poland, and being a Frenchman by birth, cannot be suspected of any prepossession in our favour. The second taunt, flung at us by M. de Montalembert, is as easily answered. Truth is not to be expected from a rhetorician when he wants to round a sentence; else he should have known that the famine in Ireland was not due to political causes, and that it was relieved by private and public charities unexampled in history. The position of Ireland as regards Great Britain is altogether different from that of Poland as regards Russia. Ireland has no history; its civilization and its language come from England; its union with us is essential to our safety, and for many years past its people have been admitted to perfect equality with ourselves. It has been governed with impartiality and, in many points, even with favour. Every man there is as free to do what he pleases as any inhabitant of Great Britain. The only remaining grievance (a light grievance, after all) our statesmen would be glad to remedy, if they could. But Poland has a history far more splendid than that of the Muscovites, and a civilization far more ancient and complete. In all the qualities which make great men and great nations the Poles are infinitely superior to their masters. The Russians have felt the impossibility of conciliating them, and have in consequence resorted to systematic coercion. Hence the Poles have been goaded into insurrection. I do not believe that the Russians are naturally

more cruel than other nations in the same stage of civilization, but the iniquitous partition has brought about a state of things which left them no choice between governing by terror and not governing at all.

The original crime of Catherine, like the Até of Greek mythology, has produced a long series of crimes by a fatal necessity—

“ Hoc fonte derivata clades
In populum patriamque fluxit ; ”

and the series will be prolonged, generation after generation, till the primary wrong has been redressed, and the Poles are again made masters of their own lives and land and fortunes.

I hear it said that “ the Poles are dissolute, quarrelsome, and idle.” The very same charges were made by the Flemings against the English exiles at Bruges in the middle of the seventeenth century ; and by the French, against the little Court of St. Germain, at the end of it. Nay, I have heard the same complaints made of the English, Russians, and Americans, resident in various towns of the Continent in the nineteenth century. The truth is, that no country can be fairly judged by its exiles, whether voluntary or involuntary. Yet among the Polish exiles may be found men with great historic names, who have sacrificed immense wealth, and all the ease, the pleasure, the consideration, that wealth brings with it, to the maintenance of a principle, to the realization of what the world thinks a dream. Neither must a people be judged by what their enemies say of them. No German ever speaks or writes fairly about the Poles. The Prussians and Austrians especially have shared in the iniquitous spoliation of Poland ; they are, in their hearts, ashamed of it ; they know that they have done a base and dishonest act, and they try to palliate it by abuse of their victims. The old saying, “ Odisse quem læseris,” never received a more striking illustration.

He who wishes to know what the Poles are, should take the trouble to go and see them at home. He would find them, as

a rule, hospitable, generous, of exquisite urbanity, highly cultivated, anxious to promote the moral and material welfare of their dependents. If the traveller went at a crisis like the present, he would see proof of virtues higher than the peaceful and easy ones I have just mentioned. He would see examples of undaunted courage, of constancy, of self-sacrifice, such as would ennoble any nation; such as could only be found in a people thoroughly brave and true to the heart's core.

Thousands of deeds rivalling the most famous instances of Spartan or Roman heroism have been done, and are doing in Poland at the present time. These deeds may "die tongueless," and miss their meed of fame, but they will not have been done in vain. The noble men who cheerfully devote themselves to death do so in the faith that they are laying the basis of a future Poland, and cementing its foundations with their blood.

I hear it said, too, that "the Poles have shown themselves unfit for liberty and self-government." I have already given what I believe to be a fair answer to this charge, viz. that the position of Poland on the frontier of Europe, exposed to incessant attacks from the outside barbarians, prevented the development of peaceful and permanent institutions, necessitating the maintenance of a warlike aristocracy, while the peculiar temper of the Slavonians prevented a feudal organization based upon landed tenure. And, at last, when they had become thoroughly alive to the radical defects of their constitution, and had resolved to amend them, the powerful neighbours, who had all along fostered faction and anarchy, acting on the maxim "Divide et impera," when they could no longer prevent reunion, applied the maxim in a more literal sense, and by main force consummated the gigantic robberies of 1772 and 1791.

It is asserted in our newspapers, that "we cannot support the Poles, because they are aiming at impossibilities; because they themselves declare that they would not be content with anything less than the reunion, in one independent nation, of all the old provinces of Poland." The fact is, that as

Lithuania, Posen, Galicia, Volhynia, and the Ukraine, have all contributed men and money and made sacrifices for the cause, it is impossible for the National Government officially and publicly to adopt any programme which will exclude these provinces from their share in the final triumph. They cannot say, "Set 'the kingdom' free, and leave the other provinces to their fate." But a great step would be made, and a real good achieved, if any portion, however small, of the old Polish country were made really free under the rule of Poles. It would be a land of refuge, and its existence would materially alleviate the burdens of those who should remain still in servitude. Even a free republic of Cracow was something.

Again, it is said, "Why did the Poles let the golden opportunity of the Crimean war go by, and why did they rise at a time so unpropitious? Is this not a proof of their want of political sagacity?" The Crimean war was indeed a golden opportunity; but it was not their fault that they missed it; and the time at which they did rise, they had good reason for thinking to be not so unfavourable as it has proved to be. Moreover, the time was not of their choosing. In 1855, they were only kept quiet by urgent and repeated messages, sent from Paris by persons supposed to enjoy the confidence of the Emperor Napoleon III., begging them not to move. There is every reason to believe that these messages were really sent by the Emperor himself. When they found that Poland was not mentioned in the Treaty of Paris, their disappointment was so great that, for the first time, they began to despair of their country, and were almost inclined to acquiesce in Russian rule. Accordingly, when Alexander II. visited Warsaw, he was welcomed with demonstrations of cordiality such as none of his predecessors had ever received. His reputation for gentleness and kindness contributed to secure him this welcome. But, in his speech to the nobles, he dashed all their hopes to the ground. He warned them to indulge in no dreams, and he added, "All that my father did was well done, and I will maintain it."

The meeting of the three sovereigns who share the spoils

of Poland, at Warsaw, in October, 1860, was felt as an insult and increased the discontent. Then secret associations began to be formed, and the National Government itself dates from that time.

The massacres of February, 1861, and the patient, peaceful, yet resolute, bearing of the people, applauded by all the press of free Europe, increased the difficulties of the situation. The Russians at length were thoroughly frightened, and as a last resource gave Wielopolski almost full powers.

Wielopolski is believed, by those who knew him best, to have had the good of his country at heart. During his administration all the civil business of the country was transferred from Russian to Polish hands. Unfortunately, his haughty and reserved demeanour prevented him from winning the confidence of his countrymen. They believed him to be a traitor. Attempts were made upon his life by some fanatics of the democratic party. Then, in an evil hour, he determined to push matters to an extremity, thinking not to rouse the nation, but to crush a faction. He persuaded the Emperor to revive the old mode of conscription, which had been abolished by an imperial ukase.

Lord Palmerston denounced it as not conscription, but proscription; and it was received with a cry of indignation from all Europe. The insurrection began. At first the aristocrats and the great mass of the Poles stood aloof, thinking that the cause was desperate and the time not come. Nor would they have joined at all, but for counsels from Paris, again sent by men who spoke and were believed to have the right to speak in the name of Napoleon III. "Hold out as long as you can," was the advice.

And thus the revolt became general. The leaders calculated with certainty on French assistance, and hoped for that of England. They also believed that the internal discontent of Russia would, on the slightest provocation, break out into open insurrection.

No one could foresee that the revolt of Poland would have the effect of calling forth Russian patriotism, and reuniting all

parties for the nonce ; and if they believed French professions, instead of learning the lessons taught by French history, they have not been the only people so deceived. Not for the first time

“This same bias, this commodity,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.”

On England as a nation they had no claim. We had found Poles arrayed against us in every battle-field, from the beginning of the American war to that which closed at Waterloo. But from France, with a Buonaparte on the throne, they had a right to expect everything. The first Napoleon had contracted to Poland a heavy debt of gratitude, which he had never paid. Was it to be supposed that the nephew, who so scrupulously executed the bequests of his uncle, even to distributing medals to old soldiers and granting a pension to a would-be assassin, would neglect to redress the wrong which weighed upon the conscience of the dying exile at St. Helena ?

The part which England has played in this matter will not add to her glory, but the part which France has played will leave an indelible stain upon her history and upon the name of Napoleon III.

The French, of course, endeavour to throw the blame upon England, and such is the prevalence of the French language, that thousands will read their charges who never will read our defence.

Our defence is, that it could not be expected that we should again engage in war as an ally of Napoleon, when we had in the last war received such treatment at his hands. Without consulting our wishes, he determined upon concluding the war as soon as he could do it with a *coup de théâtre*. Peace was not signed before his agents were instructed to make advances to Russia, and a few months had scarcely elapsed before his colonels were allowed to threaten us with invasion in the columns of the *Moniteur*. When he com-

menced the war of 1859, he solemnly promised, in the proclamation of Milan, not to accept any increase of territory for France, notwithstanding which he claimed Savoy and Nice as the price of his aid to Italy. No wonder that we are reluctant again to join ourselves to such an ally, or to enter into engagements with one on whom engagements sit so lightly.

The causes of the present disastrous condition of Poland are, first and foremost, the great crime of modern history, the partition; secondly, the mutual jealousy and distrust of England and France, which prevent their cordial and effective co-operation; and thirdly, the encouragement given to the insurrection by secret messages from Paris, and by the public diplomatic action of France, England, and Austria. The Poles naturally thought that such colossal machinery would not be put in motion without any result whatever, and that either Russia would yield peaceably or be made to yield by force. They could not anticipate that an English minister would nullify all that he had said by declaring that it meant nothing. Either we should have abstained from public remonstrance altogether, or we should have been prepared to back our remonstrance by war. As it was, we first encouraged the Poles to persevere, and then we left them in the lurch. No one can estimate how many lives this unhappy policy has cost.

In conclusion, I feel bound to express my conviction, that without foreign intervention, of which there seems now to be a very faint chance, the Polish cause is perfectly hopeless; but that, nevertheless, the whole nation is committed to an internecine struggle which may last for years; and that the final result will be a victory of brute force over right and justice, which will be a lasting disgrace to the nations which stood by and sanctioned such a consummation by their acquiescence.

6. THE REPUBLIC OF PARAGUAY.

BY DAVID POWELL, ESQ.

BEING at Buenos Ayres towards the end of 1862, and hearing Paraguay frequently spoken of as the "Japan" of South America, I determined, if possible, to visit this republic, which seemed so little known even in countries bordering immediately upon it. An advertisement in the *Buenos Ayres Standard*, to the effect that the Paraguayan steamer *Paraguari* would sail on the 16th of November for Asuncion and intermediate ports, coupled with the statement "that the urbanity of her captain made her preferable to other boats on the river," determined me to take advantage of the opportunity. There was nothing remarkable about the steamer herself, which was a flat-bottomed, Thames-built boat, with deck-houses, but the appearance of the crew at once gave evidence that she belonged to a strange country. There were some fifty men on board, dressed alike, being in the Government service. All were young and active, and many of them very good-looking. They all had jet-black hair, which I afterwards found was a characteristic of the nation, and a happier or more good-natured set of men it would be hard to find in any country.

As for the officers, it was evidently the sole duty of the captain to be "urbane." He never interfered with the command of the vessel, which was entirely in the hands of the purser. This individual, dressed in a very smart uniform, with a sword at his side, was evidently the important person on board. Three Italian pilots attended to the actual navigation; and the engineers were, as usual, Englishmen.

The vessel, though acting as a packet, was in reality a Government boat. The officers all held military rank, from the urbane captain down to the corporal, whose cane was constantly at work among the men. Officers as well as the rest of the crew were liable to be shot for desertion. This was the first we saw of the strong arm of President Lopez.

The voyage up the Parana as far as Rosario has been frequently described, and indeed there is little of interest in it. There are several channels among numerous islands covered with low marsh trees. At this time of the year these islands were all more or less submerged. After clearing the delta, a high cliff followed the right bank as far as Rosario. This city is 300 miles above Buenos Ayres, and is of importance, being the starting-point for the interior and the West Coast.

The city of Parana, still higher up, is falling into decay, though once the capital of the Argentine Confederation. Chosen, like Washington, as a city which could never from its situation be suitable for commerce, it has lost all importance since the seat of Government has been removed to Buenos Ayres.

The scenery about Parana assumes a different character from the low lands which we have just left. Over the low thicket, infested with jaguars, and stocked with their prey, the water-hogs, the high rolling land of the province of Entre Rios shows itself; in many parts richly wooded.

Here we coaled from a hulk moored in the stream, and the operation of getting a bullock on board was successfully performed, though in rather a primitive fashion. The brute was driven down to the shore, and a rope was thrown over his horns; he was then made to swim off, and was towed alongside. Once there, he was hoisted on deck by the horns, with the assistance of a whip which was rigged out for the occasion. From this point the scenery became daily more tropical; and on the 21st, after passing Corrientes, a small town on the left bank, we entered the Paraguay River.

It is a strange phenomenon that when the Parana is at its highest there is but little water in the Paraguay, and *vice*

versé. This is probably to be accounted for by the waters of the Parana being supplied by tropical rains, which are heaviest in autumn, that is to say, in March; while the Paraguay and its tributaries have their chief sources among the snows of the Andes, which melt in the spring and early summer.

The banks were low, though the forest-trees were magnificent. There was more life, too, in these woods than on the lower part of the river. Enormous alligators were sunning themselves on the sandbanks, while here and there a herd of water-hogs would plunge into the deep water from the bank, or wallow in the swamps and backwater of the stream. Deer, too, were occasionally to be seen swimming across. Some sheltered bays were covered with waterfowl, and every now and then the huge and richly-coloured birds with which these forests abound would start up, disturbed by our boat. We were constantly passing tributary streams choked with weeds, many of them probably bearing the broad leaves of the "Victoria regia," of which this district is the home. Some of these streams, green as they were with water plants, and overhung with gigantic trees laden with parasites, seemed rather forest glades than navigable rivers. The main stream was about a quarter of a mile broad, and frequently divided by islands.

In succession we passed several small "guardias," the military stations of the country, reaching at length "Humaitá" (the Ehrenbreitstein of the river). The batteries extend for nearly a mile, the forest being cleared away so as to leave a "campo" of some size. The guns were on earthworks, covered by slight sheds; and if the place be really as strong as it seems, it would prove a serious obstacle to any invading squadron. It is rumoured that but few of the guns are mounted; be this as it may, no stranger is allowed to inspect them.

These works were erected especially as a defence against the Brazilians, between whom and the Paraguayans a deadly feud exists. A few years ago the former had assembled a powerful fleet to attack Paraguay, but the President contrived

to detain them with negotiations at the mouth of the river till he had erected these batteries, which they then declined to encounter. A force of about 12,000 men is at present stationed there, but frequently the number is doubled. Their uniform consisted of white trousers, a scarlet Garibaldi shirt, and dark blue poncho—a very picturesque and suitable dress; but they seemed a wild lot, and are accounted desperate thieves.

There were here close to the river two large cages containing four jaguars, of unusual size, which had been caught in the neighbourhood. Here, too, the steamers “wood.” The logs, which are cut by the troops, are stacked close to the river side, and are put on board by them; for in Paraguay the army has to do all the navvies’ work that may be required by the Government. A wilder and more picturesque scene than this “wooding,” as the evening draws in, can hardly be conceived. Our boat was lying close under the steep bank, where a small open space had been cleared in the forest; huge fires were burning; and the soldiers, shouting and screaming like children, were piling the wood high above the decks. Every now and then one of them would slip off the narrow gangway into the water, to the great delight of his comrades, who stopped work and “chaffed” and made faces at him, though none would help him. At last there was no more room left, the steamer moved off, and in a few minutes we were again in the virgin forest. There is one arrangement peculiar to these guardias on the river bank, which must always attract a stranger’s attention. The sentries lie on a small platform raised on two poles, at the height of 30 ft. or 40 ft. from the ground, accessible only by a ladder. No doubt the original object was security, and to see over the tops of the trees, in case Indians were approaching, but the contrivance seems rather out of place when surrounded by batteries.

The next evening we reached the capital, Asuncion; and anchored close to a large frigate in company with four or five other steamers, which formed the navy of a country more than 1,000 miles from the sea. Still more surprising was it to see

a large dockyard, where more steamers were building, and vessels of many nations ranged along the quay.

Asuncion cannot boast of fine buildings. A new custom-house now being erected, under the superintendence of a German engineer, is the most pretentious edifice, but is unfortunately out of the perpendicular. I was not much impressed with the stability of Paraguayan architecture: I once saw a house, which was being built opposite my window, suddenly collapse and entirely disappear.

The houses are generally built after the Argentine model—that is, they are one story high, with flat, tiled roofs, and a court in the centre. The floors are always uncarpeted, and of brick or tile.

A cathedral and four or five churches are the only buildings of any size besides the Government-house and the President's private dwelling. A large theatre was rising from its foundations. The suburbs consist of native "ranchos:" these are log-huts, built of palm-stems and thatched with palm-leaves. Through the open doors their owners may generally be seen taking their siestas in hammocks, the little work that is absolutely necessary being left to the women. The first place to visit in a Spanish town is generally the Plaza, and that of Asuncion presented an almost oriental aspect. The country carts were drawn up in the centre, with the women seated round them, dressed in white cotton shirts, with long veils of the same material, selling fruit and vegetables of various kinds, while swarms of children stark naked played about. The Payaguas hawked their fish, while the merchants bargained in small shops along the side of the square, and in the evening numerous fires added much to the strangeness of the scene.

The currency of Paraguay is partly a paper one, but the vile Bolivian half-dollar and gold coins are also used to a certain extent. The paper is of course depreciated, but by law all payments are to be made two-thirds in paper and one-third in specie. In paying its *employés* the Government uses paper at its nominal value, which falls very hard on the

Englishmen who are engaged, here and had expected to be paid in gold to the full amount promised them.

I was much surprised to see the number of horses wandering about loose in the Plaza and the streets, but I afterwards found to my cost that it was a common practice to turn them adrift in this way as soon as they were done with. It was exceedingly inconvenient, when about to start for a ride, to wait till one's horse could be found and caught.

A short time before I arrived, President Lopez had died, and the National Assembly having been convened on this occasion only, had unanimously elected his son, Don Francisco Solano, to reign over them. The old man's remains had, I believe, been comfortably put under ground some time previously, but it was considered necessary for each branch of the service to celebrate his funeral on its own account, and I came in for one got up by the navy. Under a gorgeous catafalque erected in the cathedral the coffin was set out, and in front of it the clothes of "the deceased" (he was always spoken of as "the deceased," no one daring to mention so terrible a personage by name) were stuffed out, covered with various decorations and orders. The candlesticks were ornamented with papers cleverly cut out by the sailors, in whose presence a grand mass was performed.

He had no doubt done much for the country, though it had always been his policy to exclude foreigners, and he governed far more by terror than by kindness. On his death-bed he signed a proclamation stating that he "died as he had always lived, a republican; that he appointed his son his successor; and that the new ministry was to be chosen from a list which he himself drew up." His orders were obeyed, and his son is now following in his father's footsteps. His politics, though professedly most liberal, are really those of a despot. The President of Paraguay, as the office is at present constituted, is essentially the father of his people. It is his duty to provide for all their wants, and even to anticipate them. There is now an admirable dockyard, established under English management, in which some forty English

mechanics are employed; a railway is opened for thirty miles, the engineers, as well as the various officials, being English; a large theatre is building, and the "father of the people" is expected to provide the company for it, which no doubt he will do. An army is required, and he keeps up one of considerable strength. Foreign trade would benefit the country, his steamers are accordingly sent abroad; scientific men and skilled mechanics are needed, so he sends detachments of young Paraguayans to Europe to be educated; the troops require more medical aid than the country can supply, so there are three English doctors to look after them. All is apparently well arranged, but there is a dark side to the picture. The army is kept up by a most cruel conscription; little or no pay is given; the foreign trade is spoiled by enormous export duties; not even an engine fire may be lighted without his leave. If a man be once appointed to any public office he dare not refuse, as death would be the penalty. I found I could not leave the capital for a single night without his permission. A horse may not be sold without acquainting the Government of the transaction; and, indeed, in everything, however small, the President's hand is felt. He is, as he well may be, an object of fear to all, for life and death are in his hand, and the royal prerogative of mercy is but seldom exercised.

A few years ago a party of suspected individuals were seized by the Government, and several of them were shot. One of them, however, called Canstadt, claimed protection whether rightly or wrongly I know not, as a British subject. The remonstrances of Her Britannic Majesty's consul were in vain, and he was forced to withdraw; but fortunately the *Tacuari*, a Paraguayan gun-boat, having the President's son on board, was at Buenos Ayres. There she was blockaded by our Brazil squadron, and though young Lopez escaped overland, the vessel was considered more valuable than Canstadt's life; so the latter was spared, but since then we have not been on friendly terms with the republic.

This peculiar and despotic system of government originated with Dr. Francia, who, when Paraguay revolted from the

Spanish yoke in 1811, was appointed secretary to the Junta then elected to superintend the affairs of the republic. This extraordinary man soon got rid of his colleagues, and established a reign of terror. He first closed the country to all foreigners, and then proceeded to rid himself of every one at all likely to interfere with his wishes, while he gradually reduced his subjects to the most abject state of slavery.

In Europe he obtained notoriety for imprisoning for nine years the great naturalist, Bonpland, the companion of Humboldt. At last, in 1840, this monster died, and was succeeded by the elder Lopez, who kept up much of Francia's despotism, though he did not indulge in the same wanton cruelty, and was really anxious, according to his own narrow-minded views, to improve the condition of the country.

The scenery in Paraguay is by no means grand, but still it is beautiful. The ground is generally undulating and richly wooded, breaking here and there into low mountains. It is well watered, and probably many of its rivers are navigable, though unexplored. The eastern side of the republic, separated from Brazil by the upper waters of Parana, is at present unknown, as since the old days of the Jesuits it has been unvisited by any white man. We learn from their writings that one of the grandest falls in the world, the Salto Grande, is in the Parana; the whole body of the river being hurled over a lofty chain of rocks. The forests are hardly equal in grandeur to those of Brazil, but they are so varied, so broken by grassy banks, with here and there cultivated patches and rude huts, that the whole country seems rather one immense garden than a dense impenetrable wood, such as that of the neighbouring province of Matto Grosso. The lanes, too, which intersect it in all directions, are sunk deeply between hedges of flowering mimosæ, and ever offer some new feature to the traveller. The language of the country is the "guarani," an Indian dialect, that of the court being Spanish, which, however, is not understood beyond the capital. The common people are evidently more of Indian than white blood, while no doubt the former slaves have contributed

their share. There is also a race of pure Indians living among, though not mixing with, the Paraguayans, called Payaguas. They are "mansos" (inoffensive), though by no means civilized. The opposite bank of the Paraguay, the Gran Chaco, is inhabited by "Indios bravos," and is generally considered unsafe beyond a few hundred yards from the river-side.

It seems curious that these things should be. The mixture of civilization and barbarism is certainly one of the most extraordinary features in this strange country; but I do not know that anything brought it home to me more strongly than the account of an accident which happened to one of the Brazilian steamers rather higher up the river. She ran aground, and was attacked by wild Indians; several of her crew were wounded by their arrows before she could be got off; she then easily distanced them by putting on steam. It was to a regular mail packet, on her regular monthly voyage, that this happened!

Of all the various districts in the world to which the present cotton famine has called attention, as being suitable for its production, few seem better adapted than this. Formerly large quantities were grown here; but it was Dr. Francia's policy to forbid its cultivation. Still, all the native fabrics are made of it, and shortly before my arrival a decree had gone forth that each "chacrero" (farmer) was to plant a certain quantity of it again. This has been done with filial obedience, though none were able to tell me whether it is to be for their own or the President's benefit. Tobacco is cultivated throughout the country in small patches. This is largely exported, entirely under Government control. The natives themselves smoke it to a considerable extent, the women never being without a cigar in their mouths. It is to them that any one wanting a light applies.

In South America the republic is celebrated for the Paraguay tea. The Yerbales, the districts which produce it, are to the north of Asuncion; the plant itself is a small, low shrub. The twigs are gathered and dried by fires

lighted under them. It is then packed in bales, and all that is of good quality is shipped to the various ports lower down the river. The Government kindly allows the inferior parcels to be kept for the use of its own people. It is largely used throughout the Argentine Confederation, Chili, and the south of Brazil. It is like little dry bits of light-coloured rotten stick, crumbling into powder, and in taste it somewhat resembles green tea. It is "made" by putting a small quantity into a small hollow gourd prepared for the purpose, and adding boiling water, with sugar according to taste; it is then sucked up through a silver tube, having a strainer at one end. It is always handed round to the party present without wiping or changing the tube, fresh water being added for each person.

At Asuncion the day's business began very early. About three A.M. one of the military bands paraded the streets, in order to wake the inhabitants, which it did effectually. I found the best time to see the Government officials, to get one's passport viséed, &c. was about six A.M. In the middle of the day no one stirred out, twelve being the usual dining hour. After this came the siesta, then a few hours' work, and just before sunset the bath.

The natives are fond of bathing, and this is done in rather a peculiar fashion in the capital. A low cliff runs alongside the river beyond the city, and in this are small chines, with streams flowing down them. The water is brought to the edge in wooden troughs, and so falls from some little height. In the daytime these glens are sacred to washerwomen, but in the evening the upper classes in the city come down, and take it in turns to stand under these shower-baths.

About nine P.M. the band again turns out, following a huge lantern through the streets, after which all properly-conducted people are supposed to retire to their hammocks.

One evening I arranged with a Government engineer to make an expedition to Aregua, a small village thirty miles from Asuncion. The President, as a Government official was in the case, allowed the train to take us for twenty-

five miles, as far as the line was finished. The arrangements and stations were good as far as they went. The carriages, built at Asuncion, were comfortable, the seats being covered with handsome stamped leather. After reaching the end of the rails, we obtained some Government horses, and I was rather astonished to find that the native saddles were provided with strings ending in small beads instead of stirrups. The Paraguayans go barefoot, and these strings were intended to go between the toes, and the beads to rest them upon, such things as boots never having entered into the ideas of the postmaster.

Soon after dark we reached our destination, and went at once to the principal house in the village. It consisted of a large open shed, and one inner room for the women of the family. It was beautifully situated on a steep hill, overlooking a lake, with low mountains in the distance, while in front there was a platform sheltered by vines trained over a rude trellis; behind it was closed in by the forest.

We were soon seated on old leathern chairs at a table two feet in height, upon which a mess of chicken, pounded up with meal and a dish of honey and cheese, was set before us. After this was cleared away, but not before, we were allowed a mug of water and some red wine. The crockery was scanty, and the spoons of horn. The family did not feed with us, but sat near talking about us, quite forgetting that my companion understood "guarani" as well as they did. Then the men came in. Clean cotton hammocks were produced, and slung up under the shed from numerous hooks, which are provided for this purpose in every Paraguayan house. Next morning breakfast, a repetition of the dinner of the day before, was served, and for all this no charge was made. I believe the Government ordered that it should be so, but it was an order that was cheerfully obeyed.

We had to wait some time before the engine was allowed to take us back; and this time we had a train of trucks only, and stopped halfway to load bricks. About a hundred soldiers turned out to assist, and, forming line to where the bricks

were stacked at a little distance from the rails, handed them up one by one, and piled them loosely on the trucks, shouting as usual like children all the time. Of course a part of the bricks fell off on the journey, but no one seemed to trouble themselves about them.

I was much amused after I had left Paraguay by a statement in the *Times*, copied no doubt from the *Buenos Ayres Standard*, that on some feast-days trains were running constantly, and balls taking place at the various stations. I had the satisfaction of "assisting," on a Sunday afternoon, at one of these so-called balls. In the booking-office of the station a military band was doing its best, and a quadrille was going on. The men were in loose shirts and white trousers; the ladies in the simple national dress, without shoes or stockings. When they were dancing they always covered their shoulders with their handkerchiefs. Meantime, the men who were disengaged took advantage of the opportunity to cool themselves, by using their shirt-tails as fans. And so the "ball" went on, the dancers arriving and departing by each train.

On a wet day the streets at Asuncion presented an extraordinary appearance. The town is situate on the side of a hill, on a loose, sandy soil, and the streets are unpaved. In many Spanish-American towns have I seen the streets fairly under water, with men waiting at the corners to carry people across; but never before had I seen mountain torrents in the midst of a large city: yet this was the case here. After a heavy tropical shower, the water would rush down the streets carrying all before it—sand, boulders, and timbers, with not unfrequently the ruins of some house—till a check occurred, when the *débris* would collect, and a fall of considerable height would be formed in a few minutes. On such occasions it was impossible to move out of doors.

During one of these showers I was taking shelter in a store, when I saw a man, who was well dressed for the country—indeed, quite a dandy in his way—take off his white trousers and tie them round his waist under his shirt, to keep them dry, and this, too, in the principal street in the capital!

As far as dress is concerned, indeed, but little regard is paid to what we should consider the commonest rules of decency. In the country the men seldom wear anything beyond a leathern apron. The children disdain all clothing, and the women wear only a light skirt of Manchester print, with a white body embroidered with a square black border, peculiar to the country. They are seen to the greatest advantage when carrying their water-jars; they then wear a long white veil thrown over the vessels, which falls gracefully almost to the ground. The men, however, are, as a rule, far better looking than the women. They always seemed to be thoroughly happy, and to enjoy themselves like children. The slightest kindness was never forgotten, though at the same time it is said that no race can be more revengeful.

A sad instance of this occurred soon after I left. A labourer in the dockyard who was insubordinate was ordered by the superintendent to be punished. He started up instantly, and plunged his knife first into the foreman, who was standing by, and then attacked the superintendent, who, as well as his companion, was an Englishman. Before he could be stopped he had inflicted all but mortal wounds. I have since learnt that both the men recovered from their wounds, and that their assailant has since been shot.

The Paraguayan seems to take especial delight in his hair. A man who is not worth a shirt will yet possess a comb, and will make good use of it. The women of all classes plait their hair in a peculiarly neat and simple braid.

A striking contrast to the free and easy dress of the poorer classes was presented by the black dress suits which were always worn by the civilians in Government employ. I hardly know whether they or those unfortunates who had to wear a thick cloth military uniform in this tropical climate were most to be pitied; but even the English doctors were obliged to wear their regimentals wherever they went, whether for pleasure or on business. I have already alluded to the officers of the steamers holding military and not naval rank, and it is difficult to conceive a

more absurd scene than that of the Admiral riding down to the quay daily, and inspecting his naval captains, who turned out *mounted* for the occasion.

I believe that in the country generally marriage is unknown. The first few families in the capital certainly consider it necessary, but it is by no means general even there. The President discourages it himself, both by his own example and by doing all he can to prevent it. I heard a story, well authenticated, though I cannot vouch for the truth of it, that shortly after I had left Paraguay, five or six priests were brought to the capital charged with attempting to overturn the constitution by urging marriage on the people in the south-east districts of the republic. It was further reported that one of them was made away with in prison. It is almost unnecessary to observe that the immorality consequent on such a state of things is enormous, and must be prejudicial to the whole race.

In Asuncion and its neighbourhood I passed about a fortnight very pleasantly, but at last the appointed day arrived for the steamer to leave, and all passengers were ordered on board. Fortunately, however, I found a friend at court in the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who warned me not to embark that day. Next morning he sent for me to his bedroom, and told me that the steamer would really sail in the evening, but that he should like me to take something to England as a specimen of what the country could produce. At the end of this grand speech he presented me with two shaving towels with lace borders. The Paraguayans do make very beautiful lace, but the minister's present was almost entirely of European manufacture, and I had no reason to regret having previously secured some real native work.

I accordingly went on board in the afternoon, but we could not leave without the President's permission, which was withheld till late in the evening.

Shortly before dark the President's mistress, an English woman, arrived on board; and presently the *Tacuari*, a large gun-boat, steamed down the river, while salutes were

fired and yards manned. Our purser went off to her in his best uniform, and presently returned with a boy about nine years old, the heir to the kingdom, or rather the so-called republic. He and his mother were then put ashore, after the latter had ordered one of the crew to be flogged, because she had wetted her feet on entering the boat, and we steamed off.

The voyage down, being with the stream, was much less tedious than that up it, and in five days we again reached Buenos Ayres—in time to hear of the disagreement between ourselves and the Brazilians consequent on the reprisals executed by Admiral Warren in Rio harbour at the commencement of last year. This news was hailed with the greatest delight by our crew, on the ground that Brazil, a country which had always bullied them, was now being bullied in turn.

The Paraguayan steamers run twice a month from Monte Video to Asuncion, besides a Brazilian boat which runs to Cuyabá, more than 1,000 miles above the latter city, once a month, yet ten years ago the river was not supposed to be navigable.

It was for the first time carefully explored a few years ago by the United States' steamer *Water Witch*, under the command of Captain Page, now of the Confederate States' navy, in spite of every obstacle thrown in his way by the Paraguayan Government, who even fired on his vessel.

Now that the navigation is open, there is every prospect of this country becoming one of the most important in the continent. The Government, though illiberal, must by its own measures sooner or later reform itself. It is educating its people by sending their representatives to Europe, and it is hardly to be expected that an educated race will submit to be treated as slaves and children. When once the trade is really unrestricted, provided the country keep quiet, its future prosperity can hardly be called doubtful.

I do not know that I can offer a better apology for thus relating my very slight experience of this strange country

than by quoting President Lopez' own words. During his father's life he spent a short time in this country, but unfortunately chose the autumn for his visit to London, and so met but few people in town. He reported that they were very civil to him, but that whenever he was introduced to any one, almost always the first question asked or implied was, "But where *is* Paraguay?"

Surely a country now so rapidly advancing deserves to be better known to us, especially when it is availing itself largely of the services of our countrymen in its endeavours to improve itself.

7. SINAI.

BY THE REV. R. ST. JOHN TYRWHITT.

It must have been about February 6th, 1862, on the usual hot, clear, Cairene morning, that we were all driven up to the railway-station, near the Esbekieh, by an Arab in the regular fez and long white shirt, through the accustomed cloud of dust, and all but over the invariable crowd of brown children, blue-veiled women, dogs, donkeys, and "fellaheen." We were a party of four: my brother; a veteran traveller, who had joined us for a trip to the East, after long experiences westward; and another ex-tutor of Christ Church, besides myself—bound for Sinai by the inland road which passes Surâbut-el-Khâdem, and meaning to return by the usual route, nearer the sea, through Wady Feirân and Wady Mokatteb. My wife and sister accompanied us as far as Suez. We had two special objects to attract us: one of them was the ascent of Om Shaumer, the highest point of the peninsula, as yet but seldom attempted, and never with complete success; and we had some hopes of meeting an English potentate, of whom we had heard great and incredible things at Cairo. A sort of king was said to rule in Sinai—he was English; he had found a turquoise-mine; he had organized the Tôr Arabs; he dwelt in Feirân, in patriarchal majesty—these were the facts, as far as we could make out the purport of what we heard. We hoped to verify them, and we were not disappointed.

One is kept long waiting, in some discomfort, at an Egyptian railway-station; but once in motion, the contrast is delightful. The screams and yells of ordinary Arab life and business are redoubled and intensified, up to the start, by

a crowd of porters, police, and hangers-on in blue shirts and dirty white turbans. They fight for one's luggage from the outer gates of the dust-coloured station to the door of the dust-coloured carriages. The whole available population of the quarter rushes on the station, as if a fight was coming off somewhere down the line. "*Sollicitus imitatur janua portas*;" and the squeals of combat and lamentation which one hears certainly do give one the idea of a city "taken, but not rendered." But the train glides slowly away; there is great peace and silence all at once; blinds are drawn down on the sunny side; on the other you have palms and minarets, and long dewy tamarisk avenues, dividing endless sugar, cotton, and maize fields. You are seeing the last of the land of Egypt. Even here you look from desert to desert, right across the valley of the Nile. You know well that the Pyramids, which stand like shadows in the western distance, are backed by all the sands of Africa. And where the acacia-shaded road diverges to Heliopolis, half a mile from the station, you fairly turn your back on all green things, and in three minutes the sand is all round, and you are, so to speak, at sea. It is pleasant to watch the fringe of palms sink lower and lower on the horizon, till they become a purple line, and then are lost. I had myself been at Suez some years before, but the rest of our party looked on the wilderness for the first time. We could not help owning that, on close inspection, it loses its beautiful pink and yellow glow of distance, and looks very bleached and colourless indeed. I have often remembered the delight with which an artist-friend of mine used to talk of Egypt, as "a land where you have dresses of every colour in the foreground, every shade of bright green in middle distance, and where the background is always the colour of raspberry-cream."

The desert between Cairo and Suez comes up to the popular idea of desert: that is to say, it is sufficiently flat to enable one to realize the new sensation of being as a solitary speck in the middle of a round horizon; and one is reminded perforce of "ships of the desert," and nautical comparisons

between shifting sands and "wandering fields of barren foam." The sand, however, be it remarked, seems to bind a great deal, and there is much gravel along the railway-line. No doubt, vast clouds of dust and sand are raised in the early summer by the Khamsin winds. Indeed, Cairo is scarcely endurable while they prevail; it is as much worse than the desert, as dust, impregnated with donkey, is worse than clean sand.

Until you approach Suez, the character of the African desert is still sustained. I remember, in November, 1859, seeing hills of apparently loose sand, which I estimated at 500 feet high. The sharp lines of their ridges seemed to be composed of the finest and driest sand, and every gale of wind must have changed their shape, and even their position. The difference between the state of the desert in spring and autumn has not, I think, been fully estimated; perhaps because the popular tour of Sinai is generally taken in spring. But Stanley's remark seems as true as it is important, that the real terrors of the desert, the shifting masses and pillars of sand, have no place in the desert of Sinai. The whole distance to Suez is featureless; but at last the long grey and yellow ridge of the Mount of Deliverance (*Gebel Attakah*) rises to the southward and westward, and one has glimpses, between the low rolling sandhills, of the wide plain which rises to its feet, and also of the almost permanent mirage which is visible below it. And the sight of something like mirage is no small event on a first desert-journey.

The hotel at Suez is the most enjoyable one I ever entered; and many residents or sojourners at Cairo like to stay in it for short periods. I once recommended it to a bride and bridegroom, as a place where there were extensive sands, pretty shells to pick up, capital sailing, and pleasant donkey-riding, highly-interesting "lions" within reach, perfect retirement in a good hotel, and a railroad to the very door. The inn had only been open for a few weeks, I believe, when we were there; and at its hospitable door next morning stood the well-known three-fingered sheik, Beshara—old, ragged, hand-

some, and conciliating—with that strange caress of manner which is somehow pleasing from an Oriental, though any attempt at it in an European is generally and justly execrated. The baggage-camels were ready to take the heavy luggage round the head of the gulf, and we ourselves were to cross it, by boat, about S.S.E. to Ayoun Mousa—"the Wells of Moses"—sunk near the sea, on the edge of the expanse of sand which is bounded eastward by the great table-land of the Wanderings.

It is a curious transition from a first-class carriage to a dromedary-saddle. Travel after the manner of Stephenson and travel after the manner of Abraham meet each other face to face on the Red Sea shore ; and for a time, at least, we all rejoiced in returning to the old paths, or at least to the old form, of conveyance. Our tents were pitched at Ayoun Mousa for the night, where we arrived about two P.M. by boat, landing on the shoulders of Arabs, as black as coals, one of whom utterly collapsed under the weight of his burden, and partly brought his rider, a stalwart volunteer, to the fate of Pharaoh's prætorians. The Suez boatmen are odd specimens of the Arab. I cannot say whether they are more Hamitic or Semitic ; they are rather woolly and short-featured, without being actual negroes, and they are as strong as Krooboyes. But they show no barbarism in their manners, being quiet, attentive, zealous, and content with fair wages—as most Egyptian Arabs are, who are duly paid—and allowed to keep their earnings.

Our first dinner under canvas was like all the others—plentiful in quantity, and well enough dressed ; but here, as elsewhere, we were reminded how really luxurious ordinary English living is, from the quality of our every-day food. In the East, it may be said, one never gets any flesh of good quality or taste, and in consequence one has to stimulate one's appetite in hot weather with pepper, and yet more pepper ; and demands for curry-powder and cayenne are as unlimited as Danton's call for daring. And so the sad discovery is made, one morning, that one has a liver even as other men (I used

to be quite sceptical about my own), and there is a call for calomel and taraxacum. And while on the subject of the commissariat, I may suggest that it will not do to give up all stimulants at once, if you have been used to them. We all suffered, more or less, from a month of nearly total abstinence in the desert. Taking no strong drink with us except a small bottle of brandy each, for medicinal purposes, each man found that he drank up his brandy, on purely sanitary motives, a great deal too quickly. In fact, we had some slight dysentery, from which hot grog, Marsala, or pale ale in great moderation, might have saved us. Little thought we, on the Red Sea level, of the cold of the granite glens of Sinai. There is another reason, I think, for taking some kinds of wine or beer with one, which is, that it will lessen the quantity one drinks. It is much more difficult to drink water in moderation than anything else, I think, because it has no particular taste. I am sure a smaller quantity of anything with a decided taste satisfies thirst better; the mouth and palate detain it and dwell on it longer. Essence of punch would be a good thing to take. Coffee is excellent for cold, but not so good in severe heat. Drinking-water should, of course, be carried in barrels or tins—not in skin-bags; but the small goatskin zenzemfas are excellent as drinking-vessels and water-coolers.

Mr. Prout, of Christ Church, the geologist of our party, has given some able sketches of the various formations we passed over, in the *Journal of the Geographical Society*, 1862, p. 235. He also made a collection of various stones and minerals by the way, part of which met its fate at the hands of the Arabs, who could not comprehend why the howadji should encumber himself and burden their camels with mere lumps of granite and syenite; and so they quietly cut a considerable hole in the bag which contained those treasures. Let this be a warning to all collectors of minerals who travel on the backs of horses, mules, or camels, belonging to their drivers. Owners of those much-enduring beasts will always get rid of dead-weight when they can.

The best rough mental note of the peninsula which I can give is this:—A triangle within a triangle, both their vertices to the south; the smaller and more obtuse triangle is the limestone plateau of the Tih, the Wilderness of the Wanderings. The larger and more acute triangle is bounded by the gulfs of Suez and Akaba; and the common base of both will be the route to Mecca across the peninsula by Nukhl, in a nearly straight line from Suez to Akaba (once Ezion-Geber). The vertex of the larger triangle is the high cape of Ras Mohammed, which runs down from the great syenite peak of Om Shaumer. This was our Keblah—the point we sought, the highest peak of Arabia Petræa. It is a kind of “omphalos” of the peninsula, and a certain awe attaches to it in the Arab mind. There are always, or very often, superstitions attaching to the highest peak in a district. Om Shaumer shares the reputation of Ben Nevis, described in Scott’s “Legend of Montrose,” of giving notice of the approach of storms by strange sounds of warning. The highest peak of the Pyrenees is the “Maladetta.” The highest peaks of Mont Blanc used to be called the *Monts Maudits*, at Geneva; and the name is still retained by the *aiguille* nearest the summit. Only one Arab can be found who knows the way up the western peak of Om Shaumer. Two great granitic masses stand pretty well in the centre of this outer triangle, set, as it were, in those beds of new red sandstone which have furnished tablets for the official bas-reliefs of Egyptian kings; for the names and complaints of Nabathæan or Horite miners imprisoned in the great and terrible wilderness; perhaps also for the lamentations of Hebrews, “greatly discouraged because of the way;” and certainly for idle inscriptions of all ages up to the present.

All desert-travellers will remember the powerful red colour of the rocks of the Wady Mokatteb and Wady Mughara; and especially of the hills of Surâbut-el-Khâdem. All seem to feel the oppressive richness of colour and wildness of form, almost painfully, after a few days or hours. The mountains here show all their scars; they have no vegetation to disguise

their ruins, or give beauty to their decay ; but you may see all their wounds at a glance. Any one who is at all given to reverie, or to drawing, will probably find plenty of excitement and work here, as his camel fares quietly along.

One cannot leave the Wells of Moses without saying something of one's thoughts of the Exodus ; for I defy any Bible-believing man or woman to stand anywhere on that great sweep of glowing yellow sand—"league after league of melancholy gold"—and not feel that there it was, or within a day's march, that Israel saw Egypt dead upon the sea-shore. Arab tradition is "fossilized," as the Archbishop of Dublin says, in the names of the Mount of Deliverance, on the Egyptian side (Gebel Attáka); the Tih, or Wilderness of Wanderings, behind one to the eastward ; the Wells of Moses, and the Baths of Pharaoh, at the sea-opening of Wady Ghurundel. Little more than such fossils, of whatever date they may be, or the vague childish tales which are the Arabs' notion of history, can be gathered from native sources of information. These are quaintly and admirably given by the Dean of Westminster ; and no one who has ever talked to an Arab about anything beyond backshish can help feeling great interest in them. I think the fragments which Dean Stanley gathered from his dragoman, as given in "Sinai and Palestine," of much importance in this way also :—that they point out the tremendous difficulty which meets all who attempt any Christian teaching to Mohammedans. The ground of their childish minds is pre-occupied by childish tradition. The Sacred Histories are not new to them ; they have heard a caricature of them well suited to their tastes ; and in very few instances can you find genuine desire to know the truth. Fatalism and indolence take the power of connected thought away from the Muslim very early, and with it goes the power of genuine belief. But topography speaks for itself, and commands attention ; and I think the sands of Ayoun Mousa may be set beside the great plain of El Rahah, before Sinai, as a scene which explains and confirms the history of the events on which its interest depends.

