

ZIG-ZAG JOURNEYS AROUND THE WORLD



HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH



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ZIGZAG JOURNEYS AROUND THE WORLD.

THE ZIGZAG SERIES.

BY

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN EUROPE.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN CLASSIC LANDS.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN THE ORIENT.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN THE OCCIDENT.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN NORTHERN LANDS.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN ACADIA.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN THE LEVANT.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN THE SUNNY SOUTH.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN INDIA.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN THE ANTIPODES.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN THE BRITISH ISLES.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN AUSTRALIA.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN THE WHITE CITY.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS AROUND THE WORLD.

ESTES AND LAURIAT, Publishers,
BOSTON, MASS.





BUTTERFLY BALLETS IN A THEATRE IN JAPAN.

ZIGZAG JOURNEYS

AROUND THE WORLD.

BY

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

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FULLY ILLUSTRATED.

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HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.



IT is not for every person to attain riches; no more is it the destiny of every one to ascend to the realms of success in literature. Nevertheless, those of us who labour in the rank and file of the army of literary and journalistic workers, love to read of those who are known both at home and abroad, and to hear the story of their lives from the beginning to the pinnacle of renown. Such a person, the ideal of whom I have always pictured in my mind, deserves the place assigned to him by the public, that great critic that assumes to designate what is good and what is not good. The people, the readers, the intelligent of humanity, assign every literary worker to some place, some position, in the galaxy of crowned and uncrowned kings. But it is not to this fact alone that such successful writers owe their position. It is owing to their own exertions. It is for what they have done to educate and elevate mankind, for what they have given to the world, that they have the gratitude of nations; and just in proportion to what they have done, will their position be. We form our impression of an author from his books. We think of him as possessing a delightful personality or the opposite. Who does not delight in charming personality? I do. Such a man is the subject of my sketch. I have the pleasure of, to a certain extent, a personal acquaintance with Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth, best known,

perhaps, by the thousands upon thousands of people throughout this country and Europe, in the school and in the family circle, as the author of the "Zigzag Journeyings." But who will not love to know of him all the more, when I tell you that Mr. Butterworth is editorially connected with that greatest and most successful of modern periodicals for the young, the "Youth's Companion"?

Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth was born in Warren, R. I., December 22d, in the year 1839, his family being among the earliest settlers of Rhode Island. He grew up on the old estates, where he worked, in the mean time studying and obtaining his education, taught some, and wrote for the popular papers of the day. In 1870 he became connected with the "Youth's Companion" as assistant editor, a position which he has held for nearly twenty years. Mr. Butterworth possesses the faculty for seeing what is wanted by young minds, and hence his great success in connection with the "Youth's Companion," which has, without a doubt, a greater hold upon the youth of the country than any other paper of any name or description. In 1875, Mr. Butterworth wrote the "Story of the Hymns," for which he received the George Wood gold medal. He has recently written a companion volume, now to be published, entitled the "Story of the Tunes."

While engaged in his editorial duties some ten years ago, Dana Estes, Esq., of the publishing house of Estes and Lauriat, showed him a popular French work called "Zigzag Journeys." The book gave an account of a French schoolmaster who took a class of boys on a journey in search of story-places. Mr. Butterworth, knowing what was wanted in their line, believed books of stories of places would be likely to prove useful to home and school education, and wrote a specimen book on the French plan. It was entitled "Zigzag Journeys in Europe." The book was immediately popular, and about forty thousand copies of it have been sold.¹ The educational journals, and the press generally, saw the purpose of the book, and very highly

¹ Nearly 100,000 have *now* been sold.

commended it. One New York paper, however, a critical journal, ridiculed it, and said: "He threatens to go on." Mr. Butterworth did go on.¹ Eleven volumes of the "Zigzag" series of books have been written, and some three hundred thousand volumes sold; and they have been placed in most school libraries, having become a popular annual. "Something new" is the never ending demand in literature. Mr. Butterworth has been very successful in pursuing original plans, and making for himself a field outside, largely, of the conventional work of literature. Of this, the most striking example is the "Zigzag" series, which books owe their success, to a great extent, to their novelty. As a cantata librettist he wrote "Under the Palms," "David, the Shepherd Boy," and other like works, which have been very popular in this country and in England, owing to their peculiar construction, as well as their adaptability to popular concerts. There have been more than fifty thousand copies of "Under the Palms" sold in England alone.

As a poet, Mr. Butterworth has published two volumes, namely: "Poems for Christmas, Easter, and New Year" (Estes and Lauriat); and "Songs of History" (New England Publishing Company). He is to issue this year a volume of poems on "Florida and the Palm Lands."

I wish space would allow me to quote from this volume as freely as I would like. It is a beautiful volume of holiday styles, bound in vellum. From the volume which Mr. Butterworth kindly presented to me, I will take the liberty of making a few references. I do not assume the roll of critic. Not I; but what particularly pleases me is a poem entitled "The Clocks of Kenilworth," suggested by the ruined church at Jamestown, Virginia. Starting out under the quotation, well known to my readers:—

"The clocks were stopped at the banquet hour."

¹ This is the sixteenth volume.

the poem reads: —

“ An ivy spray in my hand I hold,
The kindly ivy that covers the mould
Of ruined halls; it was brought to me
From Kenilworth Castle o'er the sea. —

“ Oh, Ivy, Ivy, I think of the Queen,
Who once swept on her way through the oak walks green,
To Kenilworth, far in the gathering glooms,
Her cavalcade white with silver plumes.

“ They are gone, all gone, those knights of old
With their red-cross banners and spurs of gold,
And thou dost cover their castle's mould,
Oh, Ivy, Ivy, dark and cold! ”

The next verse goes on to describe the entering of the Queen into the Castle, —

“ When the great bell strikes in the signal-tower,”

amid the peal of trumpets and the roll of drums, where the thousand goblets await her, and pictures the progress of that lady, who takes her stand on the dais when falls a deep silence on the blazing halls as the Queen opens her lips, when to the honor of all that brilliant throng, the clocks begin to beat, seeming to say in the stillness, —

“ Dying, dying, this too — this too — shall pass away! ”

The sixth stanza goes on: —

“ Then the dark knights say, ‘ What is wanting here? ’
‘ That the hour should last ’ — so said a peer.
‘ The hour *shall* last ! ’ the proud earl calls ;
‘ Ho ! Stop the clocks in the banquet halls ! ’

“ And the clocks' slow pulses of death were stilled,
And the gay earl smiled, and the wine was spilled,
And the jewelled Queen at the dumb clocks laughed,
And the flashing goblet raised and quaffed.”

The poem then goes on to relate how the proud earl never won his bride, how the Queen grew old, gray, and withered, and the senti-



HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

ment spoken by the clocks is beautifully, touchingly pictured in the last stanza, which I give. Of the Queen it says : —

“ On her crownless brow fell white her hair ;
And she buried her face in her cushions there :
‘ One moment ! ’ it echoed through the hall,
But the clock stopped not on the arrased wall.

“ There is a palace whose dial towers
Uplift no record of vanishing hours,
Disease comes not to its doors, nor falls
Death’s dusty step in its golden halls.

“ And more than crowns, or castles old,
Or red-cross banners, or spurs of gold,
That palace key it is to hold,
Oh, Ivy, Ivy, dark and cold ! ”

This poem was originally published in “ Wide Awake.” A few of the poems in this volume have before been published, but many of them are here published for the first time.

“ Songs of the New England Hayfield ” particularly takes my fancy, as it vividly recalls to my mind the days of my boyhood and scenes in the hayfield.

“ Verazzano ” also greatly pleases me. But next to “ The Clocks of Kenilworth,” “ Literatus : Lincoln’s Last Dream ” pleases me most. President Lincoln, just before the assassination, is said to have remarked to Mrs. Lincoln : “ When my cares of state are over, I wish to go to Palestine.” The poem is a pathetic picture of Lincoln’s life during the great struggle for the freedom of slaves, and closes by referring touchingly to the death of Lincoln, in the last verses, as follows : —

“ April morning ; flags are blowing ;
Thwart each flag a sable bar.
Dead, the leader of the people ;
Dead, the world’s great commoner.

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“ Bells on the Potomac tolling ;
 Tolling by the Sangamon ;
 Tolling from the broad Atlantic
 To the Ocean of the Sun.

“ Friend and foe clasp hands in silence,
 Listen to the low prayers said,
 Hear the peoples' benedictions,
 Hear the nations praise the dead.

“ Lovely land of Palestine !
 He thy shores will never see,
 But, his dream fulfilled, he follows
 Him who walked in Galilee.”

He read the poem at the opening of the Peace and Arbitration Congress at Chicago at the World's Columbian Exposition.

Many of his poems read well to musical accompaniments, and he has prepared a compilation of musical effects, “Readings with Musical Accompaniments” (John Church & Co.). Mr. Butterworth wrote “Young People's History of Boston,” edited “Young People's History of America,” and has contributed to the “Atlantic Monthly” under Mr. Howells, to “Appleton's Journal” and “St. Nicholas,” “Wide Awake,” and “Santa Claus;” and is also a contributor to Harper's publications. He has, moreover, written for the Chautauqua works. As a traveller Mr. Butterworth has visited Europe, the South, West, and North-west of our own country, and Canada and Cuba and Venezuela, thus extending his field of knowledge by careful observation which has added materially to the value of his writings. Mr. Butterworth possesses a personal charm that is transferred to the pages of his books; consequently, to read his books is almost like personal observation, so closely does he himself observe, and so faithfully does he portray his observations in his works.

As an editor his views are, that there is a larger demand for the humorous or pathetic short stories than for writings of any other

description; and next to this, articles that awake curiosity, and help practical life.

Mr. Butterworth loves the quiet of country home life, and has a farm-home in Warren, Rhode Island, and one in Bristol in the same little State; also in Belleview, Florida. He is deeply interested in the collection of humorous New England lore, or the queer tales of the towns in characters like Grimm's German tales. His idea is, as he once expressed it to me in his earnest, fascinating, enthusiastic manner, that many old New England towns, especially old seaport towns of Massachusetts, for example, possess a legend that has been told to and handed down by each succeeding generation, and which, coupled with its humour, contains many or all of the facts relating to the history of a town; so that, in reading such stories, historical facts are impressed upon the mind.

He is also deeply interested in the establishment of a Spanish School in Belleview, Florida, to which he has offered the use of his cottage there. To show how worthy are the motives of a worthy man, I quote from "The Belleview [Florida] Blade," of the issue of October 3, 1889, in which Mr. Butterworth, in a letter to Editor Hart of the "Blade," says: "When it is asked of an English traveller, as it often is: 'How did Germany obtain such great commercial interests in the Argentine Republic?' the answer is likely to be, the German student is taught Spanish. Sixty shiploads a month go into the port of Buenos Ayres, but only a few of these have the American flag. The United States needs a school, open alike to North and South American students, where South American Spanish shall be made a distinctive feature of education, and where Cuban and South American students can receive special musical education." This project is likely to prove a success.

Unlike many writers, Mr. Butterworth has never mingled greatly in literary societies, preferring a free lance in a free field, in which he has found an independent field of success.

He has sometimes lectured at the New England Conservatory of Music, and before educational and religious societies. His advice to young writers is to follow original inspirations. He is a very busy man always; and most of his books have been written under "a pressure of work;" and at such times he has received the assistance of well-known travellers, as, for example, in his "Zigzag Journey" series. His greatest regret is, the hasty way in which most of his work has been done, so much of his time is taken by his duties on the "Companion," for Mr. Butterworth prefers quality rather than quantity.

Personally, Mr. Butterworth is a delightful man to meet, and to be in his society is to be afforded a degree of enjoyment and pleasure that is rare. Every moment with him is sure to develop some new thought, some new and original idea. He is vigorous of body, and carries himself with an elastic bearing. In conversation he is earnest and enthusiastic, and speaks in a certain rapid and pointed manner that at once fascinates and interests one. In speaking, he frequently indulges in little ripples of mirth; and, in fact, his whole nature is beaming with that sort of pure, rare humour that lends fascination to his writings. His office in the "Companion" building is filled with rare pictures and cases of books, and the desk at which he works is littered with papers and manuscripts. A table near by is piled with books, magazines, and periodicals. Mr. Butterworth is slightly gray, but youthful looking. He is extremely fond of young society, and many are the delightful occasions spent at his home on Worcester Street. When he meets you, his handshake is cordial, and his reception warm and hearty, which at once puts one at perfect ease. He loves music, and cultivates a rare religious sentiment which shows itself in all his writings. His personality is charming. While retiring in his disposition, he is perfectly composed. He prefers not to speak of his own work, and seldom does directly, though he will talk freely of subjects in which he is interested in connection with his work. Whatever meas-

ure of success he has met with, it has certainly not come from any desire to attract attention to himself personally, for he has always preferred a different field, that of quiet and exclusiveness, so far as his work is concerned, though he is a favourite at various entertainments, concerts, and lectures, and often takes a part, frequently by reading a poem; and most of his spare evenings are occupied in this manner. Such is the author of "Zigzag Journeys," in the humble way in which I have tried to write of him. I cannot do justice to my subject, I know, though it is not from any lack of a disposition to do so, on my part.

ALLAN ERIC, *in the Journalist*, 1889.

PREFACE.



IN writing and editing this *mélange* of descriptions of picturesque places, the author has received help from several travellers whose work is credited in the chapters in which it appears. The purpose of the book is to illustrate the advantages of educational travel or visits to the great schoolrooms of the world. It seeks to answer the question, What should the student-traveller see?

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ZIGZAG JOURNEYS AROUND THE WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

THE WONDERFUL WAY AROUND THE WORLD.



R. DAVIDSON, a well-to-do Boston gentleman of middle life, had two sons, Henry and Harold. They had just graduated, one from a literary and the other from a scientific school. The boys were one day surprised to hear their father say: "You have done yourselves and the family credit by your courses at school; I am proud of your records, and now I wish to give you the new education."

"And what is that, father?" asked Henry, — "a post-graduate course?"

"Yes, my son, a post-graduate course, but not such an one as you may imagine it to be. My impression is that the post-graduate course of the future will be educational travel. A student cannot complete his education by books alone; he must know the world, life, men. Books do not educate; they are guides. Men of means often end their lives, or the business part of their lives, in travel, as I may do. But a young man needs to travel before he takes up a business life. There is no education like it; it makes a young man broad to see the world. I do not mean travel for pleasure; such travellers find little beyond what they seek. Dr. Johnson used to say that some

men would see more in a ride in a Hempstead stage than others would in a voyage around the world. Thoreau had a like view when he wrote —

“ ‘ If with fancy unfurled
 You leave your abode,
 You may go around the world,
 By the old Marlboro road.’ ”

“ I mean travel for information, which is the greatest pleasure. To have true views of life one must mingle with men, and to have a correct view of one’s purpose in the world, one must see the world. A year of travel would do much to start an observing young man with correct and advantageous views of men and the world. I wish you to have this new education. I may be able to go with you. If I could have seen more of the world at your age, it would have made me a broader and better man. I should have learned what I have been gaining by slow experience. But all our views of education are now changing; education now stands for the whole of life, so I am a pupil yet. My belief is that the time is coming when a tour around the world will be an essential part of a young man’s education, and that the travelling schoolmaster will occupy a large place in the school system of the twentieth century. I should not wonder if such education for meritorious scholars were to be provided for out of public funds. The true schoolroom is the world. Why, I have met old sailors whom I would rather entertain, or have entertain me, than college professors. They knew *life*.”

“ But, father,” said Henry, “ if you were to give us a year of educational travel, where would you have us go ? ”

“ That is what I was about to plan. I have a theory that each boy’s instincts would lead him to wish to go to those places that would be most useful to him. ‘ The current knows the way,’ as Emerson says. If a boy were born for literature, he would tend to literary places; if to business, to commercial places. Now, Henry, if you were to have

the opportunity of making a journey around the world, what would you most like to see?"

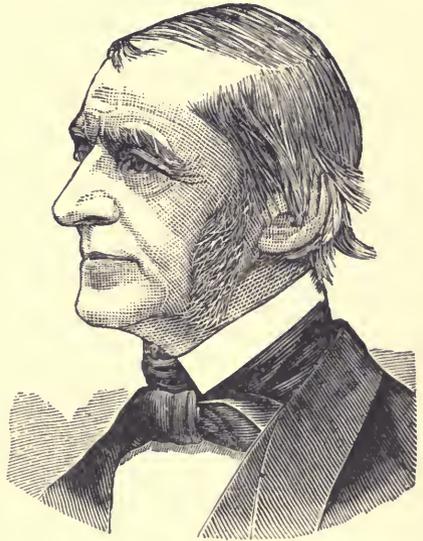
"The most wonderful places in the world. I know that you will say, father, that it is not the best thing in life to be seeking after the marvellous. But I must answer honestly. Emerson says: 'I am not much of an advocate of travel. Men go abroad because they do not amount to anything at home, and they return again because they do not amount to anything where they go, and that wherever he may go, a man has no more worth than he carries with him,' or words like these. But Emerson himself travelled."

"Yes, and he learned so much by it that he was more than satisfied with his own country, and he wrote, 'Good-bye, proud world, I am going home.' It was worth much travel to write that line out of one's heart. The result of Emerson's travels was contentment, and contentment is the short way to happiness. You will make a happier home for me after you have travelled a year. Harold, where would you go if you were to travel? What would you most wish to see?"

"I would see the places where people have lived the best and happiest lives. I wish to see the best that men have lived; I would study *men*."

"Henry, your wish indicates an active imagination, and yours, Harold, a very benevolent spirit."

"I know, father," said Henry, "that Harold's is the better view. I am glad that it is. But I was born with a love for the marvellous."



EMERSON.

"Then, my boy, that is your gift. Make it useful. The creative fancy is power in life, if rightly used."

"I have no liking for realistic books," said Henry. "I like such stories as Queen Scheherezade told to the King of India, and always left him up a tree, with his eyes and mouth open for more, and so saved her head for a 'thousand and one nights.'"

"There are many who agree with you, my son. The 'Arabian Nights,' or Queen Scheherezade's stories, is the most popular book in all the world. *She* saved her head."

"Yes, father, and I like best those stories that would have saved the heads of the writers in a like situation. It seems to me that it is only such story-tellers who deserve to live. A story is not a story unless it rises above common life. It seems to me if the marvellous were to cease, one would want to die."

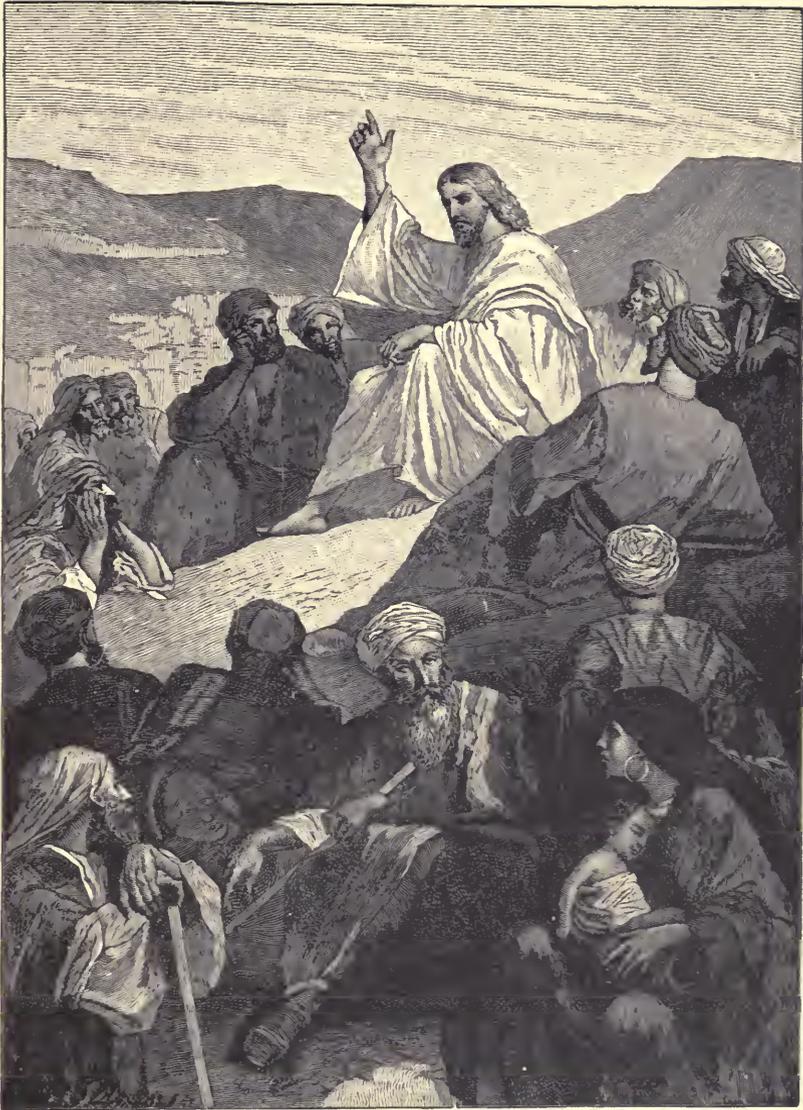
"Progress follows the creative imagination, my boy, and I do not regret that you have an active fancy. Christ himself taught the people by parables."

"He showed them that way that is best in life," said Harold. "The Sermon on the Mount was not a parable."

"But the mount was a grand pulpit from which to preach," said Henry. "The great leaders of men have not been realists, — rooted to their own soil, — they have come down from the mountain tops. You ask me what I would most like to see — I would like to visit the mountains of the world."

"What would I like to see?" he continued, "I would like to see the Alps, the Rocky Mountains, and the Andes. I would like to see the people watching the sun when it goes down for half a year. I would like to see Cuzco, and then imagine Peru in her glory. I would like to see the temples of Ceylon and the Taj at Agra, and the roses of Cashmere. I would like to see the mountain on which Christ preached. I would like to ask the Sphinx some questions."

"I would rather see the valleys where contented people lived," said Harold, "or the capitals of the countries of the world."



THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

“The three are often found side by side,” said Mr. Davidson: “the mountains, the valleys, and the chief cities. So we may plan a journey that will include all, and go by the ports of the sea. Henry, I wish you to plan for us a marvellous journey around the world. If we see the mountain tops, the view will include what is helpful and



THE SPHINX.

useful. I take Harold's view of life, but the imagination includes them. So, Henry, plan for us the most marvellous journey that you can; the journey by which we can see the most for the least money, and we will consider it together another time.”

“A journey on the mountain tops?”

“Yes, if you choose to call it so,—a journey on the mountain tops; it will take us to the valleys by the way of the ports. What scene of all our ancient American history would you most like to have witnessed?”

“Peru in her glory.”

“I thought it would have been the landing of Columbus, or of

the Pilgrim Fathers, or the Signing of the Declaration of Independence.”

“Those were *events*, were they not, father? You asked what *scene*.”

“Yes, and your picturesque sense and imagination show that we can trust you at least for an interesting outline of a journey. Harold and I will be able to read behind the picturesque. I like your fancy, as I said, but remember, my boy, that in this world that is always the best which will do the most good. But I shall examine your plan for a journey around the world with interest, and you will not complain if I may have to revise and correct it. One cannot live on mountain tops, — the top of the mountain is barren and cold. A mountain is not a ‘great impostor,’ as an Englishman called it, but it is hardly the most useful picture of all geography. I have opened my heart to you. We will next plan the journey.”

Mr. Davidson left the boys.

“Was there ever boys that had such a father?” said Henry.

“I should answer that after Whittington,” said Harold.

“You might, but I could not.”

“I shall use my eyes in this journey,” said Harold, “for all they are worth. I shall study men.”

“And I my ears,” said Henry. “I shall study places.”

“And father will use his good heart,” said Harold. “What a man he is!”

“Yes,” said Henry, “and the heart after all is the best thing that any man can take into the world. The heart finds friends everywhere, and a man who always acts in the right spirit, has a straight road and little difficulty wherever he may go. *That* is my father.”

“And mine,” said Harold; “and to travel with him is not only education, — it is character.”

“But father is not rich,” said Henry.

“No, but he says that to give us this opportunity, under his own direction, is the best investment that he can make.”

“I must study an inexpensive plan of a journey,” said Henry.

“Yes, your problem is how we can make the longest and best journey for the smallest amount of money. One can make a journey



ALPINE SCENERY.

around the world for six hundred dollars, and one might go around the world without seeing the world.”

“I could make the journey for five hundred dollars and see the world.”

“And South America, the land of the future?” said Harold.

“Yes, the world and South America, the land of the future, for five hundred dollars for me and for you, and one thousand dollars for father; he ought not to travel second class.”

“It would do *us* good to do so,” said Harold; “we could better study life with the people.”

"I have read much," said Henry, "about student travellers. I will now study guide books, maps, and the railroad and steamboat literature, which is the latest history of the world. I will try to find how we might go around the world for five hundred dollars by the way of South America."

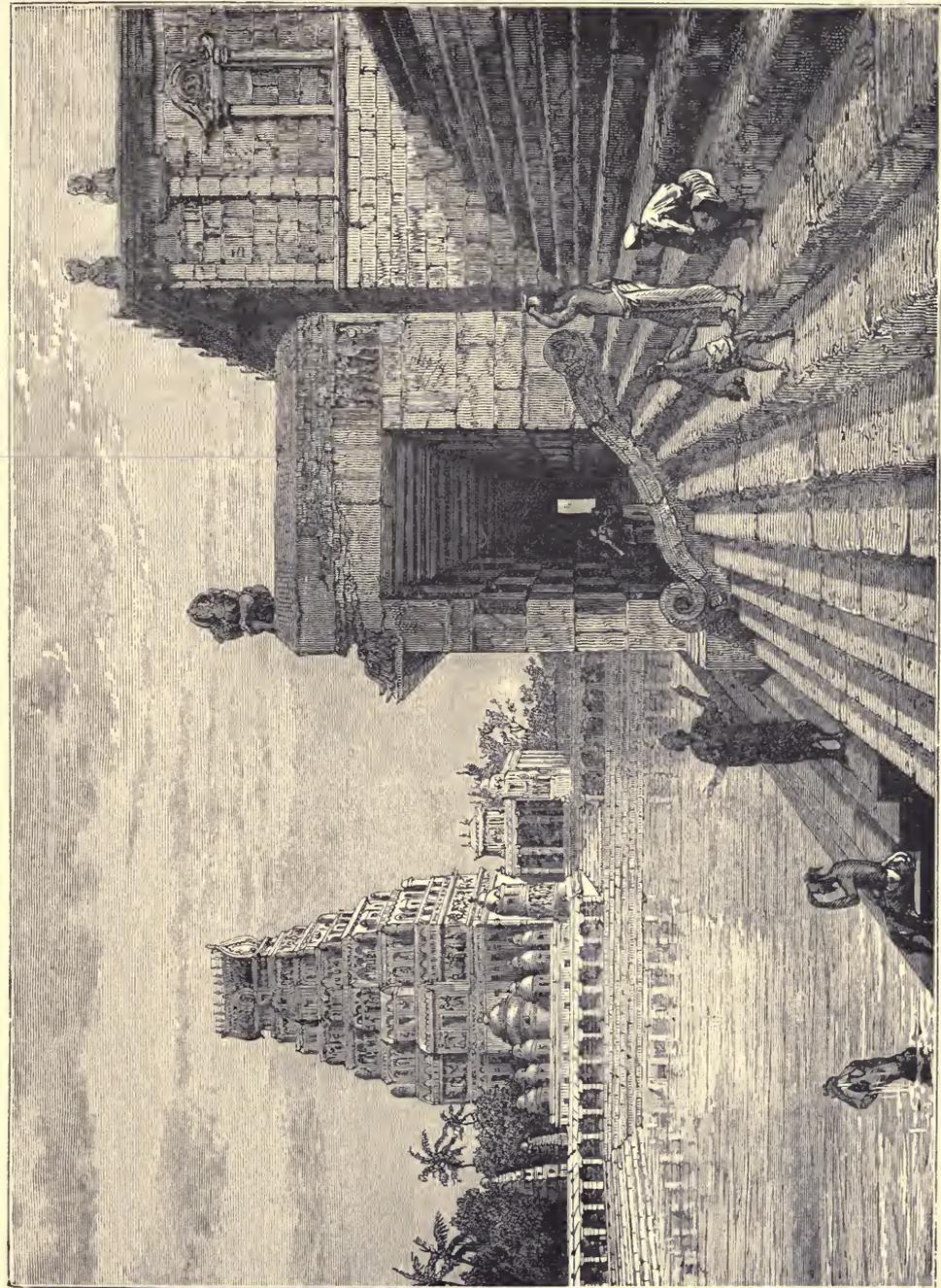
"But you will not travel in that way," said Harold. "You have too much imagination, and that is a very expensive thing to have. I think I can make the journey for that. I will try, so that I may show other students how it may be done."

To this study Henry Davidson gave himself day by day.

He found that the shortest and cheapest way around the world by South America would be to go from New York to Panama by the Columbian or the Pacific Mail Line of steamers; and thence to Valparaiso, stopping at Callao for Lima, and at Mollando for Cuzco. A railway runs from Mollando to Cuzco by the way of Arequipa and Lake Titicaca. From Valparaiso a railway is nearly completed over the Andes to Buenos Ayres. The mails already go through from the Pacific to the Atlantic by this route. Such a journey would give one a view of the ruins of the once splendid empire of the Children of the Sun; of Chili, one of the most progressive and enterprising of the South American republics; and of the Argentine Republic, the territory of a great German immigration.

Santiago de Chili is a most splendid city, some ninety miles by sail from the port of Valparaiso, and on the route of the stupendous railroad over the Andes to Buenos Ayres. It faces some of the most picturesque peaks of the Andes, and it has many private houses of wonderful taste and beauty, some of which are said to have cost each a million or more dollars. It is a healthy city, and the new world's life is in it.

But the steamer fares on the west coast of South America are very high, and there are few places in the world where travellers find service more expensive.



TANK. — PAGODA OF CHILLAMBARAN

Henry had read so many books in regard to Peru that he felt that he must not omit Cuzco from his plan, and he knew that Harold would wish to see Valparaiso, Santiago de Chili, and the Argentine Republic. His allotted five hundred dollars would soon melt away by this route. What were the other routes that would include South America, the land of the future?

The advertisement of Thomas Cook and Son, Tourists and Excursionists, presented two very attractive cheap routes around the world, but they did not include South America, the land of the future. They were as follows:—

ROUTE NO. 5.—New York, Canadian-Pacific Railway to Vancouver, Canadian and Australian Steamship Line to Sydney *via* Honolulu, Peninsular and Oriental steamer to Melbourne, Adelaide, Ceylon, Suez Canal, Malta, Gibraltar, London, Liverpool, and by any steamship line to New York. First class, \$610.00.

ROUTE NO. 1A.—New York, Canadian-Pacific Railway to Vancouver, Canadian-Pacific Railway steamer to Yokohama, Shanghai, Hong-Kong, thence by Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company to Singapore, Ceylon, through the Red Sea and Suez Canal to Port Saïd, Malta, Gibraltar, London, Midland Railway to Liverpool, and by transatlantic steamer to New York, Boston, Quebec, or Montreal. First class, \$610.00.