How far the Gulf of Suez may have been filled with sand, in four thousand years, at its northern end, one cannot say ; and the question of the situation of Goshen, and the various routes to Suez, or the Timsah Lakes, must remain both vexed and vexatious. But the many wells scattered about the plain—twelve or thirteen even now, the vast extent of sand, the certainty of a retiring tide throwing up its victims all along the shallow shore, and the curious assemblage of traditional names within sight of this one spot, have left a strong impression on me, and, I should think, would do so on most travellers.

There is nothing which people differ on much more than on camel-riding. Like most other riding, its pleasure of course depends on the sort of beast you are on. The secret of comfort seems to be to keep one's backbone slack, and to swing as the beast moves, letting oneself oscillate without exertion, with the head bent forwards. As in marching, the third day is generally the worst ; but a little walking is always a relief.

The route to Sinai follows the traditional route of Israel, which is nearly undisputed, as far as Ghurundel. The road, or track, is mostly as if broad-wheeled waggons had passed it, as the camels' broad feet make exactly such a track. It divides at Wady Shebbekeh, two hours beyond Wady Taiyibeh, one of the Elims. I apprehend that the name Elim is that of a district, crossed in about three hours' march on the second day from Ayoun Mousa, and embracing the three wadys Ghurundel, Useit, and Taiyibeh. The first night's camp is generally at Wady Sudr, in the open desert ; and the principal features of that day's march are the two high points of the Tih, Taset-el-Sudr, "the cup of Rocks," and Surâbut-el-Jemel, or "the camel's saddle." The second day is a long ten hours to the springs at Ghurundel, over flat desert, which has the single dwarf palm by the intensely bitter spring of Howarah (perhaps, Marah) for its first sign of life, two hours short of the halting-place. Wady Useit is two hours on, running down to the sea parallel to Ghurundel ; and it seems as if the head-quarters of the camp of Israel must have

moved down one or other of these wadys to the "Camp by the Sea." Whichever they chose—and most likely the host occupied both—they must have turned inland by Wady Taiyibeh, the next wide drainer of the eastern mountains. And so the whole force may have been assembled once more in the great Debbet-er-Ramleh, to march south-east on Replidim and Sinai.*

We turned inland at Wady Shebbekeh, keeping on the hills in preference to the flat Er-Ramleh. Wady Shebbekeh, Wady Humr, the grave of Abou Zennet's good horse, whose shoes are rust, and his strong limbs dust; Wady Nusb, I think, or Wady Sayal, and then the red precipices of Surâbut-el-Khâdem. We were now on the edge of the Debbet-er-Ramleh, and were not sorry to see a little of the scanty desert vegetation. Here grow the mimosa or sayal, the Retem or purple and white broom—a sort of camomile, and various strange and sweet spikes of purplish flowers, which looked as if they had sprung up in a night. The mimosa, I believe, is the Shittim-wood, much used for charcoal, which, with granite millstones, forms the staple of trade between Egypt and the desert: small caravans with both these articles are generally met on the road. The mimosa and palm thorns often gave me cause to rejoice greatly in knickerbockers of the yellow dressed deerskin from Hudson's Bay, commended in the "Art of Travel"—most valuable garments indeed.

We made an early halt, for the sake of exploring the Surâbut-el-Khâdem hills. All desert halts are the same—the camels kneel at their well understood signal, a long gurgle in one's throat, soon learnt. The tent has most likely preceded you; the zemzemias are hung in the shade of its door, and in ten minutes are cool as a highland burn; the orange box is opened, and the fruit rolled in the hot sand—the only sure preservative; the door of the hencoop is thrown wide open, and its denizens rush out screeching with delight, and take gallops for a stated distance from the tents and back, ner-

* See Mr. Hayman's article on the "Wilderness of the Wanderings," in Smith's Biblical Dictionary.

vously running home in apparent terror of the desert ; a thin cloud rises from the charcoal fire and the various pipes of the party ; and there is among the howadji a general feeling of comfort that they are riding camels, and so have neither bits nor stirrups to clean. The climb to the ruin at the Surâbut hill-top is short and sharp. It would be impracticable on granite ; but the sandstone precipices are deeply and curiously honeycombed, and can always be climbed hand-over-hand somewhere. But the sun beat on them fiercely ; and our thirst was severe by the time we reached the strange upright stelæ and little rock-hewn shrine, half buried in those fragments which the eye can always recognise as artificial, in spite of weathering. Lepsius's description, as given in the Handbook, seems quite correct. The vast heaps of slag and iron ore show that here was the chief smelting station of the ancient mines of Osirtasen, or of earlier kings than he. Osirtasen I. and III. of the 12th dynasty B.C. 2020, have various stelæ here. But the tablets at Mughara are of the 4th dynasty, and I do not see why so long time should intervene between these two establishments.* No doubt it corresponded to the great military station and turquoise-diggings of Mughara, about thirty miles to the westward, hereafter to be described.

The heaps of ore apparently smelted or half smelted, as remarked by Lepsius, are very large and numerous. But some specimens we have brought back, and more carefully examined, do not seem to have been subjected to any smelting process. With the assistance of Mr. Vernon Harcourt (Lee's Reader in chemistry), Mr. Prout carefully analysed them, and reports that manganese and iron are their chief component substances, 28 per cent. of the latter. It is hard to give up the idea of ancient smelting-places here, the

* See Laborde, " Voyage dans l'Arabie Pétrée," p. 43, expl. des planches (which are admirable, and, I believe, unique representations of Surâbut-el-Khâdem) : "... Ouadi Magara, que sa proximité du passage ordinaire des caravans avait fait découvrir avant les autres," *i.e.* the Surâbut-el-Khâdem and Wady Nusb mines.

quantity of ore is so great; and I still think we might have brought home true slag, if we had purposely searched for undoubted specimens.

That it is *iron ore*, is, I am informed, in some degree a new fact. Iron it is to the naked eye, and manganese and iron by analysis. In Lepsius it is said to be all copper; and Ruppell says he obtained 18 per cent. copper from it on the Wady Nusb slag. We found no copper ore anywhere in the Peninsula in our hurried explorations; but Mr. Prout can speak, from reconnoitring through a good glass, to greenish mineral, like copper ore, at Wady Mughara. We have no specimens of this. Lepsius says nothing of having brought home or analysed any specimens from Surâbut-el-Khâdem. He seems to rest entirely on the etymology of the Coptic word "Mafkat."

"Mafkat" is Coptic for copper: the Copts represent the ancient Egyptians: and the word "Mafak" has been found in the Surâbut-el-Khâdem inscriptions, where Athor, the presiding deity, is styled Mistress of Mafak, *i.e.* copper. This would prove that there were copper mines; and it would be quite natural for a learned Egyptologist to be somewhat run away with by so tempting an etymology, so as to omit careful examination of the ore found on the spot. Indeed, he only says of what he saw, that it is "black slag." It is possible that copper may have been already obtained from it.

Russegger mentions traces of mines of both iron ore and "Braunstein," in Wady Nusb. He then says in a note, as to the copper mines mentioned by Ruppell in his "Reisen in Nubien," &c. p. 265, that he could get no assurance as to their existence, and that his Arabs seemed to know nothing about them.* (They never do know of anything which is not actually in the day's march.) For Surâbut-el-Khâdem he refers to Robinson.

* I find, on reference, that Ruppell distinctly mentions and describes copper-mines in Wady Nusb (which last word he derives from Nahas, Arabic for copper). He analysed the ore, and obtained 18 per cent. copper, and the same quantity of iron. Laborde also speaks of traces of copper.

Surâbut el-Khâdem may have been chosen as a smelting station, partly, as Lepsius remarks, for the sake of the sweeping blast which is afforded by the north-west wind up the Debbet-er-Ramleh ; and here, as at Mughara, the best strategic point has been chosen for building on. It is a corner buttress hill, commanding both the Debbet and a side wady. The head of Isis forms the capital of a fallen pillar of the little temple, which is hewn in the rock, with a central column left. The walls and the upright stelæ in the temenos are covered with inscriptions, where, if I remember rightly, hieroglyphic sculpture is mingled with demotic characters. The existence of these mining colonies at the time of the Exodus would seem to show that there must have been cultivation on a large scale in the wadys. It is not likely that their garrisons were supported on corn sent from Egypt.*

The forms in which the flying sand has carved and polished the stelæ are very curious ; it seems to be the only agent of destruction which has had much effect on these monuments. We had great difficulty in getting down on the south side, as Sheik Beshara could not hit off the only pass, and had to exert his very powerful lungs for half an hour before one of his men came up from our tents below. Our next day was the wildest march we had yet had, by Wady Suwûk and Wady Khamyleh. The dromedaries stalked coolly over huge splintered fragments and up steep rocks, in a way which greatly raised our opinion of them. The cleverness of a Sinai camel is astonishing ; they seemed better climbers than

* The author of the article on the "Wilderness of the Wanderings," in Smith's Biblical Dictionary (Mr. Hayman, of Cheltenham School), has kindly referred to this MS. several times ; and I am glad to have had several conversations with him. His remarks on the rainfall of the peninsula are most important in their bearing on the history of the Exodus. He argues, from the notices of several travellers and the physical character of the region, that there is no want of rain-water supply (p. 1753, ed. 1). And throughout our journey we observed that strong and wide torrents appeared to have run down all the wadys which had a decided fall, sometimes quite across them from hill-side to hill-side ; and Major Macdonald said he had once had two or three feet of water running through his tents for three hours after rain, in the mountains north of Mughara.

red deer, and nearly equal to goats; and towards the evening of a hot day one observes them perched on hill-tops exactly like crows. The specimen of the race who answered the Prophet so briefly and coarsely can hardly have been foaled in Sinai. Mahomet, says the story, asked his camel which he preferred, up-hill or down-hill; the sententious beast answered, "Curse them both."

All this while we had been gradually rising, and now, in Wady Khamyleh, the cold was intense. I do not know how many degrees of frost there may have been during the night, but everything was frozen stiff at six next morning—water, sponges, towels and all—and the thermometer was at 25° . However, the Arabs had slept among their camels, and were little the worse; and Muhammad Hosseyn, as good a dragoon as ever translated pounds into piastres, soon thawed us water enough to wash in—thick and yellow it was, no doubt, but still fresh water. It was drawn from a really beautiful spring, in a narrow side-glen. I never saw a more strange and perfect desert-scene. The little rill came stealing from between a dyke of greenstone and the pink granite, which was flaming against the sunset, as we sat down and watched the grave enjoyment of the camels over fresh water and real grass. The dykes of porphyry and greenstone are very numerous on the edge of the granite centres of these mountains, and often intersect each other in squares and triangles, and so give a strange inclosed look to the utterly bare hill-sides. The effect of colour at this Diamond of the Desert was remarkable—pale solid green in the volcanic stone, living green of vegetation, with purple shadows and brilliant pure pale crimson on the higher granite.

We were in motion by 7.30 A.M., thermometer 25° , and by 11 A.M. the mercury had risen to 85° , and was still rising—a rapid transition. Our gloves and great-coats were shifted many times that day before sunset, when, of course, all warm clothing was put on for the night. We began to look forward to snow and even ice work on Om Shaumer, and held long and rather unsatisfactory discourses with Muhammad about

the approach to it. One provoking thing about all Orientals is their indifference—I may say positive aversion—to going up hill. They appreciate mountaineering so little, that not even money can get them really to exert themselves to help on an expedition. Up to this time we had hardly seen a living thing, except a snake or two and some little grey sand-martins. To-day we saw some partridges, like small French or red-legged birds; two hares; and a chameleon, yellow in the sun and grey in shade. Another cold night in Wady-esh-Sheykh; and an early start brought us to the foot of Nukb Howy, “the Pass of the Winds,” the short cut across the Gebel Fureia ridge, where the leaders of the host may have crossed the ridge of Gebel Fureia, the main body proceeding by Wady-esh-Sheykh, which joins the west side of the great plain of Er-Rahah before the Mount of Sinai. It is like a red Glencoe; unclothed, without heather or brackens, or living turf; with a faint trickling of water among its huge fragments, and dwarf-palms and gnarled fig-trees here and there in the clefts. Caper-plants are the chief growth on the rocks. There is a kind of path up which the camels climb, uttering expostulatory growls. It is bitter cold in shade, and when you are in the sun it burns with the combined effect of frost and fire. When one reaches the top, one has the same feeling as at the first sight of the Alps from Les Rousses, or perhaps from Berne—or of the Desert from the Great Pyramid, or of the troubled sea of snow from the Calotte of Mont Blanc—that it is a great day in one’s life. Sinai, Râs Sassâfeh, meets one full, unmistakable and self-asserting; the dome where the cloud rested: and the “Plain of rest” or “encampment” stretches before one’s feet, sloping mile after mile gently down to the foot of Sinai, and widening as it approaches. I certainly think a man may well feel, in looking at that plain and that hill, that they form between them a great theatre; the wide, long plain rising slope after slope, so that all the “desert-wearied tribes” might well face the one great rostrum, which is Sinai, to which all the other mountains are but a setting. To encamp in that plain is to encamp “before the mount” in a sense peculiar to

the place, inasmuch as the Râs Sassâfeh would have been the principal feature in the landscape to every person encamped before it, at one and the same time. I do not say I looked at it all as an impartial observer, but the view made me very much less impartial than ever I had been before.

As to the Convent of the Transfiguration, it was delightful, in spite of the cold. Our expedition was the earliest of the year—too early, in fact, for comfort at 3,000 feet above the sea level, where fuel hardly exists. Not but that early spring was visible, in spite of night-frosts. All the garden was pink with almond-flowers, or grey with olives, or bright with loaded orange-trees of great size, so that winter seemed really to make but little difference. All grows in soil brought from the Valley of the Nile; so the monks say, and I suppose they speak truth. Enough has been said by former travellers of the old Church of Justinian, with its great mosaic of the Transfiguration* and its medallions of the founder, of blessed memory, and his worthy helpmate; of the wonderful Byzantine church-plate and traditional portraits of saints and apostles; of the dim Chapel of the Burning Bush; of the dead-house and “every wearied bone” therein; of the chained skeletons of hermits; and the great cypresses, visible for hours away in the desert, and the garden of all sweets; and the clear delightful spring water; and the quaint decay and repose, and the Greek call to the various services by beating a board, the *nâkus* (mentioned by Curzon in “Monasteries of the Levant”), and the manna and Sinai date-preserve, and palm rum; and the poor unhappy bugs *frozen* to death in their (and our) beds † most piteous to be seen, sharing the fate which used to be reserved by the good little books only for pretty grasshoppers and butterflies.—All this might still find long em-

* This is really the Convent of the Transfiguration (τῆς ἁγίας μεταμορφώσεως) though often called by the name of St. Catherine. I rather think the Convent of the Forty in the Lejá was first named after her; or it may have first existed as a “separate foundation” here.

† This is a fact. The Virgin is said to have promised the convent an exemption from the presence of fleas: it does not extend to the more offensive animal.

ployment for anybody with a turn for description ; but it has been sufficiently described already.

Though we were to do no more than to return to Cairo from the convent, our main purpose was still before us. My companions had seen Om Shaumer, and made a reconnaissance from the top of St. Catherine. Ah me ! I was quite prostrate with the effects of a strong dose of calomel, made necessary by signs of dysentery, the consequence of heat and cold, and change of living and long marches. It would have risked life, and probably spoilt the expedition, to go with them, as they were to take no tent and trust entirely to a waterproof sheet and a thin cork mattrass—both of them invaluable things for the desert. I shall always regret it, I suppose ; but on the third day we saw them start, with a whole cavalcade of wrangling Arabs, and take the road to Shurm, proposing to bivouac in Wady Rahabeh that night. It was a six-hours march to their camping-ground, where they found a kind of stone inclosure, and abode for the night. Their guide was one Saleh, well known at the convent, a worthy old Arab, with a touch of the hunter about him, active and trustworthy. I should say he was “intelligent” too, as he contrived to understand and interpret for our friends, who are as wholly innocent of Arabic as he is of English. They made a steady use of the vocabulary in the handbook, and got on as one always can if one knows one’s substantives and interjections.

There is no real difficulty in the ascent of Om Shaumer* except at the *cheminée*—like that on the Brevent, but worse—which leads up the Hadjar-el-Bint, or Maiden-Stone—a kind of Jungfrau, which had hitherto repelled all comers. The last peak of a high mountain is generally one of its most difficult points : witness the Mur de la Côte on Mont Blanc and the last rocks on Monte Rosa. But though without risk, the whole climb was laborious to a degree. The *débris* of a Swiss mountain are very often partly covered

* I am indebted for the whole account of the ascent of Om Shaumer to the Rev. J. T. Prout, Christ Church, Oxford.

with vegetation, or at least secured in their places by growth of moss and lichen. But on these hills all is bare, sharp granite or volcanic rock, displaced or *in situ*; and the whole ascent of the great ravine, which leads up to the chine and central peak of Om Shaumer, is one mass of huge insecure fragments of syenite, lying on an extremely abrupt slope. There was plenty of snow in the clefts of the mountain, but it gave no assistance on the steep *éboulement* our friends had to mount. Both were good and tried hill-men, and neither spoke of it as otherwise than severe work. Their scanty breakfast at 3.30 A.M. carried them on to the base of Om Shaumer itself, in about three hours and forty minutes. Then began a hard monotonous scramble to the foot of the central peak, and the ridge or backbone of the mountain; and so to the foot of the Hadjar-el-Bint, the Mauvais Pas of the highest or western peak, in about two hours. Here Saleh at last found a narrow cheminée, and mounted first, giving a hand to the others. Once past this, a few minutes sufficed to land them on the summit of Om Shaumer. The southward view is very grand, over Râs Muhammad and the expanse of the Red Sea (one never realizes its breadth from the map). Eastward and westward, the eye takes nearly the same range as from the top of Mount St. Catherine, but that mountain conceals most things to the northward. Immediately below them all was chaos; sheets of snow, or large deep drifts; the smooth steep rocks on which they were standing, and below these, steep crevasse-like gorges. Thick mist soon rose to the southward, and spoilt the view in part; but the deed was done, and the great mountain vanquished for the first time by an European. The chine of the mountain had been reached by Burekhardt; and Saleh said some Englishmen (Messrs. Hewlett) had got to the foot of the Hadjar-el-Bint the year before, but had failed to find the passage, or found it impracticable.

The whole expedition is timed thus from the convent:—Six hours camel to the sleeping place in Wady Rahabeh. (If you have a tent, it will be better to go on to Wady Zeytoun, nearer the actual foot of the mountain: there is a great olive

there—a rare sight in the desert—and water.) However, from Wady Rahabeh to the ridge opposite Om Shaumer is three hours ; descent to base of Om Shaumer, thirty-five minutes ; base of Om Shaumer to top, two hours.

The day our explorers came back in triumph, I got out—thin, tremulous, and sore-mouthed—after a strong dose of calomel. Mount St. Catherine had to be done at all events, as the nearest commanding point to Om Shaumer, which it nearly equals in height. Many a picture (none of them equal to the Luini, at Milan, in the Brera) has commemorated the legend of St. Catherine's headless body being conveyed by angels from Alexandria hither ; but I never knew any painter whose feelings would allow him to paint it headless. "Tant pis pour les faits"—but there is a curiously smoothed and rounded rock on the mountain-top, which really resembles a woman's headless figure. Time, from home to home, six hours and a half to a strong goer down hill ; seven hours to the weak of heel and ankle. The way is up the Lejâ, round the foot of Sinai, passing the tall cypresses which mark the end of the half-wasted gardens of the Convent of Forty Martyrs, Deir-el-Arbaim, and the so-called Rock in Horeb—a large cubical fallen mass of red granite, with several strange lip-like fissures. A pretty good stream of clear water runs down this valley, and is perennial at least as far as the convent, where there are wells which quite equal those of the Convent of the Transfiguration. High up in the dark and savage glen which leads to the chief ascent of Mount St. Catherine, we came on a frozen pool of this stream, which was thick enough to bear. Here was a chance : instantly we cut out a slide, on which we performed some time, to the astonishment of the little father who had acted as our guide. It was curious to see him put one foot on the ice as he sat, touching it as if it had been hot iron. No persuasion could induce him to stand on it in his hide sandals, which certainly are only fit for rocks. As to the Arab in attendance, he confined himself to saying "Mashalla" from a safe distance. Both were fairly good, but not powerful

walkers: the father made rather frequent reference to a rum-bottle, which did not improve his performance; though I am sure there is nothing to say against his sobriety.

I don't know which is the greater view, that from Om Shaumer or Mount St. Catherine;* but, at all events, the latter is most impressive. "Two voices are there; one is of the sea, the other of the mountains." No doubt they both have something to say; but here you add the great desert to them. And the mountains are the mountains of the Law, and the sea is the sea of Pharaoh, on the one side, and of Solomon, the son of David, on the other (whose trade went by Akaba, or Ezion-geber). The eastward view is over the unknown hills of Arabia, on the other side of the gulf of Akaba; northward, it is just possible to think that one ought to recognise Mount Hor and the sandstone ranges above Petra. There was no hope of our reaching them this time. Westward, across the gulf, lay the Egyptian desert and all its hills, the yellow plain of Kaa at our feet; all was a sea of red, purple, and yellow, and a faint blue distance, with the pure green sea stretching away southward, and lost in warm haze.

The ascent of Horeb (Gebel Mousa, the Sinai of the monks), which rises behind the convent, quite invisible from the plain, is of the roughest and steepest description for about three hours. The view is not equal to that from Mount St. Catherine. A strange interest attaches itself to the little "Field of Elijah," and to what may have been the prophet's cave, and its one cypress. Then there is a rough, but very striking walk of two hours to the top of Sinai—Râs Sassâfeh; and a fatiguing scramble down again to the convent, over tremendous masses of fallen granite. As has been noticed, the effect of a wide landscape here is at first rather depressing to any one who is accustomed to alpine green; but then one finds that a very little green will go a

* I made a water-colour drawing of Om Shaumer, and the two Gulfs, from the top of St. Catherine. It is now in the Royal Academy Exhibition—deservedly hung about as high as Haman, but quite visible enough.

great way, and give great pleasure when one does see it: and this accounts for the kind of affection and quite sentimental remembrance which all men, Christian and Saracen, have of Wady Feirân, the great oasis of the Sinai desert. Concerning the top of Mount Sinai, however, I think Stanley's remark about its exact fitness for the scene of Moses breaking the tables of the law no more than plain truth. There is the secret mountain-top, a great smooth granite rock far withdrawn; then a descent of about 200 feet, during which you are hanging over the plain Er-Rahah, without seeing any part of it. In that still air, every sound comes up from it, so that the shouting and tumult before the calf would be quite audible, and Joshua's ear would judge of the sound. [Exodus xxxii. 18—"It is not the voice of them that shout for mastery, neither is it the voice of them that cry for being overcome: but the noise of them that sing do I hear."] Then, at a sharp angle, the view of Er-Rahah breaks on you between two rocks, as you stand on the edge of a tremendous precipice, right down into the angle of the plain.

To settle awhile at the convent, I think, would be delightful, especially in autumn, when fruit is ripe. A more beautiful, but less healthy spot is Wady Feirân, at the foot of Mount Serbal, the other great granite nucleus, which we reached two days after leaving the convent. Through Wadyes-Sheykh is desert as usual, but from the "gates of Feirân," or the narrow gorge which leads into that wady, the scenery changes every hundred yards for the better. Palms, old and young, hairy, knotted, and rustling with the sound of summer rain, with sackfuls of scarlet and gold dates hanging under their crowns like barbaric earrings (if you came there in autumn); clear water running through emerald-green mosses and marsh-plants, with a tender sylvan sound; maize and tobacco, &c. in small bright patches round the black tents; nebbk, or tree lotus; mimosa; the ruins of ancient Paran; and the Serbal, rising pink, pale golden, and white, above the palms—that is Feirân. No doubt the six days of desert-

travel which divide it from any "land inhabited" add to the traveller's feeling about the place. But the Bedouin love it well. Bartlett quotes a passage in one of their songs about it, which is almost in the words of the 137th Psalm: "I weep when I remember Feirân." On our road thither, by Wady-es-Sheykh, we passed one or two little fields of sleep in the wilderness—the graves of the Towara. How the occupants are secured from jackals and hyenas, I hardly know: I suppose that they are well bushed over with mimosa thorns, or covered with large stones: but the work is done effectually. No doubt such resting-places are sown thickly in the Tih, the "forty years' wilderness," if one could but find them. At all events, we all had rather a curious feeling about the little plots of headstones and footstones, as we came upon them, in the middle of a hot day's march; and some of our Arabs dropped quietly off to them. "This, our father, died in the wilderness," said the daughters of Zelophehad. (Numbers xxvii. 3.)

We saw a few snakes, some blue rock pigeons, and some partridges, but hardly any other living thing, except a curious large sand-coloured lizard, about three feet long, exactly like a crocodile. We passed through Wady Mokatteb, "the written valley," covered with the ruder "Sinaitic" inscriptions, commonly so called, on fallen fragments, as well as on the main rock. In passing, the fractures and shape of the fragments struck me as rather artificial than natural. The smaller were more like large pieces of stone intended for metal on roads; the larger showed cleavages unlike natural wear of frost and heat. We noticed here, also, that the granite rock is less trustworthy for inscription than the sandstone, from its invariable habit of scaling; and of this fact we were soon to be again reminded, for our next day's march was through Wady Mughara. We had heard of remarkable Egyptian sculptures there; one or two of which are described by Bartlett, in "Forty Days in the Desert," a good and genuine, and fairly well illustrated book. We had also, after anxious search, found the name of Major M—— in the convent

visitors' book—a strange polyglot record—with many another well-known name. But the incurious ascetics of Sinai had little to tell us of him. I do not think they were unwilling to say what they knew, but they seemed to know nothing. “He was a good friend of theirs; he had found a mine, they heard; he ought to pay them royalty thereon, by rights”—this was the sum of their information.

And now that Om Shaumer was well over, we were anxious to be face to face with the tamer of Bedouins and finder of hidden treasures. Cairene story said his tents were pitched in Feirân, but we had not found him there. I have since understood, that one is exposed to malaria there in hot weather; but our hopes of finding him were growing faint—indeed, the sight of a packing-case at Cairo, directed “Major M., Desert of Sinai,” had thrown a good deal of doubt on our minds as to his whereabouts. But early on the fourth day, from the convent we turned aside into Wady Ghíneh, a short cut from Mokatteb, and there, at the entrance of Mughara, we stopped, for there were the tents of the King of Sinai. We are looking very anxiously for the publication of his various and important discoveries. What I have to say is limited by the consideration that he will tell his own story at full length very shortly.* I believe many valuable relics of his are now lying at the British Museum, with a complete set of rubbings from the great Egyptian carved documents, which remain unread and imperishable now, perhaps little more out of date in our day than in the days of Moses. I have only to say what we saw, and when I mention anything we did not see, I shall give due notice thereof.

In the first place, we saw a wonderful breakfast. I never shall forget it, and had much rather not; for we had ibex in various forms, stew, cutlets, &c., and sausages and roasted

* There is a letter in the *Athenæum*, No. 1649, p. 747, signed M. A., about whose author there can be no mistake. It is quoted in Smith's Biblical Dictionary, under article “Mines,” by Mr. W. B. Wright, Trinity College, Cambridge, and contains a detailed description of Mughara. A series of wells, or cisterns, is mentioned in it, which I now remember.

haunch at dinner. Now, I have slain and eaten several of the deer kind, but ibex seemed decidedly better than any I ever knew. Also we had pale ale and claret, to both of which we had been strangers for a month in the desert, and the rare luxury of shade, and a welcome which was worth it all. Our host first showed us various samples of his turquoises, and kindly gave us some specimens. He told us of his system of working for them.

Nothing ever gave me a stronger idea of the power which one really able and upright man, with civilization to back him, can even now exercise over the better kind of savages. It is really no exaggeration to call the Major King of the Desert, as far as being obeyed goes. Of course, regular payments and fair wages for fair work will always prevail with Egyptian Arabs, and even with Bedouin, where they are employed in labour not contrary to their natures. Like many Orientals, they seem to trust a master (especially a paymaster) better than they trust each other; at least, while they will very often betray each other (which is a great safeguard against combination), they will always hold by the terms of a bargain, once understood, with real good faith. They had a regular encampment in the lower wady, near the Major's tent, at a prescribed distance. Their camels were hired by the weight they carried, I think; they had learnt to blast the rock, and perform other simple mining operations; they were all known to each other, and to break faith with their master would have been to give up house and home. The tools they used were his property; he paid handsomely for sheep and chickens; he bought the ibexes and antelopes they occasionally trapped or shot; he slew leopards and hyenas (a fine leopard had been trapped and killed a short time before we arrived); he did them many benefits, and the Towara are not insensible; he was a hakeem; he was powerful and handsome to look on; he had an eye of kindness and command; he had also a big stick; in short, he seemed to have subdued their spirits thoroughly, by sheer superiority of moral, intellectual, and physical power all together. I do not think

any one will ever find it easy to interfere with his reign in Wady Mughara, either European or Oriental. Besides, the isolation of the place is very great, even in the desert, as his tents are behind an apparent *cul-de-sac*, in a small retired wady. He seemed to have some hope of teaching his subjects a little husbandry; at least, the example he had shown them was of the best and most successful. Green corn, beans, and onions were flourishing among the red stones of the wady in a manner which showed what industry can do, and possibly used to do of old, even in Arabia Petrea. As has been hinted, the miners and garrisons of this place and at El Khadem can hardly have been supported on food conveyed from the valley of the Nile, and some light may, perhaps, be thrown by this on the history of the Exodus.

We were then taken up a hill above 400 feet above the high wady he was encamped in, quite isolated from others, and commanding the Wadys Mokatteb, Mughara, and the side of Wady Ghíneh. It is a natural fort, almost a precipice, below, and quite impregnable if fairly defended. Two-thirds up is a kind of stage, or esplanade, with remains of buildings all round, the barracks of Pharaoh's hosts, or the habitation of their captive miners. The hill above is scarped again, and the top of it forms the citadel, or keep; all about it are found flint spear-heads and arrow-heads, of which we have several specimens, along with porphyry and greenstone hammer-heads, fragments of pottery, &c. The commanding position of the hill is evident at once, and the trace of a regular fort on it is quite unmistakable. From the upper end of the fort to the perpendicular sandstone escarpment of the opposite hill-face westward, remains are still traceable of a line of wall from side to side, which would shut the whole space off from the mouth of the valley between it.

Now, within the said wall, and in the face of the opposite western hill, are the openings of the great immemorial mines of Mughara. Our host took us in, and we followed a long gallery, all cut with the chisel, for about 100 yards, when it grew intolerably close, narrow, and hot, though traceable far

on. He said it extended a quarter of a mile at least. It was partly filled with drift sand, but might have been entirely reopened with little labour. He had had great success in prospecting for turquoises in and near the gallery, and showed us small grains of the stone *in situ*, sticking like garnets in the rock. This mine appeared to have been worked chiefly for turquoise, though some slag-heaps remained. I think that here, as at Surâbut-el-Khâdem, a powerful blast would have been decidedly helped by the north-west wind along the Wady Mokatteb.

The round basins in the rock where the stones were ground into shape are still visible; however, I presume the two difficulties as to the mines here and at Surâbut-el-Khâdem are the fuel and the metal chisels, and other much finer instruments used in cutting the tablets and inscriptions. The fuel used was probably mimosa charcoal; it is still the staple of the desert, as has been mentioned. The wood is intensely hard, tough, and imperishable, growing in all the wadys except the most desolate, and armed with fearful thorns. I assume that the chisels were of metal. Such a place could not possibly have been cut without such tools, as far as I see. Yet the hammers used were porphyry or greenstone. Major M—— showed us various specimens, and has presented several to the British Museum. But the clean sharp strokes of chisels about one and a half inches wide are visible all over the gallery of the mine. Metallic they must have been; and one asks, of what metal? If they were of iron, that may account for their total disappearance by this time. It seems not uninteresting to consider how traces of the use of metal tools, in the mine, are found along with flint arrow and spear-heads in and about the fortified camp. The Egyptians, doubtless, like other races, continued to use stone weapons of the sorts mentioned, for warlike purposes, long after they were accustomed to the use of metals for other objects. There are such flint weapons from Major M——'s collection now in the British Museum, exactly like what he gave us. They are of flint, very neatly shaped, but now

somewhat discoloured and reddened by long contact with the sandstone rock. As far as I know, no metallic tools have been found: though the great tablets in the hill-side rock must have been cut with instruments as well fitted for their purpose as the bronze tools used for the obelisks of Karnak.

I have been assured, by the way, on good authority, that stone weapons may be proved to have been used at the battle of Hastings.

Now for the inscriptions. There are two sorts, entirely different from each other: Egyptian official documents, most carefully and beautifully sculptured, and the rude and accidental-looking "Sinaitic inscriptions"—invariably so called. We saw five of the former in Wady Mughara; there may be more, but they are not easy to find, though nearly on the same level for the most part—*i.e.* along the cliff which contains the great mine. The first, perhaps the second, is drawn in Bartlett; it is the record of conquest. King Shuré, or Soris, of the fourth dynasty, is swinging his cleaver over heaps of victims, in the way usually expected of him: he has picked out the biggest of them, who, however, is a very unfair match for him. The other tablets are yet undescribed. Rubbings from them have been executed by Major M., and will, I believe, soon be published. They seem to relate to the productions and animals of the country. A symbol like three inverted V's upon a horizontal line occurs in all—expressing, I believe, "mountainous country, with mines." There are regular cartouches and signs of kings, from the 4th dynasty (the epochs of the pyramids) to Rameses III. B.C. 1219, scarabæi, I think, hawks, owls, various snakes, quails, *et hoc genus omne*. All are, strictly speaking, in the highest style of art. They are good work of the oldest known school on this earth, and there are the same unsurpassed and hardly equalled *outlines* which one notices on the obelisk of Heliopolis—and this was a century old in the days of Joseph. The drawing of the hawks, quails, and other birds, is wonderful: outline, and shallow relief, can do no more. The hawks are hawk-like to a degree, the owls are more owl-like and the snakes

more venomous than any I ever saw. The cobra is cut to a miracle, and the partridges run just as they will run before your camel in the desert; and exactly such cobras may you see any day, dancing on their tails in front of Shepherd's Hotel, before some half-naked Arab charming wisely. All are highly-carved figures in relief or cameo, except the fifth and last, which is intaglioed, and no longer in figure-carving, but in characters exactly like those of Surâbut-el-Khâdem. I should explain that the process has been to prepare a tablet in the living rock, first carefully choosing a spot well sheltered from driving sand, the only apparent agent of destruction. The smooth tablet was cut into the rock, the figures were drawn upon it, and then the whole surface again cut away around them, and the figures themselves carefully finished. They are left in clear and shallow relief, unlikely to be destroyed by anything except the sharp sand, which drives along the rock-face before the wind, and gradually polishes away all prominences like emery-powder. The tablets here are, as I have said, protected from it; but in the stelæ at Surâbut-el-Khâdem, wherever a hole or groove had been left for the sand to play in, it had drifted there, been whirled round and round by the wind, and filed it larger. There were clean round hollows three inches deep, and not more in diameter, in some of the pillars.

For the so-called Sinaitic inscriptions, they are doubly numerous, and much more legible (if one *could* read them) all along Wady Mughara and near the mines. The Mokatteb ones cannot be compared to them. No Hebrew or Greek occurs, as on the regular road to Sinai.* However, as

* Lepsius says they are Nabathæan, I believe; I never met with the term Nabathæan, except in Juvenal. The Nabathæans are said to be descended from Nebaioth (1 Chron. i. 9), the eldest son of Ishmael. Aretas, king of Arabia Petrea, in St. Paul's day, was of their blood. Petra was their capital, and its edifices are their work. I do not know if Professor Beer saw the Mughara inscriptions; most probably so. He says distinctly that the character and language of the Sinaitic inscriptions are both Nabathæan, *i.e.* of the kingdom of Arabia Petrea, and that they mostly consist of proper names; and this Major Maedonald confirms. Mr. Stuart Poole has since informed me

far as their interpretation has been carried, it seems to prove that they are only accidental names and marks, such as are written on any blank wall or window anywhere else. They are cut on fallen pieces of rock, as well as on rocks *in situ*, and are, it seems, the work of *Asiatic* captive miners imprisoned in the wilderness and unable to escape over ten days' journey of utter thirst.

We had an absurd alarm at night; not that, to do us justice, we were much alarmed, being too tired. Mughara is a great place for hyenas, which come down to the tents at night; we were told to look out for them, and so on; and an Arab dog enacted the part of one with all of us in succession—that is to say, in three different tents. In each one did he snuff and poke about and upset small wares, and each time concluded his performance by jumping on the chest of the half-awakened sleeper, and trying to go to sleep in contact with him. I hadn't energy to kick him off, and for an hour or so we got on very well, but I startled him when next I turned in my narrow bed, and he then proceeded in the same way in two other tents in succession.

There seem to be many more large animals in the desert than an ordinary traveller would suppose the country capable of supporting. The ibex and antelope are very frequently met with, and the carnivora, leopards, hyenas, jackals, and

that it is now ascertained that the captive miners, and therefore the majority of the inscriptions (all the original ones in fact) are Horite—the work of the aboriginal inhabitants of Mount Seir, mentioned Gen. xiv. 6, and Deut. ii. 12—22—(see Mr. Grove's article in "Smith's Dictionary.") They were exterminated by the Edomites in their northern mountains; and seem to have been subdued here by Egypt and "expended" at these mines by their conquerors. No doubt King Sosis's victim is a Horite. Hor, I see, from "Smith's Dictionary," is regarded by lexicographers as an archaic form of *Har*, the usual Hebrew term for mountain (Gesenius, *Thes.* 391b). The name Horim will then imply, that those who bore it were aborigines, and they may have extended over the whole peninsula. For the Nabathæans, the name is derived from the Arabic Nabat or Nabeet, and Mons. Quatremère, says Mr. Stanley Poole, has proved that remnants of a great nation of that name were still in existence at the Hegira. If it be allowed that they were descended from Nebaioth, which Quatremère disputes, that connects them with Esau and Edom.

foxes are always numerous wherever there is a chance of prey. Snakes and scorpions abound: a cerastes was killed the morning we were at Mughara. A strange tale of rescue from the perils of the desert was told us by our host, Major Macdonald; it was not his only good deed in his two or three years' sojourn. It was much as follows:—One evening, one of the Arabs came down the wady with the news that the Sheitân was visibly disporting himself somewhere far in the hills. No clear description could be got, except that the object of terror was something like a man, and consequently nothing was done. But the tale was repeated by another man some days afterwards, that something in human shape, which he argued could not well be anything but the sheitân, had really been seen in that direction, rolling on the ground, and eating herbs. On this the lord of the wadys either sent or went in person, and a regular search began, resulting in the discovery of a starving Russian pilgrim, too weak to walk, sinking with famine, and with limbs literally riddled with thorns. Our host told us a finger might have been thrust through his hands and feet. They carried him down to the tents in a sheet, and he was gradually brought round, and recovered the use of his limbs, which had failed from utter weakness. As far as could be made out, he had been between thirty and forty days lost. He had reached the convent, walking the whole distance from Suez, and had had a camel and an Arab allowed him to take him back thither. He and his attendant had both fallen asleep at the watering-place near Mûrkah, and the camel had strayed away; the Arab had gone in search of him, and the Russian said he had waked to find himself alone, and had gone off on the tracks of the Arab. He failed to find him, and hardly succeeded in reaching the fountain again—the only obtainable fresh water. For thirty days, at least, from that time, he supported himself on shell-fish, obtained from the seashore some miles off, and on wild herbs—I cannot say of what kind—always drinking at the fountain, and not daring to move out of reach of it. He recovered ultimately, and the Major sent him to Suez and saw him no more.

The Nukb Badera, two hours from Mughara, is a fine broken pass, with pleasant glimpses of the sea once more, looking like home, as it always does. There is a hot march by the shore next day, but one can bathe with little risk from sharks. We had an alarm while in the water; but what seemed a formidable black back-fin a little way out, broke up suddenly into a shoal of young porpoises. The next day, the longest and hardest in the whole expedition, ended in Elim once more—at Wady Ghurundel, in our old camping-place, where we met a party from Cairo, and got some news and letters. One camp more on the open desert, and one more at Ayoun Mousa. We here met, for the first and last time, with Buckle, the historian of Civilization. Nothing can have been more delightful than his conversation for the half-hour I passed in his company; and he was full of life and energy of mind. But his whole frame seemed slight and worn to a degree, and I thought he was taking mistaken precautions against heat, which would try his strength severely. He said he always encamped in the middle of the day, at which time I have always found it best, as Kinglake says, “to defy the sun from the airy heights of one’s camel.”

The next day we made a very early start—the rise of the morning star over the Eastern desert is worth getting up for once, at least—then three and a half hours march; ferry over the bones of Pharaoh and his host, opposite Suez; next, unbounded tiffin at the hotel. Then five hours hot railway; then the palms and the pyramids once more, not shadowy, but purple on the horizon, and dark against the sunset; and, finally, we were gliding along on Cairene donkeys, feeling rather oppressed by the walls on each side of us, and wondering to find ourselves so near the ground, after having been perched five weeks on the backs of dromedaries.

8. *THE ANCIENT SHELL-MOUNDS OF DENMARK.*

BY MRS. LUBBOCK.

As a little contribution to this volume, Mr. Galton has asked me to give a short account of an archæological tour which my husband and I made last year in Scandinavia. My husband had visited Denmark before, but I had never even left England, consequently everything was very new and strange to me. We travelled by rail through Germany to Copenhagen, meeting with no adventures on the way. I was much astonished to find that there is no railway between Harburg and Hamburg, so that one has to undergo a most disagreeable drive of a couple of hours through a flat, swampy country. If the allied German forces would abandon their wicked crusade against the little Danish army, and construct this "missing link," it would be productive of much convenience to travellers. We passed straight through Copenhagen, and embarked on the steamer for Göteborg, as the great meeting of Scandinavian naturalists was then being held at Stockholm, and we hoped to be in time for it. We travelled by the Göta canal from Göteborg to Stockholm, a most delightful voyage of about three days, through the lovely Swedish lakes. The situation of Stockholm upon the shores of Lake Mälär is extremely fine; and as we steamed up to the quay, on a beautiful summer evening, I thought I never had beheld a scene more lovely. We visited Upsala, where one of the great Northern universities is situated, and where we saw the three famous tumuli, supposed to be the tombs of Odin, Thor, and Freya. One of them was opened, about eight years ago, by M. Hildebrand; and it is very much to be regretted that he has not yet

published any account of the contents. He was good enough, however, to describe them to us, and, indeed, to point them out in the museum. The body of the person in whose honour the tumulus was erected had been burned, and the fragments placed in an unornamented, hand-made urn. This was imbedded in sand, and above it was a heap of bones, more or less burned, and all belonging to domestic animals, such as the horse and ox—all the long bones broken open in the usual manner, for the sake of the marrow. The other objects found in the tumulus were—a dog's head, a comb, a bit of beautifully-worked gold, some fragments of bronze ornaments, bone buttons, glass beads, fragments of long beads of terra cotta, a polishing stone, and a bit of iron. From the abundance of ornaments, and entire absence of any weapons, we may conclude that this tumulus belongs to the iron age, and was raised over some great and popular queen. The Museum of Northern Antiquities at Stockholm is very rich, and, indeed, is said to contain between 15,000 and 16,000 implements of stone, including axes, wedges, knives, daggers, flakes, hammers, chisels, and objects of many other forms. It was the first large collection of stone implements which I had ever seen, and I confess that, till then, I had no idea of the important part played by stone implements in olden times.

In this museum, they have also a large number of bronze weapons, all found in the southern provinces of Scandinavia, but very similar to those discovered in other parts of Europe. The collection of early English coins is also very rich, and shows both the extent and nature of the connexion existing between our country and Scandinavia at that period. In the year 1846, there were of the coins of Ethelred, for instance, in the British Museum, 144; at Copenhagen, 180; at Christiania, 110; at Stockholm, 2,254. So, again, of Cnut—in the British Museum, 380*; at Copenhagen, 580; at Christiania, 564; at Stockholm, 1,396.

* Mr. Franks informs me that the numbers in the British Museum are now—of Ethelred, 290; of Cnut, 560.