Henry Gaze and Sons, Tourists' Directors, had laid out similar routes, at the same low cost, but they did not include "the land of the future." Two of them ran thus:—

Vancouver, the Sandwich Islands, Australia, Ceylon, Red Sea, Egypt, England.

ROUTE H.—New York, Niagara Falls, Toronto (or *via* Montreal), Vancouver, Canadian-Pacific steamer *via* Honolulu to Sydney, thence by Peninsular and Oriental steamer *via* Melbourne and Adelaide to Colombo (Ceylon), Aden, the Suez Canal, Ismailia (for Cairo), Malta, Gibraltar, London (or *via* Brindisi, Naples, Rome, Genoa, and Paris to London, \$35 higher), and choice of several Atlantic lines to New York. \$610.00.

San Francisco, the Sandwich Islands, Samoa, Australia, Ceylon, Suez Canal, Egypt, England.

ROUTE J.—New York, Chicago, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco (or any other direct route across the United States), Oceanic Line *via* Honolulu, Samoa and Auckland to Sydney, thence by Peninsular and Oriental Line *via* Melbourne and Adelaide to Colombo (Ceylon), Aden, the Suez Canal, Ismailia (for Cairo), Malta, Gibraltar, London (or *via* Brindisi, Naples, Rome, Genoa, and Paris to London, \$35 higher), and by direct steamer to New York. \$610.00.

By travelling second class on steamers as well as by rail one could go around the world by these routes for five hundred dollars. But a traveller, and especially a young traveller, needs to meet the most intelligent people, and second class travel may not be the best education for a young tourist.

The delightful way to South America is by steamer to Southampton, and thence to Buenos Ayres in the spring months, which is our fall. Southampton is one of the most interesting of England's old cities. Here came the Romans; here Canute ordered back the sea, which overturned his throne; near it, at Winchester, were buried the early English kings. The New Forest is on its borders, with its old legends, and in sight lies the Isle of Wight. The Pilgrim Fathers sailed out of Northampton, and the grand ships of the American Line seem like the "Mayflower" coming back again, or like the "Argo" returning with the Golden Fleece. The ruins of Netley Abbey are but a few miles from this fair city of the sea, and England's great naval stations are only a short distance from the port.

Gaze's "Tourist Gazette" ('95) thus gives an advertised schedule of the service from Southampton and Liverpool:—

SOUTH AMERICA VIA ENGLAND.

Steamers leave Liverpool and Southampton fortnightly for South American Ports.

FARES FROM ENGLAND.

PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION CO.

ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO.

*Fortnightly from Liverpool.**Fortnightly from Southampton.*

VIA BORDEAUX AND LISBON.

VIA LISBON.

	First Class.	Second Class.
Pernambuco	\$118.50	\$74.00
Rio de Janeiro	\$118.50	\$74.00
Montevideo	\$139.00	\$74.00
Buenos Ayres	\$139.00	\$74.00

	First Class.	Second Class.
Pernambuco	\$139.00	\$99.00
Rio de Janeiro	\$148.00	\$99.00
Montevideo	\$173.00	\$99.00
Buenos Ayres	\$173.00	\$99.00

Sailing days from Liverpool — Jan. 17,
31; Feb. 14, 28; March 14, 28.

Sailing days from Southampton — Jan.
11, 25.

In studying these routes, Henry's eye rested on *via Lisbon*. Could he not go to Gibraltar, see historic Spain, and connect with these boats at Lisbon for South America? As South America was once Spanish America, would not this be the true historic way to go? Follow Columbus? The splendid North German Lloyd steamers have boats for Gibraltar and the East, among them the "Kaiser Wilhelm." The Anchor Line also despatches fine boats to the East which touch at Gibraltar. There are second-class fares to Gibraltar, by good boats, as low as forty dollars. There are second-class fares to South America from Lisbon for some seventy dollars. Including a visit to Granada, Cordova, and Seville, here would be a route to South America for one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

But — This route would compel the traveller who must use economy to make *three* Atlantic voyages. This would not do.

Henry next considered a trip founded on one of Gaze's advertisements, which ran thus: —

ROUTE NO. IA. — New York, Canadian-Pacific Railway to Vancouver, Canadian-Pacific Railway steamer to Yokohama, Shanghai, Hong-Kong, thence by Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company to Singapore, Ceylon,

through the Red Sea and Suez Canal to Port Saïd, Malta, Gibraltar, London, Midland Railway to Liverpool, and by transatlantic steamer to New York, Boston, Quebec, or Montreal. First class, \$610.00.

This would touch Japan, China, and India; he could break the journey at Port Saïd and go to Cairo and Jerusalem, and sail from Lisbon for South America, by breaking the journey at Gibraltar. From Lisbon he could go to Buenos Ayres, thence over the new railway to Valparaiso; thence to Cuzco; then to Panama or San Francisco.

But Mexico belongs to the new world of the future. The tour should include Mexico. How could this be done?

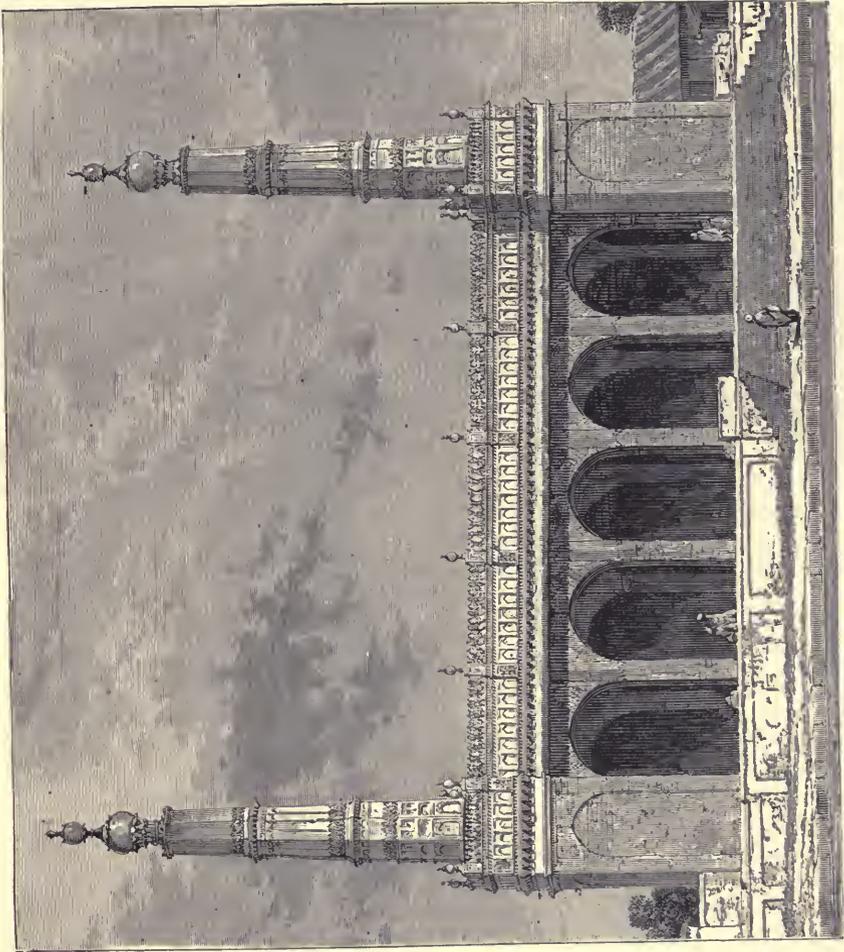
A new line of railroad connects the City of Mexico with the Pacific Coast. Why not stop at that port, and return to New York by rail from the City of Mexico? But for such a journey as this a thousand dollars of the most inexpensive travel would melt away.

In a journey around the world an eastern man should see Niagara, the Yellowstone Park, and the Yosemite Valley.

Henry puzzled himself day by day over these problems. He saw that fifteen hundred dollars would be needed for an educational journey around the world. He felt that his father should spend as much as this for his own journey. He noted down the things that one must see in the outline of an educational journey to meet the larger intelligence of the times. They were these:—

New York,
Niagara,
Chicago,
Yellowstone National Park,
San Francisco and the Yosemite,
Yokohama,
Hong-Kong,
Ceylon (the Taj at Agra),
Jerusalem and Galilee,
Athens,

Rome,
Lucerne (called the most beautiful
place in Europe),
Munich — Zurich — the Valhalla,
Paris,
Antwerp and the field of Waterloo,
The Baltic,
London (Southampton, and Isle of
Wight),
Granada (Seville and the Royal tombs),



MOSQUE, TRIPPLICAN.

Buenos Ayres,
Santiago de Chili (with Valparaiso as
port),

Cuzco,
City of Mexico,
Washington.

What could be omitted from this list of essential points? Nothing. How far would five hundred dollars go for such a journey? Only a



LAKE LUCERNE.

part of the way. In his dilemma he sought Harold and laid before him his plan.

“Nothing can be omitted from the plan, except South America and Mexico, the lands of the future,” said Harold. “Now you can imagine a five-hundred-dollar journey, but you cannot make such an one. I can. People of imagination, as I said, do not travel that way.

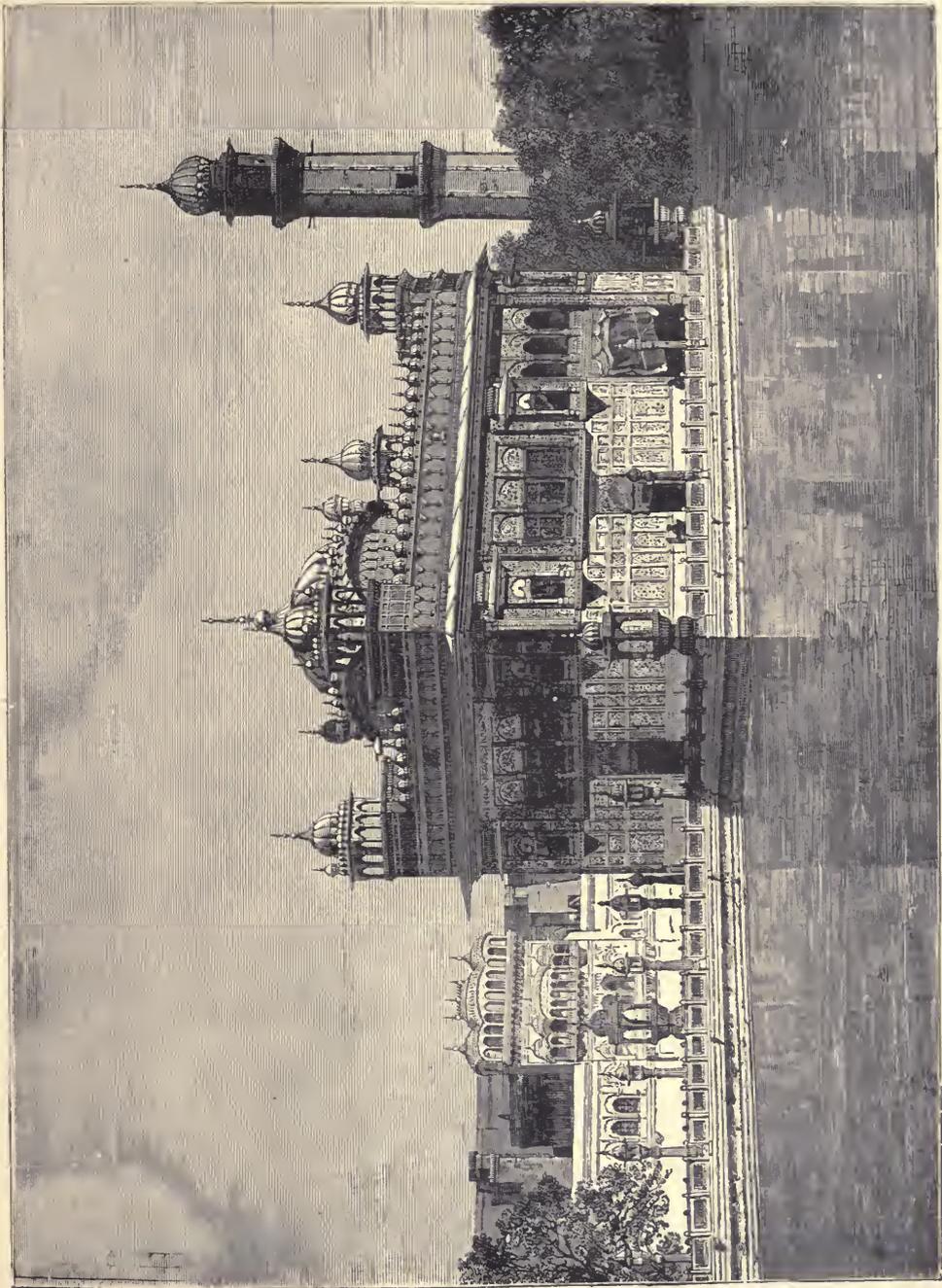
People of large fancies usually exceed all their plans and go into debt. You make out a plan of a thousand-dollar journey, second class by rail, and first class by steamers for yourself and father, and I will make the same journey for five hundred dollars. It would injure you to travel with second-class passengers; it would help me. You see things double, I try to see things as they are. Now I will travel second class all the way through. I will board on shipboard while in ports, and I will work on ship journeys in some way if I can. I shall be safe with father on board. The self-restraint will do me good. I will enjoy it. You know," he continued, "that Ruskin has four rules of life, —

“ ‘Simplicity, Activity, Self-restraint, Joy.’

I will take all of these with me, and I will be the happiest traveller that ever crossed the three oceans, and I will never lose my self-respect, nor forget that I am a gentleman. I should just like to do service in the steerage; to see and study the people who are crossing the seas to make up the new populations of North and South America. I would like to go to South America by the way of Hamburg, in the new German emigration. I love the people. I love the people who have a future, and hold the destinies of the future in their hands. I care but little for dead lands. Show your plan to father. I know that he will accept it.

“ He ought not to spend more than three thousand dollars for us all, and I will make the journey for five hundred dollars. You will need five hundred dollars more for the education of the imagination, and it will be well spent. You have included the countries of the future in your itinerary; I am glad.”

Mr. Davidson accepted Henry's plan. It delighted him.



THE GOLDEN TEMPLE OF UMRITSEER.

CHAPTER II.

SOME USEFUL THINGS TO KNOW FOR A VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD.



“WHO made the first voyage around the world?” asked Henry one day of his father, as the two had been talking of their proposed journey.

“Ferdinand Magellan,” said Mr. Davidson, “did he not? He left his name to the Straits that made his voyage historic. He sailed from San Lucar in 1519, passed along the shores of the La Plata to Patagonia, and through the Straits into the Pacific Ocean.”

“But he died on the Philippine Islands in 1521,” said Henry. “So he did not make the voyage around the world.”

“What became of his ship?” asked Mr. Davidson.

“It was carried back to Spain.”

“Those who took it back made the first voyage around the world,” said Mr. Davidson.

“Sir Francis Drake,” said Henry, “sailed around the world in 1577-79, and returned with a ship freighted with gold. He sailed again, but the ship of gold, or the ‘Golden Hynde,’ came back, but it did not bring him back. He had died on the Spanish main, and his body was sunk in the deep sea, perhaps in one of his chests for gold.”

“Captain Cook,” said his father, “made three voyages around the world, — one in 1768, one in 1772, and one in 1776, or about those dates.”

“I have read that Captain Cook’s vessel on which he made his first voyage around the world, was very small, of some three hundred

and seventy tons burden. I have contrasted that little ship with the great ocean steamers of to-day. Let me read to you the tonnage of some of these vessels:—

“*American*. — Paris, 10,800 tons; New York, 10,800 tons.

“*Anchor*. — City of Rome, 8,144 tons; Furnessia, 5,495 tons.

“*Atlantic Transport*. — Mohawk, 8,000 tons; Manitoba, 8,000 tons; Mobile, 8,000 tons; Massachusetts, 8,000 tons.

“*Cunard*. — Campania, 12,950 tons; Lucania, 12,950 tons; Etruria, 7,750 tons; Umbria, 7,718 tons; Servia, 7,391 tons; Aurania, 7,268 tons.

“*French Transatlantic*. — La Touraine, 8,000 tons; La Champagne, 7,200 tons; La Bretagne, 7,200 tons; La Bourgogne, 7,200 tons; La Gascogne, 7,200 tons.

“*Hamburg-American*. — Fürst Bismarck, 9,000 tons; Normannia, 9,000 tons; Augusta Victoria, 7,000 tons; Columbia, 7,000 tons.

“*North-German Lloyd*. — Spree, 6,963 tons; Havel, 6,963 tons.

“*White Star*. — Majestic, 10,000 tons; Teutonic, 10,000 tons.

“There are some other things that I have noted down,” continued Henry. “They relate to the seasons.”

“Read them,” said Mr. Davidson.

“Japan is the most beautiful in autumn, and should be visited in October and November.”

“Ceylon is the most lovely island in all the world, and should be seen in January and February.

“The Mediterranean is usually calm in May and June.

“Egypt should be visited in the winter.

“March, April, and May are the best months in which to visit Palestine.

“June, July, and August are the best months for the Alpine journey.

“And —”

“Well?”

“In these lands wear flannel.

“Thomas Cook in ‘Cook’s Tours Around the World,’ publishes a

table of distances, which picture the voyage we will make. I have copied them : —

TABLE OF DISTANCES.

By Sea.

From	San Francisco to Sydney,	7,200 miles.
“	San Francisco to Yokohama,	4,750 miles.
“	Vancouver to Yokohama,	4,334 miles.
“	Sydney to Hong-Kong (<i>via</i> Torres Straits),	4,500 miles.
“	Sydney to Colombo,	5,442 miles.
“	Yokohama to Nagasaki,	735 miles.
“	Nagasaki to Hong-Kong,	1,067 miles.
“	Nagasaki to Shanghai,	350 miles.
“	Shanghai to Hong-Kong,	870 miles.
“	Hong-Kong to Singapore,	1,437 miles.
“	Singapore to Colombo,	1,659 miles.
“	Colombo to Port Saïd,	3,488 miles.
“	Colombo to Tuticorin,	150 miles.
“	Colombo to Calcutta (calling at Madras),	1,380 miles.
“	Bombay to Ismaïlia,	3,016 miles.
“	Ismaïlia to Port Saïd,	43 miles.
“	Port Saïd to Brindisi,	930 miles.
“	Port Saïd to Naples,	1,100 miles.
“	Port Saïd to Malta,	935 miles.
“	Malta to Gibraltar,	981 miles.
“	Gibraltar to London (direct),	1,299 miles.
“	Cairo to Assouan (1st Cataract),	583 miles.
“	Port Saïd to Alexandria,	155 miles.
“	Port Saïd to Marseilles,	1,508 miles.
“	Liverpool to New York,	2,980 miles.
“	Calcutta to Rangoon,	787 miles.

Distances By Rail.

From	New York to San Francisco (direct),	3,270 miles.
“	Sydney to Melbourne,	576 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles.
“	Melbourne to Adelaide,	508 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles.
“	Yokohama to Kobé,	358 miles.
“	Colombo to Kandy,	75 miles.
“	Tuticorin to Madras,	406 miles.

From Calcutta to Darjeeling, 370 miles.

“ Calcutta to Bombay (direct), 1,400 miles.

“ Calcutta to Bombay (*via* Benares, Delhi, Agra, Jeypoor, etc.), 1,882 miles.

“ Madras to Bombay, 793 miles.

“ Brindisi to London, 1,450 miles.

“ Venice to London, 1,041 miles.

“ Naples to London, 1,358 miles.

“ Marseilles to London, 822 miles.

“ London to Liverpool (Midland Railway), 210 miles.”

“ Your facts are very interesting,” said Mr. Davidson; “ but they only relate to a part of the tour.”

“ I will continue,” said Henry. “ I said that I have read that the loveliest spot on earth or island on earth is Ceylon. Here is the Bo Tree, and the ruins of the temples of Anarajapoora.

“ The most beautiful spot in Europe is said to be Lucerne. The time to visit it is midsummer.

“ One of the most picturesque places on earth is Andalusia in April. Columbus dreamed of it on his voyage of discovery.

“ The time to visit the south of South America is in our winter, which is their summer.

“ Montevideo is one of the healthiest ports of South America, and may be visited at any time of the year. Buenos Ayres is also healthy.

“ Santiago de Chili is healthy, and one of the most beautifully situated cities in the world.

“ Spring in the Andes is nature in her glory, and —

“ Cuzco, Peru, is the most poetic of the historic places of the three Americas.”

“ Then,” said Mr. Davidson, “ one should see Ceylon, the most beautiful of all islands; Lucerne, the loveliest spot in Europe; Andalusia in April if it were possible, Santiago de Chili in the Andes in spring if it were possible, and Cuzco, the lofty empire of the Children of the Sun. How about churches, temples, and buildings?”



LAKE LUCERNE.

“We would wish to see Taj Nahal, which is the most beautiful building in the world, but that would be out of our way. The Pearl Mosque is in the same part of India. The three most beautiful buildings in the world are the Taj Nahal, St. Peter’s, and the Capitol at Washington, are they not?”

“I am not sure. I have heard that the Palace of Justice in Brussels is the noblest of all occupied structures. I have been told that it makes an overwhelming impression; that it has a massiveness and grandeur that belong to no other public building.

“I have also heard the castle and gardens of Chapultepec described as the most beautiful place in the New World, and one of the most

picturesque on earth. The Paseo, or the street some three or more miles in length that connects the official palace of the City of Mexico with the Castle of Chapultepec, is the most wonderful street in the New World. Over it have passed Montezumas, Viceroys, and Presi-



CHAPULTEPEC.

dents. The garden of Chapultepec has a history and traditions of a thousand years.

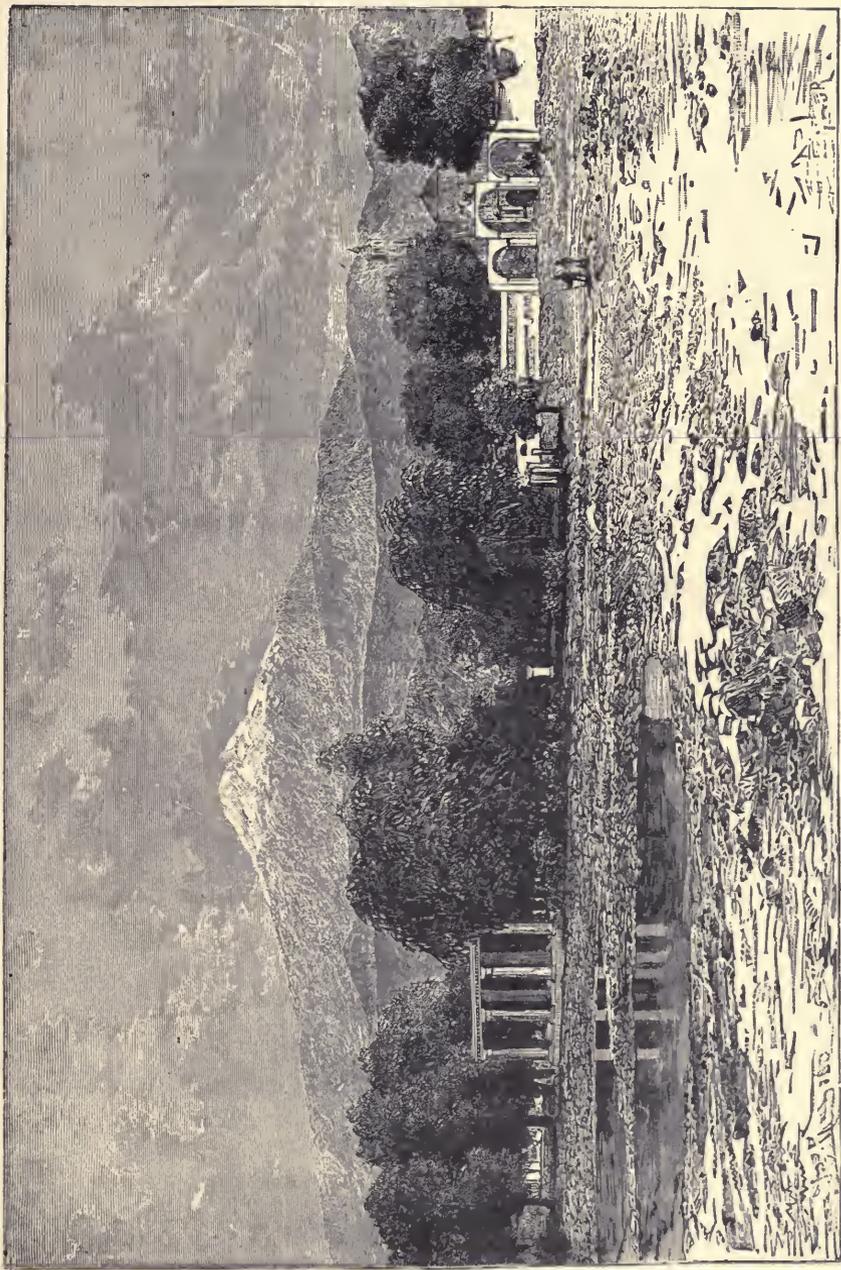
“The castle looks down upon the City of Mexico —

“ ‘ Picturesque where all is picture.’

and the dead volcano of Popocatapetl, gleaming with snows, looks down upon the castle. The valley of the City of Mexico is one of the most delightful in the world.”

“Chapultepec Castle is not grand in itself,” said Henry.

“It is grand in its form, history, and situation. It must be ranked



POPOCATAPETL.

with Cuzco among the places on our own continent which have the most of romance and poetry, so I am told."

"From my reading," said Henry, "the following list represents the things that I would most wish to see in all the world. They are included in my first list in another order.

I. The Place of the Sermon on the Mount in Galilee. This sermon governs the world.

II. The Island of Ceylon. The Buddhist or Booddhist is the largest religious sect in the world. Without including one hundred and eighty million followers of Brahma, the disciples of this faith number four hundred and twenty million to four hundred and eight million Christians. Ceylon was the sacred place of this philosophy. The Bo Tree is there.

III. St. Peter's in Rome. It is the heart of the Latin Church and history, and the home of the arts.

IV. Lucerne, with the Rigi and Mount Pilatus, with its legends of William Tell, of Liberty; the reputed loveliest spot in all Europe. Also Zurich, Interlaken, and Munich and the Valhalla on the Danube.

V. Andalusia in April, or in early summer.

VI. The Battlefield of Waterloo. "Waterloo," says Victor Hugo, "was not a battle; it was the change of front of the Universe."

VII. Westminster Abbey.

VIII. The English Lake District.

IX. Niagara.

X. The Yosemite.

XI. Santiago de Chili.

XII. Cuzco.

XIII. The Castle of Chapultepec.

"I have just added the last place to my list. And I would like to see all mountains."

"And I all ports," said Mr. Davidson. "America has been called 'new ports for old ships.' We shall be likely to see the valleys with the mountains, and the seas with the ports. It is pleasant to live in the anticipation of a journey. It is prospects that make us happy. I enjoy the imagination of our plan. I like the study of it."

In making his plans, Henry was studying geography as he had never done before. And while he was poring over maps and books of travel, Harold was giving his thought to those things that most concern the welfare and progress of mankind. His study was how to see that which would do him the most good in forming intelligent and right views of human life.

"I would rather see the Mount of Olives than Galilee," said Harold, "for that would be to overlook the scene of the most sublime events of the world."

"We shall see them both," said Henry.

"Yes, but you put your thoughts on the lesser place, because it is picturesque. There is one place that I would rather visit than the Taj, the Alhambra, or even Lucerne or Cuzco, and that is Zurich."

"Zurich?"

"Yes, and from that city go to the associations of the lives of Pestalozzi and Froebel. Pestalozzi founded the public schools of the world, and Froebel the new education of children. Pestalozzi thought that education stands for character, and Froebel that it is the true work of early training to form right habits. Much of our education stands for the making of a cunning brain, to rise over others in the competitions of life. The influence of Pestalozzi is worth more than grand scenery or the tombs of kings. It is destined to fill the world. To see the place where he taught orphan boys, gave up his property to an idea, and died amid ridicule and poverty, would be to meet a history that would do one good. That would be to see something that has power.

"Next to the homes and haunts of Pestalozzi and Froebel, I would rather see the great English school at Santiago de Chili. That stands for education in South America. I would next like to see the public schools in Mexico. They stand for a new world.

"You have omitted the Midnight Sun. I would like to see that.

But I would rather study the great emigration from the Northern lands to the Argentine Republic and the forests of Washington and Oregon and British Columbia."



THE TOWN-HALL, ZURICH.

Mr. Davidson joined his sons and listened with interest at the discussion of what would be most useful to see on a voyage around the world.

He added, —

“ That is the best which will best influence life. Those who travel to see what is mean can find it; so with those that go to see the beautiful, and the beautiful usually represents the good, for it is the

nature of what is good to be beautiful. I, like Harold, would like to go to Zurich, or to Thuringia, for it was there that the great ideas were born that inspired American forms of education. Pestalozzi and Froebel represent, not only the greatest, but the best influences in the world. It is a spiritual education to see the places of the men who have most powerfully influenced the world for good."

CHAPTER III.

NICARAGUA. — CHICAGO. — THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK. —
THE YOSEMITE. — THE VOLCANO OF KILAUEA.



UR travellers left New York in June and went to Salt Lake City by way of Niagara Falls and Chicago. We have described Chicago in the "White City." Niagara, of course, presented a view of the greatest body of falling water in the world. This we have treated in a former volume.

The wonderland of the Yellowstone! Here are the most powerful geysers on earth. Here the world does not yet seem finished. It boils. Here are twenty-six geysers and four hundred and fourteen boiling springs. We have given a view of them in another book.

They visited the Giant and the Giantess and Old Faithful, and beheld with amazement water leaping into the air to the height of two hundred and fifty feet! But even more sublime than this boiling earth was the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone. The Cataract of the Cañon awed them, even though they had just left the war, the thunder, and the mist clouds of Niagara.

Says a railroad book called "Wonderland" of this majestic wall and waterfall: —

"To say that its cataract — no mere silver ribbon of spray, but a fall of great volume — is a little more than twice the height of Niagara, would, by means of a familiar comparison, enable almost any one to form a not altogether inadequate conception of its grandeur.

But for the matchless adornment of its walls, we have no available comparison; naught but itself can be its parallel. One recent visitor describes it as being hung with rainbows, like glorious banners. An-



A CASCADE IN THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

other, borrowing from Mr. Ruskin, likens it to a great cathedral, with painted windows, and full of treasures of illuminated manuscript. But, as we take our stand on the brink of the Falls, with twelve miles of sculptured rock spread out before us, rising from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet in height, and all aflame with glowing colour, we have to acknowledge, with a distinguished writer and a no less celebrated artist, that, neither by the most cunningly wrought fabric of language nor the most skilful manipulation of colour, is it possible to create in the mind a conception answering to this sublime reality. For countless ages, frost and snow, heat and vapour, lightning and rain, torrent and glacier, have wrought upon that mysterious rock, evolving from its iron, its sulphur, its arsenic, its lava, and its lime the glorious apparel in which it stands arrayed. And

the wondrous fabrication is still going on. The bewildered traveller would scarcely be surprised to see the gorgeous spectacle fade from

his vision like a dream ; but its texture is continually being renewed : the giant forces are ever at work ; still, like the earth-spirit in Faust, still do they —

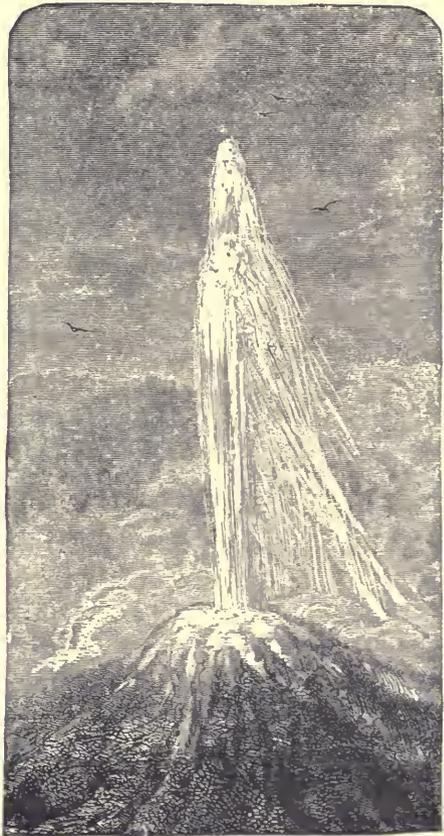
“ ‘ Sit at the busy loom of time and ply,
Weaving for God the garment thou seest Him by.’ ”

The hot springs of Iceland are similar to those of the Yellowstone Park, but are less powerful. A traveller says of them : —

“ They are about one hundred in number, and cover a section in the south-western division of the island.

These springs are intermittent, sending out fountains and jets of boiling water, the vapours filling the atmosphere around, and forming billowy clouds, which may be seen from among the mountains miles away.

“ The principal of these boiling fountains is called the Great Geyser. When quiet, this tempestuous caldron presents the appearance of a circular mound, some forty feet in height, with a diameter of from fifty to sixty feet. In the centre of this mound is a well ten feet in diameter, and about eighty feet deep. This well is filled with water, except immediately after an eruption, by which it is left partly empty. At intervals of an hour and a half, a rumbling noise like thunder is heard under ground, and the water heaves up, overflowing the mound.



ICELANDIC GEYSER.

“The great eruptions of this Geyser, which take place at intervals of about thirty hours, present a magnificent spectacle to the eye. The coming of an eruption is announced by a rumbling sound, like distant thunder, and by loud explosions, similar to the firing of cannon under ground. The whole mass of water then rises into a column,



VIEW IN ICELAND.

to the height of from one hundred to two hundred feet, jet following jet, while great clouds of vapour envelop the liquid streams in dense masses, and, rolling away in airy mists, mingle with the sky.

“The Icelanders make practical use of the lesser springs. They cook their food by the heat of the steam, they wash their clothes in the boiling water, and perform their own ablutions in the delightful vapour baths which some of the low fountains afford.”



COLUMNS OF RED SANDSTONE.

The Yellowstone National Park region contains an area of some three thousand six hundred and seventy-five square miles, and is shadowed by mountains ten thousand and twelve thousand feet high. It presents a view of more natural wonders than any like area in the world. To cook one's meals on terraces overflowing with water heated in the mysterious caverns of the earth, is one of the strangest and most suggestive experiences that one can meet. The Park has never been adequately explored, but the government roads are excellent.

They went to San Francisco and the Yosemite, both of which places we have noticed in a former volume. They embarked from San Francisco for Australia by the way of Honolulu, Harold taking a second-class passage, on one of the grand Pacific steamers. It is a week's sail to Hawaii. The sea was calm, but freshened at times by a pleasant breeze.

Honolulu is a very delightful city, with electric lights and some fifteen miles of street railways. Good board at hotels was offered at from two and a half to three and a half dollars per day.



KILAUEA.

Henry and his father prepared to make a journey to the famous volcano Kilauea, the expense of which from Honolulu is about fifty dollars. Harold took "apartments" in the city, and visited the tropical country, which is free from smaller and dangerous animals. By taking "apartments," which means a single sleeping-room, with parlour privileges, in travelling, and providing for one's meals at restaurants, one may live respectably and wholesomely in most cities on a dollar per day.

"I am not going to live meanly," said Harold, "but like the honest working-people wherever I go."

He found respectable living at this rate in Chicago, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and in Honolulu. At this last place, he went to the United States Consul for directions. In Chicago and San Francisco he sought out in the

directory the names of ministers, and went to parsonages for directions.

"I am not a sectarian," he said, "but the denominations represent honest working-folk, and I am travelling to see the people."

The Sandwich Islands, or, as we commonly call them, Hawaii is the half-way house between California and Japan. They lie in the seas of the sun — they are a part of the sun-bright world.

Their lofty peaks are a scene never to be forgotten as viewed from a distance in the calm ocean. The islands are twelve in number, of which Hawaii is one of the most important. They are rich in vege-



VIEW OF SANDWICH ISLANDS.

tation, — palms, oranges, mangoes, bananas, bread-fruits and umbrella trees, with a soft green turf.

They are volcanic, and the crater of Kilauea is one of the wonders of the world. It is nine miles in circumference. A traveller thus described it: —

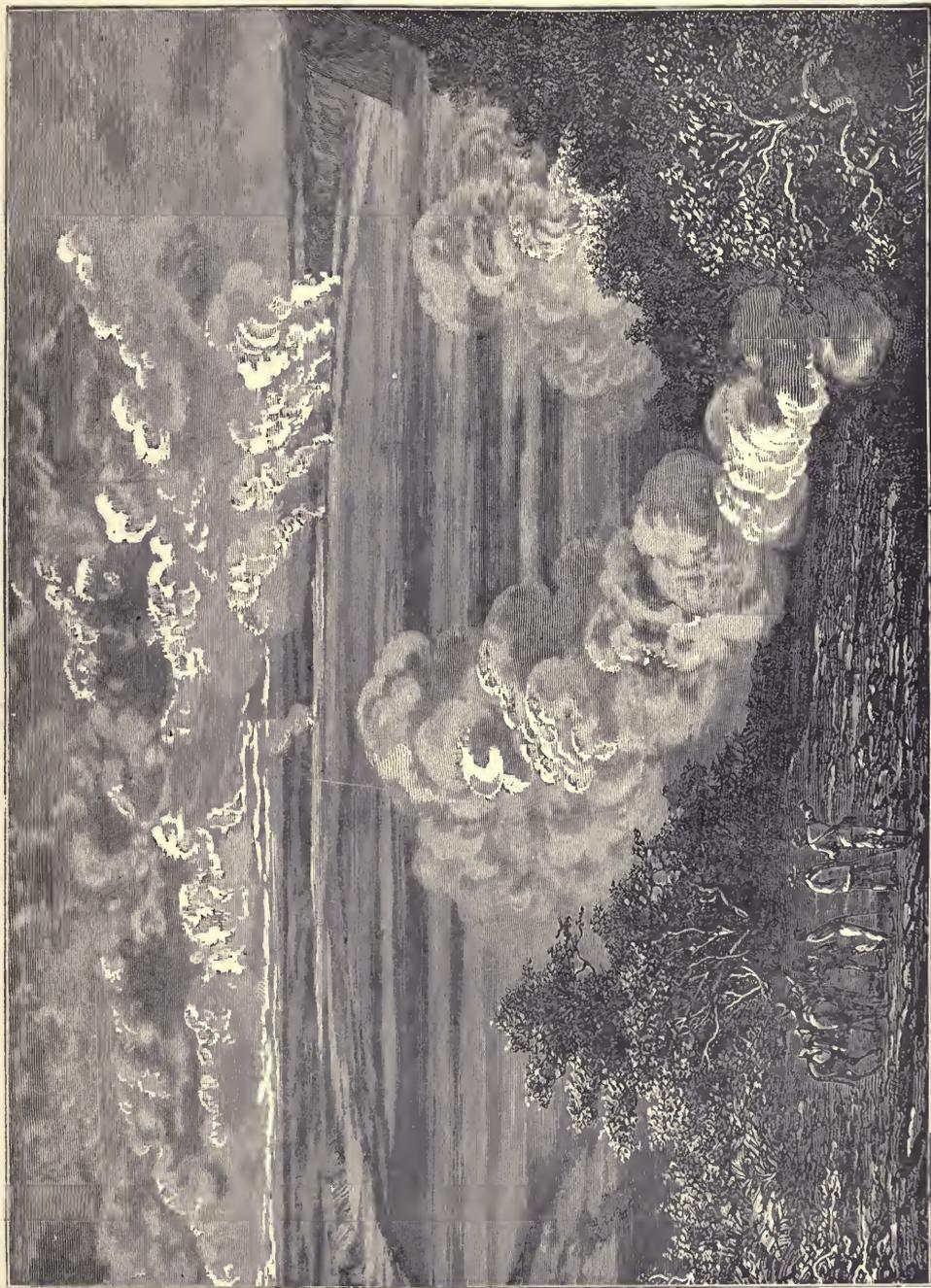
“Very few persons have made the ascent of Mouna Loa, but to those who have reached its summit is revealed a vision of wonder and



WAVES OF FIRE.

grandeur which has no parallel in the world. This magnificent snow-covered dome, whose base is sixty miles in diameter, is crowned by a ghastly volcanic table-land, creviced, riven, and ashy, twenty-four miles in circumference. Across this, the traveller makes his way over strange masses of lava, across chasms and around ledges to the edge of the summit crater, a region of inaccessible blackness and horror, six miles in circumference, and more than eight hundred feet in depth. At times, this crater is inactive for weeks, and then breaks out with fire and lava-streams, and clouds of black smoke trailing out thirty miles over the sea.

“At a height of four thousand feet upon the side of the great



CRATER OF KILAUEA.

mountain is the crater of Kilauea, a comparatively easy ascent of thirty miles from Hilo. This crater has the effect of a great pit in a rolling plain, and the traveller approaching finds himself unawares upon its very brink, just as he is beginning to doubt if he shall ever reach it. Kilauea is nine miles in circumference, and its lowest area covers six square miles. The depth of the crater varies from eight hundred to eleven hundred feet in different years, according as the molten sea below is at ebb or flood. Signs of volcanic activity exist all through it and for some distance around its margin, in the form of steam-cracks, jets of sulphurous vapour, blowing cones, and deposits of sulphur, and the pit is constantly rent and shaken by earthquakes. But in a lake in the southern part of the crater, the most marvellous phenomena are constantly visible. To reach this lake, three miles within the actual crater, the traveller must descend the terminal wall, which is very precipitous, and then a second slope, thickly covered with flowering plants and ferns of great beauty, and then a third of rough blocks and ridges of broken lava, and so arrive at the lowest level of the crater, presenting from above the appearance of a sea at rest, but found to be an expanse of waves and convolutions of ashy-coloured lava, with huge cracks filled up with black iridescent rolls that were molten stone but a few weeks earlier. Parts are very rough and ridgy, but most of the area presents the appearance of monstrous coiled hawsers, the ropy formation of the lava rendering the illusion almost perfect. All this is riven by cracks emitting hot sulphurous vapour. Beyond, comes a ridge of lava, like the rim of a bowl, four hundred feet high, most difficult of ascent; and then the fiery lake lies revealed. It is perhaps five hundred feet wide at its narrowest part, and half a mile at its broadest, with craggy sides of lava. To describe it seems impossible; the prominent object is fire in motion, but its surface continually skims over with a cool crust of a lustrous grayish-white, like frosted silver broken by jagged cracks of bright rose-colour. The movement is from the sides towards the centre, but

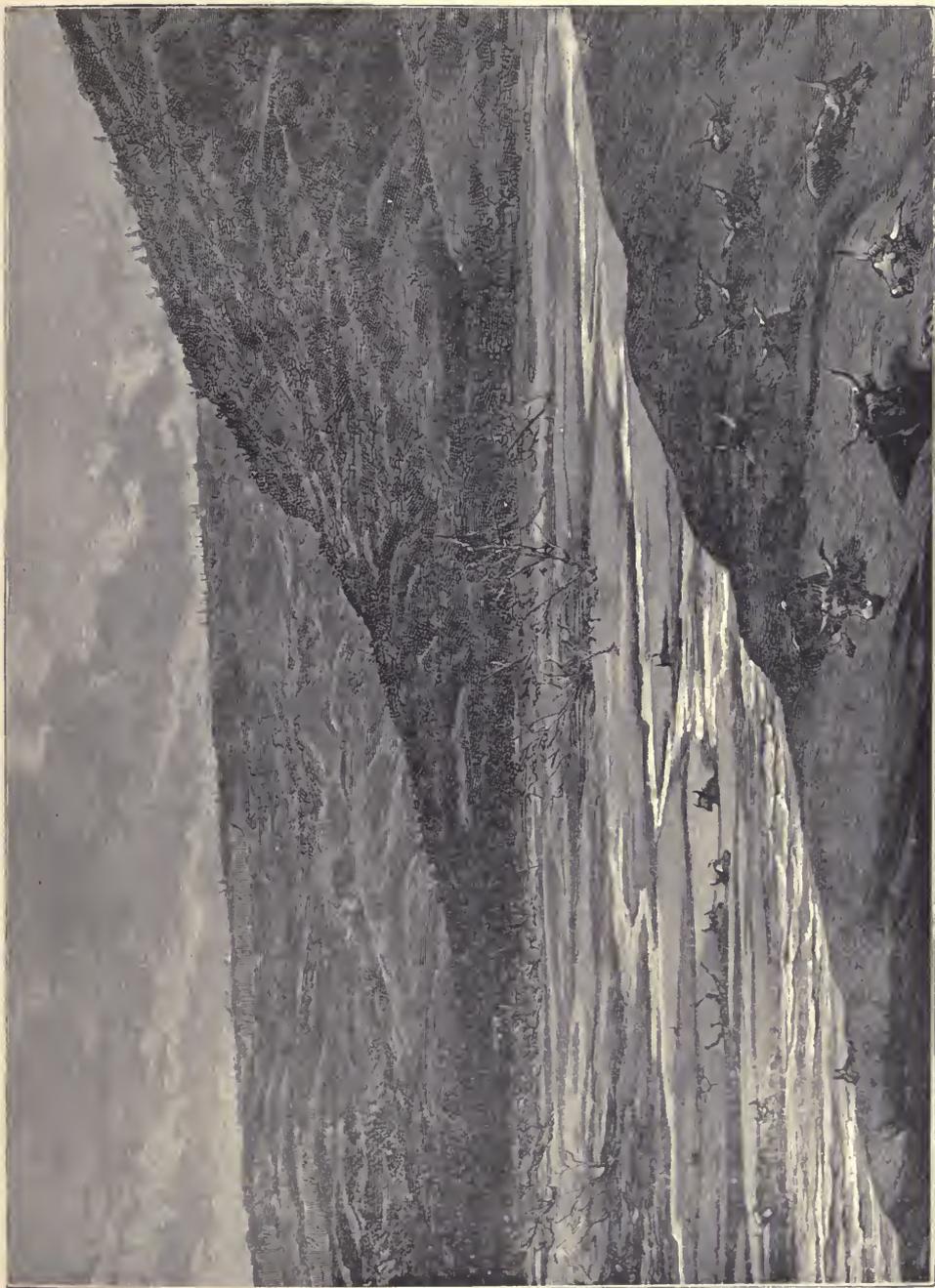
the central movement seems distinct, and always directs itself towards the south. All around the edge of the lake play fountains of fire, leaping, dancing, whirling together, merging into one glowing mass, which upheaves itself pyramidally, then disappears with a tremendous plunge, to form anew and again disappear.



LAVA BEDS.

“At times two huge waves, rising from opposite sides, move slowly towards each other, gaining in height as they advance. Rearing their crests twenty feet above the level of the lake, they meet. The sound and shock is indescribable. They form a whirling pyramid of fire sixty feet high, scattering fiery spray in every direction, then sink and disappear, and the grayish-white scum forms again over the lake.

“One most momentous effect of volcanic action in the Hawaiian Islands is the flow of lava, devastating the beautiful and fertile regions around the mountains. Some of these streams have been of extraordinary extent and volume, sweeping away farms and herds of cattle, and even villages in their course. In April, 1868, the most tremendous outflow of lava known in Hawaiian history took place. There had been earthquakes and threatenings from the volcano, and all minds were anxious as to the event, when, without a moment's warn-



LAVA STREAM.

ing, the ground south of Hilo burst open with a crash and roar. A molten river emerged through a fissure two miles long, with tremendous force and volume. Four huge fountains of fire boiled up, throwing lava and rocks of many tons' weight to a height of from five hundred to a thousand feet. From these great fountains flowed to the sea a rapid stream of red lava, rolling, rushing, tumbling, like a swollen river, bearing along large rocks that made the lava foam as it dashed down the precipice and through the valley into the sea, surging and roaring throughout its length like a cataract, with a power and fury perfectly indescribable. It was nothing less than a river of fire, from two hundred to eight hundred feet wide and twenty deep, with a speed varying from ten to twenty-five miles an hour.

“Thus were lost four thousand acres of valuable pasture land, and a much larger quantity of magnificent forest.”

Henry found in this chimney of the unknown world as wonderful a scene on which to place the imagination as at Niagara and the Yellowstone and Yosemite. Harold saw in Honolulu one of the loveliest cities of the abodes of the emigrant races. The travellers sailed from Honolulu to Yokohama. It was a long, uneventful voyage over a quiet ocean plain.

CHAPTER IV.

TALES AND AMUSEMENTS ON THE SEA.

THE STORY OF DEACON GRUBB AND THE OLD NICK. — THE STORY OF THE MISER OF MARSEILLES. — CURIOUS ENTERTAINMENTS AND PUZZLES.



IN these weeks at sea our travellers and their ship acquaintances amused themselves by reading stories aloud; and also by getting up entertainments for the saloon at evening, and by giving out curious puzzles.

As checkers was a favorite game on board, Henry read one evening a queer old New England tale, which was famous in Boston a generation ago. It deeply interested all the passengers, both as a story and an oddity of past literature. It was as follows:

DEACON GRUBB AND THE OLD NICK.

IT was many years ago, somewhere about the time of the Dark Day, or the Comet, or the Great Earthquake, or the Cold Friday, or the Old French War, — one or the other of these distinguished epochs, which serve old crones and gossips to fix their chronology, that there lived in the town of——, in the State of Massachusetts, a shrewd, calculating, demure old codger, known to everybody round about as Deacon Grubb. His character will be so well understood by saying that he was a country deacon, that I shall be excused for not delineating it at full length. Deacon Grubb cultivated a bit of a farm, officiated as Town Clerk, drove something of a trade at auctioneering, manufactured wooden bowls and tin ware, and kept the only grocery shop in the village, where he sold West India goods “of as good quality, and on as reasonable terms, as could be found in the place.” And of a truth, considering that



THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

the Deacon had the monopoly of the trade, he must be allowed to have been somewhat reasonable in his dealing, though his gallon pot had a trick of getting jammed by accident, and his water-pail now and then upset into the rum hogshead. By the exercise of all these occupations, by looking out for the



THE CATHEDRAL.

main chance, putting the best foot foremost, snatching at every good bone that was offered, and sticking to the old precept — “Get what you can, and keep what you get,” — the Deacon contrived to lay up what he called an honest penny before he was too old to relish the possession of a comfortable round sum.

As times went on, and the Deacon was waxed in wealth, he began to cast about for new means to increase his stores. The more he got the more greedy he became, — a common case with many close-fisted fellows besides deacons.

Among other projects of speculation he cast his eyes upon a certain piece or parcel of land with buildings thereon situated, belonging to Joel Wetherbrain, an odd, incomprehensible sort of a fellow, who was never at home, but let his lands run to waste, and his house fall to ruins. Nobody knew exactly what to make of Joel; whether he was fool or knave, a misanthrope or an enthusiast, religious-mad, or honestly crack-brained in the way of nature; it were difficult to decide the point at this late day, especially as my old aunt (of whom I had this narrative, and who was a person of high reputation for veracity, for she never forgot a particle of a story she heard) was dubious about the matter herself. However, that was neither here nor there. The Deacon took it hugely to heart that Joel's tenements should thus lie idle; and he formed a pious resolution to trap Joel's five wits in a bargain for the same, whereby if he could get the estate a good pennyworth, he should turn it to an excellent account in the end, and quiet his conscience by the reflection that he made fruitful one of the waste places of the earth.

Though the Deacon had probably heard of a certain command forbidding him to covet his neighbour's house, yet he either thought the precept inapplicable in the case of a house without an inhabitant, or the temptation was too strong to be resisted. As he was one day sharking about the grounds, and admiring the advantages of the situation, the fatness of the soil, and the solidity of the old mansion, which, though a little shabby on the outside from neglect, was sound and compact in frame and substance, he unexpectedly encountered Joel, and in a sly, roundabout way contrived to have the subject touched upon. They made a long haggling piece of work of it, and at last the Deacon consented, although the situation was wretched, the land poor, and the house ready to tumble to pieces, to give Joel about half of what it cost originally. Joel clenched the bargain, and the Deacon went home hugging himself with the thought of having made a great spec.

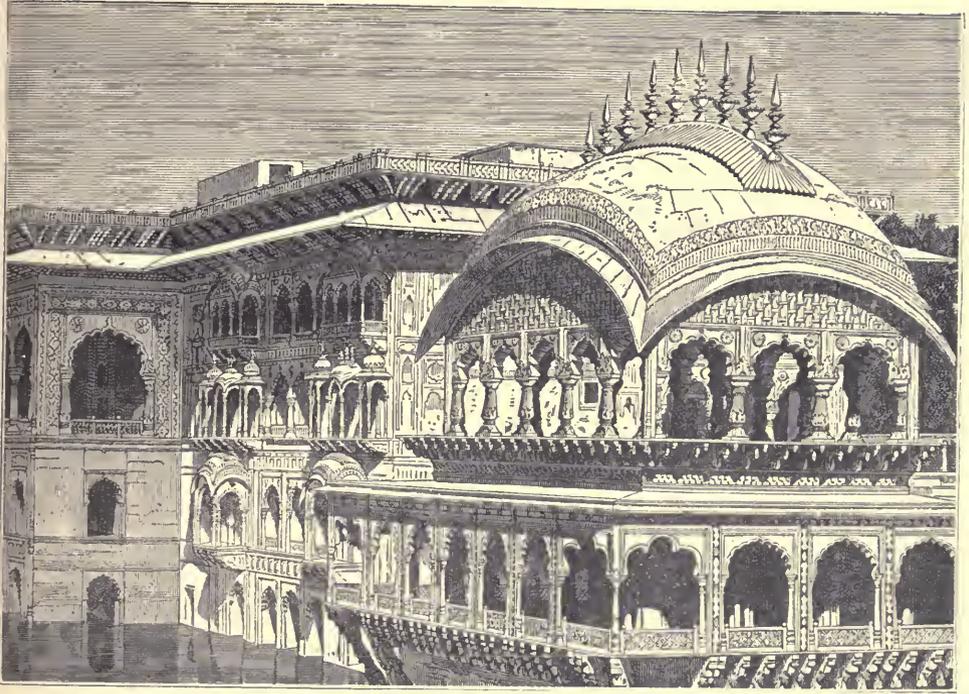
Well, now had the Deacon got his heart's desire. He quickly set himself to repairing the old house, and putting the fields in order; in a short time the whole was neat and flourishing.

The Deacon removed to his new estate; the minister preached a sermon the next Sunday from the text, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich," and everybody thought it the grandest bargain that had been made since the worthy settlers of the town cheated the Indians out of the land, at the expense of three cracked muskets and a pot of red paint.

But just as the Deacon had taken comfortable possession of the premises, and Joel Wetherbrain had bidden adieu to the place, there got all at once into circulation the most alarming reports about the estate in question. There



A DYAK OF BORNEO.



PALACE OF COPAL BHOWAN.

were stories of ghosts, goblins, and demons frequenting the place for some wonderful cause that nobody could explain. It was even said that Old Beelzebub himself haunted the house in the shape of a tin-ware peddler, and that he appeared every Thanksgiving night at twelve o'clock, rattling up and down the house, and making such a clatter and tantararra as to frighten everybody within hearing out of their wits. The Deacon was horrified at these accounts, the more so as he found they were universally believed. How the stories originated, nobody could tell; every one had heard them of somebody else; but there was nothing talked of but Deacon Grubb and the haunted house. It was generally believed that Old Beelzebub had taken up his quarters there, and that it would be difficult to rout him. The Deacon had overreached every man in the town, and with all their respect for the talents of Old Nick, it was thought if the Deacon and the Devil came to close quarters, they would make a tough match of it.

It is easy to imagine the tribulation into which the poor man was thrown

by cogitating upon this matter. There was no doubt the stories were true, for this was the only manner in which Joel Wetherbrain's neglect of the estate could be accounted for, — a matter which he unluckily forgot to question him about at the time of making the bargain. It was now clearly perceived why Joel was so ready to part with it at so low a price, and the Deacon could not avoid fretting himself into a fever, with chagrin at the thought of having been overreached by such a crack-skull as Joel. Instead of making a great bargain, he found he had bought a "pig in a poke."

However, after having been a few weeks settled in his new residence, his apprehensions began to subside. He took care to nail a horse-shoe upon his barn door, and another upon the gate in front of the house, and trusting in these sovereign precautions against witchcraft and *diablerie* of all colours, he made himself tolerably easy, thinking his muniments sufficiently strong to defy Beelzebub and all his tricks; but he soon found out the Devil is not so easily got rid of — the more is the pity.

One Saturday evening, after the Deacon had shut up his shop, and despatched those little items of business in the grocery line which are most conveniently done with closed doors, he sat down alone in his chimney corner to enjoy a comfortable pipe of tobacco. He continued a long while puffing and cogitating, but whether his thoughts were occupied with the spiritual concerns of the coming day, or were wrapt up in calculations on the profits of the past one, it becomes me not to judge; my old aunt had her opinion upon this point, but I could never get it out of her.

It had got to be near midnight, and there was not a soul stirring. A dead silence reigned throughout the mansion, broken by nothing save the ticking of a death watch and a subdued pianissimo sort of grunt which accompanied every puff of smoke from the Deacon's lips. The candle had burnt down to the socket, and began to flicker a fitful and uncertain light, and the Deacon was in the midst of a profound reverie, with his eye fixed upon the lower end of a pot-hook which hung down the chimney.

All at once he was startled by a strange noise. He looked round, — the room was full of smoke from his tobacco pipe, and the candle in the act of expiring; a sudden fear crept over him, as he thought of the stories concerning the house. But there was nothing to be seen. In a few seconds he heard the same noise still louder, and now it seemed to come from the chimney. He poked his head up the chimney and listened, but all was still. "It can be nothing," said he to himself, "but the wind roaring over the top of the chimney."

He sat down again, put another candle in the candlestick, took up a coal with the tongs, and was blowing it, when he heard the same noise come down



PAGODA NEAR KUTTACK.

the chimney again, and presently a hollow, strange-sounding voice. In surprise and astonishment he looked up and espied a couple of dim, wavering lights at the top of the chimney; but whether they were a pair of fixed stars, or the twinklers of an enormous cat, he could not tell. Presently they grew larger, and at length turned whitish and ghastly, like a pair of peeled onions or a couple of eggs in a soap-dish. "Mercy on my sins!" exclaimed he, "what can this mean?" He had no time to answer his own question, for immediately there came a voice down the chimney, which sounded like a Dutchman bawling through a speaking-trumpet: "Deacon! Deacon!" — "What in Heaven's name do you want of me?" — "Deacon, have you watered the rum?" — "Y-e-e-e-es," was the slow and most unwilling reply. "Have you sanded the brown sugar?" — "Ye-e-es." — "Said your prayers?" — "Yes." — "Then set me a chair."

The Deacon knew not what to make of the ceremony of his new guest who thus honoured him with a visit by pitching head foremost down his chimney; but knowing that some gentlemen of fashion are singular in their tastes, and wisely conjecturing that the Old Nick might have his whims as well as the rest of them, he determined to humour him. So setting an arm-chair by the fireplace, and answering that all was ready, down came the mysterious visitor slap into the fireplace, overturning, as he landed, a tea-kettle, a coffee-pot, and a pan of stewed apples. The Deacon wished him joy of his safe descent, and expressed an apprehension that he had burnt his knuckles in the hot ashes; but his guest replied very civilly that he might be easy on that score, for he had a hand in such matters too often to mind a little scorching. Then brushing the ashes and soot from his knees and elbows, he sat down in the chair, crossed his legs, gave a long deep-drawn sniff, probably to ascertain whether there was any of his favourite perfume of brimstone to be smelt, turned up the whites of his enormous eyes, and gave the Deacon a most ominous and inquisitive scowl, which the Deacon returned by inviting him to smoke a pipe of tobacco. The man of the chimney replied that tobacco did not agree with him — he would smoke a bunch of matches or a roll of brimstone if the time allowed; but as his stay must be short this night, he would not trouble the Deacon to fetch the tinderbox.