After remaining about a week in Stockholm, we returned by rail to Göteborg, and made a short expedition into Norway. Trondhjem was our most northern point: we travelled there over the Dovrefjeld, and returned by way of Bergen, the Sognefjord,* and the Ustedal Glacier, to Lørdalsøren, and so across the Fillefjeld. I do not think there can be a more delightful mode of travelling than in a Norwegian carriage; one has such a delicious sense of freedom; the scenery is so lovely, the air so exquisitely pure and fresh. In the posting stations everything is scrupulously clean; and the traveller in Norway, so long, at least, as he keeps to the principal roads, will be very comfortable, though he must not expect to find any luxuries. Eggs, coffee, oatcake, excellent milk and ale, with black bread, and indifferent butter, are to be found at all the better stations, and sometimes even fish or ham. Fresh meat we only met with three times up the country: twice it consisted of reindeer venison, and once of

* In the upper part of the Sognefjord the water is quite fresh—at least, it has no taste of salt—yet the vegetation is marine, and consists of the common olive seaweeds. Though they are very much stunted in their growth, I was surprised to find them living at all in water so nearly fresh. Both fauna and flora seemed to be very poor.

That truly marine animals can, under certain circumstances, accustom themselves to live in fresh water, has also been shown by Professor Lovén, who has found several salt-water species of crustacea in the inland lakes of Sweden. Still more recently M. Sars, son of the celebrated Professor of Christiania, has observed a marine species, *Harpacticus chelifer*, living in a small freshwater loch in the island of Christiansund, and in dredging the Lake Mjösen he obtained specimens of *Mysis relicta*, and of a *Gammarus*, which he is inclined to identify with the *G. cancelloides*, first met with in the seas of Baikal and of Angara, and more recently in some of the Swedish lakes.

These facts are the more remarkable because the inhabitants of rivers and lakes are generally more nearly allied to those of the land than to the marine forms.

Wherever a stream runs into the Sognefjord, terraces are to be seen, closely resembling those which are so well marked round the lake of Geneva. We went up the Ustedal Valley to the Nigaard Glacier, and were much struck by the magnitude of the terminal moraine. It consists of several ridges, and, indeed, the whole valley for some distance is strewn with innumerable masses of rock, across which we found some difficulty in making our way. Yet on the glacier itself we only noticed two or three blocks. What an immense lapse of time, then, must be indicated by this moraine!

grouse, a brace of which were given to us by a good-natured Englishman, on whose kindness, indeed, we had some slight claim, as he and his party appeared to have eaten up everything else in the place. Reindeer venison may be good, if properly cooked, but as it was brought to us, not even hunger could make it palatable. Ladies need not be at all afraid of travelling in Norway: along the main roads, at least, they will find no difficulties, provided they divest themselves of crinoline, which is entirely incompatible with a carriage.

I should recommend any person about to travel in Norway for the first time to *proceed first* to Christiania, and there avail himself of the assistance of Mr. Bennett. By so doing, we were saved an infinity of trouble. He provided us with carriages and harness, and everything we could possibly want, besides giving us much valuable advice, doing all in so hearty and friendly a manner, that we felt as if he quite took an interest in our well-being. His charges are very moderate.

On our return, we stayed a few days at Copenhagen, and inspected the different museums; especially the Thorwaldsen Museum, and that of Northern Antiquities. It is estimated that this and other Danish collections contain as many as 30,000 implements and weapons made of stone, and generally of flint. They consist of arrow-heads, spear-heads, daggers, wedges, chisels, axes of various kinds, saws, flakes, hammers, wedges, and many other things, the exact use of which is difficult to understand. For a description of them, I must refer to the special works on this subject; but I may add that no specimen resembling the axes which have been found in the river-drift gravel-beds of England and France, with remains of the mammoth and other extinct mammalia, appear to have been as yet discovered in Scandinavia.

We then made a little expedition into Jutland, under the guidance of Professor Steenstrup, of Copenhagen. We went by rail to Korsøer, where we slept, and early the next morning my husband and Professor Steenstrup went out for a

walk, returning laden with a basket full of stones, which, to my then uneducated eyes, appeared to be nothing very remarkable, but which they considered to afford unmistakable evidence of man's workmanship. The spots where large numbers of flint implements are found, and which are generally on or near the sea-shore, are from this circumstance called "coast-finds." Afterwards, near Aarhus, we were fortunate enough to have an opportunity of examining another of these "coast-finds," through which a railway cutting has been made. This, by exposing a large section, enabled us to form a very good idea of the manner in which the worked flints were distributed throughout the whole. They lay so thickly scattered on the banks at each side of the cutting, that it seemed as if it must have been the site of an ancient flint manufactory. We found, in two hours, about forty flakes—none of them, however, very good—together with forty-two scrapers, and many other articles, making in all a total of about 211 worked flints. We were not able to find any of the "blocks," or "cores," from which the flakes had been struck off; but at a place called Anholt, more than sixty of these were discovered. Interesting, however, as are these "coast-finds," they cannot be compared in this respect with the *kjökkenmöddings*, or shell-heaps, of Denmark.

The word "*kjökkenmödding*" is derived from *kjökken*, a kitchen, and *mödding*, a refuse heap; the word "midding" still being used in this sense in the north of England. The *kjökkenmöddings*, as their name implies, consist of heaps of shells and bones, which, after being picked clean by the savage tribes dwelling upon the coast, were tossed away in a common heap, as useless rubbish.

At first, these shell-mounds were supposed to be raised beaches, like those which occur on various parts of the English coasts. They are, however, as Professor Steenstrup observed, entirely free from earth, gravel, or sand;—inorganic materials, of which a seashore always consists. It is evident, therefore, that they cannot have been thrown up by the waves. Another very significant fact is this, that the shells found in

them are almost invariably full-grown specimens, and, moreover, consist mainly of four species, which dwell at different depths in the water, and are of widely different habits, resembling each other only in this particular, that they have, in all ages, been selected by man as his food.

Any one of these facts would have sufficiently proved that the Danish shell-mounds were not natural phenomena ; but the discovery in them of numerous rude flint weapons and implements, bones evidently shaped for use, and pieces of charred wood and brown broken pottery, set all doubts on this point at rest. The *kjökkenmöddings*, then, are evidently accumulations round the dwellings of some ancient inhabitants of Denmark, and in them, as in a book, we may read a small portion of the history of the past. If we were to examine a refuse-heap of the present day, we should find in it—not, of course, the more costly and valuable objects now in use, but—pieces of our commoner vessels and utensils, which would give some clue to the habits and condition of those by whom they are employed. Just so is it with regard to these Danish *kjökkenmöddings*. Probably, at that period, many persons possessed weapons and implements more elaborate than those of which we find the fragments ; but at any rate, we know what were the commoner and less valued forms, and can thus gain some approximate idea of the civilization attained by their owners.

Much interest was excited in Denmark by the discovery of these *kjökkenmöddings*, and a committee was formed, in order that the matter might be thoroughly investigated. It consisted of that most able and philosophic naturalist, Professor Steenstrup ; Professor Forchhammer, who has been called the father of Danish geology ; and Professor Worsaae, conservator of the antiquities of Denmark. More than fifty *kjökkenmöddings* have been discovered and examined more or less carefully, and many thousand specimens of bones and of bone and flint implements have been collected. Separate memoirs on the subject have been written by Professors Steenstrup and Worsaae, and the general results have been

embodied in six reports made to the Academy of Sciences at Copenhagen. In order to satisfy himself by a personal inspection of these interesting shell-mounds, and also for the purpose of thoroughly examining the magnificent Museum of Northern Antiquities, my husband has twice visited Copenhagen, and has on both occasions enjoyed the great advantage of Professor Steenstrup's guidance and companionship. Together they visited several of the *kjökkenmöddings*, and found some very interesting flint implements. Together with Mr. Busk, in 1861, my husband went to a place called Bilidt, in Scælland, where a shell-heap exists; but this one, being at a lower level than usual, and having been a little disturbed by water, is hardly a typical example, though a very interesting one. In the same neighbourhood, at Havelse, they saw a very instructive specimen. It appears to have been formed round a single tent or hut, being very small, and shaped like an irregular ring; in the middle, where a windmill is now erected, the original dwelling probably stood. One can almost fancy, observing the undulating shape of the larger *kjökkenmöddings*, that the sites of dwellings may be perceived—lower levels round which rise heaps of shells and bones. In two or three hours, by the aid of two labouring men, my husband and Mr. Busk obtained from the heap at Havelse more than a hundred fragments of bone, many rude flint flakes, sling-stones, and flint chips, together with nine rude axes, of which, however, several were found on the surface, and not *in situ*.

On the present occasion we went to Meilgaard, in Jutland, where there is a very large and celebrated *kjökkenmödding*, at which the late King himself spent three days, a couple of years ago, for the purpose of personally superintending some excavations. It is situated not far from the sea-coast near Grenaa, upon the property of Mr. Olsen, who takes great interest in the researches which have been made there, and will not allow the shells, &c. to be carted away for the purpose of manuring his fields, though they would be very useful and profitable to him in this respect. We arrived about mid-

day at his house, a very interesting and picturesque building, nearly three hundred years old, surrounded by a moat ; and though we were utterly unexpected, were received with the warmest welcome : so warm and hearty was it, indeed, that I did not find out until afterwards the fact of our arrival being quite a surprise to the Olsen family. Professor Steenstrup had written to apprise them of our intended visit ; but the post in Jutland is not very expeditious, and his letter did not reach Meilgaard till after our departure. The family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Olsen, several pretty daughters, and a couple of visitors, were sitting down to dinner on our arrival, so we had the pleasure of seeing the sort of repast which was prepared for them in an every-day way.

I cannot say that it was very agreeable to our English palates, consisting chiefly of dried beef, and of a sort of rice pudding made with sour milk, over which they poured some light French wine. I could never accustom myself to the uncooked meat, so I was delighted to find that, at supper-time, some excellent ducks and roast meat appeared. Indeed, during all the time we stayed at Meilgaard, we fared most sumptuously ; and we never can forget the genial hospitality and hearty kindness which we met with from all the Olsen family. After dinner we set forth to inspect the *kjökkenmødding* which is not far from the house, in the midst of a beautiful beech forest. I wish I could describe it graphically ; but it really is almost impossible for any one who has not seen it for himself to realize the appearance of one of these shell-mounds. I have never been so astonished as I was on first seeing the reality of what I had often vainly tried to picture to myself. This particular specimen has, as I before mentioned, been partially dug out ; but Mr. Olsen very kindly sent two men on before us to clear away the rubbish which had fallen in from the sides, so that, on our arrival, we found a fresh wall ready for examination. The part, therefore, in which we began to dig had remained quite untouched since the savage tribes who peopled Jutland centuries ago threw their empty oyster-shells and broken flint knives away upon

a common refuse heap, little thinking with how intense an interest future archaeologists would grasp at these links which connect present civilization with a rude and barbarous past. The deposit is about ten feet deep in the middle, shelving off towards the sides, and round the central heap are several smaller ones; a layer of earth, in which tall trees are growing, covers the whole. We were provided with a couple of stout iron forks, and like besiegers before an unyielding city, we sat down in front of the walls of shells and rubbish, and proceeded to work away with our instruments, or rather, I should say, with Professor Steenstrup's, he being their actual owner. But if he had been the king himself, and had demanded the restitution of his property, I could not have given up my fork. Anything so exciting as that day of grubbing among the oyster-shells I never experienced. They lie so thick, so tightly wedged and jammed together, that it is really hard work to dislodge them. Fragments of bones are packed in amongst them, and every now and then our eyes were gladdened by seeing the end of a flint flake or hatchet peeping out. With what ardour we worked then! trembling with delight, but obliged to temper our eagerness with caution, lest the precious weapon should be chipped or broken before it saw the light of day once more. I could never remember, in my excitement, that I was gradually undermining the wall at which I worked; consequently, every now and then, down came a perfect avalanche of shells and bones upon my devoted head, and I emerged from the confusion one mass of white rubbish, with fragmentary bits of oyster-shells down my back, amongst my hair, and filling up every crevice in my clothes. Nothing of this kind, however, succeeded in damping us: we toiled and laboured till evening closed in, and we could no longer distinguish a precious flint flake from a plebeian oyster-shell.

As I pause to think of it all, that picturesque scene in the beech wood rises vividly before my mind—the tall forest trees, with glancing light between; the graceful ferns and mosses; and to complete the picture, our host's pretty

daughters, in their bright summer dresses, arranging on the grass a little collation to refresh us after our exertions. It was a charming scene; and we forcibly contrasted it in our minds with the old savage life that must have once gone on in that very place, when, instead of waving trees and grassy meadows, the sea rolled its waves close by, and the mossy bank we sat on was a shingly beach.

For it is evident that savages, living in this primitive manner, chiefly on shell-fish, would never form any large inland settlements, and, therefore, when *kjökkenmöddings* are found at a distance from the shore, they indicate a recent change in the coast-line of the country. The fact that the majority of these deposits are found at a height of only a few feet above the sea appears to prove that there can have been no considerable subsidence of the land since their formation; while, on the other hand, it quite as clearly shows that there can have been no great elevation. On the whole, the evidence seems to indicate an average rising of about ten feet. It is true that the shell-mound at Bilidt, of which the materials are roughly interstratified with sand and gravel, might appear to point to a different conclusion, as it lies at more than ten feet above the influence of the waves, even during storms. But on the west coast of Jutland, winds have been known to elevate the waves as much as twenty-nine feet, and in ancient times the Baltic lay more open to the ocean than is the case at present. Speaking generally, shell-mounds are scattered at intervals along the whole coast wherever it has not been eaten away by the action of the sea. In the neighbourhood of Meilgaard are two other *kjökkenmöddings*, near Faunerup on the Kolindsund, which was an arm of the sea even in historical times, but has now become a fresh-water lake. Another curious evidence respecting the change in the distribution of land and water is, that the shells discovered in the *kjökkenmöddings* are all large and strong specimens, while at the present time some of them are quite extinct in the same localities, and some much dwarfed and stunted by the brackishness of the water. The four species

most abundantly found in the shell-heaps are the oyster, cockle, mussel, and periwinkle; other species occur in smaller quantities—as, for instance, *Nassa reticulata*, *Buccinum undatum*, *Tapes pullastra*, and *Helix nemoralis*. Fish-bones are exceedingly numerous, being chiefly those of the herring, flounder, dorse, and eel. A few fragments only of crustacea have been found. Of birds, waterfowl appear to have been most commonly used; but the bones of these are so fragmentary that it is, in many cases, impossible to determine the species to which they belong. Remains of the domestic fowl, of swallows, sparrows, and storks, are altogether absent; but two very interesting species, now no longer inhabiting Denmark, have been discovered—the capercailzie, namely, and the great auk. The pine, on the buds of which the capercailzie feeds, no longer grows in Denmark; but we know, from the remains of it found in peat bogs, that it was at one time abundant there, and therefore, to this period those kjökkenmöddings in which bones of the capercailzie occur, may with probability be referred. It is possible that the stork may have existed then, and may have been considered a sacred bird, as to some extent it is now.

The remains of mammalia have been most carefully studied by Professor Steenstrup, and it is remarkable that he finds no trace of any domestic animal, except the dog. The most common species are the stag, the roe, and the wild boar. No trace of horse or sheep has ever yet been found in any Danish kjökkenmödding, and though remains of the ox have been discovered, these are referred by Professor Steenstrup to a wild species. In order to form some approximate idea of the number of bones, and the relative proportions of those of the different animals, square pillars with sides three feet in length were dug out, under Professor Steenstrup's superintendence, from the shell-mound at Havelse. These pillars were then carefully examined, and the bones therein contained collected and classified. In the first pillar 175 bones of mammalia were found, with 35 of birds; in the second, 121 of mammalia and 9 of birds; in the third, 309 of the former

and 10 of the latter. It is estimated by Professor Steenstrup, that on an average there are from ten to twelve bones in each cubic foot of *kjökkenmödding*.

That these shell heaps are very old, is evident from the objects found in them, from the absence of domestic animals, and of all trace of metal, from the change in the geographical distribution of land and sea, and from the alteration in the fauna of the country.

But in addition to these facts there is evidence which appears to prove an entire change in the arborescent vegetation of the country. At present the beech is the characteristic tree, and their beech forests are the pride of all true Danes. But this has not always been the case, as we may learn from the ancient trunks of trees which are contained in the peat bogs. The larger peat mosses do not indeed help us much in this matter, but here and there in the forests are small wood-mosses—*Skovmöse*, as they are called by the Danes—which are sometimes almost filled up by the trunks of trees which have fallen into them. In the upper part are found the species now growing on the edges, such as the alder and the *Betula verrucosa*, which prefer damp places, and leave the drier parts for the beeches. But in the lower parts of the *Skovmöse* these disappear, and are replaced by oaks, which again still lower, in their turn, give way to pines. From the numbers in which they occur, from their size, and the manner in which they are “drawn up,” these pines must at one period have been numerous and healthy; and yet, at present, this species does not naturally live in Denmark.

The presence in the *kjökkenmöddings* of the *Capercaillie*, a bird which feeds almost exclusively on the buds of the pine, appears to indicate that the shell mounds belong to what may be called the pine period. But, however this may be, there can be little doubt that Denmark was inhabited by man during the time of the pine forests, because implements have been found—two by Professor Steenstrup himself—in the lower part of the “*Skovmöse*,” and among the stems of this species.

This double change in the vegetation, from pines to oaks, and again from oaks to beeches, if it does not supply us with any definite measure of time, gives at least a vivid idea of great antiquity.

On our return to Aarhus, Professor Steenstrup was informed of a very interesting discovery just made near Flensburg, in Slesvig, of a ship, supposed to belong to Roman times, which had been discovered in a peat moss. We resolved to make an expedition to Flensburg, that my husband might examine this interesting relic of ancient times. Unfortunately, Professor Steenstrup was unable to accompany us, as he was summoned back to Copenhagen. Mr. Engelhardt, director of the museum at Flensburg, who was the discoverer of this, as well as of many other antiquities in the peat mosses, accompanied my husband to the spot where the boat was found; but little of it was visible, however, as it had been taken to pieces, and the boards were covered over with peat and straw, in order to enable them to dry slowly. The freight consisted of iron axes, including a socketed celt, with its handle, knives, brooches, swords, and lances. There were also wooden vessels, whetstones, and two birch brooms, together with many smaller articles. Perhaps, however, the most interesting object of all was a piece of wood inscribed with Runic characters. As the boat turned partly over on its side in sinking, no doubt many things fell out, which may be found during the further explorations which Mr. Engelhardt proposes to make next summer.* It was evidently sunk intentionally, for a square hole, about six inches in diameter, had been hewn out of the bottom; and it is probable that, in some time of panic or danger, the owner chose this method of concealing his treasures, and either death or some other cause prevented his recovering them. Even recently, in times of disturbance, many ornaments, arms, household utensils, &c. were so effectually hidden in peat mosses that they could not be found again. The fact that an almost exact date can be fixed to this vessel and its contents adds greatly to the interest of the

* Since we were there, another boat has been found in the same field.

discovery. Previous collections of antiquities, made within a few yards of the same spot, include arms and ornaments of precisely similar character and workmanship, together with about fifty Roman coins, ranging in date from A.D. 67 to 217. A very similar collection of objects has also been found at Thorsbjerg, in the same neighbourhood, including several coins which range from the time of Nero to the year 197. These circumstances enable us, without fear of any great inaccuracy, to ascribe this interesting boat and its cargo to the third century.

No one who has travelled in Denmark and Slesvick can fail to sympathise warmly with the Danes in the present war. Lord Palmerston himself called it a "gross outrage and injustice;" and though the Succession question is one which I cannot pretend to understand, still, as Prussia and Austria adhere to the Treaty of 1852, by which the succession was decided, it is difficult to find the slightest excuse for their invasion of Slesvick.

I make no complaint against the Germans individually; no doubt they generously wish to release the inhabitants of Slesvick from the oppression under which they are supposed to suffer; but we could not see any good reason for this opinion, and, as far as we could judge, the duchy was decidedly loyal. The governments of Germany, however, can plead no such good excuse: the truth is, that being despotic themselves, they cannot bear the free government of Denmark, and object to it, "as being overburdened with representative assemblies, and ministerial responsibility." However, I must not allow myself to drift into the Danish question; I will only add that great indignation against the Germans seemed to exist in the minds of all those with whom we conversed, either in Seeland, in Jutland, or in Slesvick; but their feeling towards the English was most friendly, all the same. They do not quite understand our ways of going on: at least, I was amused to find ideas respecting our mode of speech prevailing now which I fancied were exploded centuries ago. One lady made a remark to me which she evidently considered

would be agreeable, but which astonished me not a little. "God dam," she said, in the tone of a person who says, "It is a fine day." "I beg* your pardon," said I, hardly able to believe my ears. She repeated her observation with emphasis, adding, "You have that in England, I know." Nor would she believe my assurances that we did not habitually indulge in expressions of that nature. This, however, was an exceptional case; and though I was amused at the misconception, perhaps we English make mistakes even more absurd in the eyes of foreigners. Professor Steenstrup relates an anecdote of an Englishman who, wishing to correspond with him, asked a mutual friend for his address. "There it is, on that pamphlet," he was told. On the pamphlet was written the name of its author, Professor Steenstrup, "med en Kort og en Tafel;" *i. e.* with a map and a plate, referring to the contents of the paper. Our countryman, however, addressed his letter to the learned professor in question—

" M. M. Steenstrup,
 " Prof. Zool.
 " Med en Kort og en Tafel,
 " Copenhagen."

I cannot conclude without expressing the gratitude which I feel for the friendly manner in which we were received, and my admiration for the Danish character. With a small population and a poor country, Denmark may well be proud of the position which she has held in Europe, and the contributions she has made to human knowledge.

It is true that we are not bound by any treaty to assist Denmark, but I cannot help thinking that it is, to say the least, unwise of us to permit one of the few free countries in the world to be trodden down under the iron heel of despotism.

9.—*THE MEDICAL SERVICE OF THE
FEDERAL ARMY.*

BY CHARLES MAYO.

WHO that has crossed the Atlantic to New York for the first time has not been delighted with the scene that rises out of the horizon as he nears that splendid harbour and bay? Yet few, I think, have been better able to appreciate it than the party of landsmen who sighted Sandy Hook from the deck of a large steamer in the autumn of 1862, after a stormy passage of eighteen days, during which the equinoctial gales had paid them the most unremitting attentions. It was on a fine Sunday night that we steamed up the bay and dropped anchor in the Hudson River. A light fall of snow had capped all the hills that bordered the view; and as the brilliant moonlight streamed over them all idea of size and distance was lost. The lights in the scattered houses twinkled over the hills as far as the eye could reach, while beside us lay the broad luminous haze that hung over the great city. As the chimes of Trinity sounded through the still air, and the ship lay motionless at her moorings, it seemed as if we had never before known quiet, nor seen beauty in repose. The first piece of news that had reached us had been brought out by the pretty little pilot schooner that met us as we came in, and an important piece of news it was. McClellan had been superseded, and Burnside was in command of the army. So important was it, that on going ashore there was little else to be heard among the groups of talkers but discussions on the propriety of the movement, which almost invariably took the same direction. McClellan, the idol of last week,

had been tumbled down, and his reputation was being dragged through the mud. The people, sure this time at least of its own wisdom,

“ Sequitur fortunam, ut semper, et odit
Damnatos.”

Embryo generals, mostly in plain clothes, were holding forth in the halls of the hotels on the right way of commanding an army; and one gentleman, who seemed to secure the largest group of listeners, was demonstrating with the most unerring exactness that there was really nothing difficult in the management of a force of 100,000 men—if you once knew how to command a brigade, the rest was mere child’s play.

A few days sufficed to take a hasty view of New York, to present credentials to some of the heads of my own profession, to find acquaintances, and to visit the hospitals. These last I found, on the whole, convenient, well ordered, and well served: one of them, St. Luke’s, which is under the care of a sisterhood of lady-nurses, like the Bethanien Hospital at Berlin, may be quoted as a pattern of good arrangement, cleanliness, and comfort for the patients against any European hospital that I remember. Here, as at many of the other civil hospitals, there were plenty of sufferers from the war, awaiting or having received their discharge from the army, and preparing for a new start in life as cripples.

The first experience of an American railway that is obtained in the journey from New York to Washington is certainly not pleasant; but as jolting cars, drunken soldiers, dirty companions, and tobacco juice have been heretofore described *usque ad nauseam*, I will disregard them in remembrance as I soon was obliged to do in reality. Late in the evening I found myself launched into the great Babel of Willard’s Hotel. The crowd of place-hunters and people with grievances, in anticipation of the coming meeting of Congress, filled the hall and passages, and produced a despotic and defiant tone in the clerks at the office. Where rooms are at a premium, a

stray traveller with no claims on the house must take what he can get, and be thankful or not as he pleases. So from a small and austere-looking room, somewhere between the fourth and tenth floor, I had to commence the campaign.

There are four different classes of medical officers in the service of the United States. First, the surgeons of the old regular army of 17,000 men, who take precedence by virtue of their length of service and permanent character. They are few in number, and as their lives have been chiefly spent at border-forts, where a few hundred men are posted to keep the Indians in check, they had as a body, until this war began, little experience in army surgery, and were marked by a proclivity towards red tape. There are, however, notable exceptions; and these are for the most part men who served in the Mexican war under General Scott, and are now able to turn their knowledge to account. Next in rank are the staff-surgeons of volunteers, a body organized since the commencement of the war, and intended to fill the higher posts in the volunteer army, as well as to take charge of the many great hospitals that have sprung into existence. A corps called the "Brigade Surgeons," which formerly discharged similar duties, was merged in this; and into this, of course, it is the new comer's object to be admitted. These two classes receive their commissions from the President; and to them, and to the assistant-surgeons of each of them, all the higher offices of the army are entrusted. The third class, the regimental-surgeons and assistant-surgeons of volunteers, are commissioned by the Governors of the States to which their regiments belong, with or without previous examination, according to the need of doctors, or the political interest possessed by the candidate. Consequently their attainments were by no means uniform. I remember to have been walking with an officer in Washington, when he pointed to a man in an assistant-surgeon's uniform on the other side of the street, saying, "Do you see that man? I knew him as a shoemaker in my native town a year ago." And in the various armies, especially in those of the west, there are doubtless many who would

answer to a similar description. The army of the Potomac is probably better supplied than any other at present, partly owing to the superiority of the eastern schools, from which most of its surgeons are drawn, and partly to the judicious weeding process which has been carried out as far as politics would permit. Of the greater number of the medical schools of the west, as well as of many nearer the Atlantic, it need only be said that they are condemned as little better than impostures by the unanimous voice of the better educated part of the profession in America.

The fourth class, that of acting assistant-surgeons, is composed of miscellaneous elements. There are some very efficient men in it, who prefer the comparative freedom which they enjoy,—for they can quit the service whenever they please,—to the ties imposed on them by a regular commission; but the majority are men who are unable to pass the examinations for other grades, and have not enough interest to get appointed to a regiment. The examination to which I was subjected for appointment as staff-assistant-surgeon, was about equal to that of the London College of Surgeons, with some necessary additions. Future promotion depended on the candidate's passing a certain point above the minimum standard. I learn, however, that it has since been found necessary to diminish the requirements. The examination for appointments in the regular army was, I believe, very slightly, if at all, different from that just mentioned.

The radical effect in the United States' medical service is, however, the want of emulation produced by the uniformity of ranks. Every assistant-surgeon takes rank as a lieutenant, unless he has served five years, when he becomes a captain; and every full surgeon is a major, no matter whether he has only a regiment of a few hundred men under his charge, with one or two assistant-surgeons to do the work,—he himself owing his appointment possibly more to proficiency in pot-house politics than to skill in surgery,—or whether he directs the medical machinery of a brigade of 2000, a division of 5000, an army corps of 20,000, or even an army of 100,000 men.

Consequently the regimental surgeon, if he be not ambitious of ruling his fellows, has no inducement to seek any higher post ; he has precisely the same rank, pay, and allowances as his chief, and why should he wish for more labour and responsibility than he has already ? Another fault is, that in the matter of allowances the surgeon actually loses by leaving a post in a town to go into the field. These and other defects are the natural results of making the old army regulations, which are framed for the use of a very small standing army chiefly in times of peace, serve for the management of the enormous existing volunteer force. At present, when a man has become a full surgeon in any of the classes above mentioned, he has nothing more to hope for ; for the few chief medical inspectorships to which the rank of lieutenant-colonel is attached, have been made political appointments, and have been given away in some cases in defiance of the protests of the surgeon-general. The last-named officer, who has the rank of brigadier-general, is at the head of the medical department, and resides in Washington, the business of the western states being chiefly transacted by a deputy at St. Louis. The present holder of the office is, I grieve to say, now on his trial by court-martial for the fraudulent purchase of blankets, and other alleged misdeeds of a similar kind. No depth of contempt can be too great for him, if he is guilty, nor for those who have tried to gratify personal spite by persecuting him with such charges, if he is innocent. I do not believe that there is a single man in the United States' medical service who honestly believes him capable of the mean rogueries imputed to him.

The social position of the medical, as compared with the combatant officers, is decidedly good, much better than in our own army. In better times, and when gold is at par, the position of a full surgeon must be by no means uncomfortable. The service is not, at all events, a cause of wonder to persons outside it, like that of our own army ; wonder, namely, that any person with decent prospects of success in civil practice should ever think of entering it.

The credentials with which I was furnished procured for me an offer from the Surgeon-General of immediate employment in a new hospital in Washington; but as my object was to obtain a staff appointment, I declined the offer, and underwent the examination above referred to as required by law of all candidates for staff appointments. The examination lasted a week. The acceptance of a commission of course makes the person appointed liable to be ordered to any part of the theatre of war; I was therefore fortunate in being detailed, at the request of the President of the Examining Board, for duty with himself in Washington, the duty being that of taking charge of sick and wounded volunteer officers in the city, not in the hospitals. A district was soon assigned to me covering between five and six square miles, of which, however, only about one square mile could be called inhabited, though the whole was within the city boundaries. The few outlying houses in the great wilderness east of the Capitol added not many to the numbers of those under my care, but greatly increased the labour of attending to them. Washington has been so often described that it is needless to say more than that it is a gigantic chequer pattern ruled out on an ocean of mud, and that houses have been built on some of the squares. But besides the rectangular pattern made by the streets, there is another intersecting the first in every direction, consisting of a great network of "avenues," each being, in fact, a street of double width. At first sight the object of the city's designer seems to have been to put every house as far apart as possible from any other, so as to make the most of the mud, and to waste as much space as possible in awkward corners and patches of land. There is, however, some method in the general insanity of the plan; for unhealthy as Washington now is, it must have been ten times worse had the houses been crowded together; and before any considerable part of the town had been drained and built upon, the original population would probably have evaporated altogether, if the freest possible circulation of air had not been provided for, and the stagnation of malaria thereby

partly prevented. For the purposes of habitation, however, the city may be taken to consist of one main road about a mile long, at one end of which are the Government Offices, and at the other the Capitol. From this main road, which is called Pennsylvania Avenue, on each side branch off numberless streets at all kinds of angles, into which streets, if the unwary traveller ventures without a guide, he will infallibly lose himself within five minutes. By diligent search other pieces of Pennsylvania Avenue may be discovered, about half a mile distant from each end of the main portion, and having no connexion whatever with it that can be divined without the aid of a map. These and other peculiarities make the navigation of the city a matter of great difficulty for the stranger, and one requiring much care and forethought even in one who has learnt his lesson as I had to do, notwithstanding that I had a carriage and pair with a coachman provided for me by the Government. It should be mentioned, however, that the carriage was an ambulance, and the pair were mules, and that the driver (usually the least intelligent of the three live appendages of the vehicle) never knew any of the streets when he began, and had no sooner learnt something of his way about the city than he was taken away and one more stupid than ever put in his place. Some, too, were overwhelmed with a sense of their duty to the Government, and would not make the mules go for fear of overworking them ; others did not care a bit for the mules, but liked to get over the ground quickly, and get home as soon as possible. (The best of these was an Irishman, who might have driven a Dublin car.) Now this would have been well enough over a ploughed field, or an open country with no roads ; but in the streets of Washington, where Nature and Art have apparently conspired to produce a surface the least favourable for purposes of locomotion, such a charioteer, in such a vehicle, on such springs, is apt to make the life of the rider to some extent a burden to him. If a sufficient number of people were in the ambulance, and the springs were weighed down, the effect was not so complete ; but if

any unfortunate person was riding alone, he was liable to be jumped a foot high: and if any one doubts that the sensation is not pleasant, let him try it.

Washington weather is divided into two seasons—the mud season and the dust season; of which the former is infinitely the preferable. It is true that the mud, which is of a brown and tenacious kind, and full of stones, varies from six inches to two feet in depth, and is interspersed with pools of water and slush of incredible extent and profundity—insomuch that if you shoot a cartload of bricks into a horsepond and drive backwards and forwards through it for a sufficient time you will get a very fair idea of Washington streets; but it does not, except by accident, get into your eyes, nose, and ears, nor does it choke you if you open your mouth; whereas the dust does all these. The seasons also are of variable length: you may have six months of mud, and then three months of dust; or you may have mud, thick, soft, and adhesive, in the morning, and in the afternoon clouds of dust will be waiting to blind you round every corner you turn. Perhaps, when all the inhabitants of Washington have made fortunes by the war (I don't remember to have heard the word "bankruptcy" while I was there), they will think it worth while to mend their streets and improve their buildings. At present there is much to be desired in this way, though a new hotel and a new theatre that were in course of building last spring gave promise of amendment. I do not, however, go quite so far as several Northern gentlemen, who called the capital a "darned mean town," and begged I would not suppose that any large town in the North could be half so bad.

Hotel-living in Washington being both dear and uncomfortable, almost all temporary residents live in boarding-houses. The boarding-house, it should be remembered, is a much better institution in America than it is with us, and is really a great boon to many, who by it are saved the trouble of keeping house for themselves. In one of these, in my own district, and within half a mile of the Capitol, I was soon installed, among a mixed household of senators and congress-

men and their wives, and other persons of various degrees. Almost the only acquaintance I made here was a promising youth, a captain, who had escaped from the Libby prison at Richmond in a way that sounds almost fabulous: the story, however, has been confirmed by other evidence. He, with two other Federal officers confined in the prison, managed to enlist the sympathies of a Southern young lady, outside the prison, in their behalf—by what system of telegraphy I do not know—to such an extent that she procured for them some Confederate uniforms. At some place on the outskirts of the prison there was a space between two buildings, about three feet wide, boarded up; and, as it was a weak point, a sentry was posted outside. These men contrived, by laboriously cutting round the nails with their penknives, to loosen some of the boards, and on a dark night crept out, garotted the sentry, put on the uniforms, and made for the woods. Here they wandered about many days, not knowing their way and afraid to ask it, living chiefly on berries and steering by the north star, till at last, to their great joy, they came to the Pamunkey River. After a while they succeeded in stealing a boat, and paddled themselves down in safety, till they reached their own camps on the peninsula, where the army then was with McClellan. Their adventure lasted eight days. A lady who lived in this house, and was connected, as she took some pains to inform us, with an officer of high rank and some influence, may have been a near relative of a certain Mrs. Hominy; she had, however, the advantage of knowing less and talking more. One of her favourite theories was, that the war was a judgment on the people of the North for their sins; and, in support of this, though a furious Northerner and abolitionist herself, she had, of course, to maintain that the crimes, infidelity, and all manner of wickedness of the people of the North were even greater than those of the South. “Well now, I shouldn’t have thought, you know,” remarked a shrewd old fellow, “that New Orleans was so very much better than Boston.”

The “situation,” it may be remembered, at the beginning of

December, 1862, was one of great interest. Burnside had abandoned McClellan's line of advance, and had transferred his army from Warrenton to Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg; but having too rashly relied on Halleek's assistance in getting pontoon-trains down to the front, was reduced to the necessity of waiting and looking on, while Lee was strengthening his position on the opposite bank. His supplies, moreover, could only reach him with difficulty, from want of railway communication in his rear. I was assured by an engineer officer who had charge of part of the pontoon-train, that it would have been utterly impossible to bring it up at the time expected by General Burnside, even if the orders had not been delayed. At Washington, however, everybody was impatient for the battles to begin, and anxiously waited for news of the bombardment of Fredericksburg. Mr. Lincoln's message at the opening of Congress on December 1st, in which he proposed to abolish slavery by the year 1900, scarcely obtained an audience; nor was it likely that a proposition, which might have been accepted by both parties in their cooler moments, should at that time have been listened to by either. The excitement that prevailed showed itself chiefly among the idlers, who form an excellent social barometer everywhere. They had recovered from the last "big scare," which was a report that Stonewall Jackson had brought a large force up the Shenandoah Valley, and was on the point of making a dash at Arlington Heights, from which he would, of course, shell Mr. Lincoln out of the White House, and send the legislators scampering away from the Capitol. Stories of this kind were not uncommon, nor were they so wholly unreasonable as might be supposed; for during my stay at Washington sutlers and supply-waggons were captured by Confederate cavalry almost within sight of the legislative palace. Many ludicrous mishaps occurred to people and things going down to the front from the boldness and celerity with which these "raids" were managed. One morning I found a patient of mine, a colonel, in an unhappy state of mind. Finding himself getting well, he had bought a new

horse, and after pleasing himself with his purchase, had sent it on, together with most of his baggage, by the sutler of his regiment, who was on his way down, intending to follow in a few days. The cause of his grief was that he had just heard that sutler and stores, horse and baggage, were safe within the Confederate lines, having been snapped up by a handful of cavalry almost as soon as they were out of sight of Washington. This was only one case among many that came to my knowledge.

At length the expected news arrived. Fredericksburg had been shelled, bridges had been made, and a great battle was going on. At first, common report, with its usual veracity, asserted that the victory was complete; and great was the rejoicing, and loud were the praises of Burnside. Then came rumours of heavy losses, but people easily discovered reasons for disbelieving them; and when at last an officer from the front appeared at Willard's, and asserted that the army was re-crossing the river, people crowded to hear his story, but were ready to denounce him as an impostor. Soon, however, the fatal news appeared, clothed in the curt language of the telegraph: "The army has re-crossed. It has rained all night. The pontoons are up." Burnside, baulked of his wish to thrust his army once more into Lee's jaws, was sitting down to count his losses, in the consciousness that but for that dark and rainy night they must have been doubled; and thankful, it is to be hoped, that the greater part of his men ever came back at all out of that terrible scrape. Mr. Lincoln, with the hopeless perseverance of a man trying to paint over a desperate black eye, was doing his utmost to make the defeat bear a decent resemblance to a victory; and the overworked doctors were rushing about hither and thither in the vain attempt to attend properly to everybody. The killed and wounded in that battle were estimated publicly by the Federal generals at ten thousand on their own side, and privately by the Federal doctors at considerably more. Indeed, if any large proportion of the stories told me by wounded officers of the losses of their respective regiments were true,

that total must be decidedly too small. Soon they came, crowding up to Washington, some with legs and arms, and some without; some with bullets in them, and some with only the holes where bullets had been; some fit for travel, others who came up only to die. For the first object with all these officers, as soon as ever they had received a wound—and no wonder, in a citizens' war—was to get leave of absence and go home. It went hardly with some poor fellows who had suffered amputation or other severe operations on the field, when they were brought up fifteen miles on an open freight-car (or truck), on a rough railway, and then some fifty miles on the deck of a crowded steamboat; to say nothing of the difficulties that awaited them in the transit from the wharf to houses perhaps two or three miles distant in Washington. And I feel bound to admit, that of all the operations that have ever come under my notice, some—though not by any means all—of those performed in the field-hospitals after this battle showed the most disgraceful results. The case of one unfortunate man, a major, recurs forcibly to my memory, as an instance of what happened to many. He was a strong, healthy fellow, six feet high, about thirty years old, and most certainly ought not to have died. His leg was amputated unskillfully, though not so badly as some, for a gun-shot wound, and he was sent up from the field in the manner just described. He was brought at length, faint, chilled, and exhausted, to one of the largest Washington hotels, and there died after many days' fearful suffering from tetanus. He was attended to almost entirely by strangers—who were certainly kind, although clumsy nurses—but the person who did most for him was the housekeeper of the hotel, who was with him day after day and night after night, without inducement or reward save that of a good conscience. And of all the American women whom I met among the sick and wounded, I give the palm to this one, for patient and unostentatious devotion; for when this good soul fell ill from overwork of body and mind, her name was not put in the newspapers, nor did anybody know about her good deeds except those who

had witnessed them. Not that I mean to assert that the desire of notoriety often, or in any number of cases, supplies a motive to those ladies who follow armies; but every one who has seen these things must be aware that there are cases in which the precept about letting one's light shine before men is kept a little too prominently in view. Perhaps from the comments naturally excited by such cases has arisen the popular belief that army doctors invariably cherish a profound and jealous dislike of lady-assistants: on the contrary, I believe that all surgeons are glad to have them, in hospitals and other places sufficiently remote from the rear of an army. It is only when they come within reach of the hurry and confusion of the actual combat that they become rather an encumbrance than a help.

The work that fell upon those whose duty it was to attend to sick and wounded officers, after that battle, was a thing to be remembered by themselves, if by no one else. All day, and sometimes all night, one had to hurry from place to place to the assistance of maimed and exhausted men, pursued all the while by messengers with notice of fresh arrivals; hotels and houses had sometimes the aspect of hospitals; scarcely a hotel or boarding-house in the city but contained some one that required the doctor's help. It became impossible to keep a detailed visiting-list, or to remember the names of one's patients. "Lieutenant A. and five others; Colonel B. and six others; Captain C. and four others," are specimens of the kind of record that had to suffice for the contents of a particular house or hotel. And great was the variety of wounds: all, however, or nearly all, were bullet-wounds. Those inflicted by shell or canister formed but a small proportion, while of bayonet or sword wounds I saw none, nor could hear of any. Many hair-breadth escapes there were, too: one captain was struck on the waistcoat-pocket by a bullet that must have killed him, but for a pocket-knife that diverted its course. The knife, which he showed me, was bent double and flattened out of all shape. A colonel in the Irish brigade was saved by the butt of his revolver, which was shattered by the

ball, I believe, in this battle. Another colonel in the same division, which suffered very severely, had an extraordinary escape. A shell burst directly in front of him, so near that the concussion knocked him senseless, and he was supposed to be dead; but after a time he regained his senses, and was taken to the rear. It was then found that one fragment of shell had struck him on the inner side of one leg, tearing a stout leather boot that he wore, and severely bruising, but not cutting, the leg; another had struck on his left breast-pocket, which contained a bundle of letters, and had glanced off, tearing his clothes on that side to shreds, and knocking the breath out of him; another small piece had knocked out two of his teeth, and was found in his mouth; and his face, hands, and clothes, were covered with scratches received from smaller fragments. He showed me his former wounds; this was the eleventh time that he had been hit; but most of the other wounds had been got in adventurous expeditions in New Mexico and Arizona, or in the Mexican war. I heard a great many of the colonel's adventures both when he was under my care at this time, and afterwards when I visited him in camp. They were such as to throw the semi-Indian novels, that used to be so popular, quite into the shade. General Ewell, of the Confederate army, then a captain in the United States' service, was his companion in some of the most hazardous of them. Arizona, he said, was, as far as he knew at present, quite uninhabited: the white men had all been driven away by the Indians, and the Indians by starvation. The silver-mines were deserted, and a printing-press, which he himself had taken out, was probably there still, the sole vestige of civilization. After fair trial, however, there was only one civilizing agent for the Indians that he could trust, namely, the bullet; and a new expedition, with a new government, was just about to be sent out to take possession of the territory, with that principle as its basis of operations. My friend, the colonel, was to be made a brigadier-general, and to command the troops that were to accompany the expedition. All was nearly ready, when the death of General

Sumner, in what way I do not remember, put an end to the project for the present. One result of this was, that the colonel remained with the army of the Potomac, and was not promoted; and I was very sorry indeed to hear that he was killed at the battle of Gettysburg. His country—which, as far as it is represented by its Government, had not fully appreciated his services—lost in him an honest and brave soldier. “Cheerful to the last,” the newspaper account of his death said of him; and from what I knew of him I have no doubt it was true.

That question of promotion, at all times a grievous bone of contention in an army, was settled at Washington in a way difficult to be understood by a stranger. The chief difficulty was to discover why the army put up with the settlement made for it by the Government; for though persons born on this side of the Atlantic may be supposed to know what interest means as applied to appointments, yet they will scarcely think it worth while to abuse their own governments for favouritism, nepotism, or jobbery after they have lived for any length of time within a mile of the White House, and have been in frequent contact with those who run to and fro in the capitol and Government offices at Washington. But as I see that some persons, I believe not Americans by birth, on this side of the water, set down as enemies of America all who find fault with the deeds or words of any person in any way connected with the present Government of the United States, or who hint that the political system of that country is not perfection, I guard myself from that imputation. Let an American citizen state his opinion of “the best Government that the world ever saw:”—

“How little attraction has our public life for the better sort of men! How few of our officials are chosen because they are fit for the duties of the place that is to be filled! Suffrage has become too cheap. The educated, moral, and responsible neglect it, while it is abused by the ignorant, vicious, and thriftless. Each canvass is called a campaign, and each election a victory. Theoretically, this is a democratic

republic; practically it has been an oligarchy of place-hunters. In the cities the tavern-keepers make the delegates, the delegates make the candidates for the city, state, and nation; the delegates from the cities govern the large States, the large States the conventions of the Union, and the party from such beginnings elect the officer. When we thus trace this foul stream to its still fouler source, can we wonder at the result? or can we wonder that better men stand aside, and refuse to enter into competition with such rivals, or to court the favour of such patrons?"