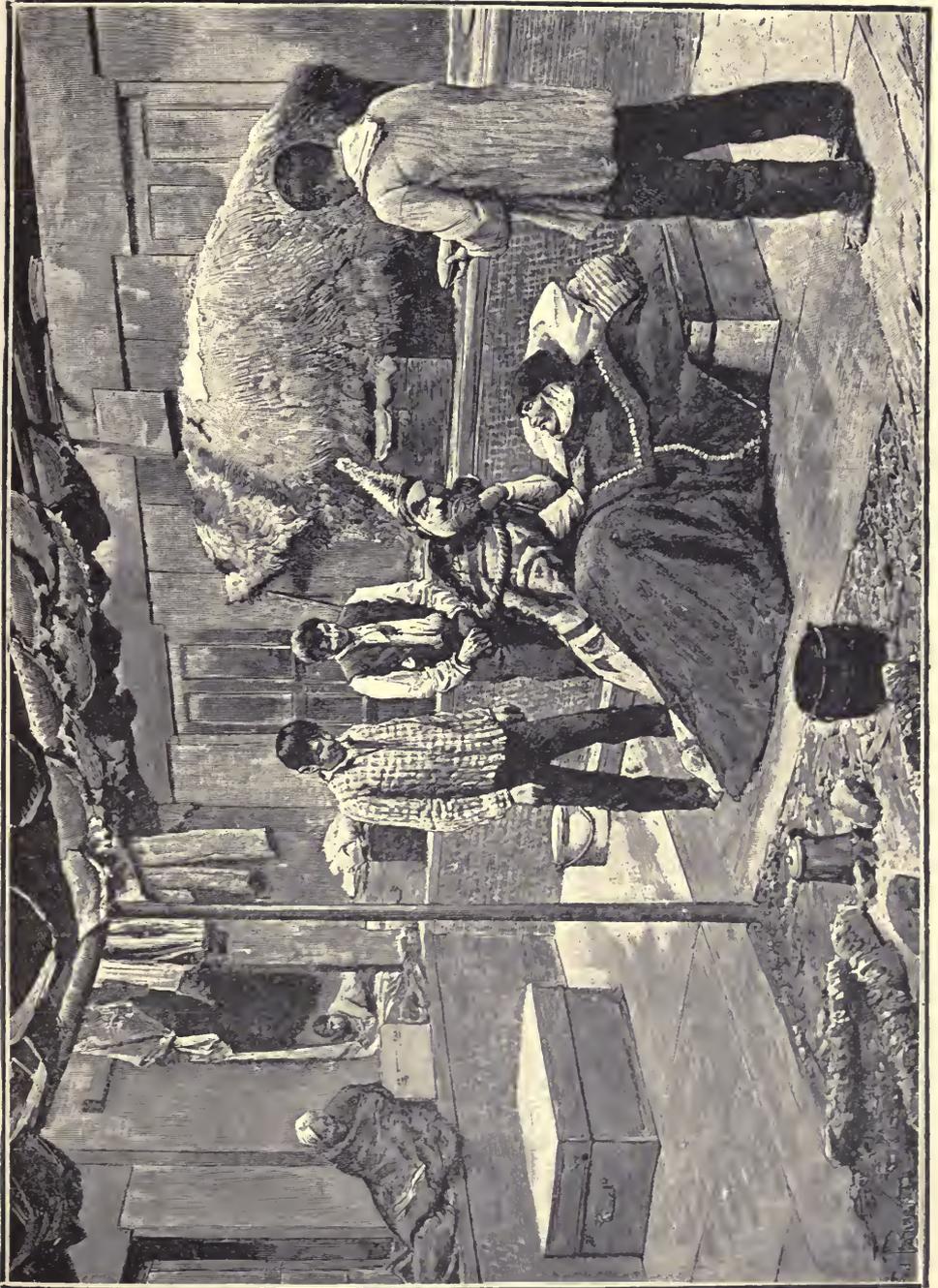
"Then you come upon business?" replied the Deacon. "You are right," said the other. "Then proceed to the matter, if you please." — "Not till twelve o'clock," said the man of brimstone, — "not till midnight; and it wants ten minutes of the hour," casting at the same time a look at the Deacon's wooden clock, which he had bought of a Connecticut peddler, and paid for in damaged Bohea tea. "Oh, ah," said the Deacon, "if that time does not suit you, I can

alter it." So, going to the clock, and moving forward the minute hand, "I have taken the liberty sometimes," continued he, "to put back the time on Saturday night, when there was danger of my business crowding over into Sunday, and now I can make up for what has been lost by putting it forward. See there," said he, as the hands of the clock pointed to twelve, "it is now midnight; let me know your business. I hate to encroach upon the Sabbath but would not turn away a customer." At this the gentleman, giving a tremendous grin, exclaimed, "Deacon, they have always said you beat the Devil for tricks, and I begin to fear it may turn out so. The truth is, I have come to give you a try." — "At your service, friend Beelzebub," said the Deacon. "But I don't understand you." — "Why, Deacon, you must know that this house and this estate are mine." — "Yours! no such thing!" — "Yes, they fell to me from their ancient owner, Hector Morterhead, a famous player at checkers, who being engaged once at play, and told he would lose, exclaimed in passion, 'The Devil fetch me and all I own if I do not beat.' He lost the game, and I have haunted this house ever since." — "Umph!" ejaculated the Deacon. "Now, Deacon," continued he, "every man who attempts to occupy this spot, must play a game of checkers with me; if he wins the game, he may remain in peaceable possession; I have beat every one so far; it is now your turn to try."

This was the strangest proposal that the Deacon had ever heard of for deciding a litigated point as to the possession of real estate; but as there was no remedy, he submitted, and producing his checker-board, they sat down to the trial. The Deacon was celebrated for his knowledge of the game, and would have puzzled his adversary had he been any other than what he was; but he soon found that he must lose. "It is almost broad day," said he. "I really cannot play on Sunday; let us put off the rest of the game till another time!" — "I am willing," replied his opponent, "to grant any reasonable accommodation, especially to gentlemen of your degree. Everybody will grant that deacons are long-lived, — I wait a long time for them. I allow you a delay this once. Next Saturday night I will call again, when the game must be finished." So saying, he vanished up the chimney.

I suppose my readers will imagine that the Deacon's sole object in putting off the game was to delay the completion of it as long as he could. Not so, he only wanted an opportunity of getting ready a trick against his adversary, which came into his head just as he was upon the point of giving up the game. He bethought himself of one of his old tricks, by which he used to play the game slyly of a Sunday. "It will do his business for him," said the Deacon, exultingly, "for although fire will not burn his fingers, something else will."

The visitor came according to appointment the next Saturday night, and



MEXICAN MEDICINE-MAN.

sat down to play without taking notice that the board was different from that used on the first night. The first move he made, his hand was seized with a trembling; at the next move he lost his king, and at the third all hope of achieving his promised victory had vanished; and at every step his affairs grew more desperate, and finally at the seventh move the Deacon had won the game.

The man of brimstone sprang from his seat in a passion, and overturned the checker-board with a single blow of his fist — when lo! it appeared he had been playing upon the covers of the Deacon's great Bible! In an instant he went off in a whiz up the chimney, and neither he nor any of his imps ever dared to try their tricks with the Deacon afterwards.

Another story which Henry read was of a different character. It was old, and of unknown authorship. It touched the hearts of all. The passengers often referred to it afterwards. It was —

THE MISER OF MARSEILLES.

MARSEILLES is a city of fountains, and has a fine aqueduct, almost entirely subterranean, by which pure water is brought from the little rivers Huveaume and Jüvet. But this was not always the case.

Once upon a time — I know not the exact date — there dwelt at Marseilles a man named Guyot, with his wife and one son. They were but humble people, and at the time my narrative begins, the child lay sick of a fever, his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth, and his little hot hand pressed to the still hotter forehead, while he constantly asked, in a plaintive tone, for a draught of water.

“Alas! my child,” said Madame Guyot, in reply to his moaning, “you know I have told you already the cistern is empty. Not a drop of water have I in the house, and I fear all our neighbours are as badly off as ourselves. See, take this milk; it is all I can give you.”

“But, mother, it is not like water,” replied the boy; “it makes me more thirsty, and chokes me, it seems so thick; while water is so cold, and refreshes me for a long time. If it would but rain, for I am burning! Oh, if I were rich I would care little for the finest wines, if I had but plenty of fresh, pure, cold water.”

Madame Guyot strove to pacify the young sufferer; and having succeeded in partially relieving his cravings by means of a draught of water, which a kind neighbour, scarcely better off than herself, sent by the hand of her little daughter, he at length slept.

Seven years later, and the fever-stricken boy had grown into a fine, thoughtful youth of sixteen. No longer dependent on his parents, the young Jacques Guyot cheerfully performed his part in gaining a living.

One evening, after his return from work, as Madame Guyot was busily engaged in placing the evening meal on the table, she said to her son, "Jacques, you must be content with less than your usual quantity of water to-night, for again the cistern is nearly dry."

"I am sorry for that, mother," replied Jacques; "but though we have often since been very scarce of water, at least we have never wanted it so badly as when I had the fever."

"Oh, Jacques, can you ever forget that?"

"Never. No day passes, but the torture I suffered then for a draught of water comes into my mind; and I envy no man his wealth in anything save his more abundant supply of that one good gift. Is there no way of relieving this want, by which the poor of Marseilles suffer so much and so often?"

"It is just because the poor are those who suffer, that they must continue to do so; wealth might remedy the evil," answered his father.

"How so?" asked Jacques.

"Easily enough. Only let an aqueduct be constructed, to bring pure water from a distant river."

"And what would that cost, think you?"

"More money than you can count," replied the elder Guyot; "so let us to our supper before it is as cold as the water you are always dreaming about."

The meal over, Jacques wandered in the garden, thoughtful and silent, but not unnoticed by his parents. They talked about the extraordinary manner in which his mind dwelt on the one night of suffering from thirst so long gone by.

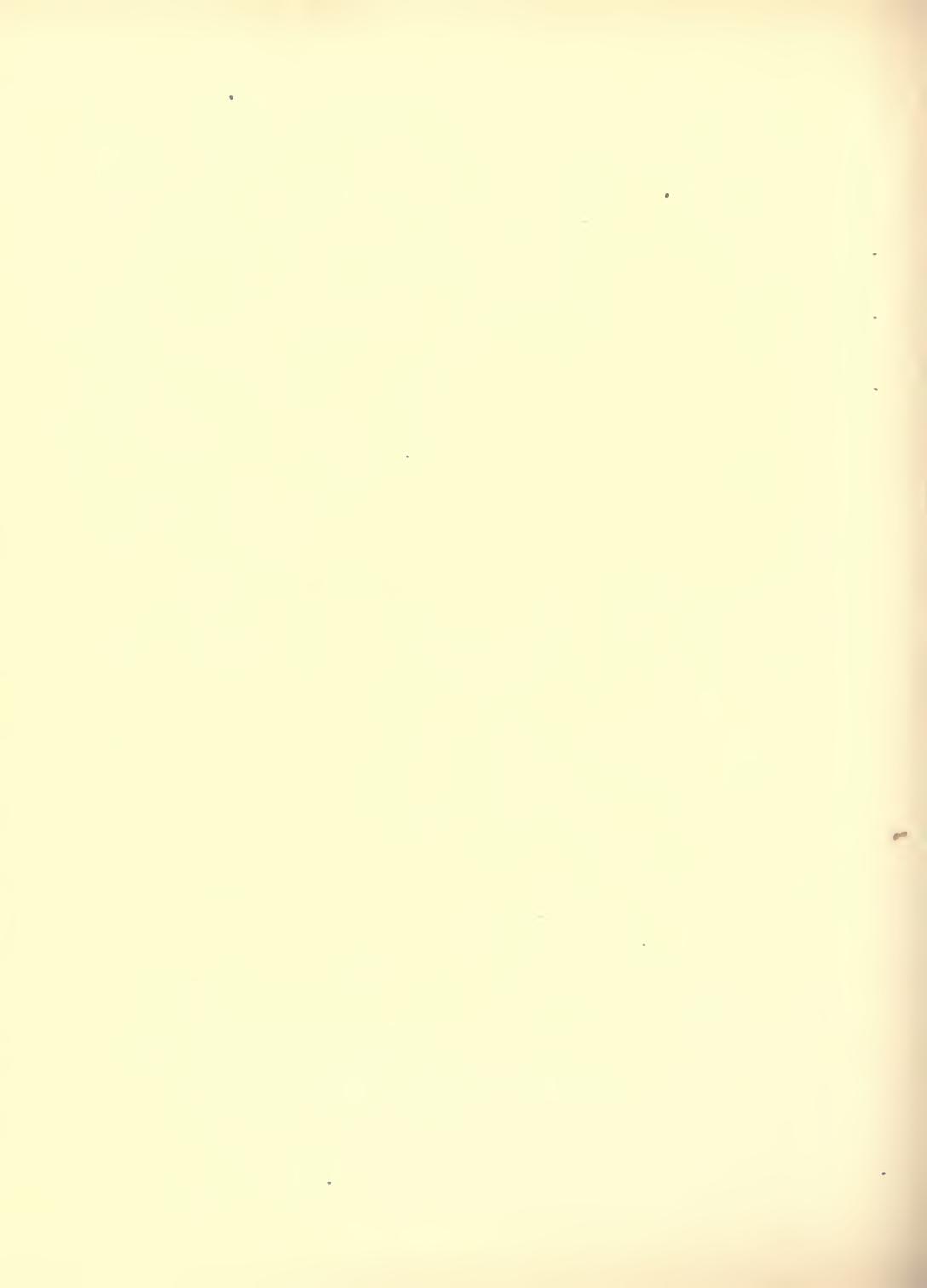
"It is strange," said Madame Guyot, "how the lad is always thinking of it. I quite feared to tell him how little water we have left to-night, for it seems to grieve and trouble him so much; not for ourselves alone, but lest some unfortunate should have to bear sufferings like those he experienced seven years ago."

"Well," replied the father, "even that is not the chief object of his anxiety."

"Why, surely he does not fancy himself in love yet!" said Madame Guyot, in an accent of alarm. "Our neighbour's daughter, Madeline, casts sheep's eyes at him, I know, young as he is; and Jacques often tells her how like a little angel she seemed to him when her mother made her the bearer of that draught of water. But it is doubtless only nonsense, for he is still a boy, and she a full year younger."



AN UNPLEASANT NEIGHBOUR.



“I was not thinking of Madeline, wife,” replied Monsieur Guyot: “in my opinion, Jacques loves something else better than all the little damsels in the world, — I mean money. He is always hoarding every sou he can collect, and trying, by all sorts of extra services, to earn more than his daily wages; and I almost fear our son will turn miser, since he spends nothing he can avoid.”

“Oh, if that be the case, he is doubtless thinking of some girl, and trying to save against the time when he is old enough to marry; but he is a good youth,” added Madame Guyot, brushing a tear from her eye at the thought of having a rival in the love of her only child.

The return of Jacques here stopped the conversation. Hours after his parents were at rest, the youth sat by the lattice in his little chamber. Little knew the parents of Jacques by what strong feelings he was actuated, though both were in part right, — the father when speaking of his almost miserly habits, the mother in believing that her son loved Madeline.

The youth possessed one of those thoughtful natures which become old too soon; and those who wonder at love in a boy of sixteen, must remember that in Southern France the blood runs warmer than in our country.

It was indeed wonderful how he always thought of Madeline in connection with that night of feverish agony, — how like a ministering angel the child had seemed in his eyes when she tripped lightly in with the cooling draught to satisfy his longing. The cup of cold water had worked with a marvellous charm, and the youth regarded the girl with a feeling akin to worship. In the eyes of others, she was just a bright-eyed, laughing thing, somewhat wilful and capricious at times, as girls are apt to be; but to poor Jacques, she was a being of heavenly beauty.

The recent scarcity of water had again brought the old scene most vividly to his mind, and you might have seen by the moonlight how pale and agitated was his face. After a long silence, he rose, and, taking from a secret place a sum of money, large for him to possess, he slowly counted it, and then, gazing on his treasure, said softly, —

“It might be done in a long lifetime; but, O Madeline! Madeline!” Then, with tears streaming down his cheeks, he flung himself on his knees to pray. Poor Jacques, he prayed with such earnest, simple faith that he rose tranquil, and, seeking his couch, soon fell into a sound sleep.

Three more years went by, still Jacques continually added to his store. So scrupulous was he in denying himself every superfluity that the neighbours whispered how the young Guyot had become a miser. Some did more than whisper, they spoke openly to his mother respecting this peculiarity in her son.

Madame Guyot looked very sagacious, and gave mysterious hints about the virtue of sparing on one's self, to spend on another.

Let love be the presumed cause of a man's actions, and a woman will hardly ever deem him in the wrong, however extravagant they may be. So it was with the gossips; and from that time, many a sly joke was levelled at Madeline, till the little damsel's head was almost turned with thinking of the — of course much magnified — riches which were hoarded by her admirer for her to spend some day.

She felt that she was beloved, for it is not hard to divine when one is the dearest of all earthly objects to a pure and honest heart; but, in spite of her convictions in this respect, the conduct of Jacques was a sad puzzle to her.

"He is never so happy as when by my side," she would often say to her mother, — "that any one may see; but I do not think he cares to gain me for a wife."

The mother would bid her be patient, and all would in time turn out well; but Madeline thought there should be some limit to the expected patience, so she would pout her cherry lips, and give Jacques short answers.

Still, though she evidently succeeded in giving him pain, he seemed as far from declaring his sentiments as ever.

The crisis, however, came at last. Madeline had a Cousin Marie, who was not only a near neighbour, but also a sort of rival beauty. There had been no slight jealousy between the girls on the subjects of love and marriage; but Marie had at last triumphed, and, the day for her own wedding being fixed, she openly twitted Madeline about her laggard lover.

This was a sad blow to the vanity of the young girl.

The wedding-day came, and she, of course, was one of the guests, together with Jacques; and the girl, bent on punishing her tardy admirer, coquetted with others by his very side. But she did not stop at coquetry only. The brother of the bridegroom, a gay and handsome fellow, now at Marseilles for the first time, was smitten with her charms, and after the wedding found or made many excuses for visiting her.

Jacques, it seemed, would not be piqued into submission, and she was not inclined either for a spinster's life, or a longer silent wooing; so, after some hesitation on the part of her parents, who still leaned to their young neighbour, Madeline was betrothed to the stranger.

When the marriage day came, Jacques remained shut up in his little chamber. Neither food nor drink passed his lips; but could he have been seen by any one, a mighty mental conflict would have been revealed to the watcher. It was the last great conflict with human passion. The last bar to his devoting himself to one great object was removed.



A CAVE-DWELLER.

The gossips who had aforesaid interested themselves so liberally in the affairs of Jacques once more twitted Madame Guyot, saying it plainly was not love that made her son such a miser in his habits; but she answered them, more proudly than ever, that Jacques would now look higher for a wife.

So, first one great lady and then another was said to be the fair object for whom our hero cherished a secret passion, and whom he was trying to equal in wealth. But though Madame Guyot fostered the idea, she, poor soul, knew better; for only a few days after the marriage of his *one* love, Jacques had begged her, in a broken voice, to find out whether the little vessel in which Madeline had borne the precious draught of water to his bedside, a dozen long years ago, were still in existence.

"Oh, my son," said Madame Guyot, "since you did so love Madeline, why did you let her go? She would not now be the wife of a stranger, if you had asked her for yourself."

"Better as it is, mother," replied Jacques, though his lip quivered while he spoke, and he again begged his mother to procure what he had mentioned, at any cost.

Madame Guyot's mission proved successful, though the mother of Madeline marvelled greatly at the request; and both the worthy matrons agreed that the conduct of Jacques was a problem beyond their power to solve. Eagerly was the little vessel seized by him, and, after bestowing many grateful thanks on his mother, he conveyed it to his own little room.

Could the thing of clay have spoken, it might have told how, when others slept, Jacques spent many an hour in sighs, and even tears. Ay, for every drop of water it had once held, the strong man paid in tears a thousandfold.

Years sped on, and the father and mother of Jacques passed from the earth. The young man had been called a miser, even during their lifetime, but now, indeed, he merited the title.

Ever craving for money, he added to his store by the strictest parsimony. His clothes were patched by himself again and again, till no traces of the original stuff remained. Generally his feet were bare, and even when he wore any covering on them, it consisted of old shoes which had been cast away as worthless, and picked up by him in his solitary wanderings through the town.

His food was of the coarsest description, and taken simply to sustain life. He no longer occupied the dwelling in which his early days had been spent; his present home was an old and roomy house, built with a degree of strength which defied any attempt at entrance unsanctioned by the will of its occupant, at least, without a degree of force being used which would inevitably have led to discovery.

Here, then, dwelt Jacques Guyot quite alone. But far worse than alone was he when absent from his house; for the evil repute in which he was held was such that as he walked the little children ran shouting after him, —

“There goes Guyot. See the wretched miser, how thin he is! He grudges himself food to make himself fat, and clothes to cover his lean old body.”

Then the mischievous urchins would cast stones at Jacques, and load him with insults, unchecked by their parents.

But even this was not the worst. One day he met a friend, or at least he had been such in youth, and whom he had not seen for many a long year. For the moment, Jacques forgot his rags and his isolation, — it was so long since a kindly word had been bestowed on him, and oh, how he yearned to win it.

Eagerly he advanced, with an indescribable gleam of joy lighting his pinched features; but his former comrade shrank back, holding up his hands, as if to forbid his nearer approach, saying, as he did so, — “I will not hold communion with a thing like you. Did you not love your money better than her who ought to be your wife? But you suffered a stranger to carry her away, and now the accursed thing is dearer to you than yourself, though you have neither child nor kin to whom to leave it. Away! touch me not!”

Another trial came still later, and it was the hardest of all. A portly dame, elderly, but still fresh and comely-looking, and with a fair daughter by her side, passed leisurely along the streets of Marseilles. They seemed to be new arrivals; but the elder one was evidently no stranger, for she pointed out to her daughter various changes which had been made of late.

Jacques Guyot looked earnestly at the girl, for her features brought vividly to his mind those of the object of his one love-dream; and as he came near, he heard her mother call her Madeline. Another glance, and he recognised the elder female as *the* Madeline of his youth.

Though so many years had gone over his head, his pale face was in a moment flushed.

Again he forgot the curses and the stones daily showered around him; the vision of the bright-eyed child, with the little treasured pitcher in her hand, was before him, and he too was for an instant young; but for how brief an instant!

Madeline, even in her distant home, had heard of the miser Guyot, who heaped up wealth, though with none to share it, and denied even the smallest aid to the miserable, though surrounded with gold. Even at that moment, too, she heard the taunts of the passers-by; so, gathering her skirts closely around her, as though his very touch would poison, she swept by with such a look of scorn as rooted the miser to the spot, and brought back the sense of his loneliness more terribly than ever.



TEMPLE ON HATCHIMAN.

Though no inhabitant of Marseilles ever entered the miser's dwelling during his life, yet I am able to tell how he spent his time there. I know he never entered his silent, comfortless home without feeling that his heart would leap with joy to hear a friendly voice, or if he might be permitted to clasp a child to his bosom.

I know that, in spite of insults, reproaches, and taunts, his heart teemed with loving-kindness to his fellow-creatures, and often when suffering from them, he would even smile, and murmur, "It is because they know me not; for one day these curses will be turned to blessings."

Ay, and that, when seated on his hard bench, to take the food needful to prolong his life until the object should be accomplished for which he had given up all that could tend to its enjoyment, he prayed for a blessing on his coarse fare; and I know, too, that after each more biting proof of scorn from those around him, he asked from the same Almighty Source strength to "endure to the end."

A very old man was Jacques Guyot when the end came; but he met it with joy, for he had lived long enough to finish his self-imposed task. Stretched upon his wretched pallet, he smiled, and talked to himself.

"Ah, Jacques," said he, "they will never more call thee accursed. The last stone has been cast at thy worthless carcass."

But, oh, what joy to think the miser had not lived in vain! One hour after, and the miser lay dead.

As soon as he was missed from his daily haunts, the propriety of examining his dwelling suggested itself to the townspeople; for there were many who would not touch him while living who would gladly have acted as his executors.

The authorities of the town took possession of a sealed paper which Jacques, ere he lay down to die, had placed in a conspicuous position. It was his will, duly executed, and contained these words: —

"Having observed from my youth that the poor of Marseilles are ill supplied with water, which can be procured for them only at a great cost, I have cheerfully laboured all my life to gain them this great blessing, and I bequeath all I possess to be spent in building an aqueduct for their use."

Jacques had told the truth. The curses had turned into blessings, and his death made a city full of self-reproaching mourners. Many a man has won the name of hero by one gallant deed; but he who made a conquest of a city by the continued heroism of a long life, methinks deserves the name indeed.

And thus I have told you to whom the inhabitants of Marseilles owe their aqueduct.

Among the puzzles that amused for a time the passengers was the folding of a paper in such a way as to produce a five-cornered star, with "one clip of the scissors." When Betsy Ross, of Philadelphia, was asked by Washington to make a national flag, she showed him a model with six-cornered stars. The General objected to this star, as it had been used by oppressors. "A five-cornered star," he said. She folded a piece of paper, or cloth, and cut it once, and said, "Well, here it is, with *one clip of the scissors.*" How did she do it?

THE TALKING DOLL.

BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS, of Boston, like Charles Dickens, delighted to join in holiday amusements with children. It is very pleasant to hear Sunday-school teachers of Doctor Brooks's old parish, Trinity, recall these diversions, and picture the generous, warm-hearted manner in which the rector entered into them.

Phillips Brooks loved children, and his Easter gifts to them, and the words with which he gave them, will live long in the memory of the people of the parish.

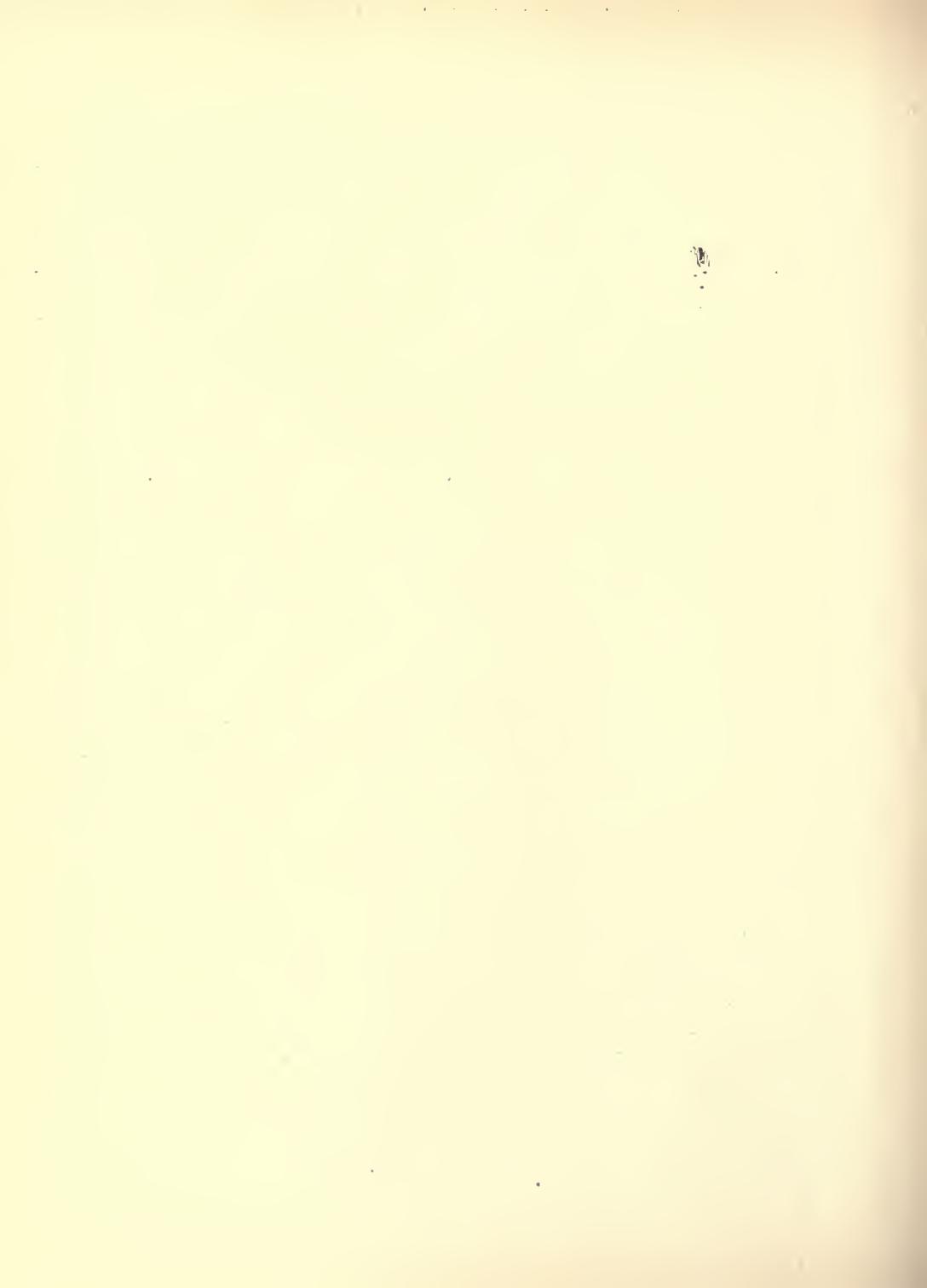
Bishop Brooks not only loved to make children happy, and to enter into the April atmospheres of young life, renewing his own youth amid such hopeful and inspiring influences, but he liked merry games, like "Marching around Jerusalem,"—games in which the happy-heartedness was contagious and universal.

One of my friends was for years a leader in these parish sports and games. He has told me of one diversion, known as "The Talking Doll," that may be new to people out of Boston. It used to greatly interest the rector, as it was an unfailing source of wonder and mirth. I will not describe it exactly as it used to be given at those merrymakings, but will show how it might be produced in a very simple manner.

The talking doll in the amusements that we have mentioned,



THE ROMSDAL.



acted rather than talked. It bowed and nodded. It bent its head for "yes," and shook its head for "no," in response to questions. It made faces; it smiled, frowned, and opened its eyes as with joy, and shut them as in sorrow.

It could tell fortunes in response to questions, and express in its features the happy intents and awful meanings of fate. The questions asked it were usually comical, and the responses were irresistibly funny.

The queerest mystery of the merry meetings used sometimes to be this same talking doll. How could a real doll be so intelligent? The solution was very simple,—the doll was made on the hand and arm of a young woman.

The latter rested in a covered box close to a table, and stretched up her doll-dressed hand and arm through the cover. The movements of her fingers inside of the small oracle would cause many curious expressions on the painted face.

The doll can be made to talk as well as to act. In figure it must be a girl, with a long dress, so as to prevent its connection with the box being seen. The side of the box next to the table and table-cover may be open, as it could not be seen, and the doll be quite a tall little girl, bending at the elbow as if bowing from the hips.

The doll will act from the cover of the box, and the cover should be carpeted or overhung with a cloth. A tube extending from the mouth of the person concealed in the box to the head of the talking doll would cause the doll to seem to speak when desired. When flexible motions without words are required of the doll, the tube can be withdrawn.

Or a person may lie down under a table, and the doll's dress may be made to cover his head, which may protrude from under the table.

This amusement caused a pleasant surprise in the saloon.

THE ORANGE MILL.

THEY also had the orange mill. To make an orange mill: Cut the top from a large navel, or seedless, orange, and press into the orange through this pared-off end three cubes of lump sugar. Serve within an hour, giving to each guest such an orange. You will say:

“This is an orange mill. Press it gently, and you will hear it grind. It will produce nectar. Try it, and sip the nectar whenever, or as often as, any one says a bright thing!”

A gentle pressure will cause the blocks of sugar to rub against each other, and a rich juice to rise to the top, which is to be drunk from the orange. An orangeade is thus produced, of a very delightful quality and flavour.

The mill is a surprise. It seems to be inexhaustible. At every pressure for a long time the golden liquid rises. The acid slowly dissolves the lumps of sugar, which are the mill wheels; and as this kind of orange is exceedingly juicy, one is led to wonder if there be some magic source of supply.

After the secret is out, the guests may prepare their own oranges. If the sugared juice be poured out into a glass, and water be added, a very fine orangeade is made, which some would prefer to the pure juice.

The sea was calm, the people happy, and many of the passengers had inventions like the above to help the time to pass agreeably and socially.



SCENE IN JAPAN.

CHAPTER V.

JAPAN, HONG-KONG, CHINA, AND BORNEO.



JAPAN has gone to the front of the Asiatic world. India is enslaved; China, with her long history and teeming millions of population, stands on the defensive, with an unheroic record. The ancient lands of religion, poetry, and art are dead; they are an echo. Japan has caught the spirit of the Western World. She has been studying all the arts of progress. She has not been enslaved by England; she has learned of her. The secret of her sudden rise and progress is education. It is the same secret as has, within half a century, made Mexico a grand and prosperous empire. A like spirit would give power to the South American republics. Chili already sees the way; so does Argentine. Peru only needs to awaken to this great need to recover her ancient glory. The

apostles of education in the twentieth century are to find their day and field.

Japan proper comprehends four large islands, with an area of two hundred and sixty-six thousand five hundred square miles. Besides the four large islands, she has some three thousand islets. Her population is between thirty and forty millions.

The islands seem to be of volcanic origin, and rest on an ocean bed that is still disturbed. One city in about seven years is shaken by volcanic movement, say the records. It is a land of mountains, valleys, and magnificent harbours. The sacred mountain of Fusiyama is fourteen thousand one hundred and seventy-seven feet high.

The climate is most beautiful. June, July, and August constitute the rainy season; and October and November are the pleasantest months of the year.

It is the land of flowers and temples, of the evergreen oak, the cypress, the maple, and of all luscious fruits. The palm and bamboo shade the avenues to colossal temples. The Japanese are a nation of farmers.

The Japanese character is such as rises. It is honest, clean, and frugal, with a high sense of honour.

Among the curious customs of Japan which are disappearing, is *hara-kiri*, or the committing of suicide by two cross-cuts on the abdomen by a short-pointed knife. When a maiden marries, her teeth are blackened, her eyebrows plucked out, and she makes herself as *ugly* as possible. The Japanese are a theatre-loving people, and delight in fantastic plays.

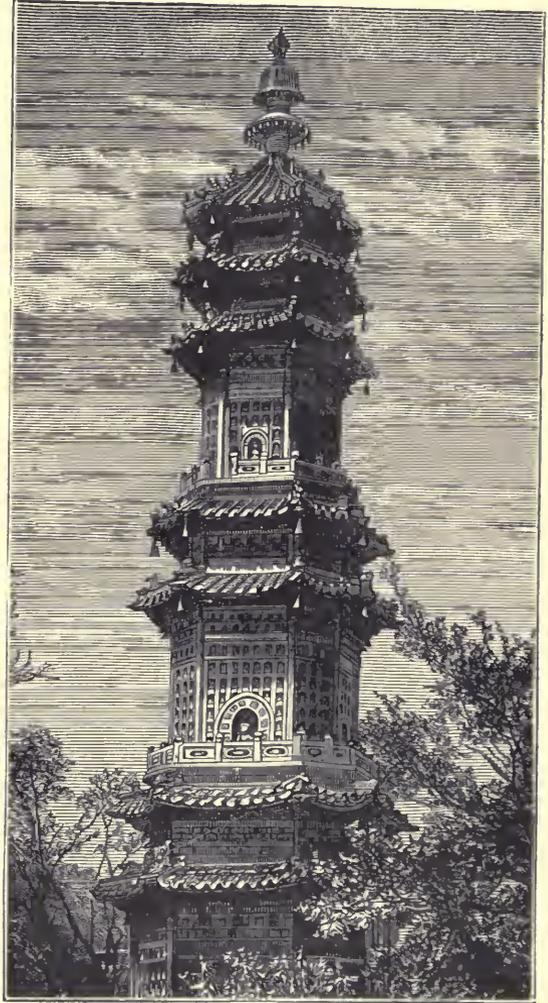
The Japanese emperors claim a dynasty of 2532 years. The chief ruler is known as the Mikado, of which order there have been more than one hundred and twenty-two in long and grand procession. The office of the Mikado was to preserve the ancient laws and religion, and to prevent change and progress.

Suddenly, some twenty-five years ago, this policy of the centuries



JAPANESE BAZAAR.

changed. How was it brought about? The families of rank sent their sons to England, Germany, and France to be educated. These young men saw a new life. They returned with other ideas. Then a Japanese Embassy was sent out to study the world. They came back in favour of progress in Japan. So change came. The arts and sciences of the West were cultivated, and education began to be a sudden and transforming power. The ethics of the Christian religion received attention, and were accepted among philosophical Japanese as the principles of Confucius had been when these principles were seen to be true, and superior to the prevailing Buddhism. When the law that had made change forbidden, became broken in spirit, and education took its place, conservative Japan felt a new force that became irresistible. After less than a half century of progress, she leads the Levant. The old law of Japan was, "Preserve unchanged the condition of native intelligence." The new spirit is, "Educate, progress ; assimilate all science, art, and knowledge."



PORCELAIN TOWER.

So one of the last of all nations became the first.

The grand temples of Japan are becoming devoid of the ancient faith. Shintuism was the early creed. It was followed by Buddhism. There was a long period of temple building, and the flowery land is everywhere adorned by temples that have the poetic colourings of age and decay.

There is a curious event in the history of Japan which connects her rise in civilisation with American history. In the period of her isolation, her ports were closed, and foreign sailors who were thrown upon her coasts were treated as enemies. In 1853, Commodore Perry steamed into the harbour of Yokohama with a demand for a treaty that would protect American sailors. His squadron was a terror. The treaty that he offered was accepted. It was the turning-point in the history of Japan. Other nations followed Perry's example. The ports were opened to the commercial nations. It was Perry's knock at her doors that wrought the change.

Hong-Kong, the city of fragrant streams: This British island, on the coast of China, lies about one hundred miles from Canton. It is some nine miles long, and has an area of twenty-nine square miles. Its capital, Victoria, has a population of 121,985. It is an island of mountains. From May to October the heat is here oppressive, but the winter months are cool.

Victoria has magnificent streets and terraces.

The island was ceded to England by the treaty of Nankin, in 1843. From Hong-Kong the traveller enters China; the island is the commercial port to this vast empire of more than three hundred and sixty millions of people.

The history of China is one of the oldest in the world; and China, in some respects, is the most remarkable country in the world. "To be happy on earth," say the Chinese, "one must be born in Su-Chau, live in Canton, and die in Lianchan." Why die in Lianchan? Because the place furnishes the best wood for coffins.



COREANS.

The Chinese worship their ancestors. Tombs are shrines. Death is an ascension day; the last home is the sky. The coffin is the most sacred treasure.

The Chinese are slaves of custom. All things are regulated by the "Book of Rites." China is a land of festivals.

The religion of China is Confucianism. The Buddhist system came into China as a missionary religion, after a long struggle; but the educated classes are followers of Confucius.

The Buddhist temples are falling into decay in China, and no new ones are building. Their devotees are chiefly begging priests and susceptible women. The mystic religion called Taouism has great influence in China; it is a kind of spiritualism, and, instead of outward forms, abounds in occult and mysterious rites.

Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, was born June 19, 551 B. C. His disciples called him Kong-fu-tse, "the Teacher." Prodigies are recorded as happening at his birth. The child had a large bump or elevation on the top of his head, and began at an early age to exhibit a wonderful zeal for learning. To acquire knowledge filled his soul with joy. His character was noble, and he was made a public inspector of the flocks and herds. His mother died when he was a young man, and he buried her with ancient honours, and began his career as a philosopher by thus teaching reverence for the dead.

He made the hall of one's ancestors the sacred place of worship. He mourned three years for his mother, during which he evolved his system of philosophy. His teachings, in brief, were that men should live for the soul, and that right character is everything. "Be virtuous and reverence the dead." He went forth to teach what virtue is. The principles of Confucius became the religion of China. He founded schools, and firmly established his system. He suffered persecution and imprisonment; for the purity of his principles antagonised prevailing customs. But he had sowed the seed of a great harvest. After his death he began to be honoured, and his name to receive

the highest epithets. The faith grew, for it was founded on the moral laws of life; it came from the mysteries of Nature. It revealed those principles that govern all things.

“I teach you nothing,” he says, “but what you might learn yourselves.” These principles as applied to life are, —

“Universal charity.

“Impartial justice.

“A pure heart and mind.

“Reverence.

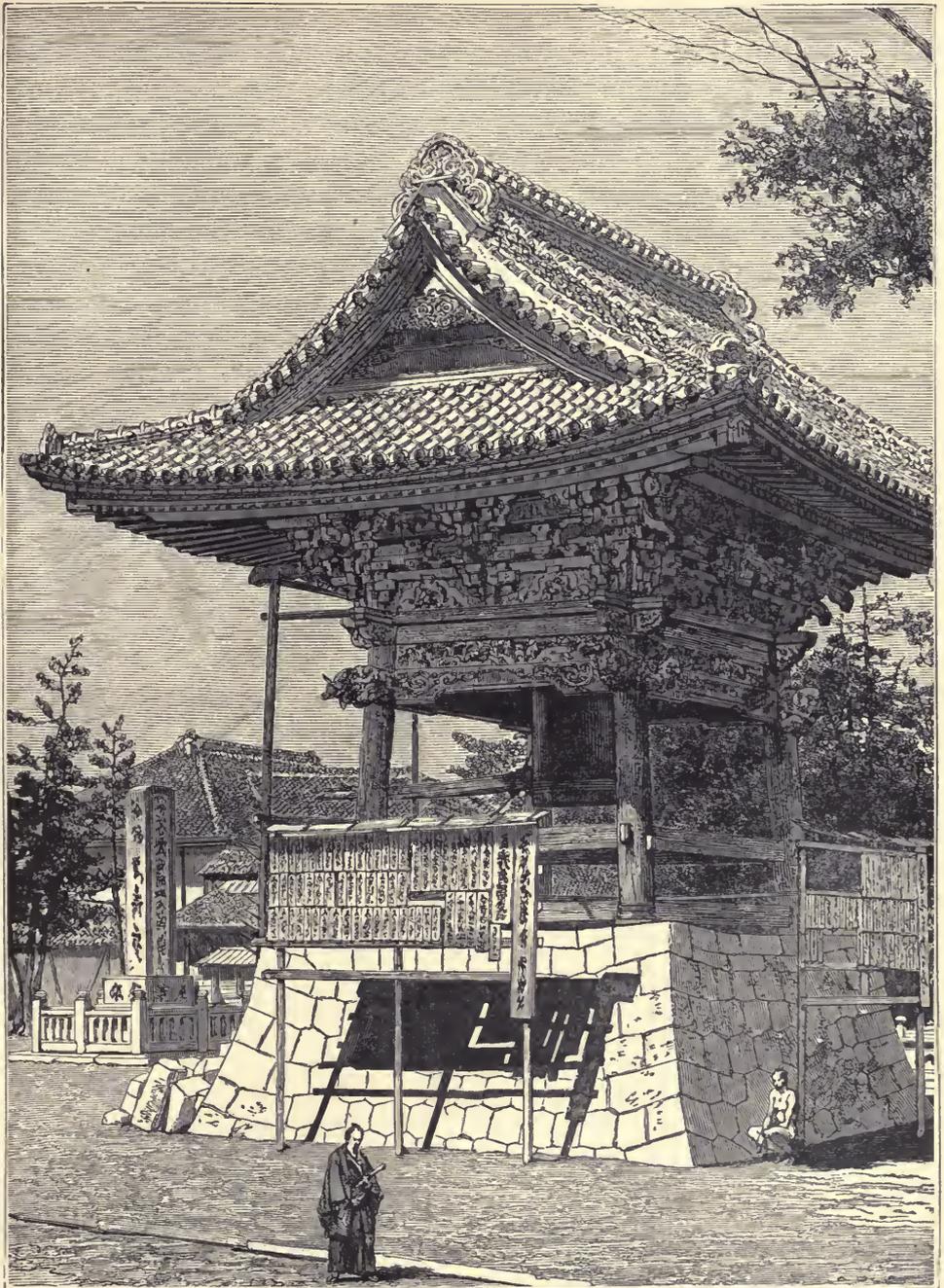
“Sincerity.”

Religion, in his system, is duty; and the principles of duty are those that are written on the spiritual nature. To sum it up, “Imperial Heaven will only assist virtue.” “It is only good to be good.”

The temples of China are magnificent in their ruins. Let us describe, by pictures and travellers' accounts, two of these.

“Four miles south of Angkor the Great is the temple to which all accounts refer as the most important of all the existing ruins. Of this we present an illustration, reproduced from a photograph, for the purpose of showing the exquisite finish and minute detail of the work. The general plan of the temple consists of three rectangular and concentric inclosures composed of galleries or verandas, and each fifteen or twenty feet higher than the one outside it, giving to the whole mass, as seen from without, a pyramidal form. The first of these inclosures measures thirty-two hundred and forty feet by thirty-three hundred, and outside of it is a moat six hundred and ninety feet broad. This moat is crossed by a superb causeway of great blocks of sandstone, and adorned with pillars and fantastic dragons at regular intervals. In the first inclosure is a gateway not unlike the gopura of a Dravidian temple, five stories high and extended by lateral galleries and towers into a façade more than six hundred feet long.

“Passing through this portal, the road continues to the next in-



BELFRY OF BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

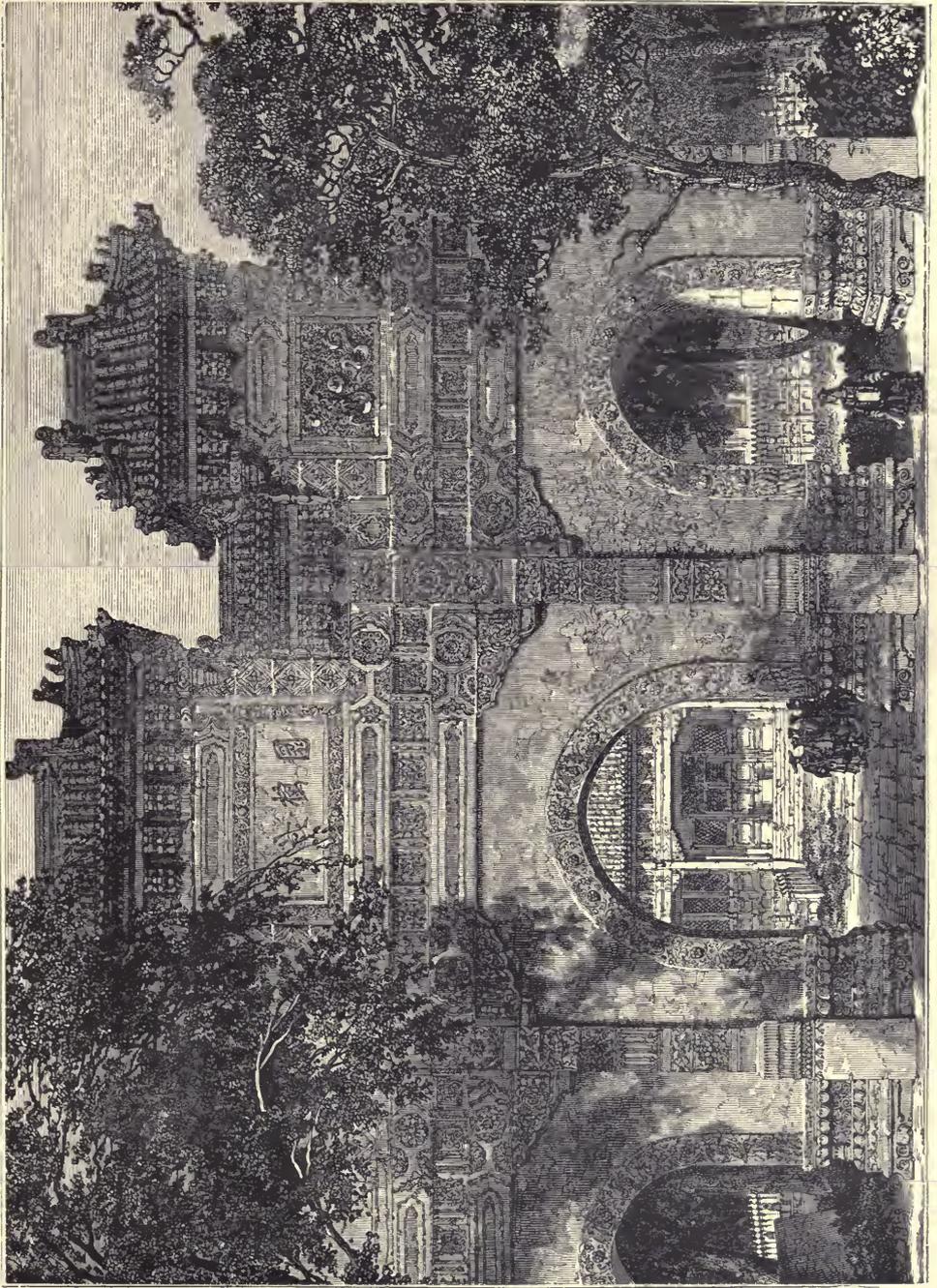
closure, where it ends before a second terrace supported by round columns elegantly sculptured. From the second to the third terrace a great flight of steps leads up; and the terrace itself is crowned by a central tower, which, although the upper part has been destroyed, stands yet about a hundred and ninety feet above the level of the road. Besides this central tower, eight others rise from various portions of the building, all conducing to the pyramidal effect, which seems to have been the leading idea.

“All the three terraces are surrounded by galleries or colonnades, which are open to the air with the exception of those of the second story; and nowhere in all the immense structure does there seem to have been made any provision for human abode. The whole building appears to have but one object or end in view, — namely, to be the entrance to the quadruple sanctuary established at the base of the central tower. From whichever of the cardinal points the temple is approached, everything leads towards one of the four enormous statues over the four sides of this tower. Nothing arrests the explorer till he finds himself at the entrance of the sanctuary.

“The central tower is two hundred feet long and two hundred and thirteen wide. In it no divinity is found, for the reason that this temple manifestly was dedicated to the snake-worship peculiar to some branches of the Turanian family, and its gods suffered from the disadvantage of being eaten up one by another, or dying from natural causes. But all through the enormous structure are the tokens of its destination. ‘Every angle of every roof,’ says Fergusson, — ‘and there are hundreds, — is adorned with an image of the seven-headed snake; every cornice is composed of snakes’ heads; every convolution of the roof — and there are thousands of them — terminates in a five or seven headed reptile. The balustrades are snakes; and the ridge of every roof anciently was adorned with a gilt dragon.’ There is, therefore, no divinity in the temple; but at present it is occupied by Siamese bonzes, who maintain the worship of Buddha, and take what care they

can of the vast edifice. They are too few in number to do much ; but they sweep out the most frequented central galleries every day, and now and then pull up the grass which grows between the stones. The rest is completely abandoned to the inroads of the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics, and to bats and night-birds, which make their home by myriads under the roofs of the colonnades.

“ A few words of description must be given to these galleries, which are the most remarkable feature of Angkor Wat. Their mechanical arrangement is as perfect as their artistic design. On the inner side they are formed by a solid wall of the most exquisite masonry, supporting the interior terrace of the temple. This wall is built of large stones put together without cement, and so exquisitely fitted that it is difficult to detect the joints between the stones. Ten feet and a half in front of this wall stands a range of square piers, resembling the Roman Doric order, with capitals similar to the classic examples, but more ornamented. These pillars have no bases, but at the foot of each is carved, on the four sides, a figure of a devotee or worshipper surmounted by a canopy of incised ornament, which is also carried along the edge of the shafts. The pillars support an architrave and a deep frieze, which is ornamented with bas-reliefs of the most elaborate design, and above this a cornice of a very classical outline. This cornice is composed of infinite repetitions of the seven-headed snake. The roof of these galleries is a pointed arch made by stones projecting one beyond the other, as the old Pelasgi used to build, and as do the Indians of the present day. This was probably intended to be hidden, as it is quite plain, and in one of the galleries remains of a beautifully carved ceiling of teak-wood have been discovered. Upon the inner walls are an almost infinite variety of bas-reliefs, representing, for the most part, battle-scenes. They are distributed in eight compartments, having an aggregate length of about two thousand feet, and a height of six and a half feet, the number of figures being estimated by one traveller as twenty thousand, and by another as a



TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS.

hundred thousand. These figures, by their magnitude, their minute finish, and their elegant proportion, compare favourably with classic sculpture, and it is interesting to note that the principles on which this sculpture is employed differ from the Indian and from the Egyptian examples, where the figures were in high relief, forming part of the architecture, but are allied to the Greek method, in which sculpture was regarded as purely decorative, and to be used entirely within the architectural lines.

“In examining this great temple minutely, the traveller is impressed with the differences existing between its different parts. The two lower stories or terraces seem designed to throw into strong relief the importance and richness of the third. As we approach the central sanctuary the decoration becomes more splendid; the chisel cuts deeper into the stone; the colonnades are doubled; marvels of sculpture burst forth on every side. What admirable arabesques are designed upon the pilasters which make the setting of the doors for the sanctuary! On the two sides the general design appears symmetrical; but a nearer view reveals the greatest differences, the most charming variety in the details; curiosity and interest are redoubled. Each one of these graceful interlacings, these capricious designs, appears the work of an individual artist who, composing his own design, imitated nothing, borrowed nothing, from his neighbour; each one of these pages of stone is the feint of a delicate and original inspiration, not the skilful reproduction of a common model. Sometimes the commenced page is not completed; the stone is left rough, awaiting the chisel. The artist died, perhaps, in the midst of his work, and no one was found to take his place. It seems as if this were a fate incident to all great structures. Angkor Wat has fallen into ruins without ever having been finished!

“Even more cruelly threatened by the forces of Nature is the old city Angkor Thom, or ‘the Great.’ Making his way northward through the forest, along an amazing highway, peopled with huge stone figures, — elephants the size of life, lions, dragons, — most of

them overthrown and broken, the traveller reaches the city's southern gate. The forest, interrupted by the wide belt of moat which forms a kind of clearing all around the city, here becomes deeper and more gloomy. A narrow path winds between the great trees; here and there are massive stones all overgrown with moss. After a walk of three-quarters of a mile, the explorer comes to a vast inclosure, within which are visible, in the distance, the towers and spires of some great structure. It is the Baion, or Temple of the Forty-two Towers, the most beautiful and extensive of the ruins of Angkor. The view of it on page 131 represents the building as it doubtless appeared in its original splendour, surrounded by a broad moat and inclosing wall. This moat has been entirely filled up, and, within the wall, the forest debris of centuries almost bars access to the main structure. But the forty-two towers are yet standing, with all their rich sculpture, and it is possible to make a thorough examination of the building. Its general plan is much like that of Angkor Wat, but it is believed to belong to a somewhat earlier date."

The ship stopped at Borneo, next to Australia and Papua, the largest island in the world. There came on board an English family, who parted with a servant who had been taking the charge of their children. This servant was a man, and was about to sail for Vancouver.

"I am sorry to have you leave us," said the English gentleman, whose name was Hunt. "I hardly know what we shall do without you."

Harold overheard the remark. It occurred to him that he would like to take the charge of such an interesting family of boys and girls, and that he would apply to Mr. Hunt for this service as soon as he could make his acquaintance.

The latter matter he found it easy to do.

"I should be glad to engage you for the daily instruction of my



ANGCOR WAT

children," said Mr. Hunt. "We are going to Switzerland. We have passes over our route. We can give or secure for you free passage from Ceylon to Venice, should you care to engage in our service. We may, however, go to Bombay."

Harold here saw an opportunity to secure a very long and expen-



RIVER SCENERY, BORNEO.

sive journey free. He made the essential arrangements, and began the daily instruction of the Hunt children.

These children had travelled into the interior of Borneo; for Mr. Hunt was a man of such strong family feelings that wherever he went, he took his family with him.

There is but a small European population in Borneo. The children had become greatly interested, while on the island, in the Dyaks,

who were the original inhabitants. One of them, young Percy, said to Harold:—

“These people once hunted for the heads of their enemies. They are the greatest hunters in the world.”



A EUROPEAN RESIDENCE, BORNEO.

“How do they look?” asked Harold.

“Oh, they wear hardly any clothes at all; and yet they dress fine.”

“How is that?” asked Harold.

“They do not wear much; but what they do wear, makes them look just splendid—royal.”

Harold could hardly understand his pupil.

The pictures which we give will make the matter quite clear to



THE BAYON, ANGKOR THOM.



GROUP OF DYAKS.

the reader. A heathen Dyak presents a splendid figure, — especially a hunter or a warrior.

The boy had visited Sarawak, a kingdom in the northwest of Borneo, with a population of some fifty thousand. The river Sarawak is a forest highway. In these great forests ebony, sandal-wood, and iron-wood abound. Here the finest camphor-trees are found, from which, by incision, the camphor oil is obtained. This, when crystallised, is regarded as the finest in the world.

The Dyaks collect edible bird's nests for the Indian market. The original Dyaks were divided into many tribes. They live in simple huts, and in a country abounding with luxuriant vegetation.

Here grow the nutmeg, cloves, cinnamon, pepper, betel, ginger. The trees and their fruits are for the most part odorous.

The monkeys of Borneo seem like a low order of the races of men. The orang-outang is sometimes captured and tamed. Harold saw



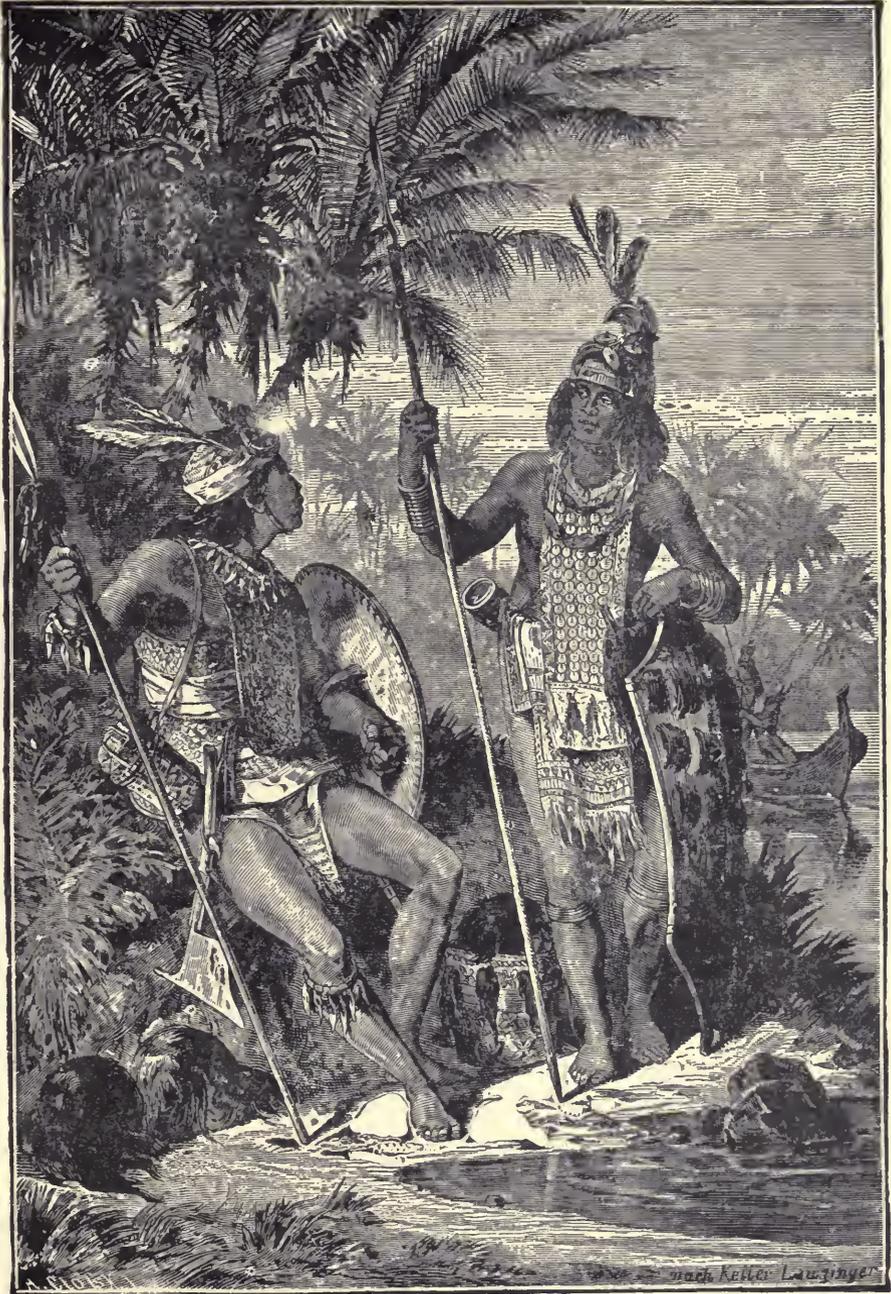
LOWER RAPID, SARAWAK RIVER.

one of these, on a ship in the harbour, which would climb into the rigging and obey its owner like a boy.

The lagoons swarm with crocodiles; and the birds here are as brilliant as the forests are fragrant.

The butterflies here are as beautiful as the birds.

Terrible serpents are found in the forests; and the English travellers and explorers who go here for woods and spices, and ride over the forest highways, often meet with thrilling adventures.



HEAD-HUNTING DYAKS OF BORNEO.

Among the gigantic snakes of Borneo, the boa, or python, like the same kind of reptile in the jungles of India and the forests of South America, is terribly interesting. It is able to crush the large animals, even the buffalo or tiger. The true boas are of a different origin; they belong to South America. These East India serpents are the rock snakes, or, as they are sometimes called, the anacondas.



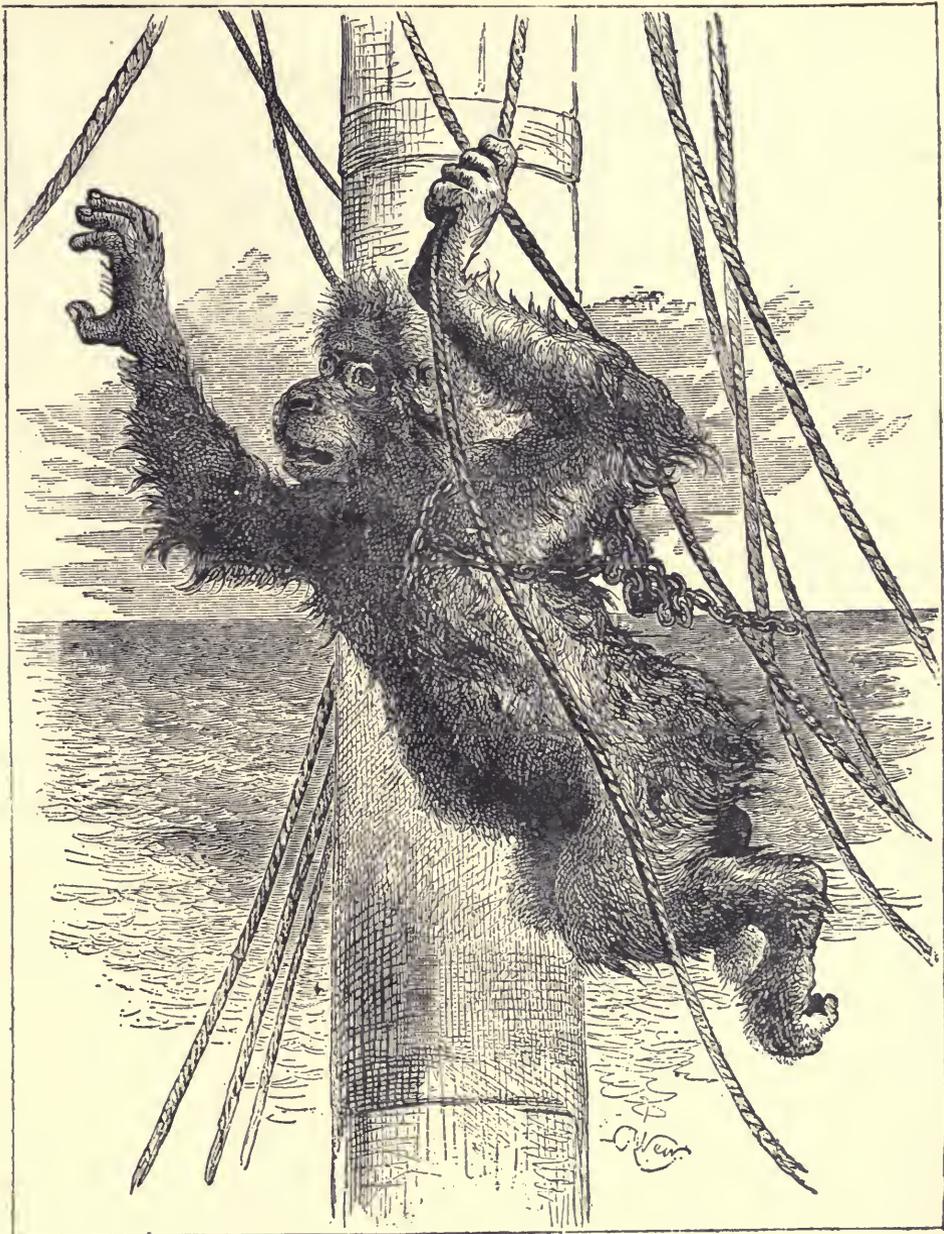
DYAK BRIDGE AND HUT.