These words are quoted from a newspaper report of a speech made at the opening of a public school in Philadelphia, in January, 1863. It is not yet penal in this country to believe that the best chance for America lies in the recognition of such unwelcome truths. We may, therefore, expect to hear less of the incapacity of political generals, and political doctors, the rapacity of Congressmen, and the venality of officials of all kinds; and the word politician may cease to be what it now is among Americans, a term of contempt.

A set of people with whom I soon came in contact were the "Embalmers." The streets of Washington bristled with great placards, informing you that "Dr." A. or "Dr." B. would embalm you better than any body else, and moreover that the "Drs." would undertake to make you comfortable in a patent metallic burial case, or contract for your coffin and fixings in any style. Those who had been lucky published a list of their distinguished patrons; a dead general was a great catch, and was immediately announced in the newspapers. I often saw the process: it consisted simply of the injection of a common antiseptic fluid into the femoral artery. Touters in the employ of these harpies followed the rear of the army, and their notices were stuck up at every steamboat wharf, railway station, or other available place near the camp. The effect of these announcements can hardly have been encouraging to the men at first: fortunately for them, however, they soon got accustomed to anything.

Work being so plentiful as I have stated, it will readily

be understood that I had but little time for examining the hospitals at the periods of their greatest disturbance, namely, immediately after the great battles. But, though my visits to them were chiefly at other times, I was able to catch a few glimpses of their condition when the crowd of wounded had just been thrown upon them. Of course there were many deficiencies, but on the whole the hospitals at Washington were well organized, and answered the enormous demands made upon them very creditably. Some of the public buildings were still used as hospitals; among others the Patent Office, a huge and handsome pile of white marble, so badly placed as to be quite thrown away. Into this, which contained ample space, were crowded a great number of wounded after the battle of Fredericksburg; but, the building being quite unsuitable for use as a hospital, an outbreak of hospital gangrene occurred about the middle of January, of such virulence that it was necessary to break up the establishment at once. The only patient of mine who died of this, was brought from the Patent Office. Though an officer, he was taken there in the hurry of arrival, and remained among the men, whereas he ought to have been in private quarters in the city. No doubt this oversight cost him his life. Very few cases, as far as I can remember, occurred while I was in Washington, and those that did occur were chiefly in the churches and other unventilated and unsuitable buildings. All these, however, were soon given up, and then nearly all the sick and wounded in the city, numbering some fifteen or twenty thousand, were lodged in wooden buildings put up since the commencement of the war. Here was an unequalled field for experiments in hospital management; almost every possible question relating to the structure and internal economy of these great machines presented itself in turn for solution, and the results of various contrivances were seen on a large scale. It is to be hoped that after the war, if that is likely to end soon, or within a reasonable time, if Americans must go on slaughtering one another indefinitely, some one will be found who can give

to the world a careful digest of the hospital records of Washington and the other large cities. For here the numbers were sufficiently large and the circumstances sufficiently alike to make averages of some value, and to give an element of probability, I had almost said of certainty, to those usually worthless guides, hospital statistics.

The diseases prevalent at this time in the army of the Potomac were only those to which all armies are liable. Most of the ague-stricken victims of the Chickahominy swamps, had by this time passed from the hospitals, either to their homes or to their graves. The army had, for some months, been well sheltered and well fed, and was consequently in fair average health. Dysentery, chronic diarrhœa, rheumatism, and a compound of typhoid fever with ague, called typho-malarial fever, were the most constant; affections of the heart very frequently followed violent and protracted exertions with exposure, especially in the younger soldiers, and new troops scarcely ever went on bivouac in bad weather without furnishing some cases of pneumonia. Maladies arising from intemperance were almost unknown, except among the officers, for the very good reason that the sale or conveyance of alcoholic drinks to the men was entirely interdicted, with very great advantage to the discipline as well as to the health of the army. Various and ingenious were the tricks by which sutlers and men tried to evade the vigilance of the provost-marshal's guard. A keg of whisky packed in the middle of a barrel of apples, potatoes, or flour—innocent-looking cases purporting to contain sardines—and even fictitious books sent through the post, were contrivances that succeeded in their time. I have heard of a party of men who wished to bring a drop of the forbidden luxury back with them into camp, but knew that their canteens would be examined, filling their gun-barrels with whisky, and putting a cork in the muzzle. The peculiarities of female attire were also turned to account, the metallic frame that forms its basis being replaced by a net-work of India-rubber tubes, containing the coveted liquid. The officers, however, were not compelled to resort to such

devices. They might, to state the fact plainly, get drunk whenever they pleased, and did so. Of course, in camp those who wished to enjoy themselves in this way had to take a few simple precautions, but when they came to Washington this necessity no longer existed. I have seen a colonel of my acquaintance take off the marks of his rank because, as he said, he was ashamed to wear them—the reason being that, at the time, two other colonels were exhibiting themselves, in a disgraceful state of intoxication, in public, in the hall of the hotel. At another time the chaplain of a regiment (chaplains, not being found of much use for any other purpose, were generally employed to go on errands, and manage the post-office) came to me from the army, with a message from his colonel, asking if I knew anything of the major, who was supposed to be disporting himself about Washington on pretence of sickness. The major soon turned up: after meandering about the streets and bar-rooms of the town in various stages of drunkenness for more than a week, he at last subsided into the lock-up, under the custody of the provost-guard, and was restored to his disconsolate commander. The amount of respect paid to such an officer may be imagined, especially in an army where the following style of reply to an officer is possible. Private Patrick Murphy, having taken no notice of an order once or twice repeated, looks up at the third repetition with some surprise, observing, “Sure, thin, captain, and its givin’ yerself airs that ye are; didn’t I know ye when ye kept a little groggery down on Fourth Street?” This, of course, is a somewhat exceptional case.

From the difficulty in obtaining liquor, and the care taken to exclude the class of followers that usually infest an army, from the precincts of the camps, this army was singularly free from the diseases consequent upon vice, which keep up so heavy a drain upon the strength of our forces in garrisons and sea-ports. And in Washington itself, which, as the principal depôt in rear of the army, and the resort of all persons coming from it, would naturally become the focus of such disorders, they were very much less prevalent than might

fairly be expected. In fact, the men shewed themselves on the whole remarkably tolerant of moral restraints, notwithstanding the heterogeneous nature of the elements of which their ranks were made up. Outrages of any kind were uncommon; and of those which were committed, women were very rarely the victims.

The drainage of Washington can only be known to exist by its extreme noisomeness. The sanitary appliances of the houses, even of the better class, are as bad as they can be: in fact, it is not easy to tell why the state of the drains should be so abominable, since almost all their proper work remains undone. They are discharged into a stagnant canal at the lower side of the town, and consequently do not even then cease to poison the atmosphere. The government at last were induced by the universal dread of a pestilence, in the summer of 1863, to appoint medical officers to superintend such efforts as could be made for the cleansing of the city. I do not know what success has attended their labours. It is strange that no more severe epidemic has yet appeared: small-pox has been domesticated for two years past, but, besides it, no other than the ordinary results of uncleanness in towns have shewed themselves. The wretched negroes in the contraband camps near the city have served to propagate and intensify the small-pox infection. Crowded together in huts, much less cleanly and less fit for habitation than the hospital for sick horses in the city, they relieved the government by a speedy process from the trouble and expense of their maintenance. It might be supposed that the large influx of negro and mulatto women would have a marked effect on the composition and numbers of the disorderly part of their sex in the city: but this was not found to be the case. Indeed the dangers to morality arising from such sources, both in the southern and the northern states, are greatly over-rated in this country.

On New Year's-day it is the custom for every one to go to the White House to pay his respects to the reigning monarch. I was just able to find time to see the Emperor

Abraham I., as I have heard him called by some of his subjects, receiving the homage of his people. In order to meet the unwashed on fair terms, his Majesty had encased his strong right hand in an ill-fitting gauntlet of black kid, and went through the ceremony of shaking hands with a few thousand people in succession, with the air, if not of a martyr, at least of a man bored to death. The Emancipation Proclamation had been issued that morning—work enough, one would think, for a day, without the additional penance of see-sawing backwards and forwards with a sickly grin, and converting one's arm into a pump-handle for several hours together. The effects expected from that proclamation have, fortunately for humanity, not followed upon it; but the minds of its framers can scarcely have been at ease, while it was yet uncertain whether they had excited a servile rebellion which would leave on their hands the blood of its helpless victims, the women and children of the South. Public opinion at the time was very much divided on the question of the expediency of the proclamation; but no one, so far as I know, ventured to predict that its effects would be so small as they have proved to be.

I think it was also about the beginning of the year that I had an opportunity of seeing another celebrity of the war, no less than "Butler the Brute," as he was once called. It is difficult to understand why the mass of his countrymen are not ashamed of this man, as the more intelligent and better-educated among them undoubtedly are. Without military ability, with nothing to commend him but the qualities of a low police-agent, the only result of employing him must be to exasperate those whom it is the object of his Government to defeat or conciliate. Possibly the title that he has earned to the additional designation of "Butler the 'Cute" may be considered as a sufficient reason for respecting him; for whatever may have been his faults at New Orleans, he certainly did not neglect to feather his nest thoroughly while he was there with the plumage of plucked rebels. In other words, I know on undeniable authority that he made a large

fortune where a man of strict honour could not have made a dollar. I happened to be visiting some patients at the National Hotel, where he was staying, immediately after his arrival from New Orleans, when I heard that he was about to be serenaded by a brass band, according to the usual mode of complimenting distinguished persons. Distinguished persons, by the way, have lately become so plentiful that the practice has grown into a positive nuisance, and has been necessarily abolished. On this occasion, however, the brass band did not arrive, but the audience did; and on going out into Pennsylvania Avenue I found the street filled with men, looking up at the visitor's windows, and screaming "But-ler!" at the top of their voices. The besieged held out a long time, but at last surrendered; and when he did come out and utter a few dozen words in a harsh disagreeable voice with a strong Yankee twang, refusing to make a speech, one could not but imagine that one recognised a slight undertone of regret that Washington was not New Orleans; if it had been, he would have known how to deal with the fellows who had the impudence to disturb his privacy. I went into the crowd, and examined it with some interest; it was composed almost entirely of well-dressed men, whose behaviour was orderly and peaceable. There were not so many "rowdies" as I expected to see; the people made jokes and laughed a great deal at their own wit, but did not quarrel. I heard nobody, however, say anything in praise of General Butler; curiosity and custom alone had induced them to come and hear him: and when he had made his short and ungracious address, they dispersed in silence, apparently as ill pleased as if some one had slapped them in the face. I had another chance of seeing what sort of a mob the city could produce, on the occasion of the burning of a theatre, and could not but be struck with the favourable contrast that it presented to the assembly drawn together by a fire in London, as to height and size, physical condition, behaviour, and cleanliness. One missed the stunted form, pale and flabby countenance, and forbidding features of

the criminal class, which all large cities tend sooner or later to produce: a class the physical, and therefore the moral characteristics of which are hereditary, and the individuals of which, in any one generation, can no more be made into useful and virtuous citizens than the negro can be made to equal the white man in intellect. When a reformatory process shall have been discovered which can get rid of the low brow, projecting jaw, and prematurely ossified cranial sutures of the hereditary criminal, his case will cease to be hopeless: at present, the only large cities that can expect to be free from him, are those which, like Washington and its younger American sisters, have not yet had time to produce him in perfection. At New York one may see him, amid the wealth of degradation and misery that is stored in its back streets: but even there it is doubtful whether he is not excelled by the product of the older civilization of our European cities. At this fire were collected, probably, most of the disorderly people in Washington; certainly the pick-pockets were there, if one might judge by the exclamations that were made; but there was no disposition to serious mischief perceptible. Jokes, some of them practical, served to amuse the people. One man in my hearing achieved a great success by calling out "Mad dog!" suddenly and sharply, with an admirably feigned tone of alarm. A considerable space was cleared by the consequent "skedaddle," before the imposture was discovered. Soldiers went about saying "Never mind, Jack, they won't pick our pockets; we've had no pay for these six months." On the whole, good humour and decent language were decided characteristics of this mob. The riots of July 1863, whose records are still to be read in the blackened ruins that they left, and in the tales of rapine and murder associated with them, have shewn us what a New York mob can do when once it has been set in motion; mere desire of mischief and plunder is enough to keep up its excitement. These riots, which burst upon the city with the suddenness of the Sepoy mutiny, though they lasted but a very few days, appear to have

passed through three different phases : first, that of resistance to the conscription, which was on a comparatively small scale, and of short duration ; secondly, that of a murderous attack by the low Irish on the negroes, with whom they keep up a persistent contest for the lowest place in the social scale ; thirdly, the stage of mere terrorism and plunder by the whole of the " dangerous class," who found that the town was at their mercy. When Washington society shall have existed long enough to deposit such a sediment, it will be exposed to a similar peril, though at present it is comparatively safe. There is a capital, however, not a thousand miles from the banks of the Thames, the people of which seem scarcely aware of the mine that lies under their feet. " May it not explode in our time ! " is a selfish but natural wish. When the match is once lighted, Heaven knows what is to put it out.

As the months wore on, the wounded officers from Fredericksburg gradually recovered. They returned to their regiments, went home on leave, or were discharged from the service as disabled ; and we began to get a little breathing time while we had only the average supply of sick from the army to attend to. I had in the mean time been made staff-surgeon with the rank of major, and been transferred from the eastern to the western and more pleasant part of the city. I also changed my boarding-house, and found that the new one, which was reckoned one of the best in the city, contained a very pleasant set of people. First, there is the General, with two bullets in him, huge, modest, and unassuming—a brave man and good officer, as I hear him called by all who have served with him—who says little, but means what he says. He tells tales of Billy Bowlegs and his Indians in the Florida war, and has had more narrow escapes from death than most people. He is now suffering from a wound that would have killed a smaller man. Then there is the General's wife, brisk, buxom, and good-natured ; not disagreeably taciturn ; proud of her General, and not ill pleased with his spouse. The cavalry colonel, with his lady and their son, a young lieutenant

in his father's regiment, and two captains on staff duty in the city—one pale and neuralgic, determined to overwork himself, the other tall, stout, and ruddy, and of jovial disposition—with one more lieutenant, also a staff officer, make up, I think, our usual quota of combatant members. Then there are two army doctors besides myself; one from Vermont, much my senior, shy and taciturn in company, but able to talk well over a pipe; the other, I suppose, one of the best specimens of the Philadelphia schools. The ranks of the civilians include the Judge with his lady; he is a son of one of George Washington's chiefest advisers, and is best described as a jolly old gentleman. A Virginia slave-owner, with his wife and daughter—he is a moderate man, but his house has been burnt by the Yankees—his daughter is a violent rebel; a man in the Treasury, great upon “fy-nance”—a very good fellow, though he never could persuade me to put my trust in green-backs; a private secretary to a member of the Cabinet, with a proper official air of reticence; and others. These are only a few of the number who came and went while I was there; but the rest either did not stay long, or have not impressed themselves on my memory. Besides those mentioned, however, there were some ladies, chiefly connected with officers in the army; and last, though by no means least, the lady of the house and her family. None who have lived under her rule will soon forget the dignified and motherly air with which she presided over our assembly, nor the excellent ice-cream to which she used to treat us. She, like many others in the house, had near connexions with the army: in fact, when a great battle seemed to be imminent, the anxiety of the party was quite painful; for it was not likely, they said, that among so many for whose safety they watched, there should not be one at least killed.

While I was here I was introduced to some members of my species whose acquaintance I had not before made. They are, of course, men and brothers, and their case will probably be taken up when hypocritical abolitionists and mistaken philanthropists shall have improved the negro off the face of the

earth. These were Indians from the extreme west ; and a more villanous-looking set of brutes I never beheld. I went one evening to take some places at a concert, and on coming out of the building found myself by the dim light in the middle of a dozen of these wretches. Fortunately, they had been visible in the streets before, or it would have been necessary to suppose that one had stepped into Pandemonium by mistake. They had just come to Washington, where they had never been before, and consequently were almost untainted by civilization. All wore their blankets and carried their tomahawks, but some had had time to add a few decorations to their ordinary attire. Two or three wore black felt hats, with the gold cord worn by officers in the army ; one wore a dress coat ; and one a chimney-pot hat, with a pink ribbon wound round it in a graceful spiral from the base to the summit. One of them, I think he of the chimney-pot, carried a large cavalry sabre without a scabbard. They had on their full dress company paint, which was less artistic than I had expected : it consisted chiefly of great coarse daubs of red and yellow, each covering nearly half the face. Their skin was of a brownish black, not copper-colour ; and they had not the hatchet face supposed to be characteristic of the American Indian, but a broad and rather flat face, with coarse features and a heavy projecting jaw. Their hair was long, black, straight, and plentiful. They were chiefs, and wore eagle's feathers in their hair ; they were conducted about the city by a United States' officer, who had charge of them. As the party filed into the room, it was followed by three squaws : the least ill-looking of them had surmounted her blanket costume with an elegant straw hat and veil, which had a decidedly striking effect ; but she took the hat off very respectfully as she came into the room. The savages behaved very decorously during the concert : they were at first greatly puzzled by the applause, but after a while joined in it ; and at last one of them had enterprise enough to lead off the applause himself, the whole party being mightily amused when the audience followed his lead. I saw some of them

afterwards, dressed in the garb of civilization, attending a meeting at the House of the Representatives, gathering, no doubt, pearls of wisdom to take home with them, and hints for the better management of their "pow-wows" and deliberative assemblies.

My duties did not allow me to pay more than one visit to the debates in Congress: whether I was unfortunate in my choice of a day I do not know, but certainly nothing was to be heard there on that day that would induce a stranger to go again for pleasure. In both Houses the occupation of members seemed to consist of calling each other traitors, and declaring, each for himself, that he was ready to answer for all that he had said, "here or elsewhere." Mr. Vallandigham made a speech, threatening that if the conscription were enforced there would be a revolution in the North—which, by the way, does not seem to have come off according to the programme—and was roundly abused for it by the speakers that followed. One of these gentlemen, in the course of his speech, travelled from his seat, which was in one of the back rows, down to the front, and back again up a different gangway to another place, talking and gesticulating violently all the way. This was in the House of Representatives. The Senate was a little more staid in its behaviour, its smaller numbers preventing it from keeping up the constant chatter of conversation and running about of messengers with notes in which the other House delighted. But the impression made by the whole, as the governing machine of a great country, was most unfavourable. From that day's exhibition, one conclusion was almost inevitable: "Rotten boroughs are better than universal suffrage." The day's performance may have been below the average: certainly, the scene is sometimes more exciting, for a few days after a senator came into the house in a state of hopeless drunkenness, and insisted on making a speech; and when rebuked by the chairman and threatened with removal by the serjeant-at-arms, drew and cocked his revolver, and threatened to shoot any body who interfered with him. For this he was not expelled; on the contrary,

he retained his seat, although for some days he refused to make the slightest apology.

While preparations were going on for the siege of Charleston, some of the new Monitors were to be seen fitting out at the Washington Navy Yard. I obtained admission on board one of them, and most sincerely pitied those who had to go to sea in her. The deck, when the vessel was loaded, being barely a foot above the water, with no bulwarks at all, it was only when the vessel was at rest in the stillest water that any of the hatchways or lights in the deck could be opened. At other times, the only opening for the admission and exit of air was the turret, which at the same time served as a vent for the stifling heat of the engine-room. When, in addition to this, the guns in the turret were being fired, the atmosphere below must have been of the most abominable description. The vessel that I visited carried two guns, one fifteen-inch and one eleven-inch. They were on iron carriages, close together, on parallel iron slides. The ports were about twenty inches wide, and about three feet high. The eleven-inch gun being very thin at the muzzle, could be run out, but the larger one could not: a sheet-iron box was therefore contrived inside the latter's port, into which the muzzle of the gun projected, and by which the smoke could escape through the top of the turret. This monster gun was about twelve feet long, and almost five in diameter at the breech, which was nearly or quite hemispherical. It was made, as nearly all the American guns are, of cast iron, and weighed about twenty-two tons; it was not chambered, the end of the bore being hemispherical. The charge used, I was informed, was thirty-five pounds of very slow-burning powder, with a solid cast-iron shot. A number of these huge globes were arranged round the inside of the turret. The performance of the gun has not, I believe, been considered satisfactory by the American officers. The mode of closing the ports was curious. A huge piece of iron was made to revolve on two vertical pivots, fixed above and below the port, so that when the gun was to be fired it could be turned aside, and as soon as the shot had passed

through could be swung round, I believe, by the recoil of the gun, so as to come close against the inner face of the port. Several accidents have happened at Charleston from these port-stoppers becoming jammed: no doubt because a heavy shot striking near the port would indent the metal of the turret, the thickness of which is composed of thirteen plates, each one inch thick, so much as to fix the stopper immovably in its place. A stout column or pivot stood in the middle of the turret between the guns, supporting on its top the pilot-house, which of course did not revolve with the turret. This is the post of the chief officers during an action: it seems to have proved fatal to more than one of them. On the whole, however, the Monitors, of which this was one of the improved specimens, whatever may be their other defects, certainly save lives in action; but their discomforts are very great. To say nothing of the fearful risk of going to the bottom in every slight gale, it cannot be agreeable to live in stifling cabins, exposed to floods of sea-water which pour through the leaky deck, bringing with them a beautiful and indelible yellow tint derived from the rusty iron.

As the work became comparatively light, and another battle seemed not far distant, I lost no time in getting a friend to take charge of my patients, while I paid a long-desired visit to the army of the Potomac. A letter of introduction from its old and still-remembered commander, General McClellan, obtained for me a hearty welcome, and most hospitable entertainment, in General Hooker's head-quarter camp, among the "great medicines" of the army. I was here able to see how the wheels of the medical department of an army of more than a hundred thousand men are kept in motion by their chief director, Dr. Letterman—an able manager, if ever an army had one. It was easy to see, also, how much the well-being, and therefore the efficiency, of an army depends on the maintenance of a good understanding between the commanding general and his chief medical adviser: in fact, the question might almost be raised, whether it would not be better to give the doctor the chief command, and put the general under his

orders ; or at least to give the former a veto upon all the latter's movements. A general sometimes loses more men than a pitched battle would cost him, by choosing a line of operations, or a camping-ground that his doctor could tell him must be dangerous : and, not seldom, sacrifices many lives and causes a great amount of suffering by hasty and inconsiderate orders about the removal or disposal of the sick.

The army was at this time lying opposite Fredericksburg, in the same lines that it had occupied ever since Burnside brought it from Warrenton, except during the three days employed in that general's disastrous campaign across the river. The right and left rested on the Potomac, while the line stretched forward in a vast horseshoe, fourteen or fifteen miles in extent, touching the Rappahannock for some three or four miles opposite Fredericksburg. The base of supplies was Acquia Creek, from which point a railway, crossing the Potomac Creek, which intervened, by a fine timber bridge (now burnt), brought everything up to the very front with ease. The army was now therefore pretty comfortable : all had tents, or shelter of some kind, and plenty of rations ; and the luckier officers had little difficulty in obtaining camp luxuries. Almost all had built themselves fireplaces and chimneys of stone, brick, clay, logs, or pork-barrels, or all combined, and had plenty of fuel to keep themselves warm. In fact, as camp life goes, there was little to complain of but the mud, which was certainly some of the dirtiest (always excepting that of Washington), brownest, deepest, stickiest, and most ubiquitous, that can be conceived. How the mules, wretched creatures that they were, ever dragged their loads through places at which one saw them being driven by their half-savage, yelling, cursing teamsters, it was difficult to conceive. These were the mules, by the way, that provoked the Confederate General Stuart's celebrated telegraphic message to the Quartermaster-General at Washington, dated from some place within the Federal lines where he had been making a raid :—" Sir,—You will please furnish better mules for the use of the army ; those at present supplied are really not worth the trouble of

capturing. Respectfully yours, J. B. Stuart." There was a marked difference in quality, as I afterwards found, between the mules of the east and those of the west. One of these latter was worth almost two of the miserable scare-crows collected by the contractors for the army of the Potomac.

Among the camps that I visited was that of the once-favoured Irish Brigade, now, however, sadly shorn of its glories. The whole brigade scarcely mustered a full regiment; and one regiment, in which I knew many of the officers, had only sixty-four men for duty. The lieutenant-colonel in command had just received orders to detail fifty men from his regiment for outpost duty. Things thus looked melancholy enough for this little band; but to do the Irishmen justice, though they got more than their share of the hard knocks, they took them with great good humour, and were as jovial and hospitable as ever. Practical jokes, and the recollection of former exploits of the same kind, afforded them their chief pastime, and they were fortunate in possessing an inexhaustible fund of amusement in the person of a certain fat quartermaster.

The valley of the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg is even now picturesque, and must have been much more so before the storm of war passed over it, leaving scarcely a green thing for miles on the north side of the river, and scarring the hills on the south with those brown chasms and banks that will remain to tell their tale of death after those who fought there shall have been forgotten. There can be little doubt that this will be, if one may so call it, one of the most popular battle-fields after the war. The whole field is easily comprehended in one view, and the movements of the battle can be understood by any one, however ignorant he may be of war. The high ground on the north bank commands a view of the whole range of hills behind which Lee was encamped, and on which are his entrenchments. The town lies below, so near that one can see people in the streets without a glass. A note to the chief signal-officer procured for me a complete view of all that was to be seen by means of the excellent glasses at the signal station. The name of the main street that was most fully in

view was Commerce Street, as one could read; and a certain Mr. Johnston kept a shop in it, but did not appear to be doing much business. Groups of idlers loitered at the corners of the streets, some of them in uniform; a few women were to be seen, and occasionally horses and carts. The people were badly off for provisions; and the signal-officer said that twice a week they congregated at a certain place where food was distributed to them. This was corroborated by the fact that persons were eagerly fishing in the river a little above the town; among them I remember one woman, who was angling with a rod and line. They were constantly there, the men said, and often dragged the river with a seine, or long net. This was all within easy rifle-shot of the Federal batteries. The damage done to the town seemed very slight, considering the great number of projectiles thrown into it; but we were told that many houses were destroyed at the back of the town, which we could not see well, Fredericksburg being built on a plateau between the hills and the river. From the midst of the town rose the two tall spires, conspicuous objects as one approaches the city from the north. One was riddled with shot; the holes in the other had been patched with sheets of new tin. They had been made special targets by the Federal gunners, both because they were convenient objects for getting range and elevation, and because the defenders used them as signal-posts. Besides, the chance of making so large a nine-pin as a spire, topple over with a shot, must be a temptation which few gunners could resist.

Behind the city rose the hills, covered with those long zig-zag ditches so puzzling to the unlearned. No guns were to be seen; but nevertheless a strong belief in the existence of guns prevailed among those who looked on from the opposite bank. In front of the right centre, I think, of the Confederate position was Marye's house, and the stone wall before which so many fell in the attack. The wall had now been covered by a bank of earth, but every man in the Federal army knew the place. Not far from this was the Telegraph road, where both then and afterwards severe fighting took place: it led

over the hills in the direction of Richmond. Far behind, and on the right and left, stretched Lee's camps, their fires lighting up the woods at night with strange effect, and stretching down nearly to the river at the extremities of the line. More immediately under our feet, as seen from the bank near the Lacy House, lay the river, a bright, quickly running stream, 380 feet wide at the place where the pontoon bridge was laid, as a captain of engineers, who was shot while making the bridge, told me. The bridges that once had crossed the river had been destroyed, and some of their tall piers still stood out of the stream in desolate uselessness. The railway bridge, however, which was of timber, had been reconstructed for about one-fourth of its length—a feat accomplished by the Federal engineers during the short time that Burnside held Fredericksburg. They had all their materials ready, and set to work as soon as the army crossed. The bridge, it should be mentioned, was probably forty feet high. At the point where the southern end of the pontoon bridge had touched the bank, the ground showed signs of the trampling of many feet, and the houses bore the marks of all that the Federal gunners could do for their destruction. While the pontoons were being laid, these houses were full of sharpshooters, who killed and wounded so many of the engineers that it was necessary to dislodge them. All the batteries within range were therefore turned on them; but though the houses were riddled and knocked to pieces with shot and shell, the sharpshooters began just as before as soon as the firing ceased. Eventually, a party of volunteers went boldly across in boats and ejected them. My friend, the captain, said, that as he stood on the bridge directing the men, he soon found the enemy firing especially at him, although he had on a great-coat like the men; but his sword hung down below the great-coat, and by that they knew him to be an officer. So he went ashore and took off the sword, which puzzled them, so that they did not fire at him when he returned; but they watched, and soon noticed who was giving directions to the rest, and then—whiz—came the bullets by him again, and

soon—whack—one that smashed his elbow, and whirled him round like a top.

Now that hostilities were suspended, the pickets, as usual, mutually agreed to abstain from firing, and a custom grew up of interchanging small civilities. These ingenious correspondents got a small piece of plank, which they fitted with a mast and paper sail, and aimed it so as to be carried by the wind to the opposite bank. The frail bark, if sent from the north side, usually contained some little present and a request for tobacco, with general kind inquiries; if from the south, a Richmond paper and some tobacco, and such a message as "Please send us some copies of the *New York Slasher* and a pocket-knife." The scene, however, was soon changed; at the end of my last visit to the camp the army was already in motion. I saw General Hooker leave his camp to conduct a hundred and eight thousand men to a more bloody defeat than that sustained by Burnside. The night before I had been at the camp of the engineers on the left, and knew that the pontoons had been taken down on wagons to a place three-quarters of a mile from the river, whence they were to be carried on men's shoulders, thirty-five men to each boat, to the place where two bridges were to be made below the town. This, however, was only a feint; the main army crossed some miles higher up. A scheme was tried by which all the necessaries for the army were to be carried on pack mules; I believe it failed entirely. The loading of the mules, which apparently had never before been accustomed to such treatment, afforded some amusement at the head-quarter camp; some trying to stand on their heads, others sitting down and letting the load slide over their hind quarters, others kicking, others rolling on the ground, but very few taking their work kindly. I had to hurry back to Washington, having but little time to examine the hospitals for the different army corps established in excellent positions near the railway between Acquia Creek and the front; the wounded would soon be coming up, and every man must be at his post.

At Washington the suspense was great. The army had gone, no one knew exactly whither. Hooker, who had always compared other commanders with himself, greatly to their disadvantage, was supposed to have declared that he would go to Richmond if he lost half his army on the way; people had believed in him when he pointed himself out as the great general wanted, but at the last moment the confidence seemed to ooze out somewhere. The anxiety in our house was extreme; the friends of all would be in this fight; and one of our inmates, my friend the lieutenant on staff duty, had got leave to go as a volunteer aide to General Hooker, "to try if he couldn't get shot," as he said. The first intimation that I had of the position of the army was a certificate of some kind signed by Dr. Letterman, and dated at Chancellorville, eight miles in rear of Fredericksburg. Soon after that wounded officers began to arrive, and crowded in thick and fast to the hotels and houses; the doctors' hands were never fuller. It is not necessary to recount here all the terrible wounds that came under my charge; I may, however, quote one case to show what a very unsubstantial bubble those doctors chase who pursue reputation. There was a certain general, who commanded a division in this battle, and was shot in the foot. This general, who came into my hands, thought that his toes ought to be cut off, and accordingly wished them to be cut off. I, being of a different opinion, strongly advised the general to keep his toes on, for though they would not be handsome toes, he never would get any better ones, and, in fact, declined to cut them off. The general getting better, toes and all, lo! an article appears in a Northern newspaper praising the said general for refusing to part with his toes when his doctor was anxious to cut them off, and drawing from his case a moral—how much better it is for a man to take his own opinion than that of his doctor. Not that I suppose that the general knew anything about the article, for he was a gentleman, every inch of him; but that makes the case worse: for it tends to show that it is on the opinion of the people who know least about you, that your reputation is ounded, whether in doctoring or in anything else.

My time at Washington was now drawing to a close. I had accepted a position on the staff of a general who was about to take the field in command of an army corps in Kentucky and Tennessee, which I hoped would enable me to see a campaign in good company. By a mistake, disastrous to me, the name of General Grant was inserted in the order instead of the right one; the consequence of which was, that I had to go down the Mississippi, among total strangers, just as the hot season was beginning. I was assured, however, on all sides, that there could be no doubt about my being immediately recalled, and ordered to the post that I had accepted; and in this belief, after turning over my patients to my successor, I took leave of my many good friends in Washington. I had been on duty there about half a year, during which time nearly two thousand sick and wounded officers had been registered for treatment at the office to which I belonged. I attended at this office every day, and all who could walk came there for treatment; the rest were attended at their quarters. For this whole work there were four surgeons, one of whom took very few patients; and during great part of the time I had to undertake the treatment of all the patients at the office by myself. The months therefore had not been spent in idleness. Of course the large number of officers, representatives of the entire army, who passed through our hands, afforded a fine field for the study of American character. They were of all classes, from the rough country boor to the educated gentleman, from the novice in soldiering to the West Point graduate. These last of course stood much above the rest in knowledge of their profession; it is indeed notorious that the West Point Academy furnishes officers to the American service at least as thoroughly educated as those of any army in Europe. Among the whole number there certainly were some skulkers—fellows whose object it was to keep away from their regiments as long as possible. Such men are always the doctors' plague. We had, fortunately, the means of dealing very quickly and effectually with clear cases: the gentleman was either ordered peremptorily to join his regi-

ment, or might find himself out of the service within twenty-four hours. To balance these, there were many brave fellows whose only anxiety it was to get back to "the boys," and not to miss a fight. Some of them, indeed, had to be kept back against their will, or they would have gone to the front in spite of illness or unhealed wounds that made them unfit for service. One captain I fetched back from the army of the Potomac, where I found him, by a threat of having him sent back under arrest. It was soon abundantly clear that, at least as far as officers were concerned, there was no truth in the common statement that the Northerners are not fighting their own battles. Out of every hundred officers there were probably ninety-two native Americans, five Germans, and three Irish. The Germans were almost all noblemen, as the "Von" attached to their names clearly indicated. On the whole, there was very little that was not agreeable in dealing with this great body of men. Many were rough, but very few ill-natured; I very seldom had to complain of being treated with the slightest disrespect. The most complimentary thing that I heard said of our office was the testimony of an officer, a total stranger, who came there upon some business after having had a long and profitless campaign among Government departments and offices. "Well," he exclaimed, after a short interview, "this is the only place where I have had any civility shown me since I have been in Washington."

Before leaving the city, I had the satisfaction of learning that all the friends of our house had had the good fortune to escape death and wounds in that terrible battle at Chancellorville; the battle in which the Federal commander was rendered temporarily incapable of giving orders by the concussion of what some said was a shell, others (I know not with what reason) a whisky-bottle.

The journey westward is a long affair; I made it a little longer to take in Niagara. After passing Erie, Columbus, and Cincinnati, I paused at Louisville, where I found my own general and his staff. Tidings had arrived of a disaster at Vicksburg, before which Grant's army had now arrived, and

therefore I took leave of my friends, in the firm but vain belief that I should rejoin them in a very few weeks at the farthest. The next point was Cairo, supposed to be the "Eden" of ancient chroniclers. This delightful spot, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, is protected from the inroads of the waters by high mud banks, on which if you stand you look down into the town. A row of aguish inhabitants stared at the train as it came in, and seemed to have nothing else to do. The place, however, is now more active than it has ever been before, on account of the war. From a placard that I saw I observed that the theatre has now been built; but I omitted to learn whether it is from the original designs of Chuzzlewit and Co. "And now," said a Northern traveller, after abusing the hotel and everything connected with the place, "it only wants a nice little volcano in the middle to blow it all up." A large steamboat is lying at the landing, and starts in an hour; and so on to Memphis. At Columbus, however, we are stopped, and made to take on board a regiment of infantry; at Memphis we are detained to make up a party of four steamboats, all carrying troops, which are to keep together and be convoyed by gunboats, as all the steamboats lately have been fired into from the banks. Then along the dull Mississippi again, with scarcely an object of interest on the banks except ruined villages and burnt plantations. The excitement of expecting rifle and cannon shots at every ugly turn of the river atoned to some extent for the dulness of the scenery; but probably our force was imposing enough to keep the enemy at a distance. A false alarm once drew a volley of musketry and a cannon shot from the boat ahead of us, and of course every one thought that the ball was about to open, but nothing came of it. We arrived at Young's Point, above Vicksburg, without having seen a single white man below Memphis. Thence up the Yazoo River, stream of ill omen, to Chickasaw Landing is but a step; and then I had joined General Grant's army. It was now about the 1st of June.

After a few days' delay, during which I was suffering

severely, as all strangers do, from the first pangs of acclimatization, I was appointed Medical Inspector of the Thirteenth Army Corps, which formed Grant's left wing, and extended its communications to Warrenton, on the Mississippi, below Vicksburg. This corps contained about fifty-two regiments of infantry, each on an average from 450 to 500 strong, besides cavalry and artillery; more than twenty-five thousand men in all; and nearly enough for the inspecting powers of one pair of eyes. The corps had suffered severely in the unsuccessful attempt to take the works by assault on the 22d of May, and the hospitals were consequently full of wounded. There was a short supply of hospital tents, and indeed of many other appliances; and many of the wounded were placed in houses, or in the porches or verandahs round them. We found that they did much better when they were removed under open sheds, made in the coarsest and most hasty manner of rough poles and boards. By far the best bed was one the pattern of which was copied from the deserted Confederate camps outside the city. A single layer of canes, about an inch in diameter, which grew plentifully in the neighbourhood, was laid lengthwise to form the bed, and supported by a cross stick at the head and feet. A strip or two of bark was plaited among the canes to keep them together; and the result was a light, clean, and cool spring bed, which yielded in every part to the patient's weight. In this, and in most other things, the rough and ready expedients were found the best; but no man alive could have counteracted the effects of that climate. Malaria, salt pork, no vegetables, a blazing sun, and almost poisonous water, are agencies against which medicine is helpless. They soon began to tell on myself, as they did on others much more nearly accustomed to the climate: the hope of being recalled also vanished: and after the middle of the third month of my stay in that latitude, I went North, having resigned my commission. The Thirteenth Army Corps was then partly on its way down the river, bound for Natchez and New Orleans. It has since been employed, I believe, in expeditions in Texas and Louisiana,

and has just suffered a severe loss at the hands of the Confederates on the Red River. Doubtless very many faces that I was accustomed to see must now be missing. The mortality at Vicksburg, both before and after the capture, was exceedingly heavy; how much there may be left of the corps after its autumn and winter campaigns still farther south it is difficult to conjecture. Diarrhœa and intermittent fever, both of a very severe and intractable type, were our chief foes: almost all other diseases were merged in these. The number of killed and wounded in the siege, after the first unsuccessful assault, was not great in proportion to the force employed; but a large proportion of the wounded died in the hospitals.

The impossibility of keeping so large a force supplied with requisites for the sick from depôts so far in the rear as Cairo and Louisville, was here severely felt: in our difficulties, however, we had one excellent and trustworthy friend, namely, the Sanitary Commission. This enormous voluntary organization, called a commission, probably because it undertook the work without being asked, has depôts and agents wherever the Federal government has troops: and whatever may be its defects, the benefits that it has conferred on the sick are immense. I have heard some of the chief army surgeons complain of its inferior officials, who like other Jacks-in-office, are now and then prone to be meddling and to give trouble; but all agreed in giving credit to its chief managers for the best intentions, and for energy and ability in carrying them out. The principal agent with Grant's army was a thoroughly good fellow, and consequently was of very great use to us: indeed without the aid of his supplies the sick must have suffered far more than they did. As an illustration of the difference between the two systems, it may be mentioned that when we knew that both the Medical Department and the Sanitary Commission had supplies of any article that was needed for the hospitals, we always preferred to go to the latter for it, and thereby avoid the delays and red-tape with which the stores of the former were fenced in. Ice was our

chief luxury, and very valuable indeed it was. For the supply of it we were chiefly indebted to the thoughtful care of the Sanitary Commission, which had accumulated a vast store at Cincinnati in expectation of a campaign against Vicksburg. The medical department also professed to supply it, but its stock was so small and so seldom dispensed as to be of little value in comparison with the other. It was not, however, till after the surrender of the town, when the steamboats could discharge their cargoes at its "levee," that the large quantity required for the hospitals could be at all regularly obtained. Before that time our over-tasked mule-teams were obliged to drag all the supplies under a broiling sun from the reeking banks of the Yazoo, or over the long road that wound through the hilly and desolate region, dotted with deserted camps, where the Southern warriors had once rested under the shadow of the blooming magnolia trees, that lay between us and Warrenton. To the medical staff the news of the surrender brought unmixed satisfaction: not merely because the perpetual booming of guns and displays of nocturnal fireworks had become somewhat monotonous, nor because the prospect of an attack in the rear from Johnstone's army, which would have fallen upon that precise part of the line where I and my friends were posted, was now removed; but from the knowledge that there could be but one end to the siege, and that its longer continuance could result in nothing but increased bloodshed and misery. The chief ground of rejoicing, however, was that there was no final assault: this, if it had taken place, would have burdened our over-worked surgeons with the care of the wounded of both sides; for we knew quite well that the besieged would be unable to take charge of their own. As it was, we found their sick in a most miserable plight: and the state of their hospitals was such, that a regard for our own safety compelled us to place them in the hands of our own medical officers for instant purification and speedy abolition. They had come to the end of their resources. About 15,000 men fit for duty were all that remained of Pemberton's army: his sick

numbered 6000 or 7000. Sheer exhaustion forced him to surrender; the stock of provisions found in the city was sufficient to prove that those who ate mule-meat need not have been impelled to it by famine; they were chiefly the "epicures," a captive sergeant told me, he believed. But it was known in the city that all was nearly ready for the assault, and it was supposed that Grant would endeavour to signalize the fourth of July by a victory: on the third, therefore, the forty-second day of the siege, the garrison hoisted the white flag; two days earlier than they need have done it, for the assault was to have been on the sixth. They had no chance of beating off Grant's overwhelming force, which now exceeded 100,000 men; made up of his own army of about 70,000, and all the troops that he had been able to collect from stations on the Mississippi and Ohio, and even from Burnside's army in Kentucky.

The sight of the interior of Vicksburg was enough to make one appreciate the blessings of peace. The chasms in the houses and streets made by the mortar-shells—of which by the account of the Federal admiral seven thousand were thrown into the town from a few thirteen-inch mortars on the river, besides all the projectiles of every shape, size, and degree of destructiveness rained into it by Grant's guns; the holes in the earth which were the dwellings of the inhabitants during the bombardment; the blackened ruins that had once been houses; and to crown all, the state of the hospitals; made one conjecture what one of our crowded cities on this side of the water—such for example as Paris, or Berlin, or Vienna, or Manchester, or London,—would look like, after a modern siege. Recent experience has shewn us that these may not be altogether things of the past. St. Paul's, the Pantheon, the Prussian king's palace, or the spire of St. Stephen's, would make much better targets than the Vicksburg court-house.

A few days after the surrender, the remains of Pemberton's army marched out without their arms, having given their parole not to fight again until exchanged. As they all filed

past my quarters I had a good opportunity of observing them. The men were, of course, dirty and toil-worn, and many had no vestige of uniform; but all were sufficiently clad, and had good shoes or boots. There was a large proportion of mounted officers, whose horses were in much better condition than might have been expected: the officers wore a light blue-grey uniform, made of cloth said to have been imported from England. I recognised, by the way, during the siege, another product of my native soil, in an unmistakable Whitworth shot that came plump down in the neighbourhood of my tent, in a spot where the day before it must have taken some lives. After the capture of the place, in exploring the fortifications, I came upon the gun that fired it—a breech-loading twelve-pounder, about eight feet long. The most remarkable feature of the evacuation was the number of negroes, chiefly officers' servants, who having elected to follow their masters' fortunes, followed the disarmed regiments out through the guards, and declined the offer of liberty made to them by their captors. I am indebted to my stay in the South for one or two pieces of knowledge that I did not before possess. One of these is, that the stories about the cruelty, brutality, sensuality, ignorance, and ferocity of the slave-owners, on which we have formerly been fed, are mere inventions, in the greater number of cases; I believed this to be so before, but I never knew it for certain until I had been in the South. Another is, that the mere abolitionist, at least in America, is a hypocrite, and a very cruel hypocrite too. I had seen the negroes dying by hundreds, like rotten sheep, in the "contraband camps" about Washington; but I did not then know that men would actually take the trouble to entice negroes from the plantations, where there was at least food, clothing, and shelter, when they knew full well that they were enticing them to a speedy death. Yet this was constantly done in the South, and by men who professed to be the special representatives of Christianity. Again, I saw many hundreds of slaves in the state of Mississippi, and on the opposite shore of Louisiana, but I never heard a complaint of ill-usage at the hands of

their former masters. When asked why they left their plantations, they all spoke of an expectation of going North, and being helped by somebody; but if anything were wanted to complete the condemnation of the American abolitionists, it is to be found in the fact that no single systematic attempt has been made by them to better the condition of the unfortunate creatures, to whom they have given liberty in exchange for bread. And what liberty! the choice of being drafted into black regiments, or of being made to work for the army in gangs superintended by white overseers (this of course is not slavery); or if their sex or age renders them useless for these purposes, of being deposited on some unhealthy spot in the neighbourhood of the army, there to wait until fever or small-pox comes to claim its victims. Among those that I saw was a troop of Mr. Jefferson Davis's own negroes, a hundred and seven in number. They, like many others, had been enticed by some zealous Christians to leave their only home: and bitterly must they, as one by one they sickened and died on the foul banks of the Yazoo, have cursed the day when they listened to those who lured them to their destruction. They had no definite reasons for leaving: they were always well fed and clothed, they said: they were treated better than usual when their master was at home—at his plantation on the Mississippi,—but at other times they had nothing to complain of. As Mr. Davis is well known by the northern newspaper writers to be a monster of cruelty and iniquity, these were probably hallucinations. Still, they were remarkably prevalent.