It is pitiable to see the deer crushed by their coils. The rock snakes of Natal are nearly as large round as the human body; and there are pythons in the East twenty feet long. A tiger in the coils of the monster of the forests of the lands and islands of the Indian Ocean is one of the wonderful terrible scenes of reptile and animal life.

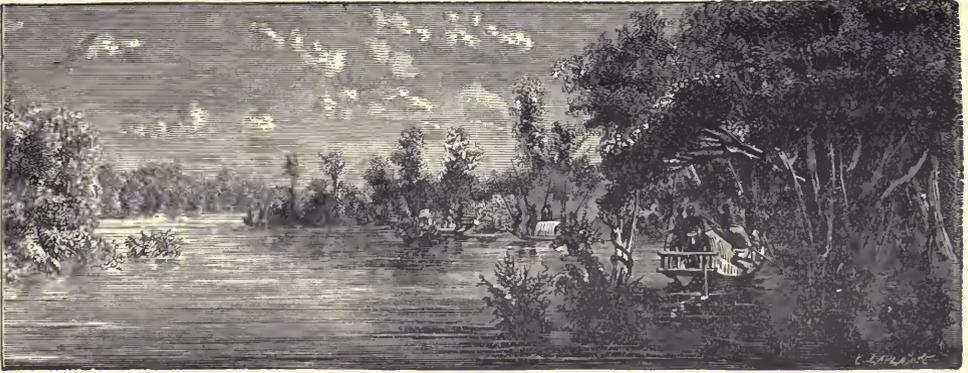


DAHOMY CRUELITIES.

Of all the primitive races of the East the Dyaks of Borneo are perhaps the most curious and interesting. They seem to be almost allied to the Cave-dwellers. The missionaries have done much good work in bringing about civilisation among the islands of the Indian Ocean; and, in Ceylon, there may be sometimes seen in the same mission church many different races of men. The head-hunting Dyaks displayed a cruelty equal to the fiercest animals. Like the chiefs of Dahomey, who hung up their victims and exposed them to the birds, cruelty of the lowest animal order here found place. The church is seen to-day where once such exhibitions of human depravity were common. The so-called wild men of Borneo belong to the races that Christianity is sending to school, and that commerce, art, and science are lifting out of the rule of the passions into the moral world.



THE PET ORANG-OUTANG.



CEYLON.

CHAPTER VI.

CEYLON, — THE TAJ, — AND THE GREAT BO-TREE.



HERE are some ports that harbour, as it were, the ships of the world. They are the world's cities of the sea. To live in these places is to meet men of all lands. Such a port is Liverpool; such, Southampton; such is Valparaiso; and such is Ceylon, or Colombo in Ceylon.

We speak of the island as a port. So it is; but Colombo, a city of some hundred thousand inhabitants, is the real port. The island is about one-half the size of the State of New York. It is, historically, most interesting; for it was the sea-garden of the Temples of Buddha, and contains the ruins of some of the most magnificent and colossal shrines in all the world's worship, in stone and marble.

It is the situation of the island that gives Ceylon its present importance. It lies in the great ocean highway between the East and the West. The splendid steamers from the Eastern ports of British Columbia, Washington, and California call there. The English ships for Australia there take the last mails. It is surrounded by rich trad-

ing countries, — the lands of the sun, — and its own productions are valuable. It was once called the “Land of the Lions,” and it is still a land of the elephant. To the east lies continental India; to the west, Australia.

The kingdom floats, as it were, in the Indian Ocean, with great mountain peaks that look like the chimneys of some vast temple, from the sea.

It was a land of romance in the grand centuries of India's glory. It is still a land of palms.

“What do you smell?” asked Henry, as the island rose, green, in view out of the placid waters.

“Nothing,” said his father, — “nothing but the sea. Why do you ask the question?”

“I have heard so often the words of the hymn, —

“What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,”



NATIVE COTTAGES IN CEYLON.



ANACONDA AND TIGER.

that I can fancy that there is an odour in the wind blowing from the shore."

"But, my boy, there is no wind blowing from the shore. The water is like glass."

"Oh, is there not? I thought there was."

"It must be delightful to have an imagination like this, where spicy breezes blow cool on so hot a day."

The wharves displayed a singular people, all in picturesque dress,—burghers, Moors, and Cingalese. The water was sprinkled with canoes and shells. Among these were bumboats loaded with oranges, bananas, cocoanuts, eggs, poultry, vegetables, and greens.

The boat laid the ladder; and as our tourists landed, they seemed to have come to a Babel, and to find the riches of the world spread out before their feet. There were peddlers everywhere. Rubies, garnets, sapphires, and pearls were mingled amid tempting fruits and flowers. Does Ceylon produce everything beautiful?

"There are spicy breezes here," said Henry. "You can smell them now."

"Yes, my son; it no longer needs the nose of the imagination to enjoy them. Even I, with my faded fancy, am ready to testify that the air of Ceylon is odorous, and that—

"Every prospect pleases;"

I hope I may not find that—

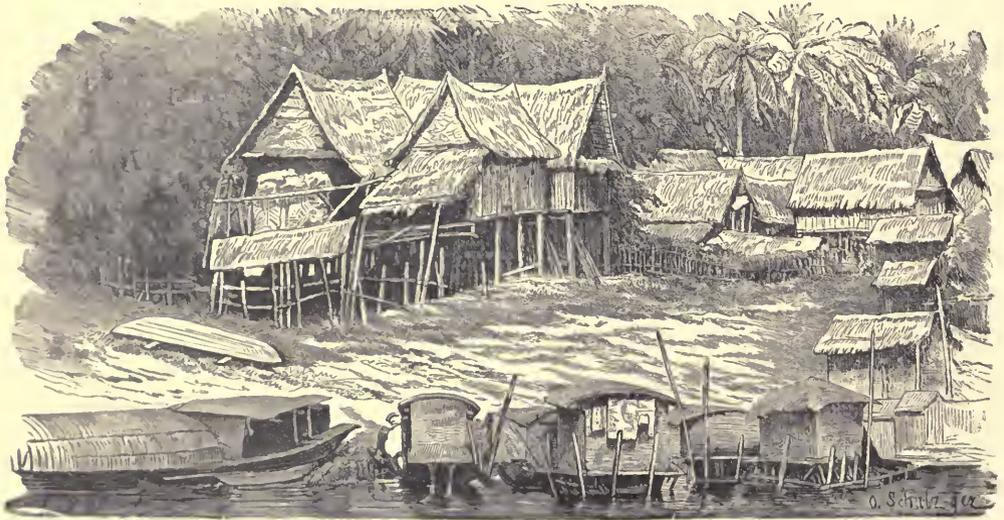
"Only man is vile."

Arrived at the hotel, what a scene the *table d'hôte* presented. People of all commercial nations were there, speaking many tongues,—Americans, English, French, Germans, Dutchmen, Japanese, and Chinese.

It rained every day while our travellers were here, as indeed it rains here nearly every day during the three summer months. Some of the night storms were terrible. But the sun came out of all clouds

at last with dazzling splendour, and the earth poured forth what seemed to be an inexhaustible vegetation. The climate here is not wholly healthy in summer, but more so than on the main land.

Our travellers went out on the Galle road, through avenues of cocoanut-palms, orchards, and gardens. Everywhere were life, beauty, sunshine, or falling skies. Galle was once the important port of



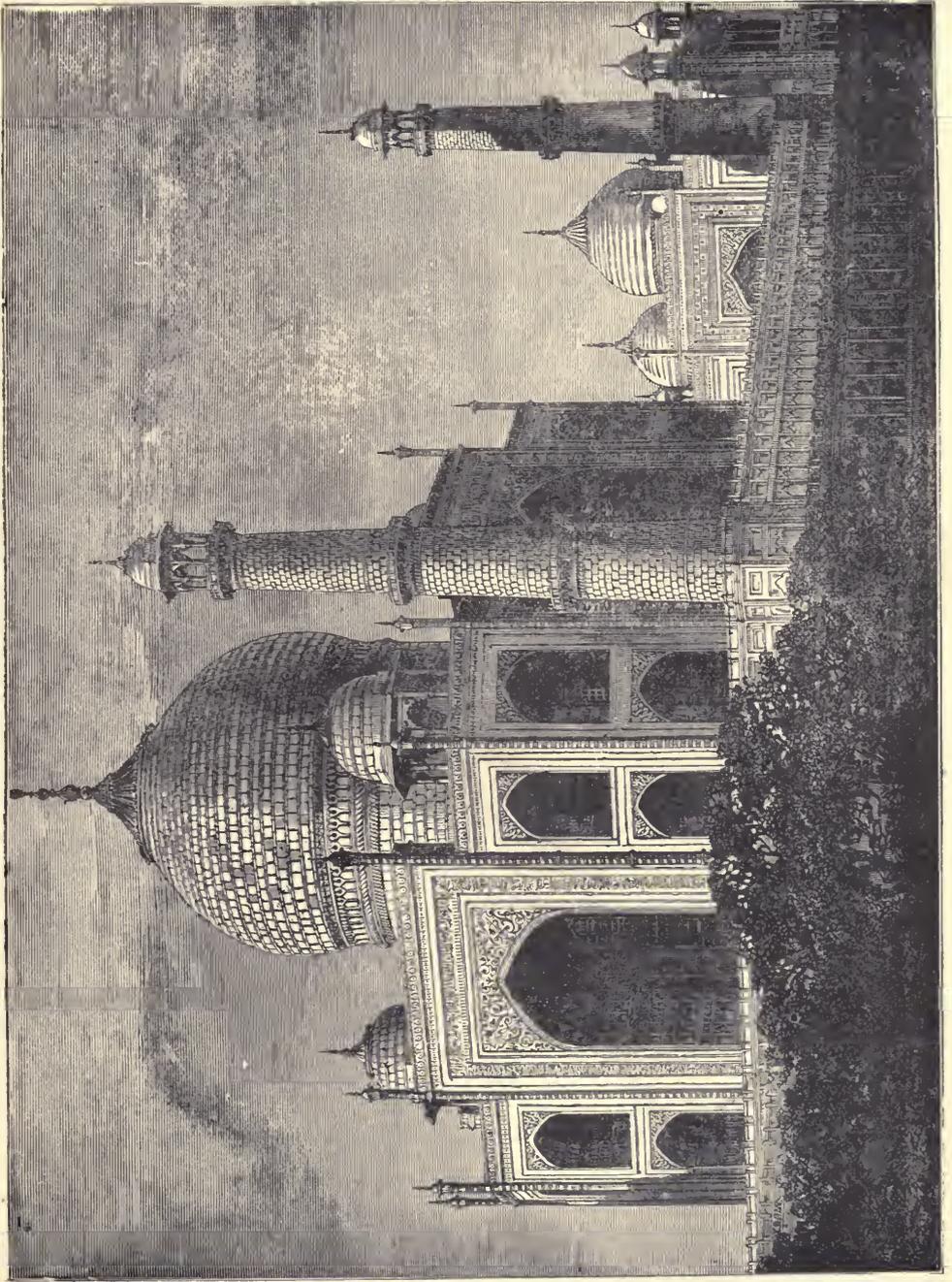
MALAY MUD HUT.

Ceylon. There was no doubt in regard to the "spicy breezes" now. Both Colombo and Galle are famous for their cinnamon gardens.

They went to Kundy, the old capital of Ceylon, to the palace and shrine where are kept many marvellous relics. Among these is one of the most sacred of all Boodhist, or Buddhist, treasures, — the tooth of the Great Buddha.

The temple or shrine where it is kept still burns with jewels, and is surrounded by holy houses and adoring priests. But the country once swarming with pilgrims is now like a vast coffee plantation.

One meets the solemn priests everywhere. Any one may become



THE TAJ, AGRA.

a member of the sacred class by taking the vow of celibacy, poverty, and separation from the world.

Forlorn and forsaken they look, and as destitute of spiritual peace and comfort as of worldly luxuries; but one cannot help respecting the principle that leads them to so give up everything amid all of the luxuries of life.

We speak of the enervating influences of the tropic lands, and say that they weaken the will and character; but where may one find more powerful examples of self-sacrifice and self-renunciation amid all the temptations of life than here? In a land that produces everything, multitudes are found who are ready to sacrifice everything human to the imaginary welfare of the soul. Such sacrifice cannot be altogether imaginary; for it is blind virtue, and virtue is the greatest of attainments, however or wherever it may be found.

“Galle in Ceylon,” said Mr. Davidson, “is the Ophir of Solomon; there came the ships of Tarshish, bringing to the port of Jerusalem gold, ivory, and peacocks.”

As splendid as are the ruins of the Buddhist temples of Ceylon, they are surpassed in interest by a mausoleum of comparatively recent date at Agra, in India proper, and in dramatic splendour by the mosques of the Mogul Empire.

For the ruins of India represent two great dynasties. First came the Aryan races, of which are left the sacred hymns. Then arose Gautama Booddha, or Buddha, the founder of Buddhism, about 500 B. C. The second period begins with the rise of the Mohammedan power, under the conquerors from the North, ending in the Mogul Empire, — the most magnificent, perhaps, of the kingdoms in the history of the world. Mosques, mausoleums, minarets, palaces, arose in a hundred centres of wealth and luxury. Gold seemed to be almost as abundant as the stones of the streets. The temples blazed with gold, and glimmered with gems. There were silver gates, jewelled urns, and alabaster fountains.

The lives of the Mogul kings read like romances. Some of them were not without nobility.

Take, for example, Paniput, whose death occurred in 1530. He had a son named Humayun, whom he dearly loved.

The son fell sick. His life had become dearer to his father than the father's own life.

"Allah!" prayed the father, "let me die, and Humayun live. Take thou my life instead of his, and I will be contented and happy."

The monarch seemed to be smitten from the time he made the prayer, and the sick son to receive new life. The father withered and perished, and the son became well and strong; the vitality of the father seemed to pass into the son.

The last and most splendid of the Mogul emperors was Aurung-zeeb, who came to the throne in 1658. His reign was, perhaps, the most magnificent in material glory of any ever known in the world. The temples that arose at this period are still the wonders of the world.

It was in the last splendid years of the Mogul Empire that the mausoleum of which we have spoken was brought into historic life. It was called the Taj. It is still, and perhaps ever will be, the most beautiful and poetic structure ever designed and erected by man.

It was erected by Shah Jehan as a mausoleum in memory of his wife, who was his heart, and whose death took away from him the glory of the world.

It was an inspiration, because it was built to typify the immortality of Love. It appeals to mankind, because it pictures the nobleness of human affection.

"I now wish to see the Taj," said Mr. Davidson; "I want to go to Agra. It would be a pity to make this long journey, and not see the most beautiful building in all the world."

"But you cannot do this within the one thousand dollars I have credited for the journey," said Henry.

“No, but I can spare more. The temple of Candy is beautiful, but it cannot equal those at Delhi and Agra. The great temples of Ceylon of the days of the pilgrimages are buried in piles of vegetation, I am told. My books all tell me that the splendours of India are in the north, and, somehow, what I read of the Taj wins my heart and kindles my imagination. Think of it, Henry, —

“It took twenty thousand workmen seventeen years to lift all those gleaming marbles and gems into the air.

“All India and the East sent gems to it. It required one hundred and forty thousand loads of stone and marble to set these gems. There came jasper from Punjaub, corals from Arabia, onyx from Persia, diamonds from Punnah, agates from Yeman, sapphires from Colombo, and chalcedony from Asia Minor. I am told that the view of it from Agra, on a moonlight night, is enchantment. It is a dream of the soul, — the soul’s dreams of love and immortal life. The story of it too haunts me. The Shah died while it was building.”

“We must see it,” said Henry. “To miss it would be to miss the jewel on the hand of the world.”

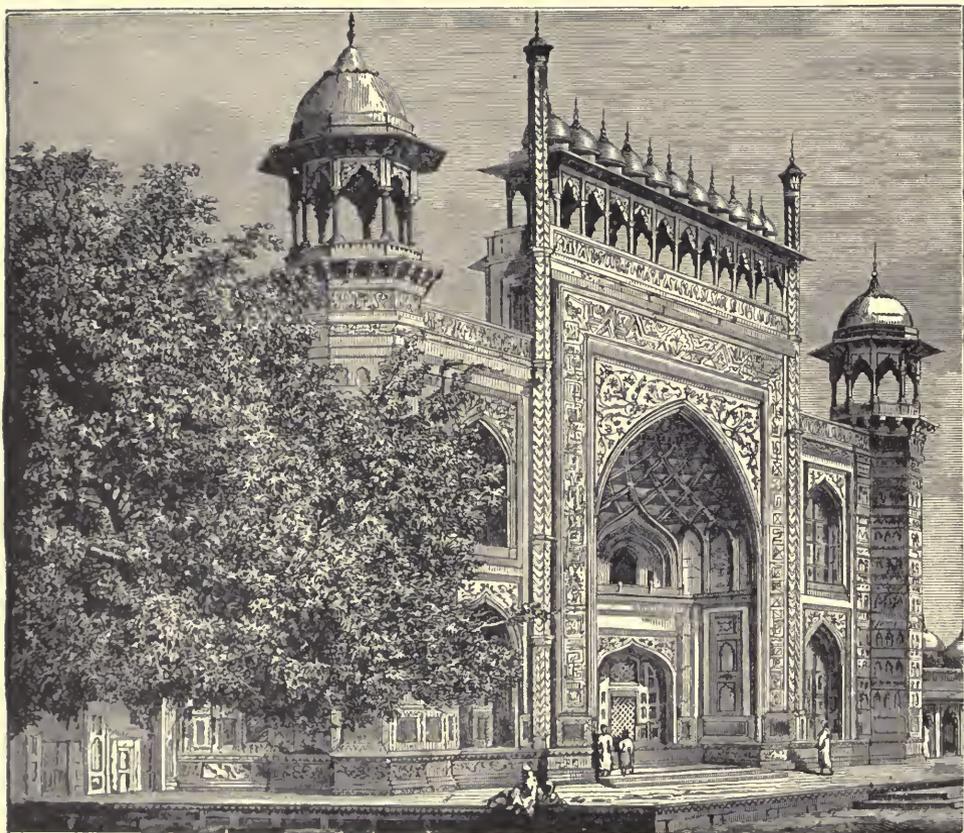
“How poetic!” said Harold. “You may go; I will remain here, or go to Bombay, and study the people. Slaves built the Taj. Their souls were more than the Taj.”

“But slaves were ready to die for it,” said Mr. Davidson. “Slaves have a sense of beauty.”

“You will have to remain over one boat if you go to the Taj,” said Harold. “You can go to the Taj from Bombay direct by rail. I will wait for you there. Maybe I can find something to do there in one of the government offices.”



THE TAJ, FROM A DISTANCE.



GARDEN-GATE OF THE TAJ.

The Taj stands upon a river bank, and is best seen across the river from Agra. It there looks like a structure of air,—a celestial splendour, a dream of some Scheherazade. Its gilded crescent rises to a height of two hundred and seventy feet above the water level. The gleaming marbles and gems rise out of a green garden of some twenty-five acres, having one of the most beautiful gates ever seen by human eyes. The main building is of dazzling whiteness, shaded with texts of the Koran in shining black marble. It is said that the whole of the Koran is written on the walls of the Taj.

The mausoleum stands on a vast platform of real stone. At each end of this platform rises a minaret one hundred and fifty feet high.

"It was built by Titans, and finished by jewellers," said Bishop Heber. "No pen," says a writer, "can do justice to its incomparable beauty and astonishing grandeur."

It is said that the Shah intended to build his own tomb on the opposite side of the river, and to connect the two mausoleums by a bridge. The thought was poetry. The Taj itself was once only a dream in the Shah's mind. No one could see it. His words could utter it.

He dreamed; and the structure rose, bearing aloft the gems of the world.

He dreamed again. As his wife slept among gems, so he would sleep; another Taj should enchant the air. He dreamed, but Death came; he sleeps beside his wife. The Taj is his tomb; it is more: it is his poem of life and immortality written in jewels,—the poem of the poems of the world.

Anaurajapoorā is the capital of Ancient Ceylon. It is now a mass of gigantic ruins, overgrown with luxuriant vegetation. Near its temples is a bo-tree, or fig-tree, or sacred fig-tree, which is supposed to be more than two thousand years old, and the oldest tree in the world.

It is claimed that this tree is of the stock of the one under which Buddha, or Boodha, received his Apotheosis, or celestial illumination; for the greatest of the Hindoo legends relates that the great Prophet of the Inner Light, after long struggles to find the truth by self-purification, knelt, or sat, down under a bo-tree, and there was spiritually re-born, or deified.

Nearly all the Buddhist temples are approached by a bo-tree. It represents the inward light, and is the sacred altar of prayer.

The bo-tree at the ancient capital of Ceylon has witnessed more grand religious scenes than almost any other shrine in the world. Here, long before the rise of Christianity, came processions of devotees,

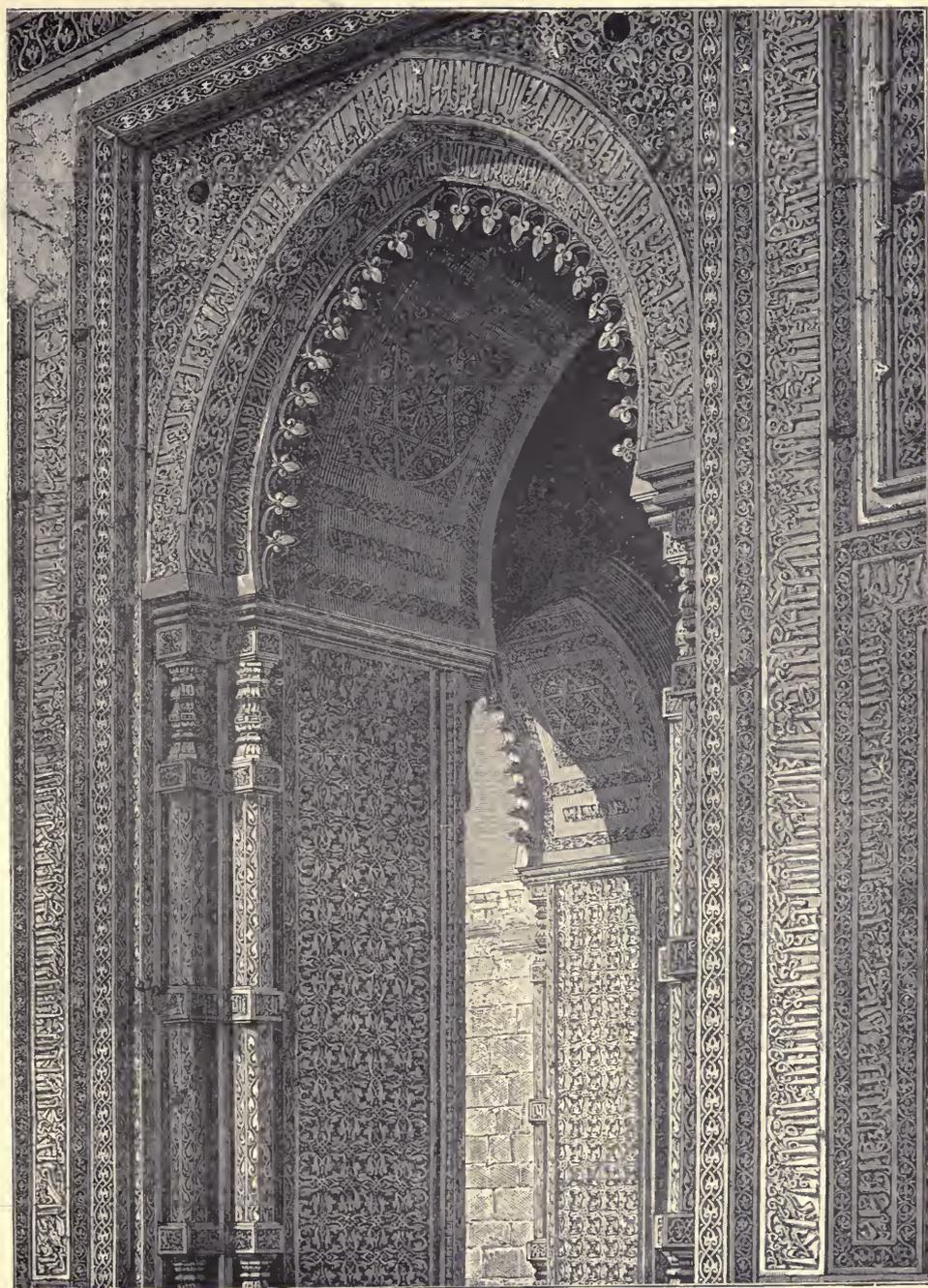


A FOREST OF CEYLON.

and poured out their desires in prayer. Stupendous temples rose in air; golden rituals and bejewelled priests, pilgrims and merchants filled the courts of these shrines of the Ophir of the ships of Tarshish. The procession went in for a thousand years, and then for another thousand, and the end seems near, but it is not yet.

What were these desires that were poured out under the sacred bo-tree? Strangely enough they were petitions to the Soul of all Souls that all desires might be taken away. He that desires nothing has everything, is the great tendency of Buddhism. Desire is pain; birth is pain — life, growth, consciousness. The only happiness is the joy of the soul in overcoming selfishness, passion, and pride. The Christian Gospel teaches that attainment is the highest joy; but Buddha, that the glory of the soul is the extinction of individuality, — to be swallowed up and lost in the all-glorious life.

The soul, according to the



ALLADIN'S GATE, DELHI.

Hindoo thought, rewards itself and punishes itself by its own conduct; the soul passes from one state of existence to another, and suffers in one existence for the sins in a previous existence, or enjoys in one state the fruits of well-doing in a past age. So the soul rises and falls, and is re-born to pain as long as it cherishes desires. When it rises above worldly desires, it approaches the celestial glory of Nirvana.

The soul in the Christian thought attains all knowledge; it shall know all created life.

“The stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode.”

But the Buddhist teaching is that the loss of self is happiness supreme,—to join the eternal and to become a part of eternal life.

Not to seek a home, but to wander homeless; not to care for self, but only for others; not to kill anything, but to protect all life as sacred; not to seek for joys without, but the peace of inward contemplation,—such in its best sense is the purpose of the true and devout Buddhist.



PUBLIC BATHS.

CHAPTER VII.

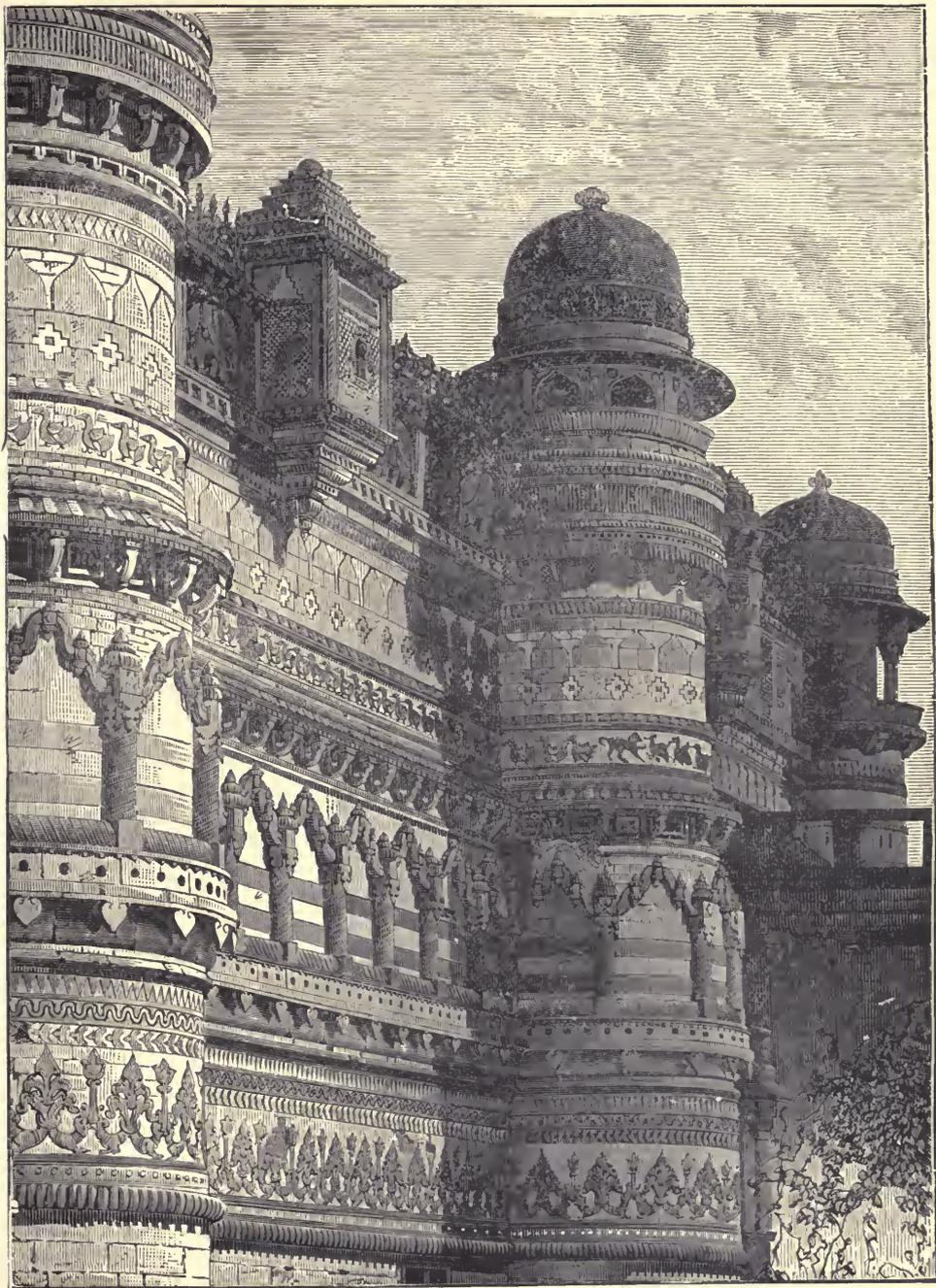
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL TEMPLES IN THE WORLD.