Negroes may perhaps be valuable soldiers. I cannot speak with certainty on the point, for I never saw them fight. If one might judge by appearance, they were worthless: if by report, they were cowardly. But there is one point on which I can speak from personal knowledge, and that is, that no motive for exertion was so powerful with a negro as the fear of being made to carry a musket. We found this a most useful aid in keeping our black servants in order. "Poupey, you rascal, if you don't behave better I shall send for the

guard and have you put into the black regiment,"—would bring a refractory Pompey to a condition of instant and abject submission.

After the disgusting trash that has lately been talked in the northern states about what is called "miscegenation," it may be interesting to some people to know, that of all the slaves congregated in the country round Vicksburg, there were not, so far as I could judge, more than five per cent. mulattos of any shade whatever, and not so much as one per cent. with any approach to whiteness of skin. It may be also worth while to mention that the mulatto is far less hardy, and shows a much more rapid tendency to decay than either the white or the black. So manifest is this tendency that it requires no great sagacity to be able to prophesy that nature will have nothing to say to the beautiful project of rearing a mixed race that is being discussed with so much delicacy by "sensation" orators and writers in America.

I have been sorry to see, since my return, all the old stories about the diabolical villanies of all slave-owners repeated in a pamphlet by an Oxford professor, with a profuseness of vituperation that would do credit to the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I have been sorry, because the arguments against slavery are irresistibly strong already; and they are liable to be weakened, rather than fortified, by hasty accusation and undeserved invective.

10. *THE CHURCH AND PEOPLE OF SERVIA.*

BY THE REV. W. T. GREIVE.

RATHER more than four days' journey from London is the city of Belgrade. It is a place of deep interest, as the scene of so many contests through upwards of four centuries between the Christian and Turk, and is still remarkable as the gate whereby the Danubian wayfarer enters the Turkish empire; but in this latter respect, within a comparatively recent period, its character is greatly altered. The ancient fortress yet remains in the occupation of the Turks, but the city itself has passed entirely into the possession of the Christians, and is the capital of the Servian Principality. The mosques are now deserted; no longer does the muezzin cry the hours of prayer from the minaret gallery; but the clanging bells of the Cathedral church of St. Michael the Archangel summon the reigning Prince from his palace, the students from the Theological Seminary, and the faithful lay people, to join the Metropolitan Archbishop in offering the Great Sacrifice after the rite of the Orthodox Church of the East, of which the Servian Church is an integral portion.

Stirred by a desire I had long entertained of becoming personally acquainted with the working of the Church in the East, I gladly took advantage of a summer's holiday to visit this city, and thence to make a tour into the interior of Servia. For the purpose I had in view this course had special advantages. Servia is not only easy of access, but, as being governed by its own laws, subject no longer to Turkish rule, its independent national Church enjoys a liberty of free action, under the guidance of its Metropolitan Archbishop and three

suffragans, scarcely possessed in an equal degree by any other portion of the Eastern Communion. My friends and I were the more encouraged to make Servia the aim and end of our expedition, as we had the good fortune to receive valuable letters of introduction to the Metropolitan and other leading personages, from the Rev. W. Denton, who has made himself well and favourably known throughout the country.

We arrived at Belgrade on Sunday, August 16th (or August 4th, Old Style, which is the use of the country). No sooner had we landed than we were at once hailed by a grave-looking man, who inquired if we were the *Geistliche Herrn*, expected from England. On our answering in the affirmative, he told us that orders had been received to let our luggage pass without examination at the custom-house, and that rooms were prepared for us in the town. To these we were at once conducted, and found ourselves installed in the house of a gentleman then absent from Belgrade, who proved afterwards to be an eminent Servian scholar, holding office in the Ministry of the Interior.

The Tuesday after our arrival we were honoured by being admitted to an interview with the reigning Prince. He received us with great kindness and courtesy, and addressed us in the German language, assuring us that it was always a pleasure to him to see Englishmen, as he entertained a sincere love and admiration for them, notwithstanding it was his misfortune to be regarded by the British Government as a somewhat troublesome person. He then desired us to sit, and we had a conversation of upwards of an hour. We were all struck by his unaffected dignity combined with the simplicity of the true gentleman. He asked many questions regarding the agricultural improvements in England, as well as the supply of light and water to the towns, and their drainage. He told us that the ancient Roman aqueduct which supplied Belgrade with water is still in existence, and that he hoped to have it reopened for the benefit of the town. It will be a gain to the inhabitants, as water is now so scarce that nearly every drop consumed is purchased from the water-carriers.

The conviction with which we parted from the Prince both on this and a subsequent occasion, has been deepened by further experience, viz. that he is a wise and patriotic Prince, moderate in his views, actuated by the simple design of promoting with all his might the good of his country.

It was this day too we visited his country palace at Top-schidere, which was a favourite residence of the late Prince Milosch, his father. It is a moderately-sized villa in the Turkish style, situated pleasantly in a garden amidst picturesque scenery. Everything is kept exactly as it was during the late Prince's lifetime; and his own chamber is interesting as containing a cast of his face taken after death, and his clothes just as he wore them on the day previous to his decease. On the table is preserved, under a glass shade, an *Antidoron*, of which more will be said hereafter.

In the garden were several felons, with fetters on their ankles, sweeping the paths and performing other duties of garden labourers. We saw other convicts under the care of an armed guard collected round a well in the village, it evidently being their duty to carry water and to make themselves generally useful. At a little distance from the palace is a sort of park, enclosed with a fence and stocked with deer. In it is a summer-house most agreeably situated close to a fountain of delicious water. This, and the neighbouring Monastery of Rokowitza, which stands amidst beautiful scenery, are favourite resorts of the people of Belgrade after Mass on Sundays and holidays. This day, too, we made the final arrangements for our expedition into the interior. We purchased strips of white cotton of Servian manufacture, which were arranged in flowing folds around our wide-a-wake hats, so as to convert them into something like turbans. We fitted on white linen coats, which had been made expressly for our inland tour under our friend the Pasteur's direction. And last, but not least, the Pasteur himself, and his wife, laid in a stock of provisions—white bread, caviare, cheese, and a multitude of other things all pleasant and useful for such a journey.

The next morning early we started upon our expedition into the interior. Our party consisted of four Englishmen, a Prussian gentleman, Pasteur of the Evangelische Kirche in Belgrade, a boy under his care who lives with him in the capacity of a servant, our pandour, and the two drivers. The party being large we required two wagons. These must be described first. They were lightly made, of simple spars placed upon axles, without any springs, and had four wheels; the sides were lined with willow basket-work, like miniature hurdles. Light spars were carried over the tops so as to form, when covered with a piece of matting, a fair protection against sun and rain. The splinter-bar was attached immediately to the wagon, without any splash-board or rest for the driver's feet beside the bar itself. As the driver sits on the very front of the wagon, it is somewhat awkward if the horses happen to run away, as we proved one day when those in one of the wagons took fright.

Before starting for each day's journey, the carriages were carefully prepared for our reception. The luggage was, for the most part, arranged at the back, to form a support for those who reclined against it; hay was then laid so as to form a seat, and over this was thrown a piece of carpet or a rug. Two sat thus at the back of each wagon, the pandour sitting in front with one driver and the boy with the other, whilst the remaining member of the party sat sometimes in one wagon, sometimes in the other, upon a heap of rugs, the wine barrel, or anything else he could find. On a long day's journey two are as many as can with comfort travel in a wagon, besides the driver and pandour; for on a bad road the fatigue of being tossed hither and thither is much aggravated if the position be in any way cramped. Our steeds were the light, somewhat small horses of the country, very hardy, and well fitted for the work they have to do. One of our drivers had a fancy to tie his horses' tails up, attaching them each on the off-side to the breeching. He doubtless did it in order to save himself the inconvenience of having his legs constantly flapped, and the chance of having his reins suddenly whisked

out of his hand. It could scarcely be so comfortable for the horses, as they were incessantly twitching at their fettered tails with a view to sweeping away the flies.

The drivers also had an odd custom which entertained us immensely. Whenever the horses seemed tired and began to droop their heads, as also whenever we came to a stopping-place or station, they had to undergo a very remarkable process. The driver descended from his seat and walked solemnly to the head of one of his horses, then taking its forelock gently into his hand he softly smoothed it out, after which all in a moment he gave it a violent jerk. He then would do much the same with each ear, always commencing most tenderly with the soft, soothing movement, and as invariably ending with the tremendous tug. This he would do to each horse in succession, not without advantage, for it seemed to have a most refreshing effect. After being thus shampooed, our steeds would shake their heads and become quite frisky.

Our drivers upon the whole were not bad fellows. It is true that we were compelled to dismiss the two with whom we started, the third day after we left Belgrade, for an attempt to extort money, refusing to accomplish the agreed distance within the day unless paid extra to do so. It was also impossible to make them, or those we employed afterwards, start at the stipulated time in the morning. It was of importance to be on the road early in order that we might have time to rest during the heat of mid-day, and to reach the place selected for our night's lodging before dark. On this account, night after night we agreed to start at four, five, or six A.M., and gave instructions to that effect. We rose at the appointed hour, just perhaps at the very time when we began to feel that we could sleep with advantage. But it was all in vain. We might fume and fret, feeling deeply the useless strain we had put upon ourselves; for after waiting perhaps two hours, the drivers would come leisurely round with their horses, regardless alike of our indignation and discomfort. They packed their wagons with perfect calmness, put in their steeds with utter indifference, mounted their seats, and then

looked as if they were waiting for us. The consequences of this delay were sometimes most vexatious. More than once we were hindered from reaching the point intended, and were thrown back a whole or half a day's journey. It also upset all the arrangements which had been made for our reception. Beds had been prepared, food had been cooked, and apartments made ready, all to no purpose. Worse too than this at the time, though we are far from regretting it now, this delay necessitated our putting up with the very humblest, not to say roughest, accommodation at some little mean out-of-the-way public house.

They had, however, their good points, and their faults are notoriously common to people of the same class all over the Continent. Other nations are not such nice calculators of time, nor so indignant when their plans are upset, as the English. No doubt we sustained the national character in the latter respect. But these men were almost always civil and good-tempered; more especially one, who whenever his spirits rose favoured us with that marvellous prolonged wail which in *Servia* passes for a national and patriotic song. One, it is true, whenever anything went wrong with his horses would mutter various curses, which drew upon him the just reproofs of our friend the *Pasteur*. This, however, is a habit not confined to the coachees of *Servia*, nor, it must be confessed, to that particular class in any country.

The next personage to be introduced is our *pandour*. There is a certain special pleasure in speaking of him, as he was a very great favourite with us all. For the benefit of those unacquainted with the term it will be well to explain what a *pandour* is. The name implies a guard or messenger. A certain number of such persons are attached to the service of all official personages, as the members of the ministry, the consuls, &c. Each town, and large village too, seems to rejoice in the possession of one or more *pandours*, who are at the disposal of the civil authorities of the place. It was thus that very frequently on our journey through the interior we had two or three *pandours* in attendance, besides our own

especial guard. The authorities loved in this way to do their English guests honour, and to make sure that we were in no way hindered on the road. They were wont to gallop along in front, turning everything in the shape of bullock wagons, oxen, or swine off the road. All alike had to move humbly to one side as the great strangers drove triumphantly by, ashamed of the trouble they gave. When a clear way rendered this unnecessary, they would one after another fire off the pistols, and career up and down the road at full gallop, exhibiting alike their enthusiasm and horsemanship. But to return to our own pandour. He is a handsome, active fellow, about thirty-two, and was dressed of course in the universal red fez cap, brown loose jacket of thick cloth very much braided, a ruby velvet waistcoat, thickly overlaid near the button holes with rich gold embroidery, and small metal buttons. His loose inexpressibles were of a deep but brilliant blue, tight below the knee, from which point they were laced as far as the ankles. Just below the knee, and just above the ankle, were brilliant red garters. His boots were ordinary highlows with elastic sides. Around his waist he wore a Turkish or Indian shawl, in which were placed his pistols and other weapons of offence, whilst from a leathern girdle below the shawl hung the sheathed knife which all Servians carry in this way, a box of caps, and other useful articles. It was the duty of our pandour to be our guard, our servant, our messenger—in point of fact, our courier. We could not have had a nicer fellow. He was invariably civil and obliging, under all circumstances happy and cheerful, ameliorating the trials of a poor hostel by his ready comprehension of our wishes and the skill with which he carried them into effect.

The next person to be mentioned is our friend the Pasteur, or Evangelical minister, of Belgrade. His work lies amongst the German and Hungarian residents in Belgrade, of whom there are about 300. He also looks up those who are scattered through the country, making periodical excursions for that purpose. He is paid by the Government, and has therefore a *quasi*-established position. There are six such Pasteurs in

the Danubian Principalities, who meet in conference at Bucharest or Constantinople once in each year. This gentleman introduced himself to us almost immediately after our arrival at Belgrade, and offered his services as our interpreter. As he spoke French, German, English, and Servian, besides taking a very great pleasure and interest in the objects of our journey, his assistance was most valuable. It is difficult to say much of one whom we number amongst our private friends. It will be sufficient to mention a circumstance thoroughly characteristic of the man, which could not fail to win our respect, as it must that of every right-minded person. We found in his house two young people, a boy of twelve and a girl of sixteen years of age. We afterwards learned their history. The Pasteur, in the ordinary course of his duties, fell in with a man evidently most dissipated, and at the same time seriously ill. On entering into conversation the unhappy man's German tongue touched the kindly Prussian's heart. He had him conveyed to an infirmary. He there visited him constantly, and was with him at the last. Previous to the man's decease, he told the Pasteur that he had two children maintaining themselves by labour in a provincial town, but that there were two still younger, in Belgrade, leading a vagrant and miserable life. At the Pasteur's desire he executed a deed appointing him the legal guardian of his children. Upon his demise, the Pasteur without difficulty found the two children, for they were but too well known both to the police and the prison warders. He took them to his own house, he fed them, clothed them, and treated them almost as if they were his own children. With unwearied love his wife and he sought to win them to a better life, and this in the face of difficulties which none can realize save those who have engaged in a similar work. Who could fail to esteem and value such a man as this? There were, of necessity, some essential points of difference betwixt the Pasteur and ourselves. His very position as a minister of the Evangelical Church of Germany involved this. It would not be right or truthful to hide it; but for this very reason we could not but admire all the more

the fidelity and loving care with which he sought to fulfil the duties of the office he had undertaken. It was doubtless not only exceedingly difficult, by reason of our very different habits of thought, for him to express our ideas accurately, translating them first from English into German, and then from German into the Servian, but it must have been at times a most trying task to carry on for us a conversation with dignitaries of the Orthodox Church, when our opinions ran so precisely counter to his own. He proved himself a most kind and pleasant companion; always genial, always good-tempered, a man of considerable ability, full of information, and bent on obtaining more. Like the larger number of his countrymen, he is passionately fond of music, and with his *Liederbuch* on his knee would sing song after song by the yard. Of the English members of the party little can be said, for obvious reasons.

We travelled on an average about thirty miles a day. It was comparatively easy work on the macadamised roads which connect the larger towns; but when we left them, to strike across country, we had in places to undergo a rare shaking. It was, in point of fact, at times impossible to remain in the wagons, so we walked, leaving them to toil over the hills with our luggage. Still, the roads on the whole are not bad, or at least they proved to be much better than we had expected. We were told that the only hindrance to their completion throughout the country is the constant expectation of a war with the Turks. They run for the most part through densely wooded forests, and are generally bounded by admirable fences. These are of two kinds—one consists of two sets of double rails, running from post to post, and between the rails, as it were dropped loosely in, are thick and heavy rough planks or stakes. The other form of fence is that which is common in some parts of the United States and British North America; it is known as the serpentine fence, and assumes the form of a zigzag, being simply made by placing long logs of wood anglewise in alternate layers, with their ends resting upon one another. Such fences imply a great abundance of wood.

We frequently drove several miles without meeting any one, save when we came upon a great herd of swine feeding on the beech-mast, or grubbing beneath the trees, with a few children to tend them. Sometimes a small village would come suddenly into view, with its little inn and general shop. Occasionally, too, we came upon a clearing, with a vineyard, or more commonly with some fairly-sized fields of maize, the melons and pumpkins creeping on the ground beneath the corn. But what struck us more particularly on the roads throughout our inland tour was, that every here and there, in the most unexpected manner, amidst the silence of the forest, often far from any human habitation, were a few graves clustered together, over which were placed rude headstones with a cross and incised Slavonic inscription coloured red and blue. Frequently a tall cross of unpainted wood stood in their midst, and occasionally the ground was fenced in. There is something very impressive and affecting in the loneliness of these quiet resting-places of the departed. There is a certain fascination in the intense calmness which reigns around. One loved to linger in quiet amid those who seemed so peacefully waiting for the Lord of the Forest to appear, as if even now they were engaged in silent communing with Him, and, beneath the dancing sunlight, were exulting in their beds.

The towns and larger villages had, as a rule, nothing very remarkable about them. The houses are seldom more than two stories high, and often but one. The roof is generally of low pitch, and projects greatly over the walls. Beneath the deep eave thus formed is sometimes a gallery or verandah, which, in warm weather, serves as an eating-room by day, and a sleeping apartment by night. In the towns the shops generally occupy this position.

We almost invariably visited the churches, which are for the most part modern, with some very notable exceptions. The ground plan is simple and almost always the same. It is a parallelogram only broken by the apsi-form swelling out of the choir on the north and south at the east end of the nave, and terminated by the apse at the east end, which

forms the sanctuary. It is divided into narthex, nave, choir, and sanctuary. Passing through the west door, or Silver Gate, we enter the narthex or place once devoted to the penitents, and catechumens or candidates for holy baptism, but now appropriated to the women. Over it is oftentimes the gallery, which formerly was occupied by the women in place of the narthex. The narthex itself extends the whole breadth of the church, and occupies, from west to east, about one-fourth. The south side of the narthex generally forms the baptistery, so that in it is found the font, which is occasionally of metal, but more commonly of stone. In some churches it resembled a trough about three feet deep, placed on the ground against the wall which divides the narthex from the nave, in its south-east corner.

Passing on from the narthex to the east, we go through what in large churches is called the Beautiful Gate, and descend a step into the nave or place for the men. This, together with the choir, occupies generally about two-thirds of the remaining space, which is terminated eastward by the iconostasis or screen of the sanctuary. There is nothing usually within the building to mark the separation between the choir and the nave, but on either side of the choir are the stalls for the singing men, and on the south the two thrones, one for the Bishop, the other for the reigning Prince. In the centre is the ambo, marked sometimes only by a circle in the pavement, whilst at others it is a platform of one, two, or three steps. From this spot the Gospel is sung, and, when sermons or addresses are delivered, the preacher also stands here. In some churches of the Orthodox communion out of Servia, the ambo takes the form of a pulpit in the wall of the choir or nave, with candlesticks on either side. The word is said to be derived from *ἀναβαίνο*, which renders an ascent of at least one step more appropriate. Farther eastward, on either side of the central or holy door of the iconostasis, are two standard candlesticks, either of metal or stone, which are capable of holding several candles.

The iconostasis is the screen of the sanctuary, corresponding

to the rails common in Anglican churches. It is generally lofty, and sometimes reaches even to the roof. It is covered with sacred paintings or icons. They represent various saints; but the patron of the church is always at the north end, whilst on either side of the central door our blessed Lord occupies the south, and His Virgin Mother the north. It is beneath the icon of the blessed Virgin that women kneel during the office of Churching.

In the centre of the iconostasis is the holy or royal gate, opening into the sanctuary, and leading to the altar. It usually consists of a pair of folding doors, behind which are some curtains. The doors are shut, and the curtains carefully drawn just previous to the consecration in the great liturgy; indeed, they are usually kept close excepting during certain portions of the liturgy or communion service, the administration of the blessed sacrament, and at high vespers. On the north is generally a smaller door, leading to the altar of prothesis; and on the south side another, which opens into that part of the sanctuary used as the sacristy. The altar itself is somewhat low according to our notions, and is quite square, standing on the chord of the apse, leaving ample room to pass both before and behind.

At the extreme east, against the wall of the apse, is usually a chair for the Bishop, and, if it is a cathedral church, his crutched pastoral staff may be seen standing beside it.

The altar is usually, if not always, of stone, and is so vested as to be entirely covered. On it in the centre lies the antimisia, or consecrated corporal, which is sufficient, according to the rule of the Eastern Orthodox Church, to render an unconsecrated altar fit for the offering of the Great Sacrifice: on it is usually written or worked the date of consecration, and it invariably bears a representation of the Lord's resurrection. It is kept, when not in use, carefully folded up, and upon it is placed the volume of the Gospels, which, in Servia, is generally a present from the Emperor of Russia. Behind, is the small ark or pix, generally of metal, containing the blessed sacrament, which is consecrated on Maundy Thursday,

and, after being dipped in the chalice, is carefully dried and reserved for the use of the sick during the ensuing year. These fragments are appropriately termed *Margaritæ* or pearls. To the north of the altar is the altar of prothesis, corresponding to the credence in the Anglican Church; on it are placed the oblations previous to consecration, and the sacred vessels when not in use. On the south of the sanctuary is the portion used as the sacristy or diaconicon; in it is the wardrobe of sacred vestments, also the two crowns and the veil used at marriages. It is well to explain here, that throughout the Eastern Church, as in the West, the office of marriage is divided into two portions. With the former, these two parts are termed the betrothal and the coronation, and are not necessarily performed at the same time. The whole office is given in Dr. Neale's "Introduction to the History of the Eastern Church," and is most interesting. The crowning is considered throughout the East to be what theologians term the *matter* of the mystery.

There are generally little silver lamps hanging before the icons, and during divine service it is usual to have many lights burning, more especially on festivals. Indeed, upon all the great holidays there is a perfect blaze.

One custom struck us as being exceedingly curious. We frequently observed on the pillar of the narthex nearest to the font, several pieces of wax, into which had been kneaded some hair. They looked, at first sight, almost like a large kind of fly or beetle grey with age, the wax serving as body, the hair as legs and antennæ. On inquiry, we learnt that this is a custom not ecclesiastical but popular, and admits of the following explanation: amongst the ceremonies accompanying holy baptism is the cutting off a small portion of the child's hair, in token alike of its dedication to God, and as being the only thing it at the time possesses to offer. Some of this hair the relations commonly put into a piece of wax, which they attach to the wall of the baptistery in token of the child's being now a member of the visible Church, and as having its part in the material as well as spiritual building.

We were much impressed by some of the services we attended. The churches, generally speaking, seemed well filled on Sundays and holidays, and the people devout. After divine service it is customary to distribute the "*antidoron*," or a portion of the bread which has been offered and blessed on the altar of prothesis. As the Holy Eucharist is emphatically termed the "*doron*" or *THE gift*, so this bread, which is given to those who, for one reason or another, do not communicate, is termed *anti-doron*, or *instead of the gift*, as a sign of mutual love, and that the recipients are in the communion of the Church. It is only eaten fasting, so that if the recipient happens to have broken his fast, he takes it into his hand, and either passes it to his neighbour, or else, indeed, more commonly carries it home, and eats it the next morning before breakfast. It is frequently taken to the sick and infirm, by whom it is much valued. In Servia it is generally a little round loaf, impressed in the centre with a square which is divided into four equal compartments. In each compartment are two Greek letters, signifying "Jesus Christ conquers." Sometimes it is cut up into small pieces, just as it is for consecration and communion. In this way, too, are distributed the offerings which have been made at the various thanksgiving services for the different harvests. The festival of the Transfiguration, which in the Eastern calendar falls twelve days later than it does in our own, was on the Tuesday after our arrival in Belgrade. We attended divine service in the Cathedral Church of St. Michael the Archangel. It was also the day of thanksgiving for the vintage. The grapes were borne in on large metal basins, and after service were distributed to the different members of the congregation, who pressed up with much anxiety each to obtain the coveted prize of a bunch of clustering grapes. This day, too, we also witnessed, for the first time, the administration of the blessed sacrament in the Orthodox Church of the East. It is a most beautiful and touching sight. We all alike have since expressed our surprise that no artist of renown has ever represented it on canvas. The richly-robed priest, with flowing

beard, stood at the central or holy door of the iconostasis, the gates of which are at this time open, and the curtains withdrawn. In his left hand he bore the chalice, in his right the spoon, for with the spoon the sacrament is given, the contents of the disc or paten having after consecration been carefully swept into the chalice. At the presbyter's left hand stood the long-haired ascetic-looking deacon, also in beautiful array. About four feet westward of the priest and deacon, facing them, stood two officials of the church, to prevent the danger consequent upon the pressure of the crowd. In front of these two men passed the communicants from south to north, as each in turn came up. These communicants were of both sexes and all ages. They stood before the chalice-bearing priest, with reverent upturned face, and beneath the mouth of each the deacon held his houselling cloth of violet-coloured silk embroidered in the centre with a cross of gold, whilst into it was placed the holy sacrament of love. After each had communicated, his lips were carefully wiped by the deacon.

It was new to us to see the communicants standing in place of kneeling, but throughout the East this seems usual in all the divine offices, and at all services save Pentecost, when it is the rule to kneel.

The communion of little children was also to us a novel, and at the same time most touching, sight. They were held up in the arms of their parents or other relations, and their demeanour was as reverent as that of their elders. Some of them were quite infants, for the Holy Eucharist is given to all above two years of age, and occasionally even earlier, it being the rule in cases of imminent danger to administer it to newly-baptized infants. This practice is grounded on our Blessed Lord's words in St. John's Gospel (vi. 53). "*Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you.*"

It was this day we observed a mother, accompanied by her husband, approach the north door of the iconostasis. She bore in her arms a poor little sick child. A presbyter,

whom we afterwards became well acquainted with, and loved dearly as the Archimandrite Eugenius, came forth from the sanctuary, bearing a small cross taken from the altar, and an office book. The cross he presented to the mother, who reverently kissed it, after which he said several prayers in behalf of the child, which could not fail to draw from us strangers a fervent inward Amen.

In connexion with the *antidoron* must be mentioned an interesting anecdote of the late Prince Milosch. I have referred to it already in relating our visit to the country palace of the Prince, near Belgrade. In what was his own room, on a table, beneath a glass shade, stands a costly silver gilt platform, upon which lies an "*antidoron*." We were told that he received this in church just previous to his going into exile in consequence of the Revolution of 1839. He was absent for almost twenty years; and, on his return in 1859, was equally rejoiced and surprised to find the "*antidoron*" exactly as he had left it. Regarding it as an evidence of the Divine favour, he determined in this way to preserve it, as a memorial alike of God's unceasing goodness, and of his own exile and restoration.

Topschidere, too, must ever hold its place amongst our happiest recollections of Servia, for two of our party entering the parish church found evening service being said. At the conclusion, the Papa gave them the first *antidoron* any of us received in Servia. It was the first day of our being able to realize, what afterwards we were thankful to know so well, the genuine brotherly feeling with which the Bishops and clergy of the Orthodox Church of the East regard their brethren from England.

Having said so much concerning the churches, it is full time to speak of the clergy. We understood that in the whole of Servia there are 750, of whom forty are deacons. We have often heard it said that the Eastern Church is lifeless, a mere petrification, which could never be roused into activity. Dr. Neale and other good authorities had taught me to believe otherwise, which faith was confirmed by all we

saw and experienced. The Orthodox Church of the East in Servia struck us as being ready to burst forth into full life and energy whenever it has full scope, and is no longer trammelled by Turkish oppression. The comparative freedom of the last twenty years has done much, another twenty will, we may well hope, do still more. At present, it is true, that the clergy, as a body, are but scantily educated, knowing probably little more of letters than the humbler members of their flocks, but, for all this, they are deeply respected. If, as the happy result of a settled state of society, with security and peace in our homes, the English clergy, as a body, have accepted the responsibility this involved, and obtained a high reputation for scholarship, not less have their suffering brethren in the East fulfilled equally well the requirements and responsibilities which their position demanded. To them doubtless, in a great measure, is due the wondrous spirit of self-sacrifice and true patriotism which has distinguished the people; to them, bravely abiding at their posts, enduring often the bitterest persecution, is due the success of that long resistance to the Turkish oppression, which they so unceasingly kept alive by their example and encouraged by their exhortations.

Whenever we stopped for refreshment at a village or town, we were generally visited by the Papa or priest. His long flowing hair falling in curls on his shoulders, his moustache and beard, his high round black cap, his dark cassock, red cincture and black or blue gown lined with crimson, at once indicated his sacred office. His face, weather-beaten and tanned, his hands hard with manual labour, all witnessed to the toil wherewith he earned his bread and eked out a scanty subsistence; but, although thus poor in this world's goods, there was not wanting a certain well-bred courtesy, and dignity of bearing proper to his sacred office.

He was usually attended by some of the principal townspeople or villagers, such as the doctor, the Government *employé*, or the telegraph clerk. It not unfrequently happened that they were evidently possessed of far more of this

world's learning than their Papa, and he did not himself attempt to conceal it, for he would refer our questions to them, even on matters connected with the doctrine or discipline of the Church. But, although he constantly did this, and they answered for him, still we never perceived any want of respect in their manner; on the contrary, he was always treated with the greatest deference, as one whom they valued alike for his holy office and personal good qualities.

The very poverty of the clergy, generally, and the need there is that they should labour with their hands for the maintenance of themselves and families, renders a high standard of intellectual culture at present impossible. Books, as a rule, are quite beyond their reach, save such as they gain as prizes at the Theological Seminary, or receive as presents. Still, they are all compelled to undergo a course of training and mental discipline of from three to four years, at the Theological Seminary, before they can be admitted into Holy Orders.

Some of the Bishops, Archimandrites, and Protosyneelli are scholars of considerable ability and attainments. Under their influence and guidance the standard of clerical education will doubtless be greatly raised in the course of another twenty-five years. At present, by reason of the incompetency of the clergy, there is little preaching in Servia, and even the Bishop of Schabatz, who is said to be a most fluent speaker as well as able theologian, preaches but about twenty-one times in the course of the Christian year. This is a marvellous contrast to the average 104 sermons of every English priest and deacon, but efforts are being made to increase the amount of instruction conveyed in this way. It is matter of considerable interest to the English Churchman to know that there is no jealousy on the part of the Orthodox Church of the East respecting the free circulation of the Holy Scriptures. All that seems to be required, and most properly, is, that the *Church herself* should be the translator and circulator, or that at least the translation employed should be sanctioned by her. In Servia, it is as yet a moot question whether the

translation to be adopted should be in the Ecclesiastical Servian or in the modern vernacular. Probably the result will be in favour of the latter, as the former seems to be little understood by the people generally, and special instruction would be needful for them to make it useful. I am the rather led to this conclusion, by the fact that the Bishop of Schabatz has adopted the plan of frequently having the Gospel read in the vernacular, after it has been sung during divine service in the ecclesiastical tongue, and then he expounds and explains it at length.

The respectful deference with which the poor parish-priest is regarded has been already mentioned, but not less is the reverence entertained by all classes for the higher dignitaries of the Church. We were greatly edified as we drove with the Bishop of Schabatz through his episcopal city, into the country. The people rose from their seats and came forth from their shops in order to make their obeisance to the Bishop, whilst he in return gave them his benediction, making the sign of the cross over his spiritual children on either side as we drove rapidly along. It was not only thus in the town; but from the little cottages by the side of the road in the country, the inmates came forth whenever the well-known carriage appeared, to offer the same filial greeting and to receive the same paternal returns.

What we saw at Schabatz was, as it were, repeated at Karanawatz, where we visited the Bishop of Usehitza.

One great characteristic of the members of the Servian Episcopate with whom we came in contact is sure to be appreciated by strangers, and that is their hospitality. To fulfil the Apostolic precept seems to be their delight.

It so happened that when we visited the Bishop of Schabatz, he could not entertain us at a regular dinner, as it was during the fortnight's fast which precedes the Festival of the Assumption; but he insisted upon our taking supper in his refectory whilst he wrote letters of introduction for us in an adjoining room. He also, on our departure, presented us with a roast goose, and a little barrel of excellent wine, which were

of great service on our journey. For the same reason, the Bishop of Uschitza could not feast us in his own residence ; but he took care that we should have an excellent dinner and admirable lodging at the house of one of his flock.

On our return to Belgrade we were yet more fortunate, for the fast was then over and the days of feasting had come, so we enjoyed the great honour and pleasure of dining with the Archbishop of Belgrade, Metropolitan of Servia. We were first taken to his Eminence's ordinary reception-room, an apartment about thirty feet by fifteen. At the upper end, on an ottoman or divan, sat the Archbishop, arrayed in the usual black cassock and crimson cincture, over which was a violet-coloured gown of flowered silk damask, with crimson lining. On either side of the ottoman, extending almost to the entrance of the room, was a long row of chairs for the guests. These consisted of ourselves, the Pasteur, two Archimandrites, some laymen, and a priest from Russia, habited like the clergy of Servia, save that his cincture and the lining of his gown were of a light blue. After a few minutes' conversation, we were summoned to dinner, and followed the Metropolitan to a handsome but simple refectory. On the wall were some portraits of his predecessors, and other pictures. Of the meal itself, it must suffice to say that everything was in perfect taste, and everything we saw struck us as being exactly what befitted the establishment of a great ecclesiastic.

One might have supposed that, as a consequence of the constant struggle they have had to maintain for their freedom, and the military ardour which leads the very children to become skilled in arms, the people would be savage and uncultivated, indifferent to the courtesies and domestic charities of civilized life ; but this is far from being the case. On the contrary, the traveller is almost sure to be struck with the kindly courtesy of most of those whom he encounters. The Servian has the character of hating strangers ; and, perhaps, with justice, when we consider that by the term stranger is understood the loathed Turk and despised Austrian. They have good cause to hate such strangers, but if they are once

made aware that the traveller is neither of these, he will meet with nothing but kindness. On the road and in the hostelry alike, he will be received with the same pleasing salutation in token of welcome, the lifting of the cap, together with the word "Sbogum," or, "May God be with you."

There are schools now established all over the country, under the care of the Minister of Public Worship, aided by a council of education. In them the boys are taught to read and write, and the simple rules of arithmetic. The masters are not unfrequently candidates for holy orders, and very bright pleasant fellows they are. In some villages provision is made for the sleeping accommodation of such children as come from a distance, in which case they only go to their homes on the Saturday, and return to school on Monday morning. This provision is very simple, a good-sized room, with a platform about two feet high, which, running all along one side of it, forms, as it were, one large bedstead; on this are placed mattresses, and, side by side, the scholars sleep all in a row. In this way a considerable number can be lodged, and the only other necessary is a tolerable kitchen, for the preparation of their meals.

The girls in Servia are not as yet so well off as the boys, schools for them being still needed. It was doubtless necessary in the first instance to begin with the boys; and the seclusion of the women customary in the East, as well as a matter of necessity when under Turkish rule, is only now beginning to give place to the use of the West, in which the helpmate of man enjoys her legitimate position of recognised usefulness.

It has been already mentioned that occasionally we were compelled to put up at very humble little inns. It is matter for rejoicing now, since it brought us so much more closely into contact with the people. One night, stress of weather drove us for shelter into what seemed, it must be confessed, as miserable and wretched a place as anything calling itself an inn could possibly be. We were not a little discontented at the time; nevertheless, discontent in some of us, at least, soon

gave place to deepest interest and curiosity. It was a scene which would have enchanted an artist. The men, in various costumes, were assembled in picturesque groups about the fire in the one public room, or else stood near to us, respectfully discussing our journey and other topics of the day. We sat without, beneath a shed or porch, sipping our coffee, and eating rusks, or anything else we could find. All the people about us were comparatively well-dressed. Some were arrayed in the red fez cap, the cloth jacket and loose baggy trousers, tight at the knee and prolonged to the ankle, similar to those worn by our pandour. This, indeed, in all varieties of colours, is quite the national dress. Others were attired in waistcoat and trousers, or shirt and trousers, of fine Servian linen, with a jacket of cloth or linen. All wore the curious socks of the country, generally brown or black, with flowers or some sampler-pattern (as we should term it), woven in, of most brilliant colours. On their feet were the leathern sandals with thongs, which are worn by almost all the people in the country. There were a few women, but they only appeared occasionally. They were generally dressed in a long white gown, over which, both before and behind, hung a long kind of apron of a woollen material, striped transversely with bands of red, black, or brown. The lower part of this apron, in some parts of the country, consists of a fringe dangling about the feet, which are either bare, or encased in the same description of socks as are worn by the men, and the sandals of red hide. On the crown of the head they wear a little scarlet fez cap, which is common to all ranks, and over it sometimes a silk handkerchief or a piece of white linen. Many also wear necklaces formed of gold or silver coins, as well as ear-rings and other jewellery. Most of the men were armed; some had pistols, others carried rifles or ancient long-barrelled guns, and from the girdles of all depended the sheathed knife, which no Servian is ever without. Some smoked cigarettes, which they roll up with marvellous rapidity, and others slowly puffed at long chibouks, whilst in a corner was a little weazen old man, with shrill and cracked voice, singing one

of the traditional ballads of the country, which he accompanied with the music of the goosle. The very name of this instrument is associated in our minds with songs of love and serenade. We have known it through the poems of Moore and Lord Byron, or the stories of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. It is not a little odd to have all these notions in a moment rudely dispelled when first we hear the monotonous scrape and twang-twang of a one-stringed violin, together with the thin piping chant of the minstrel; yet one gazed upon the old man with respect, for he was singing the deeds of the brave. He followed the profession of Homer, and was fulfilling his vocation, feeding the patriotic spirit of his country-people, recounting in verse the heroic endurance and self-sacrificing valour of their fathers. Much has been done in past ages by these bards to sustain the courage of the Servian nation, and we were told that the poems which have been collected are replete with deep historical interest.

That night we slept, or rather lay side by side, in the one back room, on a platform similar to that which has been described as at the school-house, but one foot from the ground. Little further can be said of it, excepting that, acting upon the advice invariably given to travellers in that part of Europe, we were armed with a bottle of "insect powder," which proved, however, to be but of little avail.

It is the invariable custom in Servia, common, I believe, throughout the East, that in all houses, public or private, the entrance of a guest is a signal for the production of *sladko*. A tray is brought in, generally by the daughter of the house, on which is a large tumbler of pure water, and a dish containing some jelly, which is very usually a confection of roses. There are also some tea-spoons, one of which the visitor takes, and helps himself to a mouthful of the preserve, which he follows up by a draught of the water. This is sometimes succeeded by a dram of the plum brandy of the country, or a taste of *liqueur*. It is considered ill-mannered to refuse the *sladko*, and it is no great hardship to accept it, especially in hot dusty weather, when the water is certainly very refresh-

ing. The usual thing before parting is a small cup of very hot coffee, without milk, but with sugar. This is regarded as the permission to depart, without which it would be scarcely courteous to do so. On our journey we were fortunately, for the most part, independent as respects food, as we carried a certain amount with us. We had a tin can of *caviare*, which, with a squeeze of lemon and a few drops of olive-oil, is no bad relish for brown bread or white, at a roadside breakfast. It requires, it is true, a little education to appreciate it, but the Servian air and a naturally good appetite go a long way to accomplish this. We generally managed to have some chickens with us, and the presents we received of wine and provender were exceedingly useful. At the very small inns it was not to be expected that we could find a very extensive larder, but there was generally a kind of cream-cheese, which served as a substitute for butter, and there were always plenty of eggs, with which our pandour, profiting by the instruction he had received, made excellent omelettes. In these places the wine was sometimes terribly rough and astringent; but, when it was mulled, with plenty of sugar and cloves, it became very palatable and refreshing. Some of the Servian wine is exceedingly good, more especially that known as *Negotin*. This they themselves regard as their best, and are justly proud of its reputation, which extends through the neighbouring country of Hungary, and there, as well as in Servia, a peculiar custom prevails in relation to it. The wine is known by the somewhat startling appellation of "Turk's blood;" and, whenever a bottle is opened, the first who tastes it looks exceedingly solemn, and asks, "What is this?" The second, having also taken a sip, replies, "This is Turk's blood;" on which the first rejoins, "Then let it flow." No doubt it is then allowed to flow as freely as befits the occasion. It must not, however, be inferred from this that intemperance is a vice of the Servians, for we saw comparatively few instances, which is all the more striking as we were present at some of the great national revels. Indeed, it was our impression that those whom we

saw had committed excess in this respect, and were, for the most part, not Servians at all, but Wallachians.

The Servians are inspired with an intense military ardour, and seemed to be possessed with as remarkable a love of drill as the British Rifle Volunteers. All the men between thirty and forty years of age are compelled to serve in the national militia. Those between thirty and thirty-five are required to attend drill at least once a week, whilst the remainder are excused, but not apparently to their own satisfaction, as we were informed that they complained loudly of their exemption, and wished to share the toils of their juniors.

The people are apparently devout and attentive to their religious duties. Their demeanour in church is solemn and earnest. We observed that our coachees were careful to cross themselves before taking their places in the wagons. They were also very particular in keeping the appointed fasts with great strictness. One day, without consideration, one of our party offered his coachee a small piece of bacon and some chicken which remained from one of our meals, but he at once with thanks declined accepting it, on the ground of its being the fast. We noticed that the majority of poorer people dined at this time on a soup made of haricot beans or other vegetables, flavoured with their favourite capsicum. It seemed too, at this season, that when we were entertained by the more wealthy, although they took good care to feed us well, they avoided eating themselves. On all Sundays and festivals, Divine service which is, of course, in the morning, the great liturgy, or, as we should call it in England, holy communion is at 9 or 9.30, A.M. On these occasions there are many communicants, of whom we were told that all above seven years of age were fasting from the previous midnight, and all above twelve had been to confession either that morning or the day before. In the diocese of Schabatz, of which the population amounts to 200,000, there were 72,000 communicants last Easter.

It happened, most fortunately for us, that two great holidays occurred during our tour in the interior. They fell on suc-

cessive days, one being civil and the other ecclesiastical, but both were alike national. The former was the birthday of the Princess Julia, the 26th of August (August 14th in the Old Style). We had arrived the evening previous at Kragujevaz, which was at one time the Servian capital; it is distinguished as having a palace and an arsenal. We were lodged in the former, the rooms allotted to the Ministry and their friends, when in attendance upon the reigning Prince, who sometimes resides here, being made over to us. A colonel of engineers, who is governor of the arsenal, was our host; a most accomplished and agreeable man. At 9 A. M. we accompanied him to the church, which was very full. It is far too small for the growing needs of the population, and a new one is about to be built. The service was well ordered and hearty. At its termination we received, with others, the antidoron or blessed bread. In the liturgy, after the petition for the Prince and Princess, was sung, with what seemed considerable enthusiasm, the national anthem. It is, apparently, a simple repetition several times, in various forms, of "long may she live, may she live long," &c. The unanimous singing of this hymn by the crowded congregation within, and the deafening salutes of artillery outside, the church, gave one the impression of a very general and very loyal joy.

At 10 A. M. we accompanied the governor and a captain of engineers, also a most agreeable and interesting guide, over the arsenal. It is a most busy place, and seems to be in very perfect order, notwithstanding the very great difficulties which have had to be overcome. It has only existed fourteen years, but must have accomplished a great deal within that time. The officers have for the most part been educated in France, Belgium, or Prussia. One of the most interesting objects is an engine of twelve-horse power, made wholly and entirely at the arsenal. We understand that a cannon could be cast, bored, and completed within nine hours. The old guns of the peasantry are all brought here to be rapidly converted into excellent rifles. All the materials necessary, it seems, can be obtained in the country.

This same day we visited Jagodina, where the Natscholnick, or principal civil officer, received us into his house and entertained us at dinner. The chief inhabitants of the town were there to welcome us. Those who did not sit down to dinner remained in the room to contribute their part, as well as listen, to the conversation. We were urged in the kindest way by our hospitable host to remain the night, and would have gladly done so had we not been somewhat pressed for time. Here, as elsewhere, there was great variety in the costume of the gentlemen. Some were in the national dress, resembling that of our pandour, only of somewhat richer material; some were in military uniform, grey and red, or grey trimmed with silver, or blue and silver; whilst others were in plain black and white evening attire, well shaven, and with their hands encased in new light-coloured kid gloves, as if they had walked out of a bandbox just arrived from Paris.

Walking into the principal street previous to mounting our wagons, we found it lighted up with fires of dry pine. They were placed at about every hundred yards the whole length of the street. At each fire were stationed one or two musicians, and around each set of musicians was an ever-increasing circle, for the most part of men, engaged in the national dance of the *kolo*. They grasped one another, not by the hand, but by the girdle, and then, with well-timed movement of the feet, in agreement with the music, the dancing ring moved round and round. There were two or three scaffoldings for fire-works or else illuminations on a larger scale, but we left before they were brought into operation.

The close of the Princess's birthday we are never likely to forget. We left Jagodina about half-past nine in the evening. For some miles our road was comparatively level, through a flat and somewhat uninteresting country; but soon after leaving the village of Kuprija we suddenly entered a narrow mountain gorge. The moon shone so brightly as to bring into marvellous prominence every little detail of the beautiful pass. As we pressed onward to our journey's end, we passed many a creaking bullock wagon conveying whole families to the monastery

of Ravinitza, whither we ourselves were bound, for the coming festival of the Assumption. The women and children were generally within, the men walking beside. Here and there on the river's bank were groups of people fast asleep. As we advanced, the glen grew yet more narrow, the rocks on either side yet more lofty and precipitous; at last a sudden turn revealed a spectacle surpassing all description, it was one of the most beautiful and singular we have ever looked upon—it was like a dreamland vision, rather than a matter-of-fact reality. In the vivid colourless light of the moon, amid the stately ruins of ancient towers of defence, stood forth in snowy whiteness the monastery and cloister Church of Ravinitza. Beyond, was a grand cone-like hill covered with glorious timber trees. In the foreground, on the steep bank of the river and above it, right up into the forest, were numerous stalls and branch-covered booths, with wagons, oxen, and small-sized horses grouped about them. On the ground were many fires of wood, over which were roasting, on spits, the carcasses of kids, lambs and sucking-pigs. Around, with faces reddened either by the heat, or the reflection of the burning embers, were men and women; some conversing or singing, some turning from time to time the spits it was their office to watch, whilst others lay at full length in the sweet oblivion of sleep.

We passed the monastery gate, and made our way by a broad stone-stair to a sort of large gallery or upper cloister, which opened into the Archimandrite's rooms, and those allotted to the guests. Looking down into the quadrangle, on the sloping grass beneath the massive walls of the cloister church, we saw several families asleep. The scene was altogether so enchanting that, wearied as we were, it was with something like regret that we betook ourselves to the comfortable resting-places prepared for us by the hospitable Archimandrite in his own apartments. It must, however, be admitted that we had abundant time to enjoy it. For not arriving until 1 A. M., the inmates of the monastery had retired to bed, thinking that, as we had not come at 11 P. M., we had been persuaded to stop for the night at Jagodina. For

at least twenty minutes a lay brother belaboured with all his might and power the various doors which opened from the cloister into the Archimandrite's apartment. We entreated him to desist, being heartily ashamed of awaking at that unreasonable hour the dignity in question, we told him that we would cheerfully sleep on the benches in the cloister. However, he persevered in the face of all remonstrance, and perseverance at length succeeded.

The next day was as remarkable and interesting as that I have already attempted to describe. We attended, at 9 A. M., divine service in the cloister church, which is dedicated under the title of the "Ascension." It was greatly crowded—a whole succession of women passed round the interior of the church, making a sort of pilgrimage, visiting particular icons, and depositing pieces of money, as thank-offerings for special mercies received. After the great liturgy or mass, there were several baptisms. The baptized all, according to the rule of the Eastern Church, received confirmation at the same time from the priest, with chrism prepared in Holy Week, and consecrated on Maundy Thursday by the Bishop. Among other interesting features in these baptisms, we noticed that the infants were not immersed, but were baptized by affusion, and this affusion was not threefold, but one. The godfather held the child over the font whilst the water was poured upon it. It was also the part of the godfather to hold a lighted taper for the child during a part of the office. These little points of ritual possess a peculiar significance and importance, which theologians cannot fail to appreciate.

We took a walk with the Archimandrite into the space outside the monastery, which was devoted to the fair or wake. He wore, besides the pectoral cross proper to his office in the church, a cross of gold as a decoration, which had been conferred upon him by the reigning Prince, in acknowledgment of his services in the Skupschtina, or National Assembly, to which he had been twice elected as a representative of the people. He seemed to be well received wherever we went, and was evidently regarded with very great respect.

It was a very curious and interesting scene. Much of the food which had been cooked over-night was now being consumed. There were many booths in which meat and wine were sold, also melons, bread, and earthenware vessels of a very coarse material, but often exceedingly beautiful in form. The food, more especially the roasted meats, did not seem to our eyes very attractive. A whole carcase of a kid or lamb is a most uncomfortable-looking object, a sucking-pig on its spit fresh from the fire looks terribly like a burnt baby, and a row of sheeps' heads spread in careful order upon a board, each with an eye shrivelled up by the heat turned to meet your gaze, is a truly ghastly exhibition.

Large circles of people were dancing the *kolo* already described. Their costumes were most picturesque and remarkable. Some of the women had head-dresses which would baffle the descriptive powers even of their own sex. Occasionally they were formed of a sort of network of coins, reaching down even to the waist, like a piece of chain mail. Some of the men were Wallachians, and wore a broad leathern girdle, with three or four straps and buckles; on their heads were great caps of sheepskin, either black or white, looking very like large mops.

Returning to the monastery, we had a *déjeûner*, or early dinner, with the Archimandrite. It was spread in the great cloister gallery already mentioned. A captain of engineers and some other guests joined the party. It was a very good dinner, accompanied by excellent wine; but that on which our kind host prided himself most of all, was neither his kitchen, nor his cellar, but upon the deliciously cold water from the cloister spring.

After we had all eaten to our heart's content, he made a little speech, in which he expressed great satisfaction at seeing us, and concluded by proposing our healths, and wished us a prosperous journey home. This was followed by a series of little speeches and health-drinkings on all sides; all of which were duly honoured by appropriate songs and (may Mr. Beckett Denison forgive it) by the ringing of the peal of bells in the

cloister church. Our own Queen's health was followed, at the special request of the Archimandrite, by our all singing, loyally standing, "God save the Queen."

And as we thus sat, eating and drinking and discoursing in the great cloister gallery, we were not alone. We were objects of much interest to the more aged and very young, who now began to crowd upstairs. Down below, in the quadrangle, in full view of our table, beneath the north walls of the church, were large circles of the more distinguished visitors, dancing the *kolo* to the music of bagpipes and flageolets. These were attired much as were those outside the monastery, the only difference being that the materials of which the women's dresses were composed were more costly. They had generally either velvet or satin jackets, and waistcoats of brilliant colours with a great deal of gold and silver embroidery. Nearly all of them had necklaces of gold coins; and, indeed, they seemed to stick these ducats or ornaments upon every available spot, so that as they danced there was a distinct ringing sound produced which impressed one quite as much as the music, or the murmur of the multitude.

Such a gathering as this in England or Ireland is generally a matter of some anxiety to the parish priest watching over the souls of his flock. This led to our asking the Archimandrite some questions as to the morality of the people, more especially as respected these festivals. He assured us that during twenty-two years' experience of the 4,000 people who form the population under his care, he has never known a single case among them of a woman falling into sins of unchastity. Other gentlemen affirmed the same thing.

This very popular custom of resorting to the monasteries on all the greater festivals is of considerable historic interest. Indeed, it has been, in the centuries of the Turkish occupation, a matter of the very greatest importance. The people found in the depths of the forest and in the gorges of the mountains, where the cloisters are almost invariably situated, a safe place of meeting. The greater number would arrive, as they yet do, on the preceding evening, and spend the night around

a fire. After a morning devoted to confession and communion, a fair and market followed, with sports and dancing for the young. It was here the youths sought their brides, while the aged sat together engaged in consultation. But more than this; animated with fresh zeal and hope by the divine offices in which they had united, they sang the deeds of their heroic ancestors, and decided what was to be undertaken against their oppressors. Here different families combined themselves, by a solemn vow in the name of God and St. John, to be faithful to one another throughout their natural lives. Thus were maintained those bands of brave men called "brothers in God," who, betaking themselves to the forest, kept alive the spirit of true patriotism, and from time to time issued forth from the green shades of their mountain homes to upset the domination of the Turks, who occupied the towns and the fortresses.

Leaving Ravinitza with regret, we had a charming drive of about five hours to Manassia, another grand cloister, founded at the end of the 14th century by Stephen Lazar, the last despot of independent Servia. Like Ravenitza, it is surrounded by fortifications, but the towers are far higher and grander than those of any other cloister that we visited. The church, too, is finer than that of Ravenitza.

We were most kindly received by the Nastiourtel, or prior, who gave up his sitting-room and bedchamber for our accommodation. We dined with him and the brethren in the refectory, together with a Slave pig-merchant from Hungary, who was travelling through the country on business.

On our way to this monastery we had met a crowd of returning guests, who had been spending the day and previous night in a manner similar to those at Ravinitza. There were, however, among them far more Wallachians than we had seen before. The difference was not only perceptible in dress, but in the heavier, coarser features, both of the men and women. There had evidently been far more self-indulgence here than at Ravinitza, both in eating and drinking. These Wallachians are supposed by some to have been the oldest

race in the country, and to be the pure descendants of those Dacians who were conquered by Trajan. Some of the dresses were very odd, especially those of the women. One of these latter had adorned her head, not only in the wonted mail of coins, but with an extensive peacock's tail, which greatly excited the astonishment of our drivers, who were from the western side of the country, and therefore unaccustomed to such a sight. They evidently considered that there was something uncanny about her: and one solemnly signed himself with the cross, and then blessed her aloud in the name of the most Holy Trinity; a proceeding which so greatly scandalized our friend the Pasteur as to draw upon the man a summary reproof.

We enjoyed our evening at this cloister immensely. It was charming in the cool of eventide to sit amid the grand old ruins, gazing on the wondrous combination of dome and tower, church and fortress, bathed in the flooding moonlight. The Nastiourtel, or prior, joined us, and seemed gratified at our admiration. He made himself very agreeable, and kept up a constant fire of questions, through the Pasteur, as to the events of our journey. We retired to bed with regret, but weariness, and the having to start betimes the next day, made it necessary.

We rose early the following morning as the *semantron*, a wooden board struck with a mallet, was summoning the community to prayers. This method is adopted in all monasteries throughout the Eastern Church. The bells are reserved for summoning the neighbourhood to the Great Liturgy, for the expression of joy on festivals, and other great occasions. Among the latter may be mentioned the visits of welcome guests, for we were honoured with a full peal.

The Nastiourtel kindly accompanied us some miles in his carriage, and only bade us farewell at the boundary of the cloister property. It seems that there are some large and excellent farms belonging to the monastery, but all the revenues of this as well as of the other religious houses in Servia are collected and disposed of by the Government.

Our journey onwards to Belgrade, by way of Swilainatz, Poscherawatz, and Semandria, was a sort of grand ovation to the English travellers, who were regarded in the light of national guests. At Swilainatz, we were most hospitably entertained by a gentleman, Stojan Petrovitch, whom we understood to be a retired senator. After the farewell libation of coffee, we bade an affectionate farewell, and, mounting our wagons, continued what might fairly be esteemed as our triumphal progress. This was something which really beggars description.

On the road were several villages, and as we drew near the people hurried forth from their work in order to give the English travellers, "the friends of Denton," a cordial reception. In each such village was drawn up in line a body of peasants, labourers, and handicraftsmen, with their Papa at their head, together with the schoolmaster, tax-collector, telegraph-clerk, or other notables. On a table was spread the inevitable *sladko*, clusters of grapes, and wine. Around the table were a few chairs. The wagons stopped, and we descended. The Papa kissed our cheeks as brother presbyters, the people our hands, which they also shook most heartily. Then came the invitation to sit, the *sladko* was handed round, then the coffee, and, in some cases, the dram of plum brandy, finally, the grapes and the wine. Meanwhile, kindly hopes were expressed that we were in good health, and had enjoyed our tour. Sometimes, too, inquiries were made as to the health of her Majesty the Queen, which we also did our best to answer. Then we were asked what we thought of the country and people. Lastly, came wishes for our prosperous journey home; after which, laden with grapes, we mounted our wagons, and, followed by the "God speed you" of the people, amidst the waving of caps, we started once more to renew the same scene at the next village. That night we spent at Poscherawatz. We were entertained by the Natscholnick, who introduced us to the ladies of his household, his brother the presiding judge of the district, and the Kapetan, whom he had invited to meet us. After a very pleasant evening,

enlivened by a few songs, amongst which, as a matter of course, by special request of the Natscholnick, was "God save the Queen," we retired to rest. Three of our party slept on the divan in the Natscholnick's drawing-room, and two at the judge's house, which was on the adjoining property.

We were up betimes the next morning, and, after a refreshing wash at a well in the court-yard, we had each our *café au lait* and bread, and, accompanied by the Natscholnick and the Kapetan, we proceeded on our way towards Semandria and Belgrade.

When we arrived at the bank of the Morava, where the Natscholnick's district terminated, we found a homely breakfast spread on a table under some grand forest trees. There was also a group of knates and villagers awaiting our arrival. The breakfast consisted of brown bread and maize bread, cheese, cold roast fowl, coffee, and wine. Thus we took, *al fresco*, our farewell meal with our very kind and hospitable friends, the Natscholnick and the Kapetan. Having done full justice to the fare, and thanked the villagers, as well as our host, with all of whom we shook hands most heartily, we crossed the Morava in the ferry-boat.

Semandria is remarkable for the beautiful church and the fortress, which are carefully described in Mr. Denton's book, in which, also, will be found interesting sketches of them both. Visiting the church, we found great preparations being made for a feast in the churchyard. This is a common practice, especially when there is no monastery near to which they may go in preference. Nearly all the great festivals are observed in this way. The number of tables, plates, and glasses gave us the impression that a large company of at least some two or three hundred was expected. One of the stewards insisted upon our eating some grapes and drinking a little wine. It was done in the kindness of his heart; but he little thought what a trial he imposed in keeping us close to some small pieces of cannon which after being loaded and frightfully rammed down with clay, hammered tightly into the very

muzzle's mouth, were fired, producing the noisiest and most deafening explosions possible.

We, of course, visited the fortress, with the glorious tower of George Brankowitch, so remarkable for its great cross of red brick, running right through the whole thickness of the massive stone wall. The traveller can not fail to gaze upon it with deepest interest. Built in the year 1444, just previous to the disastrous battle of *Warna*, it, as it were, anticipated the sad results of that defeat. It then, as a sentinel on the very outskirts of Christendom, looked Eastward at the threatening hosts of the Infidel, and flung forth boldly the glorious ensign of the Faith—when four years afterwards all seemed lost; when, as a consequence of the second battle of *Kossovo* Hungary itself succumbed, when *Buda* became a Turkish citadel, when *Vienna* itself was threatened—still did the Tower of George Brankowitch tell a tale of hope to the Servian bravely struggling for his liberty. Through four centuries of Turkish occupation has the great red cross, like the Church of *Servia* itself, blazed forth the brighter for the blows and smitings to which it has been subjected. The chisel and the hammer, the ball and the bullet, have alike failed to efface it, for nothing but the destruction of the tower itself could effect the obliteration of the sign so loved by the Christian, so abhorred by the Infidel.

After a pleasant passage up the *Danube*, we were once more installed in our old apartments in *Belgrade*. Then came a wondrous gush of hospitality. We seemed to live two days in one. It was only in this way that we could accomplish all we either desired ourselves, or were by our friends expected to do.

We had on the Sunday a long interview by appointment with the Metropolitan. It was deeply interesting. And whilst on the one hand we were glad to answer his Eminence's questions respecting the doctrine, and discipline of the Church of *England*, we were glad of the opportunity to inform ourselves more exactly respecting certain practices of the Servian Church, or rather of the Orthodox Church of the East, than

was previously possible. It was not a little gratifying to find the Metropolitan, and the Archimandrites who were present, taking so lively an interest in the affairs of the English Church. They showed themselves in many respects better acquainted with her history and position than we could have anticipated. We have reason to hope that, before long, they may possess a yet fuller knowledge and experience, as the result of a visit to England itself. The Archbishop sat with his klobouk and veil on his head the whole time of our interview. The Bishop of Schabatz, apologizing for remaining covered, had informed us that it is the rule of the Eastern Church for all of the Episcopal order to be so at all times. The only occasion on which I observed the Metropolitan to be uncovered was in the Cathedral, during the singing of the Gospel, and also at the Consecration, when both he and the Prince descended from their thrones and stood on the floor of the choir.

Before we took our leave, his Eminence invited us to dine with him the next day. This I have mentioned already. It was our last day in Belgrade; and, on bidding farewell, the Archbishop especially begged to be affectionately commended to his brethren the Lord Bishop of London, the Lord Bishop of Oxford, and to the Rev. William Denton—after this we each received his blessing, and, on rising from our knees, as we offered, according to the custom of the Eastern Church, to kiss his hand, he raised us up and kissed us each paternally and lovingly upon the cheek. We thus parted—parted with regret at least on our side, that a long and somewhat toilsome journey must separate us; but still with joy and heartfelt satisfaction that, amid the miserable divisions of Christendom, we English Churchmen had found so much love and sympathy in the Ancient Church of Servia, true brethren in her clergy, and affectionate fathers in her Bishops. We had entered, in a spirit of love and reverence, within the skirts of the great Church of the East, and had found a blessing in it.

In connexion with this parting, we can look back gratefully to a speech made by the Archimandrite, who is the Arch-

bishop's commissary, and consequently the leading ecclesiastic in the diocese. He was expressing the pleasure it afforded him and his brethren to see English clergymen in Servia. He himself entertained the deepest respect and admiration for the clergy of the Church of England. He was well aware of their reputation for learning, and how thoroughly they deserved it. But that which excited more especially his respect and admiration was, their employing that learning for the best and holiest of purposes, namely, the spreading a knowledge of the faith, and circulating carefully executed translations of the Holy Scriptures. He hoped that God would prosper them in their pious labours, and that they would reap an abundant reward. Thus, with words of genial kindness, our stay amongst the Servians drew to its close. It was a lovely September evening when we embarked in a little boat to cross at our leisure to the Austrian shore. Our luggage had gone before in the steamer. We made a pleasant little party, the four Englishmen, the Herr Pasteur and his wife, the Rector of the Theological Seminary, and our kind host in Belgrade, Dr. Nicolas Krstig. There was something very delightful in rowing over the clear stream of the Save. Little more than an hour, which flitted but too swiftly by, brought us once more to Semlin. There in the garden of a café we sat and supped, our meal enlivened by the music of some Hungarian gypsies. It was a charming final hour with our friends. We had known them but a few weeks; still, we had so many thoughts in common, we had been thrown so much together, there was so much of mutual respect and love, that we were already old friends, and there was something of pain in parting. Yet we did so in the hope that we may be permitted to meet again in this life, and that the friendship, commenced amidst the solaces and joys of a summer holiday, may find its consummation and perpetuity in the rest and happiness of the world to come.

It is, at present, a great question whether in the season of change and progress upon which the Servian people is undoubtedly now entering, the Servian Church will be

able to retain the full allegiance of her children. It can only do so by keeping pace with the advancing tide of education, and requiring a higher standard of learning from the candidates for holy orders. At present, the Church possesses almost boundless influence, as having done so much to obtain the freedom of the people. It would be sad if it lost ground in any respect, and we English Churchmen have good cause to aid in averting any such calamity. The Church of Servia is a part of that great communion, which, as it has never been condemned by the Church of England, so never has it lifted up voice or hand against her. Separated geographically rather than doctrinally, we may hope ere long, in the providence of God, for a closer spiritual relation. The paternal reception given by the Servian hierarchy to English Churchmen, so lovingly responded to by the Bishops of London and Oxford, followed up as it surely will be by a closer mutual acquaintance, can scarcely fail to promote a yet more intimate communion. Anything which tends to the healing of division, and the visible reunion of Christendom, is matter of joy to all Christian men. At present, we are compelled of necessity to look for conciliation and a kindly spirit rather to the East than to the West; and we cannot too greatly appreciate our existing relations to the Church of the Servians, poor as it is in this world's good, but rich in suffering, in steadfastness, in devotion. Throughout the Orthodox Communion a wondrous unity prevails; the whole body is as one man; what is done in Montenegro or Belgrade is at once felt in Constantinople and St. Petersburg; it vibrates from the extremities to the great centres of life. A little love and kindness manifested by English Churchmen to the suffering Christians under Turkish dominion, would ensure the grateful affection of the whole Christianity of the East, and foster a feeling which, at some future time, might lead to important results in the blessed work of restoration, and the simple reunion of Christendom. In the fathers of the undivided Church, the East, the North, and the West, all meet together. It might be the proud office of Englishmen

to provide translations of the more important patristic theology in the Slavonic for the use of the Servian clergy. Such a present from the English Universities to the Servian Episcopate would doubtless be greatly valued. In this, and in similar ways, we might legitimately emulate Russia, whose preponderating influence is so jealously watched by the Governments of western Europe. That influence has been obtained by the substantial help she has given, and the loving care with which she has watched over the interests of the Eastern Communion. The Christians in Turkey would be sadly ungrateful did they not bear some love to Russia, and allow her some influence in their councils. But their intense desire for national independence leads them to fear the advance of their powerful friend, and they look longingly to England, the boasted land of the free, for some sympathy and aid in the great work of obtaining their liberty. May this sympathy and this aid be accorded whilst it can be of true service.

11. *WILDERNESS JOURNEYS IN NEW BRUNSWICK.*

BY THE HON. ARTHUR GORDON.

DURING the period of my residence in New Brunswick the exploration of its rivers and forests has formed the chief recreation of my leisure time. To visit the already settled districts of the province, and examine into the growth and condition of rising townships, is a part of my official duty ; but the expeditions to which I refer, and which have led me through vast tracts of unbroken wilderness, entitle me in all strictness to assume the designation of a "Vacation Tourist."

It had originally been my intention to have described these wanderings in some detail, but on carefully looking over my various journals, I came to the conclusion that whilst a minute narrative of such journeys might form a not unsuitable,—though somewhat sleep-inducing,—paper for a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, it would prove sadly uninteresting to the general public, consisting, as it for the most part would, of a monotonous itinerary, in which the events of day after day were almost precisely similar for weeks together ; whilst the notes taken had chiefly reference to the number of hours travelled by land or water, the various birds, plants, or animals observed during the day, the nature of the vegetation or the soil, the course and volume of the streams crossed, or falling into the river which (if we were in canoes), formed our highway, together with, in this case, the elevation and aspect of the banks as we proceeded. I have therefore relinquished this idea, and propose simply to throw together a few sketches of forest life—a few descriptive notes of such natural objects as have most vividly attracted my

attention—and a few curious legends which I have learned from the Indian companions of my rambles. I have no remarkable discoveries to record, or exciting personal adventures to narrate, yet it is possible that these pages may not be wholly uninteresting, both as containing some particles of information with reference to one of the least known dependencies of the British Crown, and as descriptive of a mode of life which, however frequently described, must always preserve an attraction for the young and adventurous.

There is a charm in forest life and its freedom, which is ever new for those who have strength of body and a temper of mind which enable them to enjoy it, but which is almost inexplicable to those who have never tried it, or never surrendered themselves to its influence; for the many drawbacks and disagreeables which attend life in a wilderness are easily described and almost self-evident, whilst its pleasures are more difficult to define. A most repulsive picture of camp life, even in summer, might be drawn without any departure from truth—mosquitoes and sand-flies tormenting the traveller by night, black flies biting him well-nigh into madness by day, with the alternative of a cramped seat for hours of broiling sunshine in a frail canoe, or a treadmill-like walk through close stifling woods, perpetually climbing over the trunks of fallen and decaying trees, sometimes many feet from the probably wet and swampy ground. He has but hard and uncertain fare to look forward to; perhaps a wet night to sleep in, followed by steady rain, drenching every article of clothing or consumption. All these little miseries, duly coloured and dwelt on, would go far to make life in the woods, even in summer, appear but a dubious pleasure; whilst, as for a winter camp, it would not be hard to show that a man, who with the thermometer 20° below zero, deliberately leaves his fireside and arm-chair for a bed on the snow, there to be begrimed with smoke and browned with dirt, must be little short of insane.

Of the forests in other parts of America I have no knowledge; but certainly those in New Brunswick are very

unlike what my imagination had pictured from description. I remember in my boyish days reading in Cooper's novels of parties travelling on horseback through the woods for days together, without any apparent difficulty. I should like to see the horse that could make its way over the loose masses of windfall, and through the tangled underbrush and broad belts of swamp which form a New Brunswick thicket! So difficult indeed is progression through the unbroken woods, unless a way is cut with axes as the party proceeds, that recourse is almost always had to the water, and any expedition chooses the line of one of the numerous rivers for its route, only making short occasional trips inland from the banks.

For these voyages two kinds of canoe are used—that of birch bark, or one dug out of a single log. The latter are used by the white settlers exclusively, and have the advantage of standing rough shocks, which would crush the frail bark craft like an egg-shell; but they draw more water, and as they are necessarily very narrow, they are both uncomfortable and unsafe, as the slightest incautious movement is sufficient to upset them, or rather to jerk overboard the unwary occupant. The bark canoe again has two varieties, adapted to the different services to which it may be put. The Melicete tribe, who live along the St. John and other inland rivers, build narrow canoes with a gunwale even along its whole length, or if anything slightly depressed in the centre: the Miamaes, on the other hand, who live on the sea-coast, and whose canoes are exposed to rough weather, adopt a different model, far broader in the beam, and with gunwales which rise towards the centre and curve inwards, to protect the canoe from shipping seas in broken water. The Melicete canoe holds two persons, or perhaps three—that of the Miamaes will comfortably carry two or more passengers and two paddlers. In shallow or broken water the paddles are exchanged for long poles, by which the canoes are urged against the stream or warded off rocks and bars if descending with the current. Of course the distance travelled varies greatly according to the strength of the stream. In

descending the Metapedia, I have gone more than fifty miles in less than ten hours, including a long mid-day halt; in ascending a river, I think three miles an hour is a very good average rate; the progress made is generally less.

To those who are keenly alive to impressions from natural objects, few things are more delightful than to drop down some great river, where every frequent turn presents, notwithstanding the monotony of continual forest, some new view; and where, as you smoothly glide on, a perpetual succession of fresh pictures is presented to the eye—where the play of the sunlight on the leaves, and rocks and water;—the beautiful kingfishers startled from their nests;—the great owl waked by the splash of the poles or the sound of voices, and winking and blinking from his cedar bough;—the small excitement of the descent of some foaming rapid;—the sight of flowers bright and unknown, and of ferns almost tropical in their luxuriance;—the mid-day halt under the shade of some spreading tree;—the luxurious bathe in the still, lazy warmth of noon;—the pauses to fish at any tempting pool;—all combine to make the day pass in dreamy delight. Towards evening, the declining sun warns us to camp. All eyes are turned in search of some suitable spot, and at the first which appears eligible the canoes are run to the shore and lifted carefully out of the water. The spot thus selected may be sometimes a sandy or pebbly little promontory, jutting into the swift stream which runs round it with musical murmur;—sometimes a grassy bank bare of trees;—sometimes the beach;—sometimes, indeed, no natural camping-ground offers itself, and room has to be cleared by the axe in the wood itself. Those who land are immediately surrounded by swarms of biting, buzzing, stinging, humming insects, and the first thing done is, to diminish their annoyance, by making a smoke, if possible, with the dry aromatic bark of the American cedar, to the scent of which they entertain a special aversion. The site for the camp is chosen where the current of air, which always blows up or down the river, may have free access to it; the skins and packs are dragged out of the canoes, and thrown down on the spot, and the party separates

to perform their respective shares in constructing the camp. Saplings are soon felled, and a couple of forks erected at such a distance from each other as the number of the party may require, a ridge pole placed on them, and then other saplings laid against this, over which is stretched a piece of sail-cloth, should the party possess such a luxury; if not, or if the weather threatens heavy rain during the night, their labour is prolonged. A spruce tree of some size is selected, a long straight cut made, and the bark stripped off in long rolls, about a foot broad; these rolls are then stretched across the camp instead of the sail-cloth, and a few more poles or stones added to keep them flat. In front the camp is open along its whole length, and here the fire is made. I had always supposed that the camp fire would be round, but this is not the case. It is invariably composed of long logs, some six or eight feet in length, supported on short thick billets, placed transversely by way of dogs to secure a current of air below the fire. It is the duty of one of the party to cut a sufficient supply of long logs to last all night. Another will appear, with his arms full of short spruce boughs. These are for bedding, and on the mode in which they are laid down greatly depends our comfort for the night. The raw beginner, who throws his bundle on the ground anyhow, will wake with an uncomfortable sensation of pointed sticks running into his back. The best of the various methods in use is probably that which thrusts the broken wood into the earth, and covers the lower part of each bough with the upper part of that next put down. Such a bed covered with a bear or buffalo skin, is as dry, springy, and comfortable a couch as any man can desire.

Meanwhile, others have put their rods together and are employed in catching fish for supper nearly as fast as they can throw the fly, for the trout are plentiful and unsuspecting in these regions. The faces of some of the fishermen are probably covered by muslin masks, as a protection against the black flies, now more tormenting than ever, as though conscious that their reign is about to expire. Suddenly, about sunset, their attacks cease, and in a few minutes not one of

the swarm that has so pertinaciously hovered round you during the day is to be seen. Intensely relieved, you throw off the few garments you have on, and again plunge into the clear river. Preparations for supper are meanwhile advancing, and you are fully prepared to do it ample justice whatever it may be. We squat upon the ground behind the fire—if we have plates we take them on our knees, if we have none a piece of birch bark supplies the want; and do we wish to clean such a platter all we have to do is to pull off the uppermost layer of bark and lo! a fresh plate is before us. There is hardly any limit to the uses to which birch bark may be put; it makes not only our dishes, but our cups and our candles too. Fried salt pork and biscuit we are sure of, and, unless very unlucky, or on one of the few rivers where fish are not, we may count on a dish of splendid trout, if not salmon, to say nothing of such accidental luxuries as partridge (and the white partridge is excellent) or rabbit; or the more questionable delicacies of boiled beaver, or musquash soup. Beaver, however, is very good, especially the tail, which is all fat—(the flesh itself tastes somewhat like coarse tongue with a soupçon of a flavour of hare)—and I have readily devoured musquash and wild onions. And why not? Oh, no reason at all, good reader, only it might not sound so palatable if I were to translate the name and write *rat*. Unless our stock of flour is exhausted we add damper after the Australian fashion. All this is washed down with strong tea, and *nothing else*. A total abstinence from all spirituous liquors makes the whole difference as to comfort on such excursions. The slightest use of them makes the assaults of the black flies and other noxious insects a serious torture instead of a matter of comparative indifference; and the great parties of woodcutters or lumberers almost invariably confine themselves wholly to tea whilst in the woods. I am afraid, on their return to the settlements, they too often indemnify themselves for their enforced temperance.

By the time supper is over, night has fallen;—the fire throws its bright light into the recesses of the wood, illumi-

nating the red or purple-shirted figures, or causing some small tree to stand out all brilliant against a dark background, and producing Rembrandt-like effects, which I never tire of watching, on the groups of men, and on all surrounding objects. We smoke and roll ourselves in our blankets, and soon the camp sinks into a sound and dreamless sleep. I have passed the night, shivering on a mountain side, waiting for dawn. I have passed it stretched on the long grass of the Hauran, snatching short slumbers under the Syrian moonlight, with my horse's bridle round my arm. I have spent it in many different places, under circumstances calculated to inspire strange and solemn thoughts, but never anywhere with so awful a sense of man's insignificance, and of the calm changelessness of nature, as in the depths of the American forest. In cities, each day seems a well-defined period, sharply cut off from those which preceded and those which are to follow it; but in the wilderness one learns to realize the ceaseless march of twilight and dawn, and day and noon, evening, twilight, night, and dawn, and twilight, and day again, in its unbroken course, and to feel one's own helplessness and littleness. The daily petition, too, for daily bread acquires new force when offered in its literal meaning, and where for the day's food one is in a great measure dependent on the living creatures that may chance to cross one's path during its course.

Dawn comes—the black flies happily are late risers, and if not unlucky we obtain our morning swim unmolested by them. Breakfast is eaten, the canoes are launched, and we are off again, leaving the expiring fire to send its curls of blue smoke idly into the air, and the deserted lodge to stand a relic of man's visit till prostrated by some storm, or torn down by the clumsy curiosity of some inquisitive bear.

Such is the nature of daily life during a canoe voyage, when unrelieved by incidents of hunting or discovery such as frequently diversify it, but pleasing, nevertheless, even in its monotony. Sometimes, however, I have made journeys on foot. The first trial-trip which I undertook was of this nature, and though not of very long duration, was in some respects more

arduous than any of my subsequent expeditions. Our plan was to explore the river Nashwaak to its source, thence to cross in a direct line through the forest to the river Miramichi, and then descend that river till we again reached the confines of civilization. On this occasion, we only contemplated an absence from Fredericton of about a fortnight, and canoes were sent from Boiestown on the Miramichi to meet us at the Miramichi lake, in the neighbourhood of which point we expected to strike the river. The Nashwaak, the upper course of which it was our intention to explore, is a tributary of the St. John, into which river it falls, opposite to the city of Fredericton, and consequently at a distance of about ninety miles from the sea. For some thirty miles above the confluence its banks are well settled, and its course very beautiful, running between hills which occasionally recede, and leave a broad margin of rich hay-land, studded with fine elms and thriving farms, and sometimes approach their steep banks of mingled hard-wood and fir close to the river's edge. Our party consisted, besides myself, of my Adjutant-General, Lieutenant-Colonel C——, Mr. W——, one of my secretaries, and a Melicete Indian from the camp opposite Fredericton, Gabriel by name, the pet guide and huntsman of the garrison—a clever fellow, speaking good English, which, however, as he had learnt it chiefly from officers, abounded in odd expressions of military slang. Our first day's destination was the head of the settlements in the parish of Stanley, and to this point we repaired in a carriage by a direct road, on the 10th June, 1862. The air was thick and close with the smoke of burning woods, and at one point we passed a place where the forest was at the time on fire. Taking advantage of a halt to bait the horses, we bathed in the Tay Creek, a pretty stream, with banks of wood and rock, reminding me of many a well-remembered Perthshire burn. This bathe is memorable to me as my first introduction to the detestable black flies. Whilst dressing, we had noticed a number of small flies resembling the common house-fly in shape and appearance, but of smaller size, hovering about us; and on

returning to the carriage, we observed that C——'s face and neck were bleeding in several places. What could have caused this? Surely not those tiny flies! The idea was at once rejected with disdain; but we were destined experimentally to learn wisdom on this subject at no distant time.

The farmer at whose house we had intended to sleep was absent from home, and we accordingly proceeded through fine woods of maple, elm, and butternut, only partially cleared, to the settlement of Mr. Johnson, an emigrant from the north of Ireland, which we reached about 6.15. This farm had every appearance of being as prosperous as any I had seen in the province. Fine cows were roaming about; the tinkling bells, which are always suspended to their necks to prevent their being lost by straying into the forest, sounding pleasantly in the twilight. A large amount of land had been cleared, a substantial, whitewashed house, with a verandah, erected, and the whole place wore an air of progress and comfort. Mr. Johnson was at work in a field, in which he was still chopping at tree-stumps, and was just concluding his day's work when we approached, and asked him if he could let us sup and sleep at his house. His reply was characteristic of the country: "No man, white or black, is ever turned away by me." In the evening I sat long with him on the edge of the verandah, discussing the working of the common school system, and watching the fire-flies, or as they are styled by the people, with more descriptive accuracy than poetical elegance—*lightning-bugs!*

We slept on the floor of one of Mr. Johnson's rooms, and at five on the following morning started in earnest on our forest walk. Each man carried a knapsack, containing a few clothes, and a ration of salt pork, biscuit, and tea—a blanket strapped on the top of the pack, and in his hand a gun or fishing-rod. Gabriel carried, in addition, the tea-kettle and frying-pan.

Our way at first lay along a well-defined path, in a westerly direction, through a thick forest of elm and maple, and though occasionally interrupted by a fallen tree or low growth of

underbrush, was perfectly easy to perceive and to traverse. The soft earth, near the margins of the little streams we forded, was abundantly printed with tracks of the lynx, the moose, and the bear, some of which were very fresh; but the only creature we came upon was a partridge, which W. shot. After walking about three hours, the character of the forest suddenly changed, and showed a great preponderance of various kinds of fir, which however had again given place to hard-wood before we reached the Little Nashwaak lake, the embouchure of which we forded, and where, after an unsatisfactory bathe in shallow water, we breakfasted, surrounded by beautiful yellow swallow-tailed butterflies.

The Little Nashwaak lake is a small sheet of water, to the south of the river, with which it is connected by a very short passage. From this point, we proposed to follow the Nashwaak river (which we here touched for the first time since leaving Fredericton), closely to its source.

About half-past ten we again set out through the forests, on the right bank, and I do not know that I have ever been more tired in my life than by this morning's walk. We wandered on through the thick and trackless woods, heavily loaded, through stifling heat, and surrounded by countless swarms of insects, whilst our progress was so slow, owing to the thickness of the wood and the number of windfalls, as to permit of their feeding on us at their pleasure. At length, after a long descent, we again reached the river, and so thoroughly exhausted were we, that sinking on the shore, we all fell fast asleep, regardless of black flies or exposure, almost before we could throw off the loads on our backs. How long we slept I do not know, but when we woke we found ourselves (well bitten) by the side of a very pretty Scotch-looking stream, among slaty rocks shadowed by bright green foliage. Here we rested some time, caught fish and ate them; and when the heat of the day was abated, forded the river, and continued the journey on the left bank—each of us carrying in his hand a torch of cedar-bark, as some defence against the flies. Such a torch goes on smouldering and smoking for

hours, if care is taken not to permit it to burst into a flame. At last we camped. I have never, in all my subsequent experience, known the black flies so utterly intolerable as on this and the succeeding day. For an hour before their disappearance for the night, this evening, we sat apart, each absorbed in his own miseries, his face buried in his hands, unable to move, or talk, or think. On the following day, when compelled to stand still for a short time, whilst Gabriel was looking about him for signs as to the direction we were to take, we plunged into three several spruce trees, and endeavoured (vainly, alas!), by pulling the boughs rapidly to and fro over our persons, to keep the enemy at a distance. The musquito of North America appears to me harmless to any one who has afforded a meal to those found on the plains of Syria;—the sand-fly—“Bite him no see him,” as the Indians, or “brulard,” as the French equally appropriately call them—though irritating, do no harm;—(the sensation is like that of a minute hot ash falling on the skin);—but the black fly is indeed a pest, and happy are the dwellers in Europe, where they are unknown. Fussy, restless, pertinacious, finding entrance at every aperture in one’s clothes, thronging into ears, eyes, and nostrils, drawing blood, and leaving an irritating wound, they are no light drawback to the pleasures of a forest life.

It would be tedious to dwell minutely on the remainder of our journey. The river’s course lay almost always through fine hard-wood, but it was difficult to keep as near to it as we desired, and we often lost our way altogether. The feeling of confinement was unsatisfactory. A small circle of tree-stems was all that we could see, unless we were actually looking up or down the river, where the views were generally pretty. It was impossible, as we went along, to learn anything of the aspect of the country; for though we went up high hills, we never got a view of any extent out of the trees immediately round us. Our last Nashwaak camp, however, perhaps deserves description. After wandering about a good deal in a circuitous direction in the forest, we came down a bank towards the river. On one side rose the high bank we had descended,

on the other was a wooded flat. The river was broad and black, and perfectly still and dead, without perceptible current. Near our camp it was overhung by a large willow, and a magnificent black birch—one of the finest I have ever seen—rose above the trees on the opposite bank. The whole appearance of the scene was mysterious and dismal, resembling that of the deserted and neglected lake of some great park which had been abandoned by its owner, and over which hung some gloomy association. Nor was the mysterious aspect of the place diminished by the only noise we heard—the continued drumming of the partridges, of which the deep, hollow, muffled tones sounded all night through the forest.

To a wet night succeeded a showery morning. Silently we packed, and resumed our way with somewhat depressed spirits. The river was dark and still, the air heavy and warm, the saturated foliage motionless and loaded with moisture, which descended on us in showers at the slightest touch, the drumming of the partridges had ceased, and an absolute silence prevailed, which weighed oppressively on the mind. Walking was very difficult, as our way lay through a wholly untrodden forest full of windfalls, and overrun by tangled undergrowth. We had to ford a succession of creeks, and crossed repeatedly from side to side of the river, which had here scarcely any perceptible current. But our efforts to reach the lake, which is supposed to form the source of the Nashwaak, were all destined to be fruitless. After crossing the stream, we frequently left the swampy tangled thicket on its banks for the comparatively dry ground and opener wood of the higher ridges in the neighbourhood. Here, at last, after, as I am inclined to think, mistaking a branch for the main stream, we lost the river altogether, and, after vain searching for it from the tree-tops, gave up the search, and followed a direct line due north, which, about one o'clock, led us down to the bank of a broad clear river, which Gabriel pronounced to be the Miramichi. We struck it just above the confluence of two branches, and

the meeting of the waters presented a very lovely scene—the lovelier, perhaps, in our eyes, for our previous confinement to a narrow circle of tree-stems. Two large streams, broad as the Thames at Henley, flowed quietly together, the point of their junction being marked by two large pines, which overhung the stream, and formed a striking contrast to the hard-wood forest which backed them. Far away in the distance, seen over the trees, were the purple summits of a distant mountain. All was quiet and calm and still, but it was a peaceful, tranquil stillness, very different in its impression from the *ecry* deadness of our camp of the previous night. We caught a number of trout, and dined, and then after going down the river bank for about a mile, we resolved to take to the water as an easier mode of progression, for we were still far above the point where the canoes were awaiting us. Gabriel led us to a deserted camp, high above the river, which supplied us with materials for constructing a couple of rude catamarans on which to place ourselves and our effects. After two hours' work these were completed, and we launched ourselves into the stream, not, however, without having first narrowly escaped setting fire to the forest; a small fire made to keep off the maddening attacks of the black flies, having spread into and under a bank of wood and rubbish in such a manner, as to cause us the utmost difficulty in extinguishing it.

The river here was broad and the stream gentle, and we glided very pleasantly along among water-lilies and wild ducks, till we reached a turn above some rapids, where Gabriel thought it best to stop for the night, which we accordingly did. Being very tired no camp was made, and we lay down in the bright moonshine, with a fire at our feet, and beyond it, what looked like a garden composed of tall green succulent plants.

The next morning, Gabriel floated the unloaded rafts through the rapids, whilst we carried the goods to a point below them. In a few miles more we again approached rather serious rapids, and prepared to *portage* again. Gabriel undertook to bring down one, and W—— the other raft, whilst C—— and I carried our diminished stores and watched

for the descent of the voyagers. Gabriel came down successfully, his catamaran merely touching on a rocky point and then swinging off from it into the full rush of the hurrying waters, which brought him down all right into the pool below. W—— was not so fortunate. His raft struck full upon the same rock on which Gabriel's had touched, and being pressed against it by the force of the water, began to lose its shape and break up. He was soon standing on a mere loose mass of timber, which floated away piecemeal from under him. He tried to reach the rock, failed, and was the next minute in the boiling current, struggling towards the shore, whilst C——, who was nearer the bank than I, rushed into the river to pick up the bits of the raft as they floated by, which we succeeded in cobbling together again after a fashion.

All this was sufficiently exciting, but it must be confessed that a prolonged catamaran voyage is somewhat wearisome and tedious. After the passage of the rapids we continued to drift down without any further adventure, and our progress was both too slow and too wet to be pleasant. Our own catamaran was nearly under water, whilst that navigated by W—— and C—— was always in danger of coming bodily to pieces whenever the frail craft impinged on a rock—a very frequent occurrence—though C—— and W—— spent great part of their time in the water endeavouring to ward off such collisions. Moreover, the water-logged condition of their machine, and want of Gabriel's experience in its conduct, made their progress even slower than ours, and we had constantly to stop in order to allow them to keep within any reasonable distance, and to be at hand in case assistance should be really wanted. At length, about five o'clock, one lovely summer evening, our crazy rafts neared a point beyond which, in Gabriel's opinion, it would be hopeless to attempt to carry them, as there was there a considerable fall and dangerous rapid. Nearing this point we came upon a very pretty spot, at which the river, before turning sharply to the north, opened out into a little lake. Behind the woods, which fringed a still mirror-like pool, rose high and graceful hills,

clothed in the richest young summer foliage, bright with every tint of golden green, and bathed in the still sunshine of evening. Our logs struck heavily on a sunken rock, and we had just observed that this point would altogether demolish our comrades' craft, when a thin line of blue smoke, rising into the air, caught Gabriel's eye, and almost at the same moment a log canoe shot rapidly out from behind a promontory, and darted over the glassy black surface of the water towards us, its red-shirted occupants uttering a whoop of recognition. In a few minutes we were on board the canoe, and our abandoned catamaran was floating down the stream to find its way to the sea as best it might,—to remain a broken pile of drift wood under some rock, or float round and round in an eddy, till flood or frost changed the current of the river's life. All difficulty and discomfort were now over. We found a luxurious spruce bark camp, with soft spruce boughs to sleep on, and skins to cover us, fresh provisions, and clean dry clothes,—even plates and knives. There being still some hours of daylight, W—— and I went out on the chance of a shot at a moose. W—— as the younger and more eager shot had the foremost canoe—for me the novelty and beauty of the scene sufficed.