NEAR Agra is Gwalior, where the dead wall of the ruined palace of the King of Pal, and the temples of a very ancient city, surprise and awe the traveller by their colossal art and magnificence.

From Agra the two went by rail to Delhi. This was formerly the capital of the Mogul Empire, and had a population of two million. The city is seven miles in circumference, and is surrounded by a wall thirty feet high, with seven arched gates. The palace of Shah Jehan is the pride of India. The city now has a population of about one hundred and sixty thousand. It has some forty mosques.

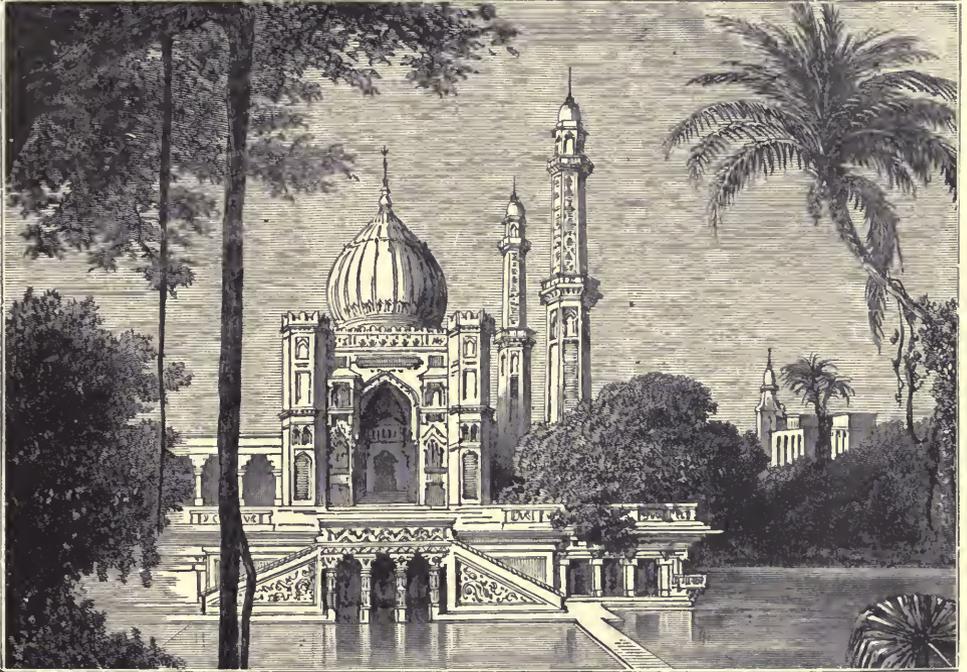
Returning to Agra by rail, they started for Bombay. They passed the mausoleum of the great emperor, Akbar, on one of their journeys from Agra, and visited other ruins of palaces and temples that so excited their wonder as to make them wish to go to Benares, and to see more of the marvellous works that art had wrought in stone, such as they were leaving behind. These stupendous temples were structures of superstitions, but they represented ideas. Some of these ideas were false, but some of them were noble and true. Christianity tells us to destroy evil passions and develop good desires. Hindooism commands that all passions and desires shall be repressed and surrendered. Of course Christianity is right; but the sacrifice of things that please for the sake of principle has its worthy suggestions. "Attain," says the Christian faith; "Lose thyself," says Buddhism. The Christian



FAÇADE OF THE PALACE, GWALIOR.

faith is right; it is winning the world. But the Buddhist view is interesting.

“In one thing Buddhism is right,” said Henry; “in protecting all life and holding it as sacred. We shall see this at Benares.”



PALACE OF SHAH JEHAN.

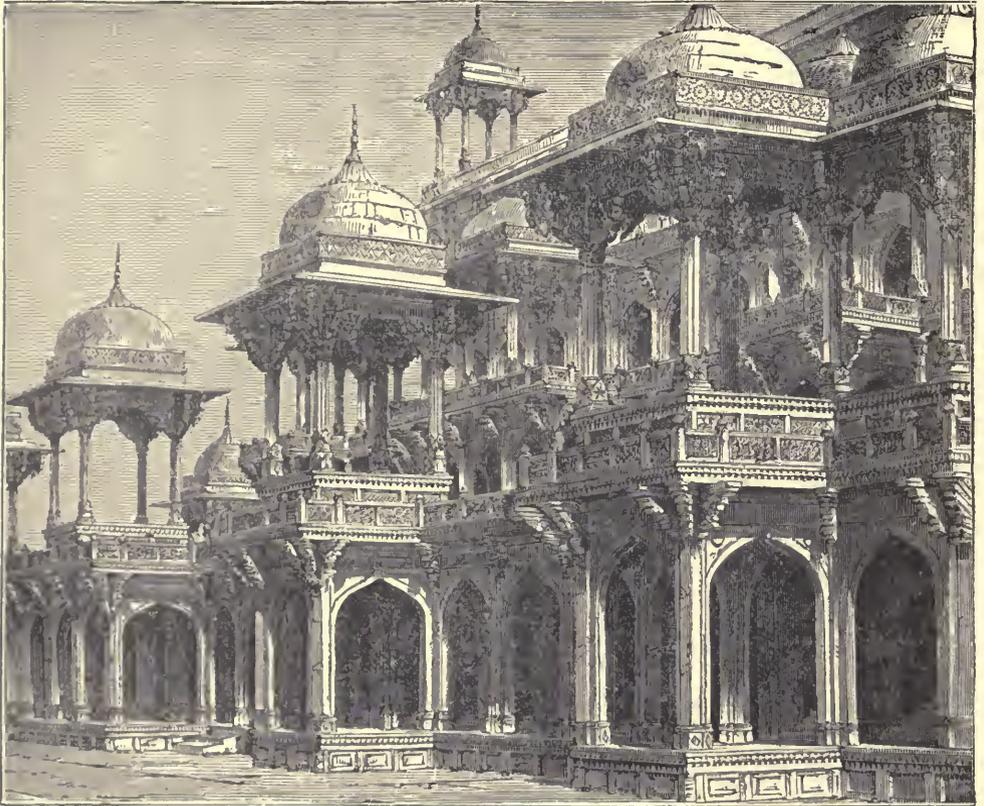
“How about the tigers, serpents, who destroy as many people as would make a colony here every year?” asked his father.

“I do not know; but the Buddhist principle in this regard is a correct one.”

“Christianity has the same.”

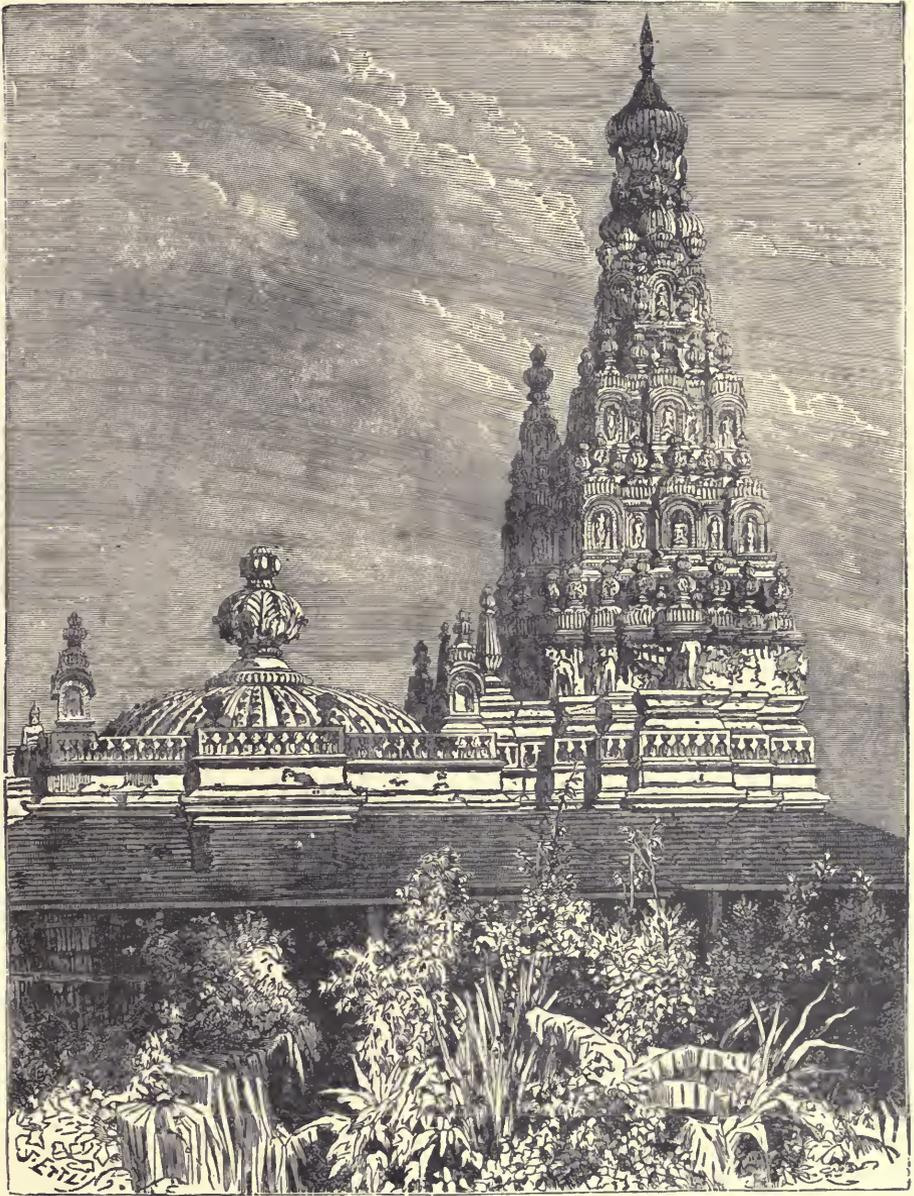
“But it does not hold to it. Here it is an education.”

Benares! There indeed they found the old “bird’s-nest” principle of the Hebrews not only in action, but exceeded. Apes and serpents were held to be sacred there.



THE MAUSOLEUM OF AKBAR.

Harold found at Bombay many tales of India written by old explorers. These he kept to read on shipboard to his father and Henry. Some of these stories gave a vivid view of the country. The most interesting story of this kind that fell under his notice, was written by Captain Parsley, R. A., many years ago, in the time of curious and romantic exploration. It was called, —



PAGODA, BOMBAY.

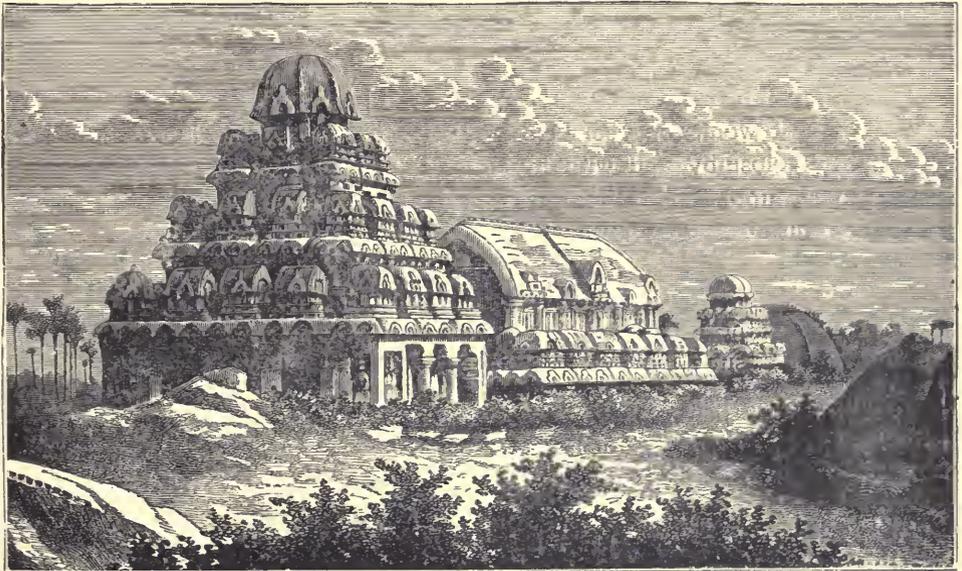
THE MAN-EATER OF CHUNDA.

ONE very sultry day in the month of May, 1850, I was sitting in my tent, on the banks of a tributary of the Nerbudda, India. Near by was a small village of huts called Chunda. My duties as a civilian in the revenue service enabled me to divide my work with pleasure, and I frequently passed the afternoon in hunting.

At the time referred to I was in the tiger country. It was at the hot season. The forest around me was bare of leaves, — for at the commencement of the Indian summer the leaves fall as in an American autumn, and, with the exception of a few coriander bushes and evergreens, the jungle was but a collection of dried up trunks of trees. Under any other conditions it would have been impossible to get at tigers and large game without great danger.

While I was stopping here, I heard that a man-eating tiger had carried terror into the village. He had killed some half-dozen persons during the year.

One day a bareheaded native rushed into my tent, and throwing himself at my feet, informed me, in lamentable terms, that his *bachcha* (child) had just



ROCK-HEWN TEMPLES.

been carried off by the terrible man-eater, and begged me, out of pity, to go in search of the beast.

My native servants came in just at that moment, and soon led the man out. When they returned, I found that his *bachcha* was not his child, but his pet buffalo, whose neck had been twisted and sucked by the tiger.

It may be well to explain that by a "man-eater" I do not mean a particular kind of tiger, but an old one which has, through some chance, killed man, and, finding him easy eating for bad teeth, repeats the dose, taking "one at a time" as often as he can.

Sometimes the man-eater is young, having come across a man without hunting for him, and killed him, and found him good to his taste. Any animal but a man can scent a tiger some way off; and many an old tiger would probably die of hunger were it not for the easy manner in which men can be caught when wood-cutting, and during other forest avocations. Old man-eaters may often be known by the absence of their stripes.

When the complaining native left my tent, it was only an hour before dark, but it was a cloudless sky and the moon had already risen, so I concluded to try to avenge the wrongs suffered by the native.

I lost no time in starting with my *shikaree* (game-keeper) for the scene of action, as my guns were always ready. When I reached the place where the buffalo was killed, I found it lying dead with no further damage than a dislocated neck and two deep wounds in its throat, from which the tiger had taken a hearty drink, and then departed.

Knowing it would be useless to seek for my enemy, as it was so late, I selected a tree close by, and with my *shikaree's* aid made a branch pretty comfortable to sit upon, and settled myself, ammunition, weapons and *shikaree*, biding the return of the tiger, as it is his custom to feed off the carcass shortly after sunset.

I prepared my guns for moonlight shooting by sticking a piece of white paper to each of the muzzle sights by means of a piece of cobbler's wax, which I always had for such purposes. This is a necessary plan, as the glitter of the moonbeam on the barrel renders an aim very deceptive.

It was soon dark, and the red disc of the moon loomed large in the haze of the horizon, the lowing of the cattle returning home gradually died away, and all was still, save for the occasional cry of a hyena or jackal, and the barking of the pariah dogs in the distant village.

Anxiously and patiently I waited for two or three hours, and the moon shone more brightly, when my *shikaree*, who had the eyes of a lynx, touched my arm.



THE HEIMDAL.



I was too old a sportsman to move, but, looking steadfastly, saw something creep between two small bushes, and presently could clearly distinguish a tiger's head. My suspense was increased by its withdrawing.

Again I waited in silence; and my patience was rewarded by seeing the animal walk out into the open space by the dead buffalo, and proceed to the body. I was so interested in watching him that I did not fire at once, and I was to a certain extent interested and satisfied by noticing the manner in which he acted.

First, he sucked at the throat and seemed to lick his chops; then he familiarly put his paw on the carcass, as much as to notify that possession was nine points of the law; and he certainly looked a very dangerous customer to quarrel with concerning his property.

When thoroughly satisfied that he was alone with his prey, he began to tear it with his teeth and claws. These latter weapons are far more effective than is generally known; and without their aid the feline race would have hard work in preparing their food. A few strokes of a tiger's claws will tear out the entrails of a cow or buffalo; and the belly is, I think, the first part that the animal would attack after drinking the blood from the throat.

I was on the point of firing, when, to my intense disgust, the tiger uttered a growl and sprang away. Two pariah dogs had approached, attracted by the smell of the dead body, and the tiger made a rush after them, and I bitterly regretted having spared him while I had the chance of killing him with ease; but my *shikaree* whispered to me, —

“Never fear, *sahib*, the *janwar* [animal] will come back; he has not gorged yet.”

No one who has not been perched on a tree for a night can comprehend the utter discomfort of sitting astride a branch and not daring to move. Although I had settled myself to the best advantage, I was in great pain from being unable to stir; and my attendant did not relieve me by whispering, as he did, —

“*Sahib, yeh bahut atcha jhar hai; sarhe rat idhur baithenge*” (Sir, this is a very good tree; we can sit all night in it). Whether I should sit all night or not was soon decided. The tiger, having put the dogs to flight, returned to the carcass; and, before he had time to eat a mouthful, I fired right and left from my rifle, and had the great satisfaction of seeing the mighty brute spring high in the air and roll over. Before I could fire again, he had recovered his feet, and rushed off uttering the most terrific roars.

I told my *shikaree* I would start at daybreak, in further pursuit, and desired him to get the assistance of a good *puggee*, or a man who can track

animals by their footprints. In Guzerat, the *puggees* are so expert that they can tell the track of a tiger over hard, clean, black rock, where a European could discover no sign; and their expertness was formerly — and, for all I know, may be at the present day — turned to good account.

It is more by signs caused by the passage of an animal than by his footprints that they discover it; and if they lose the track of the spoor they follow such slight indications as a twig turned aside, or dew brushed off. I knew a man to pick up a track he had nearly given up by finding a single hair on the side of a stone; before picking it up he blew on it, and it easily fell off; on my asking him why he did so, he said, —

“*Sahib*, if any wind had blown on this hair it would have gone; it blew hard last night; the tiger has just gone by.”

To continue my own story, I went to bed and slept soundly. At daylight I was again equipped for the day's sport; and on the spot where I had spent the earlier part of the previous night, my *puggee* at once took up the track, and we proceeded inch by inch to thread the jungle, keeping all our wits at work so as not to be surprised.

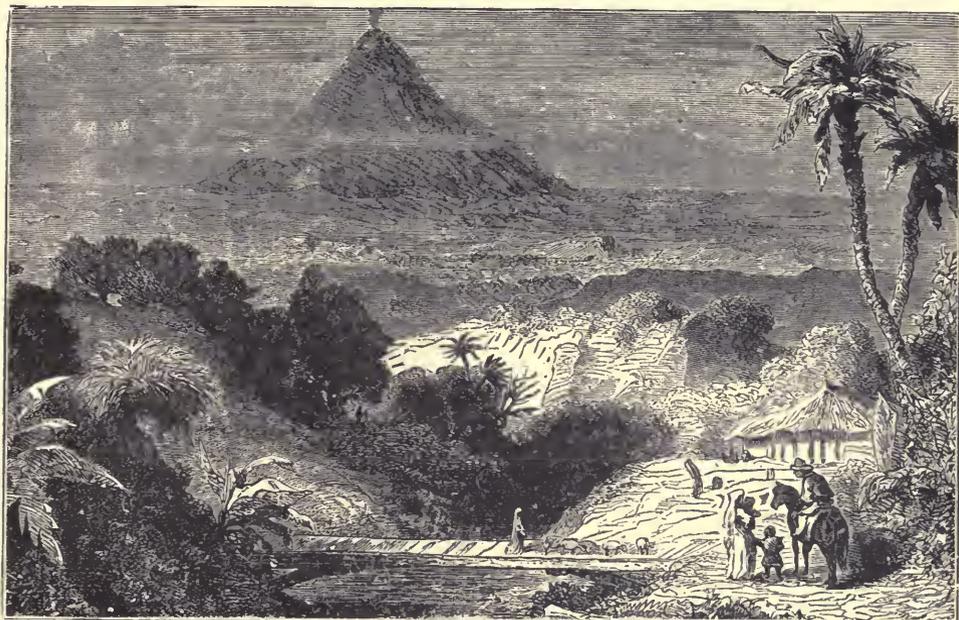
The blood of the wounded tiger was plain on the track. In his footmark, also, the marks of the claws were plainly to be distinguished for at least twenty or thirty yards. This was an infallible sign of the brute being hit, as on no other occasion do the talons project in walking; but, in their rage and fear combined, tigers seem to try and wreak their vengeance on everything within reach. I knew a tiger to fly at the trunk of a tree when he was wounded, and leave deep marks of his fangs and claws thereon.

Breathless with anxiety, we followed the tracks into the bed of the river, and found that the animal had gone to drink. This was a good sign, as it showed that he was forced, by the pain of his wounds, to go for water close to the scene of his disaster.

We now went along the bank on the same side, thinking he had not crossed over, and we looked under every green bush, and into every place we could fancy, but in vain. I saw also a peacock and hen, which were not apparently alarmed. Now, these creatures are very keen and sensible of the presence of wild animals, and always notify the fact by a series of cries, “Cuck, cuck,” repeated rapidly and shrilly. This cry is used by them when disturbed by ferocious animals, and is never heard on any other occasion. Presently I found that they were not so stupid as I fancied, for the very two I saw gave the warning cry, “Cuck cuck, cuck cuck,” and flew up and across the river.

My *shikarce* started, and, pulling my elbow, declared he could see the ani-

mal across the river, and pointed to what I thought was a stone; but he declared it was part of the animal, and that he was lying down. I took steady aim, against my better judgment, and fired; the ball went true to the mark and flattened on a stone, and not a tiger. At the report the real Simon Pure



ORIZABA.

gave a roar within twenty yards of us in the grass behind us, on the side of the river, but did not come out.

Matters were now getting serious. It would be folly to walk into the dense reeds from which the roar came, and all that we could do was to go round and round it, and try if we could induce the animal to come out. I stood ready, while the *puggee* threw stones in, one of which was saluted by another fierce growl.

Of course we could not tell now that the tiger was badly wounded. It was difficult to get any vantage ground, as the bed of the river was on a lower level than the reeds of the jungle, and we could not see a yard ahead if we entered the place where the tiger was concealed.

At length I determined to risk one chance of getting the man-eater out of

his concealment, and I fired my carbine with the nearest aim I could take to where I fancied the tiger was, and instantly seized my rifle.

The balls had the effect of dislodging the brute, for almost before I could change my weapons, he made a feeble attempt at a charge, and came straight out of the jungle into the bed of the river. Here he was taken so faint from his wounds that he halted, and sat up like a dog in the bed of the river, and, before he had time to lie down, I put two more bullets into him, and he rolled over with a low roar and died. His charge was a last expiring effort.

From Ceylon, our travellers went to Port Saïd, and thence to Jaffa, or Yaffa.



SYNAGOGUE OF JERUSALEM.

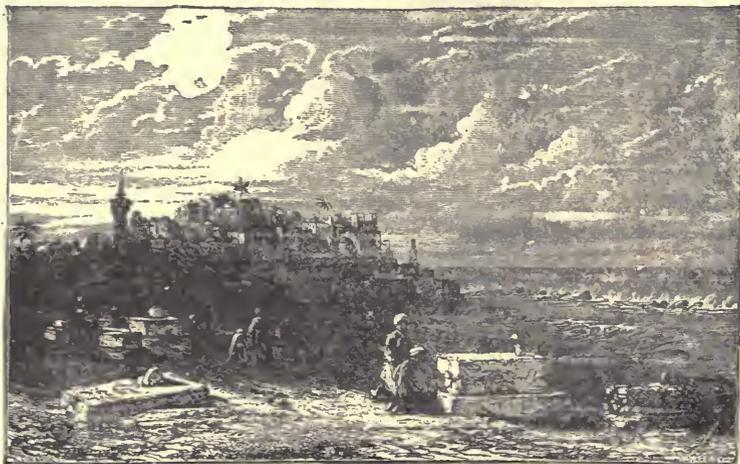
CHAPTER VIII.

TO THE MOUNT OF THE BEATITUDES. — VENICE TO THURINGIA.



WHATEVER may be said as to the sacred places in China and India, and of the interest awakened by them in thoughts and visions that have influenced some of the most numerous races of mankind, the supreme teaching of the world took place in the Mount of Beatitudes. Christ taught not only the moral, but the spiritual meaning, of life, and all things lie under that which is most spiritual. "He that is spiritual judgeth all things." The so-called Sermon on the Mount has for its conclusion, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Froebel, hearing this text at school, was inspired to form his system of education, which stands for soul-culture in child-life. "First," — the word haunted him, — what should be the first things to learn? What should be the first lesson in life? Was it not how to be governed by the highest and noblest qualities of the soul?

Our travellers planned to visit the "Galilee of the Gentiles" by the way of Jaffa and Jerusalem. A railroad runs from Jaffa to the



JAFFA.

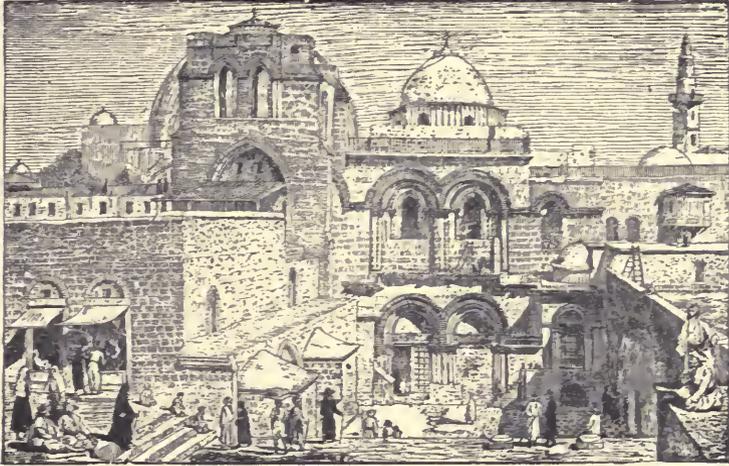
Holy City. At Jaffa, they visited the supposed house of Simon the Tanner, saw some beautiful orange-trees on the country side, and were



JERUSALEM.

almost shocked, at the end of their railroad journey, to hear the conductor, or some one connected with the train, say, "Jerusalem!"

They found themselves in a dead city, filled with the dust of the ages. They visited those holy places which are associated with the



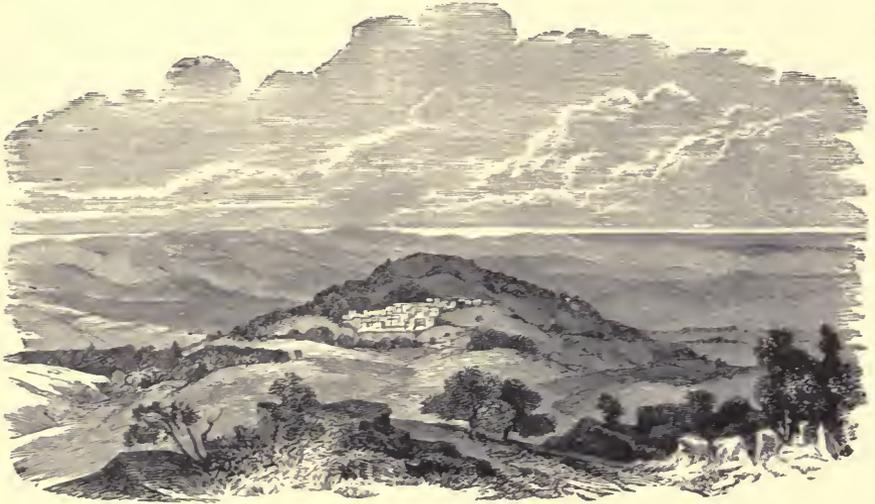
CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

great mysteries of the spiritual life and redemption, — Gethsemane, Calvary, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. We have given a historic view of these places in another book.



JACOB'S WELL.

They started northward towards Galilee, by the way of Shiloah, Jacob's Well, and the Tomb of Joseph. They passed through Sa-



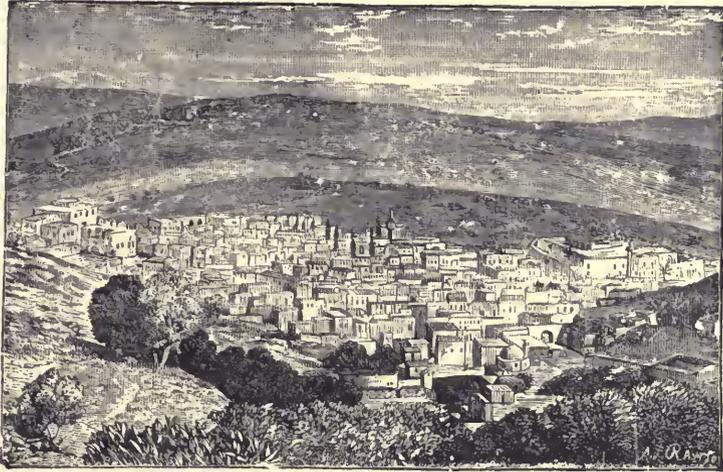
SAMARIA.

maria, where the Parable of the Good Samaritan was much in their thoughts, and where the true interpretation of it came upon them.



MOUNT HERMON.

All trouble in regard to routes and living was relieved by their guides and conductors, who take parties from Jerusalem to Damascus, and



NAZARETH.

the Northern ports, as a part of the systems of travel in the East inaugurated by the great English tourist agencies. One places him-



CANA FROM THE EAST.

self under such guidance, and has no farther care than to ride a horse. One sleeps in tents at night, in a glorious atmosphere, and his food and bed are there provided for him. They came to Nain, in view of Mount Carmel and Mount Hermon, and dreamed of the widow's son. In four days, they reached Nazareth, and rested in the ancient town of the Holy Family, and were shown the traditional site of the house of Joseph the Carpenter.

Thence, travelling among the Galilean Hills, they came to Cana. Before them rose the Horns of Hattin, or the Mount of Beatitudes.



TIBERIAS.

It was a clear, bright, purple morning, as they went up to the Mount of Blessings. Below them lay Tiberias on the shore, and the Sea of Tiberias, or of Galilee. They were taken to the traditional place of the Sermon on the Mount, and were told that there was the pulpit of the world.

If the site were indeed the place of the teaching which is called the Sermon on the Mount, it was indeed the pulpit of the world. The Mount stands like a church with towers amid the Galilean Hills.

Our travellers imagined the scene of the old time, pictured in a single sentence, "And, seeing the multitudes, He went up into a mountain," and could almost hear the divine words, —

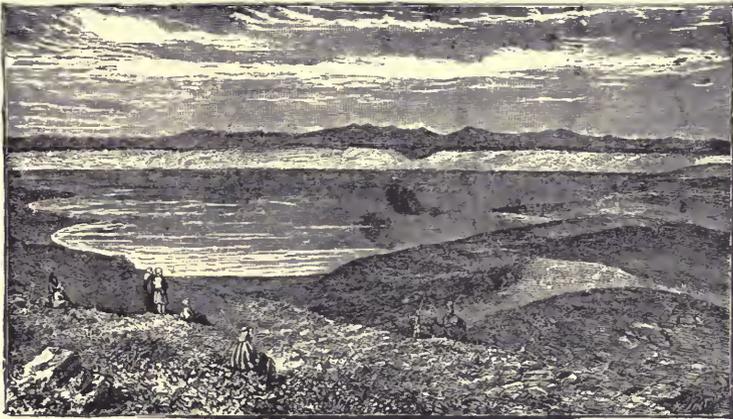
"Blessed are the poor in spirit;

"Blessed are the meek;

"Blessed are the pure in heart;

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness."