We went up the little winding stream which leads to Lake Miramichi, and a more lovely evening I never remember to have seen. The absence of all human sounds gave an impression of deep and solemn stillness, and yet air and water were full of life, and the attentive ear caught the splash of the frightened water-rat as it plunged into the stream; the gurgling bubble of the diving musquash; the rise of startled water-fowl among the sedges; the hum of the laden bee homeward-bound; the buzz of myriad insects near the water's surface. Sometimes we shot under tall trees, which bent towards each other from either bank and canopied the stream—sometimes by low stunted wood, above which the mountains could be plainly seen—sometimes through reedy swamps—sometimes through tangled spruce woods; but ever turning and turning, and ever moving rapidly over clear brimming

water. It was my first experience of a log-canoe, and much as I had heard on the subject, I was unprepared for the marvellous skill and dexterity with which it was handled. At one point we fairly ascended a small waterfall, going up its steps as if up a staircase. At length, at a sudden turn, we burst into the Miramichi Lake. Very lovely, indeed, it looked in the waning sunlight—a perfect picture of placid repose. Soft hills of rounded outline and considerable height, densely clothed with hard-wood, rose from the water and were reflected into it; whilst every shade of beautiful colouring, purple, blue, and crimson, tinged hills and woods, and water, and the low mist gathering on the surface of the lake. In the distance, we saw two moose, one feeding at the edge of the lake, the other swimming in its waters. In again descending the stream, we came upon a moose feeding very near the bank. W—— took good aim, and pulled the trigger; but our catamaran voyage had damped the caps, and the gun hung fire. Before he could fire his second barrel the moose was gone. Altogether we saw or heard five of these animals to-day. We did not return to camp till nine P.M. when we were ready to do ample justice to an abundant supper.

The next day we commenced our canoe voyage down the river,—which here runs in a north-easterly direction,—by a descent of falls and rapids, certainly well calculated to inspire the inexperienced beginner with considerable astonishment. But the command exercised over the canoe appears nearly as great in the roughest as in the smoothest water, its progress being occasionally suddenly arrested in mid career, or turned from the very edge of a threatening rock, with a nicety which nothing but constant practice can give. The scenery all day was very beautiful, though the hills were somewhat monotonous in form. Their rich and varied clothing of hard-wood, however, saved them from being wearisome. At one island where we stopped for a short time, I noticed the mixture of slate and quartz, which forms the home of gold, but none has yet been discovered on this river. We stopped for the night at one of the best

fishing stations, "Burnt Hill," and actually halted in the middle of a rapid. We failed, however, to see any salmon, partly because the water was still too cold to have admitted of their ascent in any numbers, and partly on account of the obstructions which the fish have to surmount, and which bid fair, in no long time, to extinguish the as yet highly profitable salmon fisheries of the province. Laws and regulations are made for their protection, but they are seldom enforced, and individual selfishness seeks unchecked to reap an immediate harvest, regardless of the interests of the future. I have myself seen on this very river a net habitually stretched across its whole breadth, and remaining down, I have every reason to believe, for weeks together.

Our halting place at Burnt Hill struck our whole party as wearing a singularly theatrical appearance. The thin edges of the slate rock, which here have an almost vertical dip, strangely resembled the pasteboard side-scenes of a theatre, whilst a "practicable" stair-like path and narrow terrace, just able to contain a few figures on the hill-side, greatly added to the operatic aspect of the whole place.

The rest of our voyage to Boiestown was accomplished without adventure; the river preserving through its whole course the same general characteristics. The night before we reached Boiestown, however, we slept in scenery more resembling that of an English park than is usual in the American forest; large single trees standing well apart on a grassy bank, and presenting to our sight something like the glades and clumps of our own country, instead of the tangled litter to which the eye may become accustomed, but which is never agreeable to it.

The land is almost entirely covered with hard-wood, and is consequently of good quality for settlement; but very much of the district we traversed is locked up in the hands of the New Brunswick Land Company, who possess an enormous tract in the County of York, the disposal of which, so long as the provincial government sells land at the rate of three shillings an acre, *payable in labour*, they can hardly hope rapidly to effect.

I was struck, whilst descending this river, by a peculiarity which I then for the first time noticed, but which I have since remarked on almost all the other North American rivers which I have subsequently visited—I mean the rapidity with which they descend from one level to another, without marked rapids or any distinct vertical fall. There will sometimes be a rapid incline for nearly three miles of perfectly unbroken water, not leaping over rocky ledges, or fretting among boulders and wearing out holes in its bed, but running smoothly down hill at an inclination so distinctly visible that the inmates of one canoe will look very decidedly over the heads of those in one but a very short distance below them. This is a feature I have seldom seen in European rivers.

At Boiestown we met my carriage, and went home, well pleased with our excursion, to resume our ordinary course of life.

Very early in July I again started, accompanied this time by W—— and Gabriel only, for the purpose of descending the great Restigouche river, which forms, for a considerable distance, the boundary between Canada and New Brunswick, and of exploring some of its imperfectly known tributaries, many of which are themselves rivers of very considerable size.

Our journey up the country was in no way remarkable, and on the third day after leaving Fredericton we reached the Grand Falls of the St. John. The little town of Colebrooke, the shire town of the county of Victoria, which is situated just above the falls, is not imposing in its dimensions or population, but what there is of it is neat and pretty, and it possesses a Court House, which boasts a stupendous portico. The great work, however, at Colebrooke, is the suspension bridge, which is thrown across the rocky chasm below the falls, and is a structure exceedingly creditable to the engineer who designed, and the government which erected it.

The falls themselves are undeniably fine, and consist of what may by courtesy be called a horse-shoe, but is in reality the junction of two walls of perpendicular rock, placed nearly at right angles to each other, down which the whole waters

of the St. John tumble in one leap, and then rush boiling through a deep and narrow gorge of rock for nearly a mile. To compare these falls with those of Niagara, as the good people of the province are fond of doing, is simply ridiculous; nor will they bear comparison with any of the more celebrated Canadian falls, such as Montmorenci or the Chaudiere. They are, however, fine falls, and may decidedly take rank above those on the Ottawa. They are the scene of an Indian legend, which is probably not untrue.

It is related, that a large war-party of Mohawks made a descent on the upper St. John from Canada, for the purpose of exterminating the Melicetes. They carried their canoes with them, and embarked on the St. John below Edmundston, from which point to the Grand Falls the river is perfectly smooth and deep. Not knowing the navigation, they landed and seized two squaws, whom they compelled to act as their guides down the river. When night fell, the different canoes were tied together, so that the warriors might sleep, whilst a few only paddled the leading canoes, under direction of the women, whose boats were tied, the one on the right, the other on the left, of the flotilla. They neared the falls, and still the women paddled on. The roar of the falling waters rose on the still night air. Those who paddled looked anxious; some few of the sleepers awoke. To lull suspicion, the women spoke of the great stream which here fell into the Walloostook, the Indian name of the St. John; and still they paddled on. When they saw, at length, that the whole mass of canoes in the centre of the river was well entered on the smooth treacherous current, which, looking so calm and gentle, was bearing them irresistibly to the falls, the women leaped into the water, and strove to reach the shore by swimming in the comparatively feeble stream near the banks. Tied inextricably together, the centre canoes drew the others on, and the whole body of the invaders plunged down the cataract, and perished in the foaming waters of the narrow gorge below. I asked eagerly whether the women escaped. It does not speak highly of Indian chivalry, that no one

knew, or seemed to think it matter worthy of recollection, whether the two squaws had, or had not, sacrificed their own lives in defending those of their tribe.

This fall was, also, the scene of a tragedy of more recent occurrence. Two young men in a canoe found themselves sucked into the current whilst engaged in drawing logs to the shore. They were still some way above the fall, and there was yet a chance of escape. Through vigorous exertion, they might yet reach the bank—perilously near the fall, perhaps, but yet safely. They plied their paddles desperately—too desperately—for one broke with the violence with which it was wielded, and then all hope was over; though some minutes elapsed before, in the sight of the horrified population of Colebrooke, utterly unable to render the least help, the canoe shot over the precipice. The man whose paddle broke, threw himself down in the bottom of the canoe; the other never ceased paddling towards the side, though hopelessly, till just before the final plunge, when he folded his arms on his breast, and with his paddle waved adieu to the spectators. No trace of the canoe, or of the bodies, was ever seen again.

On crossing the suspension bridge, we find ourselves among a different population. To the south of the Grand Falls the people are exclusively of British descent; in the northern portion of the county they are almost as exclusively French. This is the once well-known Madawaska settlement,—a name more familiar to the English Parliament and newspapers twenty years ago than at the present day, but which has steadily flourished and progressed, until it has become one of the most thriving of the purely agricultural portions of the province.

The French population, which forms so large a proportion among the inhabitants of the counties of Westmoreland, Kent, and Gloucester, appears to me as contented as the *habitans* of Victoria, but hardly equally well off. There was an air of comfort and *bien être* about the large timber two-storied houses, painted a dark Indian red, standing among the trees, the numerous good horses, the well-tilled fields,

and sleek cattle, which is wanting on the sea-coast. We stopped, after a pleasant drive, affording us good views of the beautiful peak of Green River Mountain, at the house of a Monsieur Violet, at the mouth of Grand River, which was to be our starting-point. The whole aspect of the farm was that of a *métairie* in Normandy;—the outer doors of the house gaudily painted, the panels of a different colour from the frame—the large, open, uncarpeted room, with its bare shining floor—the lasses at the spinning-wheel—the French costume and appearance of Madame Violet and her sons and daughters,—all carried me back to the other side of the Atlantic. After a short conversation with the Violets, we walked down to the bridge, where two log-canoes, manned by Frenchmen—three Cyrs and a Thibeau—were waiting for us, and pushed off from the shore. A turn in the river very speedily hid from us the bridge and farm, our empty carriage, and the friends who had accompanied us from Grand Falls standing on the bank, in the evening sunshine, waving us their farewells; and it was not without pleasure that we felt that the same turn which screened them from our view, separated us, for some time to come, from civilized life.*

The Grand River, the green banks of which give it a resem-

* On my way to Canada a few months later, I visited the parishes up the river, and was greatly pleased with all I saw. At Edmundston I was present at the vacation fête of the school of the settlement, and I do not know that, since I first landed in the province, I have ever been more amused than by this festivity. The scholars were assembled in a large barn belonging to the Hon. F. Rice, M.L.C. which was decorated with true French taste, and here they acted various dramatic scenes in French and English. Almost all the children appeared; the younger ones coming forward on the stage, and, after a bow to the audience, uttering some short English proverb, pronounced as though it were a word of one syllable, whilst the older boys and girls performed very creditably portions of the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*," and other pieces. At St. Basil there is an excellent boarding-school for young ladies, conducted by Sisters of one of the numerous religious orders which make education their special care. I mention these facts, because the few people in England who know anything at all of the Madawaska settlement probably imagine it to be a howling wilderness of pine forests and swamp, as indeed, I remember hearing it termed in the House of Commons.

blance to some English stream, is a tributary of the St. John, and in its turn possesses a tributary, the Waagansis, which runs within a few miles of the Waagan, a tributary of the Restigouche. A *portage* between these two streams is the regularly recognised mode of access to the Restigouche from the St. John, and of it we proposed to avail ourselves.

We did not proceed far that night, and camped on a sandy spit at a pretty turn of the stream, where it was joined by a little burn, which kept up a strong eddy. I give a few extracts from my journal of the following day:—

“Both our watches stopped in the night, but we imagine we woke about 4:30. After a bathe in the clear, dark rapid river, on the bank of which an otter had left the print of his footmarks during the night, we breakfasted and started. The river wound about very much, but did not present many objects of interest on its banks, except that at one very pretty turn, I noticed, almost for the first time in the province, the true English ash. A very few pines were scattered, here and there, among an abundance of spruce, birch, alder, and elm. At length, we reached the Waagansis, a wretched, muddy little stream, overgrown with bushes, through and under which we forced our way slowly, to our great discomfort. On reaching the portage, we expected to find the Micmacs waiting for us, according to their instructions, it having been arranged that they should meet us here, to help to carry our effects across to the Restigouche waters, and that the Frenchmen and their canoes should return home. On the supposition that, misunderstanding their orders, they might have remained on the other side, Gabe, W——, and I crossed, by the portage-path, to the Waagan, to look for them, but they were not there. After some consultation, we returned again to the Waagansis, and unloading the canoes, carried our goods across to the Waagan side. These three trips took up the best part of the day, for though the distance does not exceed five or six miles, it was not easy to travel. A portage-path does not imply a gravel road, or even a beaten track, but simply a route indicated by the felling of trees. Our path was often deep, slippery mud and swamp—along logs and fallen timber, and for part of the

way along the top of a large beaver-dam, from which I took several sticks, as cleanly and sharply cut as if with a knife. The signs of bears' feet on the mud, and of their claws on the bark of trees, were plentiful; and on our third journey across, we found that in the short interval between that and our previous trip, a nest of large black ants, in a rotten tree, had been attacked and pillaged by one. The only other natural objects worth notice were a solitary kalmia, the last of the season, I should think—and proving how great the difference is between the climate of this high land and that of Fredericton, where they are long ago over—and the lovely little nest of a Kennedy-bird, containing four tiny greenish eggs, speckled with brown. What remained of the evening was consumed by our going some miles down the Waagan, partly in the bed of the stream, and partly in the jungle, in the vain hope of seeing something of the expected canoes. The Waagan is a nasty little muddy stream, very like the Waagansis, winding about among alder-bushes and jungle of the very thickest and most impenetrable description. In some places it is so dense that W—— literally rolled and crawled along on the top of the bushes, which kept him many feet from the ground. It abounds in marsh and musquitoes, and is the last place one would choose to camp in, unless obliged to do so. Also, though there are a few wretched trout, two or three inches long, in it, it appears nearly as destitute of fish as the Waagansis; and so what we are to do for food, if the Miemac canoes, on which we are wholly dependent for supplies, do not come, I do not know. It was here Hardy's party were nearly starved ten years ago. Fortunately very cold at night, which kept off the musquitoes. Many rabbits played about our camp at night, attracted by the fire. About midnight, W—— shot one, which awoke me. The moonlight most glorious."

We were extricated from our perplexity by a French family of settlers, who had to cross the portage, and who lent us their log-canoe and horse, by which singular mode of progression we were dragged down the Waagan. The stream turned every moment. I doubt if it had anywhere a straight course

of ten yards, and its bed was a continual succession of soft muddy shallows and deep holes. The banks always overhung the river, and from them projected a tangled growth which met arching over our heads. Sometimes the horse had barely room to pass under the trunk of some tree, which appeared to prefer a horizontal position to an upright one for its growth; and in this case the Indian boy on his back would nimbly perch himself on the trunk, allow the horse to pass, and drop into his place again on the opposite side. We had to break down two beaver dams, built right across the river, in order to make a passage for ourselves. One of these was of quite fresh erection, as the leaves on the boughs of which it was composed were still green and living. We took a good hour for every mile of progress, and were intensely relieved, at length, to emerge into the comparatively open air and daylight of the Restigouche, and to exchange for its marvellously clear waters, and pretty, though not beautiful scenery, the alder swamps and close heat—the mud and musquitoes—of the uninteresting and detestable Waagan. I give a few more extracts from my journal:—

“Our French friends returned up the Waagan, leaving us alone on the beach; not altogether a pleasant position, if ‘our savages,’ as the French call them—(Gabriel was always politely addressed by the Cyrs as ‘*M. le Sauvage*’),—fail us. Meanwhile, it is enjoyable enough. I am delighted with the crystal transparency of the water, which is clear as glass, though slightly tinged with the green hue of snow-water; and though it does not seem to abound in fish, there are enough to supply us with food, so we are in no danger of being famished, as Hardy was. W—— went alone down the river fishing, whilst Gabriel and I employed ourselves together in removing the camp a little lower down stream, to a spot on the beach, where a beaver’s skull was bleaching in the sunshine, surrounded by hundreds of butterflies congregated close together. Instead of moralizing, applied myself to observing the butterflies, which were of a kind new to me. The prevailing colour of their wings was a dark chocolate, the upper wings having a lighter and purpler tinge. This hue was bordered by very

dark blue, to which succeeded a broad white band, followed by one of brown, on which were six orange-coloured spots. The outer edge of the wings was composed of four very narrow bands of black and light sky-blue alternately, and outside all a narrow edging of opaque white, like enamel. The learned in entomology will sneer at my description, but I know no better. After finishing the removal of the camp, I loitered in the sun, picking strawberries, which, though over at Fredericton, are here scarcely ripe, until W——'s return, when we had a jolly bathe, and caught another dozen of trout for supper, for which we also made a little damper, not without a serious look at our scanty store of flour. Birds observed to-day were an eagle, a grey kingfisher, and seven sandpipers, to say nothing of Kennedy-birds, of course."

"July 12.—Still no signs of *les sauvages*! This is getting serious. There is no use in sitting still here without any knowledge of their whereabouts, so we determined to move, and after breakfast set to work to build a catamaran. W—— and Gabriel crossed the river, and cut down dead cedars, which they flung from the steep bank into the water below, where I collared them and dragged them over to the opposite side. We were some hours at work, and at length, about noon, to judge by the sun, got off. The sun, by the way, to-day shone through a smoky atmosphere. I fear our French friends must have unintentionally fired the forest.—Our progress was slow, for we had but one catamaran and our united weight sank it low in the water; but we had not gone far before we saw a wild duck fly up the river towards us, a sign that it had not been disturbed by our approach, but by that of something from below, and in a few minutes more, to our great joy, the Micmacs, with canoes and food, appeared in sight, and we were soon gliding comfortably down the stream. Our Indians, who are all very young, fell in yesterday with a bear, but they had not much to say in excuse of their tardiness. The scenery here is wild and savage—of a solemn and somewhat dismal cast, especially when seen under a lowering sky and in growing darkness. The trees are

chiefly of the fir tribe, with a sprinkling of mountain ash and alder near the water. In the large clear pools, trout of great size were distinctly visible, and one of our Indians speared with his pole a white fish—an excellent fish which never rises to the fly, and which is peculiar to a very small district of North America. We came upon large families of wild ducks, and at one point saw a species of *arctomys* (*monax* or *empetra*) standing on his hind legs to be looked at. They are pretty little animals, and I have domesticated several of them as pets. Thunder and rain came on, and after about three hours' descent we camped at a place said by the Indians to abound in fish and beavers. For the latter we set traps, for the former we angled, but only caught small trout instead of the large ones promised us. Our camp was on a low shore; the thunder and rain continued; a white dismal fog rose from the water and spread its chill veil over everything, so things began to look gloomy. I nestled by the fire with Gabriel, trying to form, with his assistance, a sort of Melicete vocabulary."

It is curious that the languages of tribes dwelling so near each other as the Melicete, Micmac, and Penobscot, should differ so widely. Even in the numerals I can trace no resemblance except in a single number (4). I subjoin them up to ten.

MELICETE.	PENOBSCOT.	MICMAC.*
1. Necpt.	Beesick.	
2. Tarpoo.	Neesh.	
3. Sist.	Nāas.	
4. Nayhoo.	Yeh-hoo.	
5. Nāan.	Poh-len-ish.	
6. Karmarchin.	Negotance.	Husagum.
7. Eloohaykenuck.	Tamba-oh-oos.	
8. Hogomulchin.	Sāan-suk.	
9. Eokenardeck.	Noh-lee.	
10. Tillun.	Matāla.	

* I have mislaid my note of Micmac numbers, and never having learnt them by heart as I had the others, I have forgotten them except 6.

The most curious peculiarity, however, of the Melicete language that I discovered by questioning Gabriel, was its possession of the refinement of a regular dual form—we (two) ye (two) they (two) are hungry or are thirsty, having quite different suffixes from the same words when applied to an indefinite number or to any number beyond two—

e.g. Ka Toop-eben, we (dual) are hungry.

Ka Toop-ooltaben, we (indefinite) are hungry.

“*July 13.*—When I awoke, fog and sun were struggling for mastery, and the sun at first had the best of it; but the rain came on again, and continued all day; and, towards evening, the rising of the river leading us to apprehend an overflow on our low beach, we crossed to the left bank, which was somewhat higher, and constructed a bark wigwam under the trees.

“*July 14.*—Thunder and lightning in the night. Towards morning, however, it grew fair. It is well we moved, for our old camp is nearly floated away, and the site of the fire is occupied by a pool of water.

“We did not start till about nine, and fished as we went down. The river here is very pretty, with frequent turns, deep still pools, and high banks; chiefly, but not by any means exclusively, wooded with fir. Passed the mouth of the Mempticook, a fine, and, as yet, wholly unexplored stream, and halted a few miles lower, about 1 P.M., at a point where a fine rushing torrent joined the river; and here we spent the remainder of a most enjoyable day, after making an attempt to ascend the Mempticook, from which the shallowness of the stream soon obliged us to desist. The scenery on its banks, so far as we could go, was very pretty—prettier than that of the main river. Our afternoon was a lazy, uneventful one, passed in bathing and fishing, and in dropping quietly down the stream, on the chance of obtaining a shot at a stray moose; but it was one of those days which leave an impression of pleasure on the mind not to be measured by what was actually seen or done;—one of those days of enjoyment which cannot be arranged before-hand, or predicted, but which

spontaneously meet one now and then, and form a near approach to happiness. Of birds to-day, noticed various sandpipers, blue jays, kingfishers, and one hawk, with Kennedy-birds of course. A brilliant moonlight full in our eyes kept us long awake, and we talked of distant and familiar scenes in Scotland."

These extracts will give some idea of the Restigouche: a few more may be added, taken from my notes on the Quah-Tah-Wah-Am-Quah-Duavic, an affluent of the Restigouche, of fully equal size with itself, and the ponderous name of which is shortened by lumberers and hunters into the more easily-pronounced, if not more euphonious appellation of "Tom Kedgwick."

"*July 17.*—A most lovely morning. This junction of the rivers is a very pretty spot. The hills here, instead of, as usual, closing in on the river, recede, and form an amphitheatre, in the centre of which the waters meet. All round the confluence there is little wood except in scattered clumps, and its place is supplied by fields of coarse grass. These are now all gay with a profusion of wild rose-bushes in full flower, which form quite a garden round our camp. We started early, and poled away briskly up the 'Kedgwick,' the scenery of which is really beautiful, and which increases in beauty every mile as one ascends. We made our mid-day halt at the Falls Brook, so called on account of a pretty waterfall, which tumbles over splintered ledges of rock into a deep green pool, about a quarter of a mile from the Kedgwick, as the stream hurries on to join that river. We had here a pleasant bathe, and caught lots of large trout. Then on again, the scenery continuing to improve as we went, and very picturesque both in its near and distant views. At one small island we came upon a singular sight. Heaps of large trees, some of them four or five feet in circumference, were lying prostrate; and on examination we found them to be all freshly cut down by beavers! Gabriel said we might travel for years in the forest, and not come upon such a spectacle again. We counted twenty-nine trees cut down, besides multitudes of

shrubs and bushes. Camped at a very pretty spot, about two miles above the Clearwater Brook. The only birds I observed to-day were an owl and an eagle. During the night, which was a very cold one, a moose came close to our camp, and bellowed loudly. I could hear the crashing of the boughs quite plainly, but before I could kick W—— awake, he had gone off again too far to leave us any chance of successful pursuit.

“*July 18.*—Fine morning. After bathing and breakfast, W—— and Gabriel went away to reconnoitre the beaver-lakes, whilst I proceeded up the river in a canoe with two of the Indians. The scenery continued to improve, and at some distance above our camp was really fine, the hills rising to a great height, and assuming more striking and varied forms than is usual here, whilst the river banks themselves presented many lovely bits of picturesque grouping of wood, water, and rock, at points where the weather-stained slates dipped sharply down into the stream, or rose in a succession of horizontal terraces, according to the inclination of the strata. Everywhere the foliage was luxuriant, and on the hill-sides the contrast between the colours of the soft and hard wood was sharply marked, whilst gigantic pines rose solemnly above the other trees, reducing them, tall though many of them were, to the aspect of growing plantations. These pines nowhere stood thick together, but were scattered singly through the woods at irregular intervals, and at all heights up the hill-sides, their tops invariably rugged and flattened, and the black outline of those on the ridges of the mountains visible against the bright blue sky, where all the rest of the forest surrounding them appeared but as an indistinct mass of purple distance. But the rapids became more and more steep and shallow, and the intervals of deep smooth water less and less frequent; and at length, after exploring for a short distance a fine brook, which joined the river from the north, I unwillingly gave the word for our return. There was a high conical hill conspicuous on either side of the river from this point, and on each of these I conferred the name of one of the companions

of my journey. Shot one squirrel, and caught another alive. It was of a very small grey species, with the perfectly flat, feather-like tail which distinguishes some varieties; but the poor little timid beauty soon died,—literally of fright, for it had received no injury.

“*July 19.*—Started early on our return towards the Restigouche, not without a pang of regret at leaving this fair spot, as a turn in the river shut out from our sight the dark clear pool, the pebbly beach of our promontory, the deserted lodges, and the expiring fires, the rich wooded strip of flat land, and the forest-clad hills and mountains behind. We stopped at the Clearwater to hunt beaver, and followed a tolerable track, twice crossing the stream, through a very pretty wood, up and down hill, to a little lake where was a dam, which we broke through; but never a beaver did we see, though there were plenty of recent signs of them about, and abundance of very fresh traces of bears and moose. But though we did not see a single beaver, we saw signs of their habitation and modes of life, which I confess I almost hesitate to set down, lest I should be thought to tell a traveller’s tale. At some little distance from the beaver camp, down the stream, was a regular path, beaten quite hard, and evidently by these animals; for though the path was well defined it was nowhere cleared for more than a foot or so from the ground. This led to a regular storehouse of wood, where a number of birch-logs, for winter-wood, about the thickness of a man’s arm, were piled side by side, and on each other, each about eighteen inches long, and cut with perfect regularity to the same length. That the deposit had been formed by beavers there could be no doubt, but what their object was in making such a store at a distance from their dwellings, or why they should have taken as much trouble to equalize the length of their logs, and pile them neatly, as the best lumberers would with their cordwood, I am at a loss to guess.

“We solaced ourselves for our beaver disappointment by shooting partridges for dinner, and, rejoining our canoes, dropped down the stream again. A beaver had visited the

trap we had left set at "Beaver Island," as I had named the scene of their tree-felling exploits, but it had got off again. At the Falls Brook, we halted; and as we approached it, a large eagle rose slowly from the cliff. Our guns were, unfortunately, in their covers, or we might have secured a fine specimen. We camped on a little terrace under the shelter of an overhanging bluff, and had a fishing evening. The fish take greedily, especially in the pool under the falls.

"July 20th, Sunday.—A lovely day. The sunshine brilliant, and the breeze strong enough to blow away midges and black-flies to a great extent. We bathed and breakfasted, and read the service on a point above the camp, after which we explored the stream for a short distance above the falls, and had another long bathe, followed by a good talk and rest, smoking in our camp. It was a pleasant, lazy day, much like that we spent at Boston Brook. Saw a wild fruit new to me, much like the wild raspberry as regards the fruit, but dissimilar, inasmuch as the leaf was different, and but one fruit grew on each plant. It was not my old Scotch friend, the cloudberry, or avron, however. Gabriel knew the fruit, and pronounced it eatable, but had no name for it, Indian or English.

"July 21st.—Another day as lovely and cloudless as its predecessor. Before bathing this morning, I caught above a dozen large trout, varying from one to four pounds' weight, in the pool below the falls, and a like quantity immediately after breakfast. After returning to our former camping-place at the junction with the Restigouche, we made a *cache*, where we hid away most of our goods, and then started, in very light marching order, for another beaver hunt, in a locality which Gabriel had explored when we were camped here before. For some way, we had a good, well-defined path,—then a very bad one, and then, finally, none at all. The bad stage led us down a very pretty Scotch-like *den* to an old and long-deserted lumber camp, at which we found a most beautiful spring, clear and cold as ice. From this point, we made our way through quite unbroken forest. We had to cross Hoyles-brook, a fine rushing river, which we did by the help of a

sort of natural bridge, consisting of trees which had fallen from either side of the noisy brawling stream. We had then some time of the very most abominable walking I ever experienced, the whole ground being a cedar-swamp, which we had to traverse by stepping from trunk to trunk of the prostrate cedars—some dead, some living, and generally several feet above the level of the swamp itself. It is needless to say that every kind of villainous insect revelled here as in a paradise. We contrived to camp on somewhat less damp ground close to the fork of two streams; but it was not a comfortable or satisfactory camping-place.

“*July 22.*—On waking this morning, found Gabe gone to reconnoitre further, and waited for his return, after which we marched toilsomely on through thick, though, happily, not swampy forest, to a beaver-dam, in which we made a breach, with no greater success than at the Clearwater. Finding our labour in vain, we returned, all in tatters, to our camp on the Restigouche, after a day of splendid exercise. Went a mile or so down the river, and camped on a beach full of pretty flowers. Saw a bittern in the evening.”

I have now, I think, given more than enough of my journal to show the nature of our life, and may abbreviate the narrative of the remainder of our voyage to the sea.

A few miles below the mouth of the “Kedgwick,” lives a singular character, the Hermit of the Restigouche, as he is called in the Province. An old Scotelman, Cheyne by name, has settled himself here alone, fifty miles above any other human being, partly, I suppose, with an eye to the ultimate value of the land at a point where two such rivers meet, but partly also from a love of solitude. When another man came and settled near him, he bought him out, though he has made no use of this additional possession. He has been here many years, and saved more than one person from starvation, which he seems to consider entitles him to claim a pension from the government.

The remainder of our voyage down the Restigouche was of much the same character as its commencement; the river

broadened and deepened as we went, and received from time to time tributaries little smaller than itself. The first of these to which we come is the Petapedia, which falls into the Restigouche from the north, and forms the boundary between New Brunswick and Canada. From this point, the Restigouche itself is the line of division between the two provinces. The next great stream, the Upsalquitch, is a New Brunswick river, flowing from the south; and the third wholly Canadian, the Metapedia. At the mouth of this splendid stream stands the settlement of Messrs. Alexander and Daniel Fraser, where we arrived on one of the last days of July, and were most hospitably received. This farm, a very large one of above a thousand acres, is beautifully situated, and is one of the most thriving and flourishing settlements I have ever seen. The brothers are full of energy and shrewdness: the elder is a well-read and thoughtful man—the younger, one of the most splendid physical specimens of the genus *homo* that I have ever encountered; considerably above six feet in height, and stout and strong in proportion; a sportsman, as well as a successful practical farmer; and full of good-humour and kindness. Pretty clumps of wood had been left standing near the river's bank and on the hill-sides; the meadows were full of bright wild tiger-lilies; the farm was cultivated with a neatness too seldom seen in these regions, and the large stock of cattle contained beasts of which, even in Aberdeenshire, we should have been proud.

With all my fondness for the wilderness, I must confess that the sight of the dappled cows feeding in their pastures, the comparative openness and variety of the cleared land, the ripening crops of grain and luxuriant growth of maize, and all the manifold signs of life and habitation, were pleasing to eyes which had long rested only on forest and river.

Mr. Alexander Fraser accompanied us for a short distance up the Metapedia, where we spent a few days fishing; and W—— caught a few grilse. In Canada, the fishery laws are better framed, and far more efficiently carried out, than in New Brunswick, where, indeed, in some rivers, which used to

yield a profitable return to the fisherman a few years ago, the salmon have now been almost exterminated; whilst in Canada, since measures of protection have been adopted, the fisheries have annually increased in value. From Mr. Fraser's to the sea, a distance of some twenty miles by water, or fourteen by land, the course of the river is really beautiful. Swollen to dimensions of majestic breadth, it flows calmly on, among picturesque and lofty hills, undisturbed by rapids, and studded with innumerable islands covered with the richest growth of elm and maple.

The Bay of Chaleurs preserves a river-like character for some distance from the point where the river may strictly be said to terminate, and certainly offers the most beautiful scenery to be seen in the province. I shall not soon forget my first visit to Campbellton, the conclusion to my ramble on this occasion. I had gone alone with one of our Indians up a pretty valley to look at a beaver lake and house—a structure more resembling a rusty hay-stack than anything else—and have seldom enjoyed a walk more. The views were lovely. Fine mountains were round about me—the picturesque “Squaw's Cap,” the “Slate Mountain,” and the cone of the “Sugar Loaf;”—the winding reaches of a majestic river spread blue and sparkling below the heights on which I stood; cattle peacefully reposed in the shade of noble forest trees; comfortable houses were scattered here and there in view. Every breath of the pure dry air, every ray of the brilliant sunlight, seemed to bestow a fresh supply of health and joyousness, and my mocassined foot sprang with lighter tread from the green turf, and brushed more swiftly over the plants and low bilberry bushes which thickly covered the hill-side, with every glance I gave at the clear blue sky above, or the fair scene below and around me. My short canoe voyage from hence to the mouth of the river was one of unmingled pleasure—except in so far as it was to be the last for months to come; the river broadened out into the sea, and every golden hue grew deeper and warmer as sunset approached, and bathed trees, and rocks, and hill-tops in one rich glow, nor could the

nine illegally-set salmon nets which I saw, and duly noted, deprive me of the pleasure I received, not through the eyes alone, but which tingled through my whole frame. Where the frith was about two miles broad I was met by the Surveyor-General and some of the gentlemen of Campbelton in a boat, manned by six red-shirted lumber men, and followed by a little fleet of Indian canoes. The sun had set, but the western sky was all one flood of clear transparent gold, against which the Gaspè mountains stood relieved in every shade of indigo and purple, reminding me of one of Millais' pictures. The sea was calm as the sky, and as golden, reflecting on its surface every hill and little fleecy cloudlet. The echoes of the cannon fired from Atholl House * reverberated grandly in the Canadian valleys, being echoed and re-echoed from mountain to mountain, like prolonged peals of thunder, in the still evening air; whilst life and animation were given to the scene by the scarlet shirts of the throngs of lumbermen, and the picturesque groups waiting on the quay of the pretty little town to witness my landing, which was welcomed with a long-continued popping of guns, great and small, and with row and cheering, which lasted till long after I had walked up to the Surveyor-General's house, prettily situated in a little garden of nice flowers.

The whole of the distance from Campbelton to Dalhousie, a drive of twenty miles along the coast of the Bay of Chaleurs, on an excellent high road, presents a succession of beautiful views across the narrow bay, in which Tracadiegash, one of the highest of the Gaspè mountains, always forms a conspicuous object, jutting forward as it does into the sea opposite Dalhousie. Dalhousie itself is in a remarkably pretty situation, more picturesque, however, I should think than convenient, for the town is laid out on the side of a steep hill, and the thresholds in one street are considerably above the chimney-pots of the houses in the street below. However, its inhabitants ought to be content with the possession of a magnificent harbour, to say nothing of the lovely

* The residence of Adam Ferguson, Esq. of Restigouche.

scenery which makes Dalhousie a pleasanter residence than most other places in the province.

A few miles from the town I was met by the High Sheriff, the Hon. W. Hamilton, M.L.C., the members for the county, and other notabilities of Dalhousie, and entered the town with the ordinary firing of guns, and shoutings and runnings usual on the part of the juvenile members of the population. The front of our hotel was handsomely decorated with fir-trees, garlands, and flags, and an extemporized avenue had been formed to the Court House, consisting of large spruce trees stuck upright in the ground on either side of the gravel walk. The pillars of the portico also were wreathed round, and a triumphal arch erected in front thereof, bearing the loyal inscription, "God Save the Queen" in huge letters. As we walked down the street, the children of the schools sang "God Save the Queen" in front of the Mechanics' Institute; and then, entering the Court House, I held a levee, and received the address of the county of Restigouche. With my reply I felt that my "vacation tour" for 1862 was over, and the remainder of my time in Dalhousie was devoted to the usual routine of inspecting schools and gaols, reviewing and haranguing volunteers, visiting mills and ship-yards, and receiving calls from the people of the place.

But though I do not propose to introduce into this paper any notice of the remainder of my tour through the counties of Gloucester, Kent, and Westmoreland, I think that one establishment which I visited in its course deserves some mention, and will excite some interest.

There is an obscure and doubtful story that, some eighty or a hundred years ago, a French ship was wrecked on the shore of the county of Gloucester or Northumberland, and that some of those who escaped from the crew were sailors of Marseilles, who had caught in the Levant the true eastern leprosy, the terrible *Elephantiasis Græcorum*. However this may be, there is no doubt that for many years past a portion of the French population of these counties has been afflicted with this fearful malady, or one closely allied to it—probably

that form of leprosy which is known to prevail upon the coast of Norway. About twenty years ago the disease seemed to be on the increase, and so great an alarm was created by this fact, and by the allegation, (the truth or falsehood of which I have never been able satisfactorily to ascertain), that settlers of English descent had caught and died of the disease, that a very stringent law was passed, directing the seclusion of the lepers, and authorizing any member of a local Board of Health constituted by the Act, to commit to the Lazaretto any person afflicted with the disorder. After being for a time established at Sheldrake Island, in the Miramichi River, the hospital was removed to Tracadie, in the county of Gloucester, where it continues to remain.

The situation of the Lazaretto is dreary in the extreme, and the view which it commands embraces no object calculated to please, or indeed to arrest, the eye. On the one side is a shallow turbid sea, which at the time of my visit was unenlivened by a single sail; on the other lies a monotonous stretch of bare, cleared land, only relieved by the ugly church and mean wooden houses of a North American village.

The outer inclosure of the Lazaretto consists of a grass field, containing some three or four acres of land. Within these limits the lepers are now allowed to roam at will. Until lately, however, they were confined to the much narrower bounds of a smaller inclosure in the centre of the large one, and containing the buildings of the hospital itself.

Into these dismal precincts I entered, accompanied by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Chatham, the Secretary to the Board of Health, the Resident Physician, and the Roman Catholic priest of the village, who acts as Chaplain to the hospital.

Within the inner enclosure are several small wooden buildings detached from each other, and comprising the kitchen, laundry, &c. of the establishment; one of these edifices, but newly completed, is furnished with a bath—a great addition to the comfort of the unhappy inmates. The hospital itself is a building containing two large rooms, the

one devoted to the male, and the other to the female, patients. In the centre of each room is a stove and table, with a few benches and stools, whilst the beds of the patients are ranged along the walls. These rooms are sufficiently light and well-ventilated, and at the time of my visit were perfectly clean and neat. In the rear of these rooms is a small chapel, so arranged that a window obliquely traversing the wall on each side of the partition which divides the two rooms enables the patients of either sex to witness the celebration of Mass without meeting. Through the same apertures confessions are received, and the Holy Communion administered. I may here remark how curious an illustration is thus afforded to the architectural students of the object of those low skew windows often found in the chancels of ancient churches. In a remote corner of North America, in a rude wooden building of modern date, erected by men who never saw a mediæval church, or possess the least acquaintance with Gothic architecture, convenience has suggested an arrangement precisely similar to one which has long puzzled the antiquaries and architects of Europe.

At the time of my visit there were twenty-three patients in the Lazaretto, thirteen males and ten females, all of whom were French Roman Catholics, belonging to families of the lowest class. These were of all ages, and suffering from every stage of the disease. One old man, whose features were so disfigured as to be barely human, and who appeared in the extremity of dotage, could hardly be roused from his apathy sufficiently to receive the Bishop's blessing, which was eagerly sought on their knees by the others. But there were also young men, whose arms seemed as strong, and their powers of work and of enjoyment as unimpaired, as they ever had been; and—saddest sight of all—there were young children condemned to pass here a life of hopeless misery.

I was especially touched by the appearance of three poor boys between the ages of fifteen and eleven years. To the ordinary observer they were like other lads—bright-eyed and intelligent enough; but the fatal marks which sufficed to

separate them from the outer world were upon them, and they were now shut up for ever within the walls of the Lazaretto.

An impression similar in kind, though feebler in degree, is produced by the sight of all the younger patients. There is something appalling in the thought that from the time of his arrival until his death, a period of perhaps many long years, a man, though endowed with the capacities, the passions, and the desires of other men, is condemned to pass from youth to middle life, and from middle life to old age, with no society but that of his fellow sufferers, with no employment, no amusement, no resource; with nothing to mark his hours but the arrival of some fresh victim; with nothing to do except to watch his companions slowly dying round him. Hardly any of the patients could read, and those who could had no books. No provision seemed to be made to furnish them with any occupation, either bodily or mental, and under these circumstances I was not surprised to learn that, in the later stages of the disease, the mind generally became enfeebled.

The majority of the patients did not appear to me to suffer any great amount of pain, and I was informed that one of the characteristics of the disease was the insensibility of the flesh to injury. One individual was pointed out to me whose hand and arm had been allowed to rest on a nearly red-hot stove, and who had never discovered the fact until attention was arrested by the strong smell of the burning limb, which was terribly injured.

The day after my visit to the Lazaretto, I went to Burnt Church, the trysting-place and head quarters of the Micmac tribe, who collect here in great numbers on St. Anne's day. Comparatively few live habitually on the reserve, but the presence of the Governor and the Bishop attracted a considerable gathering, although St. Anne's Day had not passed by three weeks. A large and very handsome arch had been erected in front of the church, bearing the text "*Per Me regnant reges et ministri decreverunt justitiam,*" and an immense wigwam of green boughs, without a single nail in its structure, had

been built, under which the Bishop of Chatham gave luncheon to a large party collected to meet me. An address was presented in Miemac, after which there were foot-races and dances. I suppose all barbaric dances are much alike, but I was surprised by the curious resemblance between these dances and those of the Greek peasantry. Even the costumes were in some degree similar, and I noticed more than one short coloured silk jacket and handkerchief-bound head that carried me back to Ithaca and Paxo; but, alas! how different were the flat-nosed, high-cheek-boned faces from those of the Ionian Islands!

Before I left the next morning a pair were married by the Bishop, who took the opportunity to make an address to the people, and I was extremely struck by the manner in which what he said was translated to the Indian congregation by the recognised interpreter (a very dark Indian), who stood by the Bishop at the altar, dressed in a purple cassock and short surplice. He never faltered or hesitated, always rendering with the most perfect fluency the sentence which the Bishop had uttered, whilst his gestures—sometimes folding both hands on his breast, sometimes raising one arm, sometimes gently extending both—were not only forcible but excessively graceful.

The Indians settled at Burnt Church are by far the most civilized that I have seen in the province. Many of them have frame houses, fields neatly fenced, good crops and fair cattle; but, as the ground belongs to all in common, a feeling of insecurity as to the possession of any individual must exist, which can hardly fail to act injuriously.

The Indians of New Brunswick, if the census returns may be trusted, are not, as is generally supposed, decreasing in number; as in 1861 a slight augmentation appeared to have taken place during the previous ten years. Lands, which are placed under the care of commissioners appointed by the Government, are reserved for their occupation in various parts of the province.

They are all Christians, and almost all Roman Catholics.

The remainder of my tour in 1862 was of a purely official character.

During the spring and early summer of 1863 I visited various settled districts; and on the 30th of July commenced another extensive journey through the wilder parts of the province, on which I was accompanied by Mr. W——, Mr. E. C——, and Gabriel. Our purpose, which we fully carried out, was to ascend the Tobique to its forks, follow the southern branch to the wild lakes from which it comes, then to mount the northern branch to its source, and, crossing the portage, descend the great Nepisiguit river to the sea. Having often travelled to Woodstock by the great road on the right bank of the river, I determined on this occasion to take the less frequented road on the left bank, and accordingly we crossed the St. John by the first morning trip of the steam ferry. It was a lovely summer day, and our drive along by the broad bright river, through woods and fields, was charming. Near the mouth of the Keswick, the profusion of tiger-lilies in the meadows quite tinged the ground. After passing under the picturesque point called Clark's hill, and through the rich English-like woods about Crock's point, we entered on a district new to me.

A little below Woodstock we crossed the river at a picturesque ferry, and got into the usual road. On the whole, the route by the left bank is not so pretty as that on the right, but I was glad of the opportunity of seeing how things on the side more usually travelled looked when viewed from the opposite bank. The road itself was excellent the whole way—very far better than I had expected, and quite as good, I think, as the great road.

The approach to Woodstock, from the old church upwards, is one of the pleasantest drives in the province: the road being shaded on either side with fine trees; and the comfortable farm-houses and gardens—the scattered clumps of wood—the windings of the great river—the picturesque knolls—and the gay appearance of the pretty straggling little town, all giving an idea of long settled peaceful *English*-looking country.

Woodstock itself abounds in churches, brick hotels, and stores, and ornamental wooden villas are plentifully scattered round about the neighbourhood.

In the evening I went to see the volunteer company on the green to the south of the town. They are very well drilled, and exact in all their movements.

July 31.—"Drove out to the iron mines at five A.M. I had gone over them before, but my object in now visiting them was to ascertain exactly the lines of certain conflicting grants which have been issued. The early morning was lovely before the sun had obtained its full power, but there were distant clouds which hid from us the snow-crowned summit of Katardhen. I entertain sanguine expectations of the success of these works. The beds of hæmatite extend over great part of the county, and are practically inexhaustible. Of the quality of the iron it is impossible to speak too highly, especially for making steel, and it is eagerly sought by the armour-plate manufacturers in England. On six different trials, plates of Woodstock iron were only slightly indented by an Armstrong shot, which shattered to pieces scrap-iron plates of the best quality and of similar thickness. When cast it has a fine silver-grey colour, is singularly close grained, and rings like steel on being struck. A cubic inch of Woodstock iron weighs 22 per cent. more than the like quantity of Swedish, Russian, or East Indian iron, and at least 26 per cent. more than most of the Scotch brands.

We had a pleasant but exceedingly hot drive to Florenceville, travelling through a country which I like extremely. It is rich, English, and pretty—when I say English I ought, perhaps, rather, to say Scotch, for the general features are those of the lowland parts of Perthshire, though the luxuriant vegetation—tall crops of maize, ripening fields of golden wheat, and fine well-grown hard-wood—speak of a more southern latitude. Single trees and clumps are here left about the fields and on the hill-sides, under the shade of which well-looking cattle may be seen resting, whilst on the other hand are pretty views of river and distance, visible

under fine willows, or through birches that carried me back to Deeside.

Florenceville is a tiny village with a large inn. Its site is, I should think, inconvenient, as it is perched, like an Italian town, on the very top of a high bluff, far above the river.

Between Florenceville and Tobique the road becomes even prettier, winding along the bank of the St. John, or through woody glens that combine to my eye Somersetshire, Perthshire, and the green wooded part of south-western Germany.

All through the sultry afternoon the clouds grew blacker and heavier, and, when we came in sight of Tobique, seemed truly magnificent in their mass and weight and gloom. We drove up to Mr. N——'s just in time, for as we got out of the carriage, the still sultriness of the evening was interrupted by a furious gust of wind, which made N——'s unfortunate flag-staff reel and quiver, and threw all the trees into agonized contortions. This was followed by a burst of thunder and down-pour of rain such as I have seldom seen, and which was only the forerunner of a terrific storm. Every now and then there was a lull, but the thunder and rain continued, more or less, for the whole night.

“*August 1st.*—Gabriel arrived in the middle of the night by the stage-coach.*

* I have often wished, on seeing one of these unwieldy machines (which are only rather less difficult to get out of than to get into), that I had by my side Mr. Antony Trollope, who has informed the readers of his very pleasant book on America that, “though New Brunswick borders with Lower Canada and Nova Scotia, there is neither railroad nor stage conveyance running from one to the other;” and that “the Canadas are, in effect, more distant from New Brunswick than from England.” If Mr. Trollope had given a day or two to this province (where he would have been, and will be, heartily welcome), and had witnessed the receipt and despatch of the daily mails from St. John, he would not have written this sentence; still less, had he travelled over the railway (certainly second to none on the American Continent in the solidity of its works and completeness of its arrangements) which passes within a short distance of the Nova Scotia frontier, with which it is connected by daily stages. Not only, however, are we supposed to be without regular communication with Canada, but without roads to effect such communication. Great was the amusement produced in New Brunswick early in 1862, by a number of the *Illustrated London News*, accompanied by a large coloured print, purporting

About mid-day, after signing a mass of papers, packing up what we meant to send back to Fredericton, buying the few things we still wanted, at the village store, and making every other preparation for a months' seclusion in the woods, we drove up to a point opposite the Indian village, occupying the promontory formed by the junction of the Tobique and the St. John, where we found canoes waiting for us. The bank was everywhere marked and furrowed by the effects of last night's rain, which had, in many places, done a great deal of damage. The Indians were waiting for us at the opposite landing, and received me with a long shout and an irregular firing off of guns, and I then walked through the village and farm. The irregular cluster of wretched houses looked comfortless enough, and all the more so for the miserable assembly of mangy, hungry curs which sneaked about them; but they were, in general, clean and neat within; which, even supposing them to have been specially got up for my visit, at least showed that their owners knew what cleanliness and neatness were. Three houses especially interested me. The first contained a very fine old Indian of extreme age,

to represent the march of the Guards to Canada, from St. John. These unfortunate troops were depicted on foot, with their knapsacks on their backs, and their bearskins on their heads, trudging up a winding path on the face of a portentous mountain, accompanied at intervals by mounted officers; whilst in the foreground was a "bivouac" (something like one of our forest-camps), where round a fire various queer figures were grouped, who, according to the letter-press, were "Indian guides consulting as to the route to be taken," and who were accompanied by huge dogs, whether to smell out the road or pick the soldiers out of the snow, I am not aware. The paper ended its description by observing, that whatever might be thought of the artistic merits of the picture, its scrupulous fidelity might be relied on with confidence. Now for a few words of sober fact. 1st.—Not one man of the 7,000 soldiers who passed through New Brunswick in the winter of 1861-2 made the journey on foot. 2d.—Not one man carried his knapsack. 3d.—They had no mountains to cross. 4th.—The bearskins were not sent out till summer. 5th.—No officer made the journey on horseback, had any done so he would have probably lost one or both feet. 6th.—No Indian—or any other—guides were needed, seeing that it would have required considerable ingenuity to *lose* the way—a high road, along which Her Majesty's mail constantly travels, whilst a line of telegraph posts and wires runs by its side during its whole course from St. John to Rivière du Loup.

and his little grandson, together with his nephew's widow. In the second was an old blind crone, wonderfully patient and good-humoured; and in the third, a sick woman, very gorgeously costumed. We visited the chapel, and then looked at the farms. The reserve is one of considerable extent, but only a small portion has been cultivated or cleared. There was a sort of road, uncertain attempts at fields, and some very good horses. In one house was a tame beaver. Before leaving, "my children" presented me with a sort of address, or petition, asking for support for the priest, medicine for the sick, blankets for the poor and aged, &c. I made them a short answer, which Gabe translated, sentence by sentence, as I went on. This over, we descended the bank, got into our canoes, bade good-bye to our *cortège*, and pushed off. Our canoes were small, holding only one of us in each, and an Indian in the stern. Mine was paddled by Sabanis, the head man of the village, a very good and worthy Indian, but rather too old for hard work, and knowing little English. E—— was taken charge of by Inia, a very dark old fellow, and hardly able to speak anything but Melicete, except a few words of Miemac. W—— had young Lolah—a mighty hunter—active, intelligent, and strong, a thorough Indian, and an unspoiled one. Gabe came with Noel, a half-breed, who talked very good English. We had not gone a mile before we commenced the very difficult navigation of "the Narrows." These are a series of very strong and formidable rapids, where the river, extremely contracted, rushes between steep banks of limestone-rock and slatey shale for a considerable distance, turning sharply at every few hundred yards. There is a certain excitement in poling up a rapid, and it forms a very pleasant episode in a wood-life, when one has confidence in the eye and hand of the *voyageur*. It was, in this case, very hard work—the stream being terrifically strong, the sharp turns incessant, and the rocks in the course of the river numerous and dangerous, to say nothing of the precipitous cliffs on either bank; the scenery, however, was fine. At length, about four P.M. we surmounted the last

rapid, and paused to rest in a lovely lake-like reach, into which the river had broadened out. The narrow gorge through which we had come was composed of abrupt precipices of splintered slate; above the rapids were more rounded hills, though rock showed here and there through a rich growth of wood. Our canoes lay in a rushy inlet, from which rose a grassy knoll, where stood a picturesque group of three Indian children with wreaths of orange tiger-lilies twined round their heads.

We pursued our way up the now broad and undisturbed stream for about another hour, when we camped in a very pretty place, at a turn in the river, and on the right bank. Here we fished with no great success for a little time, and then bathed. The stream was rapid and strong, and carried us down nearly as quickly as the St. John did in the morning; but getting back over the sharp stones and slippery boulders along the edge, to our starting point, was hard work. Great was the pleasure of our first camp-supper for this year, and after a smoke we speedily went to sleep. The clouds threatened thunder, but none came.

*“August 2, Sunday.—*We were lazy, and did not get up till past six, when it was already very hot. Another swim in the swift stream followed by breakfast took up some time, and in the course of the morning we read the service in a shady place up the bank; but the greater part of the day we lay under the shelter of the camp, trying to keep cool. The slightest movement was an exertion, and the day I think the hottest I ever felt in the province. Towards evening, as the sun went down, we strolled gently along a path by the river-side, enjoying the views as we went, all of which had much beauty, and eating the raspberries and Indian pears which grew thickly along the track. During our walk, which lasted a considerable time, we came upon a snake of a peculiar reddish colour, which we killed.”

The next morning we were up by half-past four. After passing two more rapids, one of some length, we entered on clear deep water, which lasts unbroken for seventy miles.

There is a good settlement above these rapids, and it increases, as well it may, for the land is excellent, and covered, where uncleared, with most luxuriant vegetation, chiefly elm, ash, cedar, birch, pine, thorn, and poplar, whilst the ferns are in many places a good five feet high. I landed in the centre of the settlement, and received an address, signed by about 100 persons, to which I replied, and then gave the settlement the name of *Arthuret*. The people thought I meant to associate my own Christian name with the chief place in the extensive parish of Gordon, but in fact my mind was dwelling on the little border village where Sir James Graham lies. I walked into the school, which contained but five scholars. The schoolmistress, however, seemed likely to do well.

After leaving *Arthuret* and proceeding on our way, the heat became intense, and as it beat down on our unsheltered heads, and was reflected up again in full force from the water, I began to think that it might possibly be *too* hot. Before I was compelled to make any such humiliating confession, however, we halted, and took a rest for more than an hour, sleeping most of the time under the shelter of some great elms. The river for the rest of the afternoon continued broad and calm, studded with large islands beautifully wooded, and the banks partially settled here and there. I landed now and then to speak to these settlers. One house, though a mere log hut built on a high bank, showed signs of taste, for it was constructed with a porch, and had a few flowers planted in front of it. The clearing itself only dated from last year.

We camped on a flat grassy meadow, opposite the mouth of the *Wapskehegan* river—a pretty spot. Across the broad still river was the mouth of the *Wapskehegan*, one side of which was dense hard-wood forest, the other high red cliffs, crowned with wood, dotted with bushes, and partially clothed by a growth of creepers and climbing plants. In the distance, looking down the main river, were the blue mountains, and a better foreground than usual of wood and meadow.

From this point upward the course of the *Tobique*, as far as the forks, a distance of about eighty miles from its mouth,

is remarkably well adapted for settlement, and will, I have no doubt, one day be among the most populous and most flourishing regions in the province. As it is, scattered squatters have at points distant from each other carved out a few acres from the forest. Every year, however, these settlers increase in number. I endeavoured to visit them all on my way up, and did actually succeed in seeing and speaking to a large proportion of them.

Our custom was to stow ourselves on a buffalo skin at the bottom of the canoe, either kneeling Indian fashion, sitting cross-legged *à la Turque*, or reclining with outstretched feet—the back supported by a bar which crosses the canoe to keep it in shape. For my own part, I carried on my knees my large map and note-book, and a fishing-rod and gun formed part of the equipment of each canoe. When I saw a settler's house, or was attracted by geological appearances, I landed. The latter, however, were rare, the only noteworthy facts the observation of which was permitted by the dense vegetation being the existence of enormous beds of gypsum, and of large quantities of excellent building stone—a greyish limestone. At one place we found a substance, which at first sight bore some resemblance to coal; it was not, however, coal, but a bituminous black earth.

Without inserting a tedious journal of our daily progress to the Nictor, I give one morning's notes as a specimen of those taken as we advanced:—

“*August 4th.*—We were up at five A.M. and I went alone with Sabanis some little distance up the Wapskehegan. The red rocks are very pretty, but they soon give place to the usual dense jungly forest. I found the other canoes ready when I returned to the main river again, and we all started together at 7.35. Burnt land on right bank.

7.50. R.B. Bold red earth bluff. L.B. Bank much undermined by a change in the current, which was washing away the earth, and bringing down the trees, scores of which were lying prostrate in the water. Large and picturesque island, rich with fine timber, especially elm.

7.53. L.B. Burnt land. Beautiful clump of elms on the island. The Melicete name for elm is "Neep."

8. L.B. Burnt land continues. R.B. High red cliff, densely wooded. End of island, whereon many walnuts.

8.7. R.B. Red cliffs, curiously stratified. Low and small brush-covered island. The character of the larger wood almost wholly changed. Up to this point it has been entirely hard wood; here it is almost entirely pine, and other soft woods.

8.22. R.B. Some fine hard wood again, and an island covered with hard wood.

8.38. L.B. Very high and precipitous cliffs; red to the eye, though composed of gypsum.

8.38. L.B. Cliffs really very fine, rising between 100 and 200 feet perpendicularly from the river, which indeed they overhang. They abound with coarse gypsum. We stopped a few minutes on a little island to admire. The cliffs, at least the highest of them, are situated at a turn in the river, and are so crumbling that they must be somewhat dangerous.

8.50. End of island.

8.55. L.B. Burnt hillock.

9.15. L.B. Burnt promontory. R.B. A large quiet brook enters the river, deeply overshadowed by trees and bushes.

9.37. L.B. Rich and beautiful wooded point. River very broad and very lovely.

10.10. A promising little settlement. Numerous islands.

10.17. A very lovely nook.

10.30. Two settlers' houses, one on either side of the river, M——'s and G——'s. I visited each, which took about half an hour. The heat on shore was tremendous, and walking an exertion.

11.25. R.B. Another settler's, T——. House and clearing, though both quite new, looked very thriving. T—— was out, but his wife (an English woman) and children were at home. I was glad to see that in their cleared *intervale**

* Intervale is the name given to the natural meadows, flat, and covered with luxuriant grass, only occasionally dotted with trees, which are to be found along the course of the great rivers.

they had allowed some clumps of elm to stand. The river makes almost a right-angle in front of their houses, from which (it is situated on a high bank) is a fine view of the Blue Mountain, which we had first seen a few minutes previously. On going on again, saw and spoke to T—— himself, in a field by the river-side.

12 M. L.B. A wretched little house and small cleared patch. J—— an English settler. He was away, but I saw the wife and babies, the youngest of whom, being the first child born in the new parish of Gordon, rejoiced in my own name. The woman complained bitterly of the hardships of a new settler's life, and of a freshet in the spring, which had overflowed the house.

12.15. Have been fine elms—killed.

12.30. Halted for mid-day rest at a very pretty turn of the river under the shade of remarkably fine cedars and ashes, the latter being a novelty in the landscape."

The settlers are, too generally, barbarously destructive of their noble elms. This extermination of trees is, however, perfectly natural, even when it is not (as to a great extent it is) unavoidable. I remember feeling the force of the reply which a new settler made to my intercession for the preservation of a fine clump. "There will be quite enough black flies without them, sir." In some cases, however, an effort to retain ornamental trees has been made, and I find the following note among others: "A squatter's house; B——, a married man. They only settled last year, but have cleared a good deal. B—— is a man of taste. He has left a number of fine elms standing along the river's bank, and encouraged a growth of orange lilies about his house."

On reaching the last house on the river, K——'s, whilst I landed on one bank to visit the settler, Gabriel landed on the other to follow up some traces of a beaver which were clearly visible. Old Sabanis accompanied me, and the delight, wonder, and curiosity he displayed at the sight of some beehives, which happened to be placed before the house, were

most amusing. He had never seen the like before, and the idea of putting "flies," (as he considered them) into a wooden house seemed to entertain him greatly, for he chuckled over it to himself for hours afterwards. On returning to the canoes, I found E—— sleeping in one of them, and dozed myself in another till the return of Gabe, with news of a beaver-camp close at hand. So we went inland a short distance, and soon arrived at the beaver-pond, a dreary pool, out of which rose the usual number of dead trees killed by the dammed-up water, their white barkless stems and weird skeleton arms looking ghastly enough. There was a large beaver-house near one end of the pond. We pulled down a piece of the dam, and dug into the house. It was a long affair, and the black flies were most troublesome. At length our patience was rewarded by W—— shooting a full-grown beaver, with which we returned in triumph to our canoes.*

On the afternoon of the 6th August, we reached the "Nictor," or "meeting of the waters," where the Momozekel and the two branches of the Tobique unite. We landed on a pebbly beach to enjoy the view, which, though on a much larger scale, reminded me somewhat of that from the spot where we last year first met the canoes on the Miranichi. To the north was a rapid river running through fir-woods; to the south a quiet broad stream, reflecting on its surface a park-like scene of *intervale* and fine timber; and to the south-west a dark lake-like expanse, narrowed at length to the river's usual width by a large wooded promontory. We now turned up the southern branch, and camped in a thick wood above a pool where some rocks jutted into the water, from which

* This exploit gained W—— a new name from the Indians. Up to this time he had been known by a designation signifying "Boy who writes." This was now changed into "The Slayer of the Red-toothed One;" but as this appellation was very nearly as cumbrous in Melicete as in English, it was commuted a few days later, when his skill as a fisherman became apparent, for that of the "Fish Hawk" which he retained. E. C——, a youth of seventeen, was ironically styled "Lhoks," the American panther, or "Indian devil," the roughest, ugliest, and most dangerous of the wild beasts of the New Brunswick forest. I never myself received any other title than "Saag'm," "the Chief."

W—— caught a fine grilse. Before going further up this wild and almost entirely unknown stream, we lightened the canoes as much as possible, leaving buffalo robes, spare stores, &c. in a bear-house which we built; a simple but rather ingenious structure of logs so put together as mutually to strengthen each other, and effectually hinder a bear from extracting the contents. Our next day's course was one of continued and very steep ascent, during which, while the river became shallower and narrower, the scenery became at every mile wilder and more picturesque, especially near some falls where we were compelled to portage the canoes; and, after a hard day's work, we camped at length in a melancholy and scrubby fir-wood on the left bank. The remainder of our journey to the wild and solitary lakes, which exist in this high region, will best be described in the words of my journal.

“*August 8th.*—We left our somewhat comfortless camp soon after six. The river had now grown very narrow as well as shallow, and rushed along in a succession of almost continuous rapids, varied by deep and clear pools, in one of which W—— caught a grilse and a large salmon, which, before being landed, very nearly jumped right into one of the canoes. About nine we reached another fork, and taking the left (geographically the right) hand branch, pushed up a full clear stream, cutting our way occasionally through fallen cedars, for about half-an-hour, when we arrived at a jam which it was clearly impossible to pass.

We accordingly landed and set about preparing to portage. Gabe and Lolah, in one of the canoes, went down the stream again to the forks, with the intent of forcing a way up the main river to the lake from which it flows, whilst we and the other Indians walked there. The other canoes, with all our things, except what each could carry on his back, were carefully hidden. We then swallowed a hasty meal of salmon, and started with Sabanis, Inia, and Noel. Our walk was long, rough, and difficult; the trail, such as it was, very blind and constantly lost; the heat extreme, and the dis-

tance considerable (about ten or twelve miles). The ground was also very uneven, and we twice mounted hills of great height, but so densely covered with wood that we could see little from them. The wood was almost wholly of deciduous trees; the black flies were plentiful and tormenting, and not slow in making or profiting by the discovery that I had torn one leg of my trousers all to pieces. On the top of one low hill we found an old winter camp of Lolah's, built of bark, tent fashion, and thence rapidly descended to the shores of Quispan Pechayzo, "The Long Lake," and great was my pleasure at Sabanis' observation that "the Saag'm" was the "first white face gentleman" that had ever reached it. A desolate place it was: the water, calm and black, reflected the still black firs that crowded its rocky islets and promontories, and there was an air of eery stillness and strangeness about everything, not diminished by the wild wailing cry of the loons which flitted fearlessly about its surface. Both E—— and I were somewhat knocked up with the work. We made a fire under a great cedar by the water's edge to drive away flies of all sorts, and sank down to rest. Our real camp we made rather further off from the lake, in a wood of very tall black birch and spruce, unusually clear from all undergrowth and windfalls. The remainder of daylight was devoted to preparations for the manufacture of a *spruce-bark* canoe. The night was wet and uncomfortable.

"*August 9th.*—As soon as it was daylight the Indians resumed the business of spruce-bark canoe making. We breakfasted, read service, and watched the lake and the progress of the work. Just in front of us was a picturesque pine-covered island; a large promontory prevented our seeing much of the lake, but in the distance at its further end were large high mountains. Soon after eleven the canoe was completed, and a queer craft it was. A large sheet of spruce-bark turned inside out, and folded at the ends like a child's paper boat, kept in proper shape by sticks of willow, and stitched up at the ends with strings of the tough inner bark of the cedar, formed the whole concern. In this frail bark Noel,

E——, W——, and I embarked, leaving Sabanis and Inia behind us. We paddled carefully along, getting very pretty views, for the shores of the lake are well indented with deep bays, till we came to what Noel believed to be the portage. The track was better and more level than that of yesterday, and we made good way along it. Came upon a very pretty little nameless lake, which I christened Lake Lhoks, after E——'s Indian nickname. When we reached the banks of the big lake we found Lolah and Kobleah* camped at the end of a narrow inlet running up some distance, and from which we obtained a beautiful view. The lake here is broad, full of islands, and backed by a picturesque double mountain. The Indians call it Trousers Lake, from its two long arms. We had felt no wind in the forest nor on the other lake, but here it blew quite fresh, and waves rolled in boisterously. After a hasty bathe and equally hasty feed, we decided that W—— and Noel should return as they came, while E—— and I went down the main stream in the canoe, as there was not water enough to allow of its carrying us all.

We accordingly paddled across the lake, and in due time reached its end, where was a large dam. The descent from thence was very steep, the turns continual, the scenery very picturesque, and some of the rapids very bad. Noticed some ferns of a species new to us—a kind of *Osmunda*—and also some flowers with which I was not acquainted.

When it began to grow dark we stopped, made a sort of camp on the right bank with the canoe turned up on its edge, and ate our fish ravenously, after which we enjoyed a good sound sleep in spite of a heavy shower.

“August 10th.—It was foggy and heavy when we woke this morning, but we soon got under weigh, going down a river much like last night's, till we reached the forks, where we paused on the left bank to empty the water out of the canoe and fish a little, in hope W—— would join us. Lolah went up the other stream to the portage, where he saw no signs of them, but brought down some tea and other things from the

* Gabriel's Indian name.

cache. After waiting an hour for W——, we went on, and glided gently down till we reached the salmon-pool, where we landed, and had breakfast, whilst Lolah set to work to patch up the canoe, which was sorely cut and strained by bumps in the rapids, and rents from sharp rocks. Just as we were about to leave again, W—— overtook us. He and Noel had paddled back in the frail spruce-bark canoe, and, on getting to camp, had found Inia and Sabanis gone. They went after them, but were overtaken by night, and camped in the wood near Lolah's old camp, close to which were the two Indians. He said the rain in the night had been terrific, and amusingly described their dismay on finding that the *cache* had been rifled, not thinking we could have got there before them.

We pushed on vigorously all day, and great was the delight of going smoothly and swiftly down with the rapid current, instead of poling up toilsomely against it. We found the bear-house and its contents untouched, and were able to camp at the Nictor itself, where we were more pestered with swarms of sand flies and black flies than we had ever previously been.

“August 11.—Were up and stirring at 4.20, and started up the little Tobique Branch. For some distance this river is rather ugly, but it greatly improves as one proceeds, and at length becomes really pretty. All is at first soft wood, though with abundance of deciduous shrubs and undergrowth. After a time, hard wood is picturesquely interspersed among the pines. The windings are innumerable. On their concave side the trees overshadow the water—the convex one is usually formed by the points of broad shingly beaches of sand and small pebbles, just made for camping places. The water everywhere is very deep and dark, in contrast to the shallow stream of the other branch.

We pushed on very vigorously all day and camped at Cedar Brook; not a very good camping-ground but marked by a particularly fine cedar on the margin of a rushing brook. I sat long over the fire after the rest had gone to sleep, listening to Indian legends told in low mysterious tones.

"August 12.—We started in good time, 6.30, and pushed on very well. The river was now narrow and winding, and constantly interrupted by jams of timber, some of which we cut away, and under others of which we crept. I was in old Inia's canoe, and — following, asleep, at the bottom of the next. After passing one difficult place where the boughs of fallen cedars were very troublesome to force a way through, he chuckled a long while to himself, and at last brought out what was for him a very lengthy English sentence, "Make him, —, open eye, me tink!" After passing through a pretty pool we reached a rapid where the trees nearly met above the stream, and where there were plenty of large picturesque rocks. Here we bathed and dined, and after an hour's rest went on again. The river now became less winding—the shrubs were almost tropical in their luxuriance, and there was an abundance of that new *Osmunda*, which E—— and I observed the day before yesterday. Passing through a small shallow lake, we entered a difficult channel of almost dead water among pines, and then suddenly broke into a great lake, possessing more beauty of scenery than any other locality I have seen in the province, except, perhaps, the Bay of Chaleurs. Close to its southern edge a granite mountain rises to a height of nearly 3,000 feet, clothed with wood to its summit, except where it breaks into precipices of dark rock or long grey shingly slopes. Other mountains of less height, but in some cases of more picturesque forms, are on other sides; and in the lake itself, in the shadow of the mountain, is a little rocky islet of most inviting appearance. A lovely evening sun was shining and our voyage most pleasant. W—— shot some ducks, as we arrived at the entrance of a little stream, winding through hard wood, just under the shoulder of the great mountain. Up this stream we went, half-wading, half-paddling, and emerged into another smaller lake, some three or four miles long, and shallow, whereas the larger lake is of unknown depth. We pushed up the narrow, shallow, reedy inlet in which the lake terminates, and found a party of Mr. Ferguson's lumberers waiting to

receive us, under whose auspices we camped about half a mile from the lake, in a wood, near a most exquisite spring of delicious and icy cold water. There we supped luxuriously on the wild ducks shot by W——.

August 13.—This morning we ascended the big mountain from the point where the little stream joins the two lakes. It was very steep ascent all the way—first through thick hard-wood—thick, but not much encumbered with undergrowth—then over *scree*s of rock and among patches of stunted fir. The flies were maddening, not only in the woods but in the open air at the very top, where one would have supposed the wind would blow them away. In about two hours we reached the summit, from which the view is very fine. The lakes lie right at our feet—millions of acres of forest are spread out before us like a map, sinking and swelling in one dark mantle over hills and vallies, whilst Katardhen and Mars Hill in Maine—Tracadiegash in Canada—the Squaw's Cap on the Restigouche, and Green Mountain in Victoria, are all distinctly visible. I named the hill "Mount Sagamook."* Returning to our camp, we took an affecting leave of our Tobique Indian friends, and walked across the portage (about three miles), through a profusion of raspberries, blueberries, and crowberries, to the Nepisiguit Lake. Here, at the bottom of a deep narrow inlet, we found the new canoes, Micmac in build, accompanied the two biggest log canoes that I ever saw. On the bank, at some height above the water, is a little cleared space, and a large pine-tree, on which are cut the names of Sir Edmund Head, John Ferguson and others, with the date 1849. We had a pleasant voyage down the lake, partly assisted by a sail. The log canoes were fastened together, as in the pictures from the South Sea Islands, by a sort of deck, on which sat the lumbermen, grouped round a big chest, and presenting a remarkably picturesque appearance. To the east of this lake is a rather singularly shaped mountain, which Sir Edmund Head named Mount Teneriffe. We sailed right

* *i.e.* "of Chiefs."

down the lake, and camped at the outlet where it joins another smaller one.

We spent some days at this spot, which was an almost perfect camping-place. The narrow outlet abounded in fish to so great an extent, that E—— once caught forty-one in about as many minutes; and whilst we had a pretty view, we were well screened by bushes on one side, and had on the other a small patch of partially burnt wood, through which some remarkably fine pines were scattered.

Here we fished, we drew, we bathed, we chatted, we idled, we trapped, we made expeditions to shoot ducks and deer, and, in short, had several days of very great pleasure. One day E—— and I circumnavigated the lake, paddling ourselves: on another occasion, after wandering about among the great pine-trees, and dining on ducks shot the night before, W—— and I made an expedition to ascend Teneriffe. E—— was too lazy, or voted it too hot to come with us. We went down through a chain of small lakes connected by short streams, or mere narrow straits, and on the way examined the traps set by W——, in which we found two musquash—one living, the other drowned. After passing through several lakes, we turned to the right, up one which makes a sharp angle with the course of the river, and which brought us nearly under the mountain. We had a stiffish climb, the upper part of the hill being all bare rock, but from the top we had a very good view—not so extensive, however, though more picturesque than that from Mount Sagamook. We came upon some fine pines during our ascent. It was dark long before we returned to camp, and nothing could be more picturesque than its appearance, lighted up by the red flames of a large fire, which was itself for the most part concealed from us by the bushes. After devouring our supper of trout, I sat long over the fire, listening to Indian legends. Some of these are very picturesque and curious. They are more or less connected with each other, and form part of one great legend, very nearly resembling that of Hiawatha—that is to say, a hero, not a God, but more than man, is supposed to have existed,

who ruled all things living, and in whose time animals and men spoke to each other freely. A few specimens of their nature will not, I think, prove uninteresting.

THE STORY OF THE GREAT BROTHERS.

“ Long time ago, in the ages which are passed away, lived the great twin brethren, Clote Scarp and Malsunsis.*

“ That was in the days of the great beaver, feared by beasts and men; and in that time there was but one language among all things living.

“ Now, whence came the brethren, or what their origin, no man nor beast knew, nor ever shall know;—nay, they knew it not themselves.

“ And it came to pass one day, as they sat together in the lodge, that Malsunsis said unto his brother: ‘ Brother, is there aught existing that can slay thee?’ ‘ Yea,’ answered Clote Scarp: ‘ if I be struck, though never so lightly, with an owl’s feather, I shall die.’ (But he lied unto him.) ‘ Will aught slay thee, O brother?’ ‘ Yea, truly,’ answered Malsunsis: ‘ he that toucheth me with a fern root shall kill me.’ And herein he spake the truth.

“ Now there was no malice in the brethren’s hearts when they asked each other this, and it was their purpose and desire to shield each other from harm. Nor did Clote Scarp deceive his brother for any fear he had of him, but because he was very prudent, and very subtle, and cared not that any man—nay, not his brother—should know that which made his life depend upon the will of him that knew it.

“ But it came to pass, that as Malsunsis thought of these things day by day, it came into his mind to slay his brother, that he alone might be great among beasts and men; and envy of his brother began to eat up his heart. But how these thoughts arose no man nor beast knoweth, nor shall know.

* Malsunsis, “ the Little Wolf,” was not the name of the second brother, which has escaped my recollection. Clote Skarp, I am sorry to say, means “ the big liar.”

Some say that Mik-o the squirrel taught him thus to think, and some say Quah-Beet-E-Siss, the son of the great beaver. But some say he had no tempter save himself. No man nor beast knoweth this, nor ever shall know.

“Now one night, Clote Scarp slept in the lodge, but Malsunsis lay awake. And he rose up and went out, and called to Koo-Koo-Skoos the owl, and said: ‘O owl, give me one of your tail feathers.’ ‘What for?’ said the owl. ‘I may not tell thee,’ said he; but in the end he told him. Then said Koo-Koo-Skoos, the owl: ‘Thou shalt not do this wickedness through my help. Nay, more: I will screech until I wake thy brother, and will tell him all thy design.’ Then Malsunsis grew very wroth, and caught up his bow and arrows, and shot the owl, Koo-Koo-Skoos, and he tumbled down on the grass dead. Then Malsunsis took out one of the feathers, and stole gently, and struck Clote Scarp on the forehead between the eyes. And Clote Scarp awoke, and saw his brother standing over him (but the owl’s feather he saw not), and said: ‘O brother, a fly hath tickled me;’ and he sat up, and Malsunsis was ashamed. Yet he felt more angry with his brother than before. And when Clote Scarp sat up, he saw the owl and the arrow sticking in its body, and the feather wanting in his tail. (For the feather itself he could not see, Malsunsis having hidden it in his hand.) And he turned to his brother and said: ‘What is this, O my brother, hast thou sought to kill me?’ And he sang this song:—

‘Verily I am ashamed for my brother,
Because he hath sought my life,
My safety is turned to my danger,
My pride is changed into my shame.’

And he said: ‘How came this to pass, my brother?’ Then Malsunsis said: ‘Truly, I did this thing because I believed thee not, and knew well that I should not slay thee. I knew that thou hadst deceived me; and lo! thou hast not dealt fairly with me. Have I not told thee truly my secret? but thou hast not told me thine. Dost thou distrust thy brother?’

Dost thou fear me, though I fear not thee? Tell me truly thy secret, that I may keep the hurtful thing from thee.' But Clote Scarp feared him the more. Nevertheless, he made as though he believed him, and said: 'Truly, my brother, I did wrong to lie to thee. Know that a blow from the root of a pine would kill me.' This he said, deceiving him again, for he trusted him not.

"Then Malsunsis stole away into the forest, and marked where a great pine lay which the wind had overthrown, and whose roots lay bare and turned towards the sky. And the next day he called to his brother to hunt with him in the woods; and brought him near the pine-tree. Now it was mid-day, and the sun was hot, and Clote Scarp lay down and slept. Then Malsunsis, mighty in strength among men, seized the pine tree and raised it in his arms, and struck Clote Scarp on the head many times. Then Clote Scarp arose in anger, shouting: 'O thou false brother, get thee hence, lest I slay thee!' and Malsunsis fled through the forest. Clote Scarp sat by the river and laughed, and said in a low voice to himself: 'Nought but a flowering rush can kill me.' But the musquash heard him. And he grieved because his brother sought to slay him; and he returned home to the lodge. Now it came to pass, that Malsunsis came and sat by the same river, and said: 'How shall I slay my brother? for now I must slay him, lest he kill me.' And the musquash heard him, and put up his head and said: 'What wilt thou give me if I tell thee?'—And he said: 'I will give thee whatsoever thou shalt ask.'—Then said the musquash: 'The touch of a flowering rush will kill Clote Scarp: I heard him say it. Now give me wings like a pigeon.' But Malsunsis said: 'Get thee hence, thou with a tail like a file; what need hast thou of pigeon's wings?' and he departed on his way.

"Now the musquash was angry because he had not received his wish, and because Malsunsis had likened his tail to a file; and he was sorry, and he sought out Clote Scarp, and told him what he had done.

“ Then Clote Scarp rose up and took a fern-root in his hand, and sought out his brother, and said, ‘ Why dost thou thus seek my life ? So long as thou knewest not I had no fear, but now thou must die, for thou hast learned my secret, and I cannot trust thee.’ And he smote him with the fern-root, and Mulsunsis fell down dead. And Clote Scarp sang a song over him and lamented. And all that Clote Scarp did, and how he slew the great beaver—whose house is even now in Kenebekasis—and how he ruled beasts and men, and what the great turtle—turtle of turtles, king and chief among turtles—did, I will tell another time.”

“ Three brethren came to Clote Scarp, and they prayed him to make them tall, and give them great strength and a long life exceeding that of men, and Clote Scarp was vexed with them, and said, ‘ Probably you desire great strength and size that you may help others and benefit your tribe ; and long life, that you may have much opportunity to do good to men.’ And they said, ‘ We care not for others, neither do we seek the good of men ; long life and strength and height are what we seek.’ Then he said, ‘ Will you take for these success in fight, that you may be glorious in your tribe ?’ And they answered, ‘ Nay, we have told you what we seek.’ Then he said, ‘ Will you have, instead thereof, knowledge, that you may know sickness and the property of herbs, and so gain repute and heal men ?’ And they answered, ‘ Verily we have informed thee touching our desire.’

“ Then he said once again, ‘ Will you have wisdom and subtlety that you may excel in counsel ?’

“ And they answered him, ‘ We have told thee what we seek. If thou wilt grant it, give ; if thou wilt refuse, withhold. We have asked strength and long life and stature. Probably thou art not able to grant them, and seekest to put us off with these other things.’ Then Clote Scarp waxed angry, and said, ‘ Go your ways ; you shall have strength, and stature, and length of days.’ And they left him rejoicing. But before they had proceeded far, lo ! their feet

became rooted to the ground, and their legs stuck together, and their necks shot up, and they were turned into three cedar-trees, strong and tall, and enduring beyond the days of men, but destitute of all glory and of all use."

Others of these legends were more of the nature of "Reynard the Fox," relating exclusively to the different animals and the tricks they were supposed to have played each other. The clumsy butt of all the other animals was always Muween, the bear; and the cleverest were the panther Lhoks, and the fisher-marten Pekquan, but they had not the same rank with the tortoise, who, to my surprise, was considered the great lord and chief among the beasts, although his awkwardness and helplessness led into many unpleasant and ludicrous positions. There was one very comical story of his going out hunting, drawn on a sled or traboggin by two moose. Of course he met with many misadventures. The boughs swept him off his sled without its being perceived by his steeds; he got entangled in creepers, and finally his bearers became so tired of their load that they made a hole for him in the ice, and left him there; but, by dint of subtlety, he shot the moose of which they were in search, whilst his companions returned empty-handed. On another occasion he fell into the hands of enemies, and only escaped from them by a series of clever stratagems. But Lhoks, the panther, filled the most conspicuous place in these stories. The following is a specimen of those in which he figured:—

"Lhoks, the panther, Pekquan, the fisher, sat by the lake-shore, and they watched the water-fowl at play. 'We will eat of these ducks to-morrow,' said Pekquan, the fisher, and he acquainted Lhoks, his uncle, with his design. And it seemed good to Lhoks, the panther. So Pekquan went forth and proclaimed that, on the morrow, there would be a council in the lodge of Lhoks, the panther, to which all the water-fowl were asked, and at which matters of great advantage to the ducks and geese would be declared.

“ So on the morrow there was a prodigious assembly of water-birds, large and small. There were the great geese and the little geese, the wood-ducks, and the teal, and the little gold-eyes, and the loons, and the mallards, and they all came flying and hopping and waddling and jostling to the lodge. Then Lhoks declared that a great mystery was to be performed to their advantage, and that it behoved them all to keep silence whilst he danced, singing, round the lodge five times, and that they must all keep their eyes fast closed, or they would lose their sight for ever. So they all shut their eyes and put their heads under their wings, and Lhoks danced round the lodge. And behold! as he finished his first turn round the lodge, he snapped off the head of a fat foolish duck, and the second time he did likewise. Now, Pekquan, the fisher, had a cousin among the teal, and he whispered to him, ‘Open your eyes.’ ‘Oh no,’ said the teal, ‘for I shall lose my sight.’ And the third time Lhoks snapped off a head. Then said Pekquan again, ‘Open your eyes! open your eyes!’ but the teal replied, ‘I dare not. Do you wish that I should lose my sight?’ And the fourth time Lhoks went round the lodge and bit off a bird’s head. Then, as he was making the fifth round, Pekquan said again, ‘You foolish bird, I tell you to open your eyes without delay.’ So the teal drew out his head carefully from under his wing and opened one eye a little way, and when he saw what was going forward, he cried as loud as he could, ‘We are all being killed! we are all being killed!’ Then all the birds opened their eyes at once and made for the door, with such a scramble and scurry as was never seen before, and in the confusion Lhoks and Pekquan killed as many as they desired, and the dead lay in heaps about the lodge.

“ Now, Lhoks, the panther, took to himself the greater part of the prey, and Pekquan, the fisher, seeing this, was grieved, for he knew that the design had been his own, and he took of the warm fat of the birds and put it on a birch-bark dish and carried it to the water’s edge; and he said to the musquash swimming by, ‘O musquash, take down this dish into

the cold deep water and cool it for me;’ and the musquash did so; and when Lhoks saw that Pekquan, the fisher, had good cool grease to eat, he too desired it, and he likewise called to the musquash. Now, the musquash had been instructed by Pekquan, the fisher, and when he brought up again the dish which Lhoks had given him, behold, it was but partially cooled, and it was not good. So Lhoks said to the musquash, ‘Take it down again, thou file-tailed one, and be sure to cool it well and effectually this time.’ And the musquash dived down again, saying, ‘It shall be so.’ And Lhoks, waited for him on the shore, but he came not up again at all. And Lhoks waited all that day, and all that night, and the next day, and when at last he returned to the lodge, he found that Pekquan, the fisher, had eaten up all the birds, and he was greatly angered.”

There was a sequel to this tale, consisting of a long pursuit of the musquash by Lhoks, in which the musquash ultimately escaped; but I never quite understood this.

On another occasion, Lhoks persuaded poor Muween, the bear, to roast himself in an oven under the idea that it would make him white, a colour of which all bears are passionately fond; and when Bruin, unable to endure the heat and pain, insisted on being released, Lhoks induced him to return by pointing out to him the white gorget on his breast as a mark that the change was commencing and would soon take effect. The conversation with which this tale began was rather amusing

“Lhoks and Muween sat by the lake. The sea-gulls flew by.

“Said Lhoks, ‘Those are of all birds the most ungrateful.’

“Said Muween, ‘Why?’

“Said Lhoks: ‘Do you not know that they were black, and that I taught them how to become white, and now they fly by me without one word. There is no gratitude in them.’” He thus leads on Muween to desire to know the same secret, and to profit by the knowledge of it.

But the wildest, most poetical, and most striking legend of

the whole, is that which relates the final disappearance of Clote Scarp from earth. I give it as nearly as I can remember in the words in which I heard it.

“Now the ways of beasts and men waxed evil, and they greatly vexed Clote Scarp, and at length he could no longer endure them. And he made a great feast by the shore of the great lake—all the beasts came to it—and when the feast was over he got into a big canoe, he and his uncle, the great turtle, and they went away over the big lake, and the beasts looked after them till they saw them no more. And after they ceased to see them, they still heard their voice as they sang, but the sounds grew fainter and fainter in the distance, and at last they wholly died away. And then great silence fell on them all, and a great marvel came to pass, and the beasts who had till now spoken but one language, no longer were able to understand each other, and they all fled away, each his own way, and never again have they met together in council. And Koo-Koo-Skoos, the owl, said, ‘Oh, I am so sorry ! oh, I am so sorry !’ and has gone on ever since saying so at night. And the loons, who had been the hunting dogs of Clote Scarp, go restlessly up and down through the world, seeking vainly for their master, whom they cannot find, and wailing sadly because they find him not.”

With these stories were mingled others of a more historical character, of war and hunting. These latter they showed no unwillingness to tell, but it was only at night, and in a low voice, while my companions slept, that the more superstitious ones were related ; and the waking of another member of the party, or the slightest expression of apparent unbelief or ridicule sufficed to check the story ; nor could they ever be persuaded to resume the narration of one interrupted in such a manner.

The descent of the Nepisiguit appears to me on the whole somewhat monotonous, as its banks present less variety than those of the Tobique, and the forest is principally of fir. We stopped at one place where Mr. Ferguson was about to set a lumber party to work for the first time, and made an expedition

into the really primæval and wholly untouched forest, to look at the great white pines. Three that we saw cut down were respectively 135, 122, and 111 feet in length, but I was somewhat disappointed with their appearance. They are so thickly surrounded by smaller trees as to be scarcely visible, and seem thin and spindly in proportion to their great height. At another place we had a grand beaver hunt, resulting in the capture of two pretty little baby beavers, which we carried home safely to Fredericton as pets.

The country traversed by the Nepisiguit is for the most part rocky, and not very well adapted for settlement, which, indeed, has never been attempted on it above a few miles from its mouth at Bathurst. Among the granitic mountains of the upper part of its course is one of very remarkable character. It is composed of felspar, is perfectly bare, of a deep red colour, and abruptly separated by a chasm, some seventy feet deep, from the grey syenite rocks covered with vegetation, which are met with everywhere else in the vicinity.

At length, on the sixth day after leaving the lake, we reached the Narrows, a set of rather formidable rapids, between precipices of slate rock, and here for the first time we came to grief. The birch barks got safely through, but one of the log canoes struck, and turning broadside to the rapid began to fill. Our canoes immediately shoved off to her assistance, and with the exception of a kettle and a pair of boots, we saved everything of value, though all the goods were drenched.

At the Great Falls of the Nepisiguit, where we arrived the same morning, we remained a few days. These falls effectually prevent the further passage of salmon, and the pools below them are consequently crowded with these fish, and form the best fishing-station in the province, though the number of salmon frequenting them annually diminishes. The falls themselves are very picturesque, but fine as they undoubtedly are, I think the narrow winding gorge by which they are approached, and through which the river rushes between high cliffs of every shade of black, brown, and red, is far finer, especially when seen by a fading evening light.

After some days spent in salmon fishing, partridge shooting, &c. we again started, and leaving my companions to follow me more leisurely, I proceeded to the Pabineau Falls, below which I was to find a carriage to take me to Bathurst. Quitting the canoe in a rapid above the falls, I walked alone across the bare granite rocks which separated me from the party awaiting my arrival, and which also formed the dividing line between the wilderness and civilized life. My mocassined feet made no noise on the smooth worn rock, though, had they done so, the roar of the falling waters would have drowned the sound, and long before the solitary blue-shirted figure approaching them had caught their eye, I could see a group of the gentlemen of Bathurst waiting near Mr. Ferguson's carriage. And here, with civilization and my ordinary duties again in view, I will close these notes, which have already exceeded their proper limits ; though, did space permit ; I should desire to make the readers of "Vacation Tourists" a little better acquainted with the settled regions of this fine province, and to tell them of adventures which befell me on a pedestrian tour, through the southern counties of New Brunswick. But that I cannot call a "Wilderness Journey."

THE END.

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AND NOTES OF TRAVEL IN 1861.

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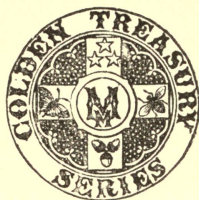
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