In all these Beatitudes there was hope for the struggling, the toiling, the neglected and misinterpreted souls of this imperfect world.



SEA OF GALILEE.

The horizons of hope lifted in them all. The principles were simple, but they summed up all wisdom, and their end was final truth. First, let that which is spiritual govern life, and to this purpose let all things else be secondary, and "all other things shall be added unto you." Spiritual obedience is the law of supply.

The sun burned in the clear sky; the birds sang, and the flowers bloomed, and the sea lay below in unruffled silence. A few boats were on the shore. The hills and valleys seemed asleep in the sun.

He who has seen the Mount of Blessings has met the height that will ever tower above mankind; not that the elevation itself is

imposing, but because the teaching here cannot be transcended in all the ages to come.

“I have seen the supreme place in the world,” said Mr. Davidson, “in Calvary, if the site that we saw were the true one; and here I stand on the floor of Nature’s temple, that will ever rise superior to

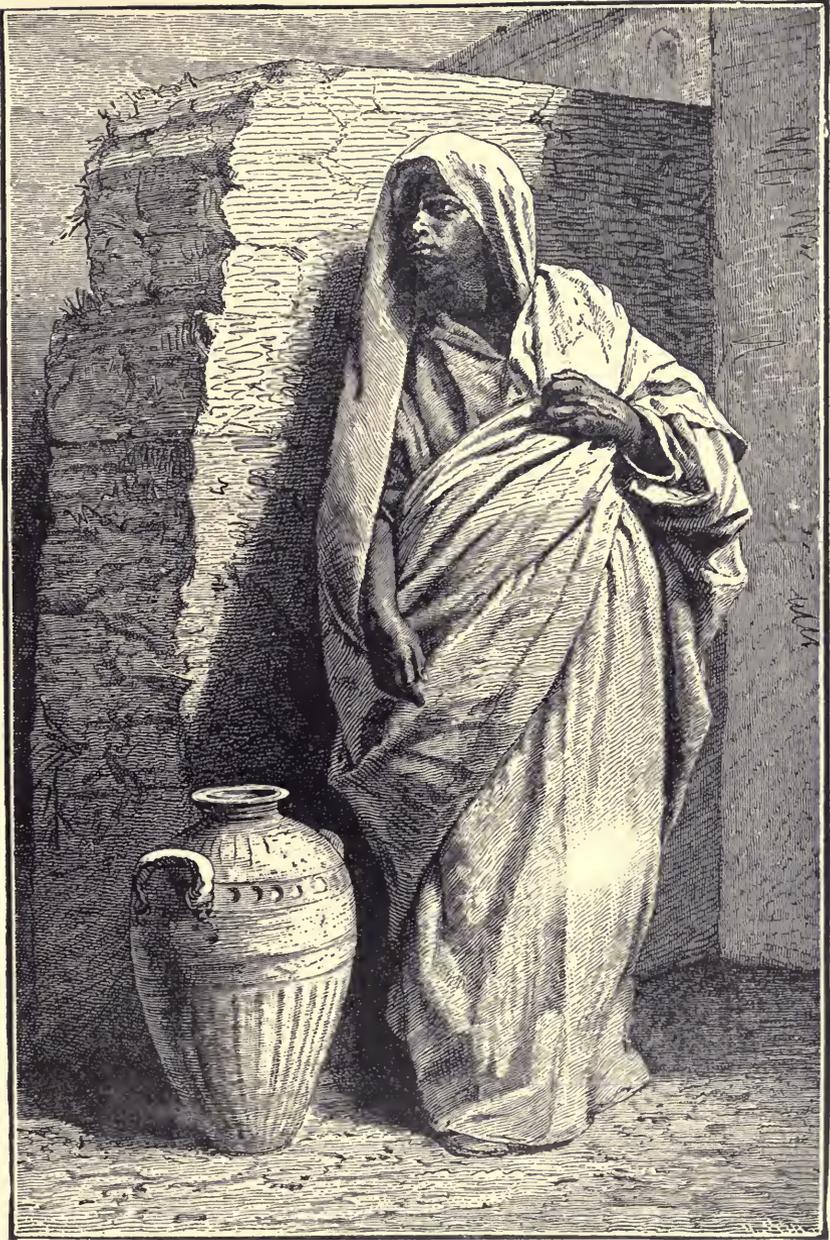


GETHSEMANE.

all other churches and schools, and that will ever be most sacred to the heart of man.”

He added thoughtfully, “The world has only begun to comprehend these teachings. Think of them: ‘If thou rememberest that thy brother has aught against thee,’ — not ‘if thou hast aught against thy brother.’ Think of it, ‘But I say unto you that ye resist not evil.’ Think of it! — all of the morals of the world, in one line! ‘Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye,’ — how simple! how lofty! ‘do ye even so to them.’ And, first, seek righteousness:

“All schools of thought, all human teaching, must begin and end here. I would rather stand on this spot, than in any hall on earth. Confucius, Buddha, Plato, art, letters, science, are all transcended here! Let us sing together, ‘Memories of Galilee.’ It is an American song!”



MOORISH WOMAN.

Our travellers made a short journey to Akka, where they waited a ship for the Eastern ports. They had talked over what they had seen.

“The day on the Horns of Hattin is the one event of all our journey,” said Mr. Davidson.

“What place would you next most wish to see?” asked his sons.

“Zurich,” he said; “for that city is associated with the lives of two men whose teachings of methods is, in my view, best fitted to carry out the principles of the Sermon on the Mount; I mean Pestalozzi and Froebel. Zurich has been the starting point of many great events of history; but in its schoolmasters, it is one of the home cities of all the world. Pestalozzi was born there; Froebel lived there; and there is the place from which to visit Thuringia and other places of Switzerland and Germany associated with their works. Their system of education is simply the putting into common life the teachings of the Mount of the Beatitudes.”

Our travellers next went to Alexandria, and thence to Cairo. We have described the land of the Pyramids in another volume. They returned to Alexandria for Venice. They next went to Zurich.

The Canton of Zurich has a population of less than three hundred thousand. The Lake of Zurich penetrates the lofty hills for a distance of some twenty-six miles. Zurich the city, the capital of the canton, is one of the most prosperous places in Switzerland.

The canton and its capital are almost ideal democracies. The mechanics are among the best educated working-people of Europe. The idea of religious freedom may be said to have had its beginning here in Zwingli, who was among the first to declare that a man's conscience should be left free. The great discourse that places Zwingli among the progressive thinkers of the world was delivered in the Cathedral of Zurich, on January 1, 1519.

Democratic ideas found their earliest development in the world's



ZURICH.

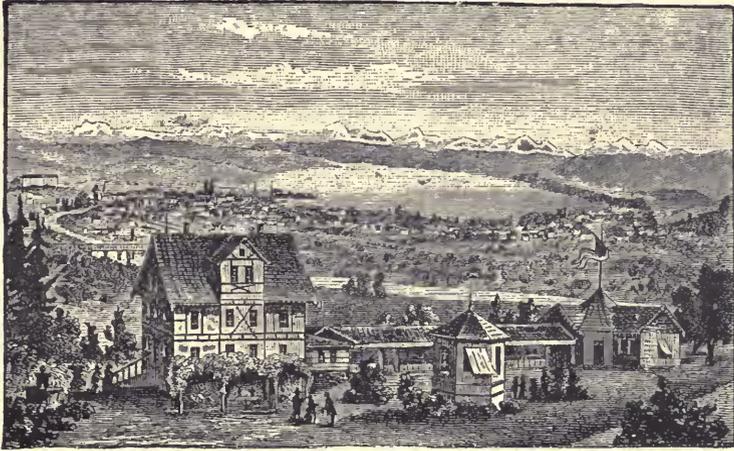
history, in practical and progressive form, at Zurich. The principles of universal education as the right of the people, and true protection of the state, were here first developed. Here lived for a part of his life Pestalozzi, who taught that all people should be educated, and that the purpose of education should be character. Froebel was his pupil-disciple, and evolved his principles in the system of primary education known as Kindergarten. Froebel lived in Thuringia, and began his system at Marienthal. This part of Switzerland and Germany was the early home of those ideas and principles that have found so large an expression in the Western world. American republics, and especially that of the United States, are Zurich expanded. But America has widely departed from the educational principles of these great founders of a true system. To teach a man



BRAZILIAN INDIANS.

how to profit by others' losses, and to rise by others' falls, or to enrich himself any way by a cunning brain at the expense of others, was no part of the educational purpose of Pestalozzi.

The canton abounds with anecdotes of these great educators, and is itself an example of what true education may accomplish.



THE WAD, ZURICH.

In these mountain regions of Switzerland, the torch of Liberty was lighted, and given to Education to guard and to carry forward to the world. Virtue, liberty, education, and progress have here found congenial soil. Whatever the imagination can conceive, or the soul desire, that may be accomplished, has been the spirit and teaching of these mountain-walled valleys; and the humble disciples of this thought have wrought wonders in the world. Think, for example, of simple-minded Froebel, and the influence of his thought and methods in the single republic of Brazil!

The old German school-masters were a story-loving people; stories were with them the parables of life. In a former volume, we gave the story, with a curious illustration, of the "Grinding over Young." In this story, old men came to a wonderful mill, and took

some magic medicine, and descended into a funnel, and were ground over, and came out of the hopper young men, where maidens awaited them to wed them, and to lead them into a new and a happier life.

The German story is more curious. It runs thus, or somewhat after this manner: —

THE MAGIC MILL.

THERE were wonderful things in the forest of Thuringia: Fairy circles; people who were helped by good angels; people who could bring good luck.

One day, many, many centuries ago, an old woman, wandering about for sticks, discovered a very curious mill on one of the streams.

She went to the miller.

“O miller, miller, what is the meaning of this mill? There is nothing here to grind.”

“Good woman, good woman, I grind over old women young.”

“O miller, miller, do you tell me that?”

“Yes, yes, good woman. When I grind the birds all sing. You can hear them now.”

“Yes; I hear the birds all singing. Does it not hurt an old woman like me to be ground over young?”

“No; the good woman, having signed the paper of good character, goes up the steps to the funnel, drops her crutch, and falls in. Then the fairy of the forest comes, and turns the crank, and the wheels go round and round; and every time they go round they take off a year. She goes in at seventy years of age, and comes out at twenty, all rosy and blooming.”

“But some old women that I have met would not wish to be young again. What comes of the years that are gone?”

“Chaff.”

“And what comes of all the things one has done?”

“Chaff.”

“And friends one has known?”

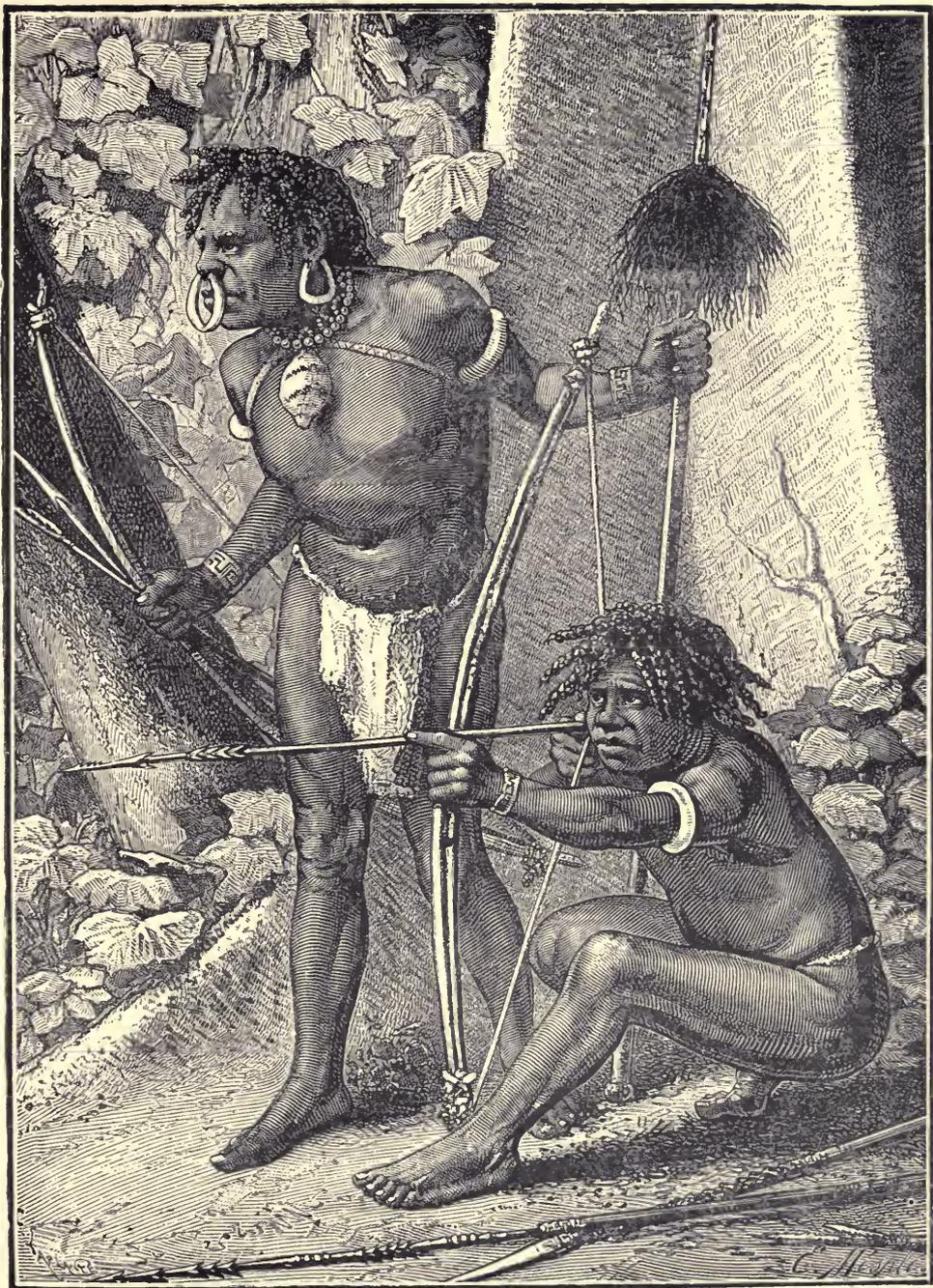
“Chaff.”

“And love?”

“Air.”

“And lost ones?”

“Ashes.”



WARRIORS OF THE AMAZON.

“And what one has earned?”

“One earns nothing that can repay the loss of youth.”

“Miller, miller, you are right; I would be young again. The brier bloomed when I was young. The stars hung low.”

“Yes; the world is all new when one is young.”

“My bones did not ache then.”

“No, my good woman; and your heart did not ache then.”

“And I ate, and my food was good.”

“And you slept, and your sleep was good.”

“O miller, miller, I am glad that I have found the mill! I will go away and tell all the old women about it; but I will come back again.”

“When?”

“Soon — what is the toll?”

“You must sign a paper.”

“I do not sign away my soul, do I?”

“No, no; the mill is no evil enchantment. It is a good paper that you must sign. It merely shows that you are worthy to be ground over young. It is only good wheat that makes good meal. We only grind good meal at this mill. When we grind, the flowers bloom, and the birds sing, the moon laughs, and Nature has a holiday.”

“I will publish the news everywhere; and, my good miller, you may be sure that I will come back again, and I will bring a great company of old women with me. The birds will sing; the flowers bloom; the moon laugh; and Nature will have a holiday.”

The old woman travelled through Thuringia, and as often as she met another old woman she said, —

“Let me tell you the strangest thing in all the world! I've found a mill in the forest, where old people are ground over young. Come with me and be ground. The birds will sing; the flowers will bloom; the moon will laugh; and Nature will have a holiday.”

She induced a great company of old women to follow her. Some were partly blind; some were crooked; some were lame, — but all were filled with delight that they would be ground over young again.

The great company of old women came at last to the mill.

“O miller, miller,” said the first old lady, “I have returned, and brought all these with me. Turn, turn thy mill! We have all come to be ground.”

And the miller said: “O birds, sing; O flowers, bloom; O moon, laugh; O Nature, prepare for a holiday!”

The mill began to turn, the birds to sing, and the flowers to bloom.

"You must first sign this paper," said the miller, to the company.

"Why?" asked they all.

"So as to make good meal."

"Read the paper," said the first old woman.

So the miller read the paper.

It said: "*I promise to confess on the steps of the mill the three things in my heart that I have been concealing from the world.*"

"No," said the first old woman.

"No," said the second old woman.

"No," said the third old woman.

"No," said they all.

"Then you cannot be ground," said the miller. "That which one conceals ought not to have been; it makes bad meal. This is a fairy mill, and we only make good meal here. The grain must be winnowed. Confession is the winnowing."

"I do not want to be winnowed," said the first old woman. "I would die first."

"I do not want to be winnowed," said the second old woman.

"Nor I," said the third.

So said they all.

"Then go home," said the miller, sorrowfully. "We do not grind chaff here; and there are enough mean people in the world now."

The old women departed, shaking their heads.

"The birds may sing, the flowers bloom, the moon laugh, and Nature have a holiday, or not," said the first old woman; "but I never will tell quite all I know. I must go on to the end, chaff and all."

They all died, chaff and all. And as often as the bell tolled for these unhappy old women, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the moon laughed, and Nature took a holiday.

The mill is there still, and the miller has not much to do.

CHAPTER IX.

WALHALLA (REGENSBURG). — THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

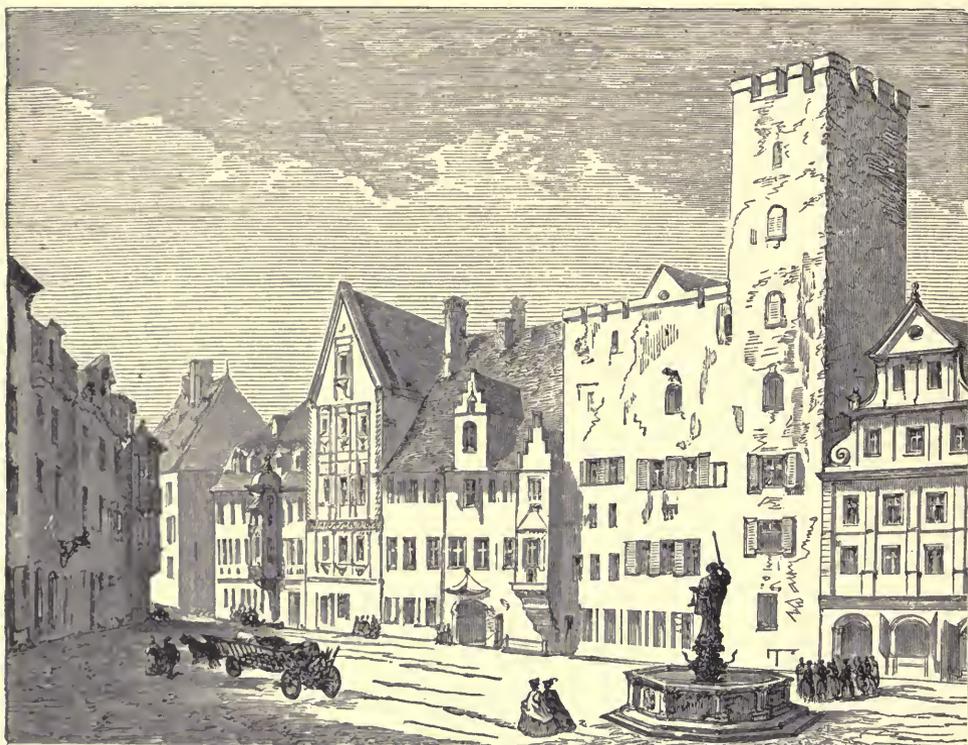


HE Walhalla, or Valhalla, of myth was the heaven of heroes, the Hall of the Fallen, the immortal abode of the heroic and brave. According to the ancient German songs, the Valkyrias, or battle maidens, deliver the death lots of the heroes. These shield-maidens are beautiful young women who, glittering with gold and shining armour, ride through the air, and obey the commands of Odin. They come in an advent of bright light; their lances are radiant. They delight in the death of those who fall in honour, and lead the fallen in triumph to Walhalla, where they act as cup-bearers.

The Hall of Walhalla, or of the Worthies, was a part of the House of Joy, in front of which rose a golden grove. The hall was so high that the top of it could not be seen; it had five hundred and forty doors, through which eight hundred inmates could pass abreast. Here came the fallen heroes to Odin. The heroes of the past rose up to meet them.

As kings were heaven-appointed, they all came to Walhalla, whether they died in battle or not.

Odin, the high god, lived on wine, and gave common food to the wolves. The shades of the heroes fought a battle every morning; many of them were wounded, but their wounds healed at noon. As the Persian Paradise is associated with life among beautiful women,



A STREET IN RATISBON.

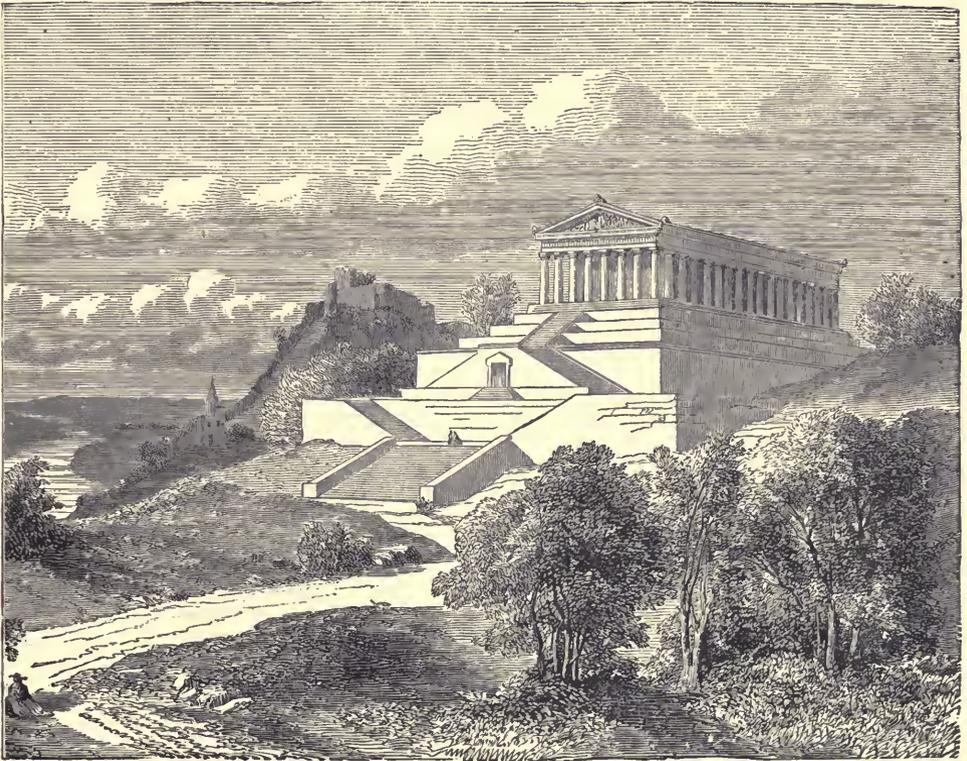
and is a low conception of the soul, so this heaven is a place of war, and is a barbarous view of a future life.

But Walhalla stood for bravery and honour. This view of German mythology led Ludwig I. of Bavaria to erect a Temple of Fame at Ratisbon (Regensburg) on the Danube, near Munich, in 1830-41, to the worthy names in German history; and he called it Walhalla, or the Hall of the Worthies. It stands on a hill overlooking the Danube. It is in dimensions a counterpart of the Greek Parthenon. It is built of marble, and cost 2,330,000 florins. It illustrates the heroic history of all Germany in statues, busts, and tablets. It stands apart from the city, and presents a most lofty and majestic appearance as seen from afar.



THE PINACOTHEK.

Munich, the capital of Bavaria, is the art city of Germany, and one of the greatest of the art cities in the world. It is situated on a plain high above the sea, and has about two hundred thousand inhabitants; below it rolls the Iser. It has forty-two churches, some



THE WALHALLA.

of which are treasures of art. King Ludwig I. gave his whole soul to the improvement and adornment of the city.

In the suburb of Maximilian is the old Pinakothek, a grand picture-gallery containing three hundred thousand engravings, and very numerous and valuable works of art, and, opposite to it, the new Pinakothek, devoted to the works of recent artists. The Glyptothek, another art palace, is assigned to sculpture.

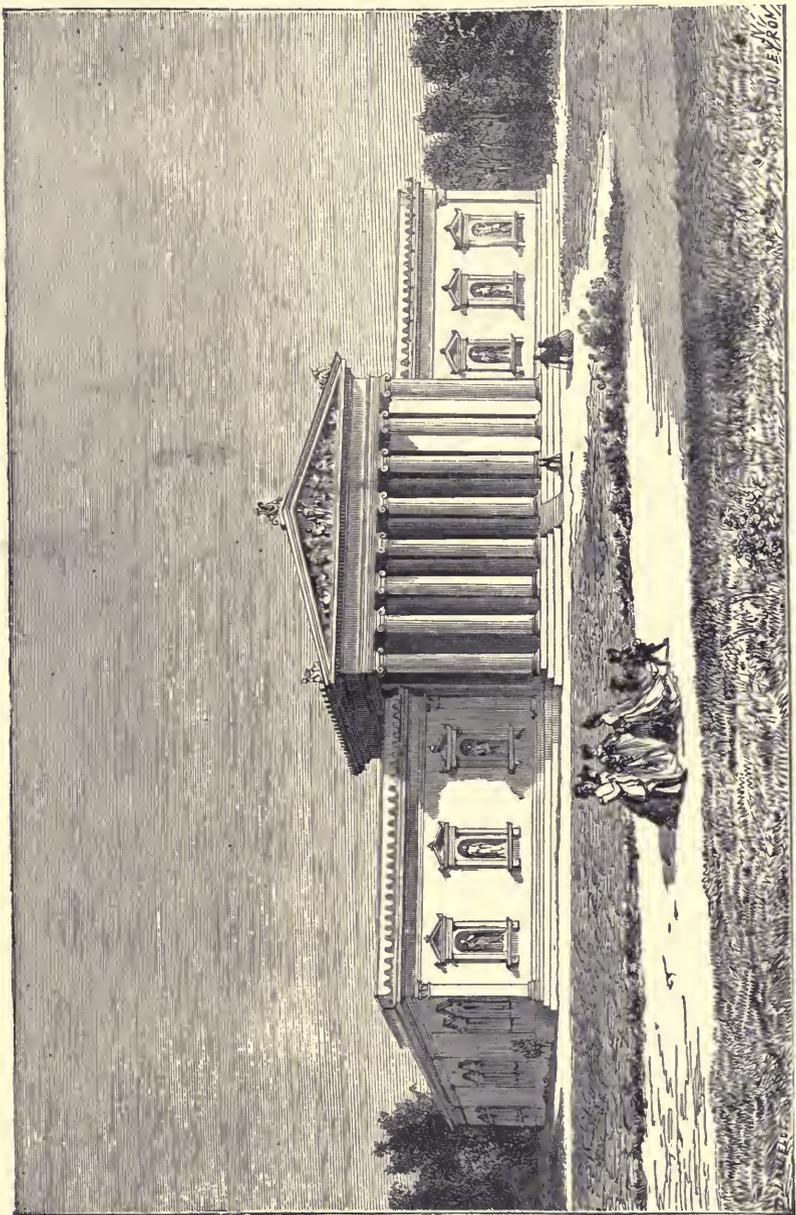
The library of Munich is one of the richest in the world. The public houses are colossal. A liberal and literary spirit presides



INTERIOR OF THE WALHALLA.

over the place; the soul of Ludwig makes its presence still felt everywhere.

The gates of the city are noble; and, among such adornments, the



THE GLYPTOTHEK.



TRIUMPHAL ARCH, MUNICH.

Triumphal Arch, designed after the Triumphal Arch of Constantine, is a famous work of modern reproductive art.

The Walhalla is some sixty or more miles from Munich. It can be visited from Munich in a single day.

Mr. Davidson and Henry made a journey to the North, and visited Denmark and Norway, where they saw the wonderful water-ways called the Fjords.

Here they met a young traveller by the name of Grön. This young man had visited Lapland, and he gave them some interesting



THE FJORD OF FRAMNAS.

accounts of the Laps, and of the sunsets for the nights of nearly half a year.¹

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

IF you will follow me from Thronhjem (Drontheim), situated on the western coast of Norway, at $63^{\circ} 30'$ north latitude, to the North Cape, at $71^{\circ} 10'$ north latitude, I shall attempt to show you, not the

¹ These accounts are furnished me by Niels Grön, a student from Denmark in America.



THE STATUE OF BAVARIA.

beautiful, fertile, and picturesque valleys of Norway and Sweden, nor the unique customs and characteristics of the true Scandinavian, but rather a country which stands in the same relation to Norway as Alaska does to the United States, Siberia to Russia, and Canada to England.

If you can now imagine yourself transported to Thronhjem, you will be surprised at finding, in that high latitude, a city which vies with our southern cities, both in beauty and modern improvements. In many respects it is not surpassed even by beautiful Copenhagen. Thronhjem was once the capital of Norway, and the residence of her kings. It has wide, well-paved, and clean streets. There are not less than eighteen public institutions in Thronhjem; her schools are of a high grade, ancient as well as modern languages being taught. The houses are principally of wood, and most of them have pleasant gardens attached, in which, during the season, may be found apples, pears, plums, cherries, strawberries, potatoes, carnations, pinks, and roses. In Thronhjem may be seen the true Norwegian horse. It is a dark-brown short-backed pony, with a fine crest and flowing mane, and is remarkable for its strength, spirit, and beauty.

It might be of interest to observe the habits of the people in this Naples of the North, but we must at once embark for the North Cape and the Midnight Sun. The steamers which sail between Thronhjem and the North Cape cannot be compared with the Cunarders, yet they are of sufficient size to be safe, and offer the traveller all the comforts that can be desired.

After the steamer has left the harbour on its northward journey, the traveller soon notices the wonderful transparency of the water, — the bottom, with its curious and numerous objects, being visible at a depth of nearly one hundred and fifty feet. It is a delightful sensation seemingly to sail up the steep side of a mountain, and then plunge down into the deep valley. The crystal clearness of the water is, however, lost in the dark-green depths of the ocean. As we proceed

northward the coast becomes rugged and almost destitute of trees. The snow-clad mountains rend the clouds, and in many places rise perpendicularly above the level of the sea. The picturesque islands, covered with flowers, trees, and beautiful villas, with which the western



VEBLUNGSNAESET.

coast of Norway is so abundantly supplied, now give place to bleak and barren rocks.

Just before reaching the Lofoden Islands, you pass the renowned Malström, about which so many mysteries have been conjectured. The cause of it is simply this: "That the canal, or strait, of the West Fjord does not afford a sufficiently quick outlet to the immense body

of waters forced through these barriers." That it is dangerous to navigation cannot be questioned.

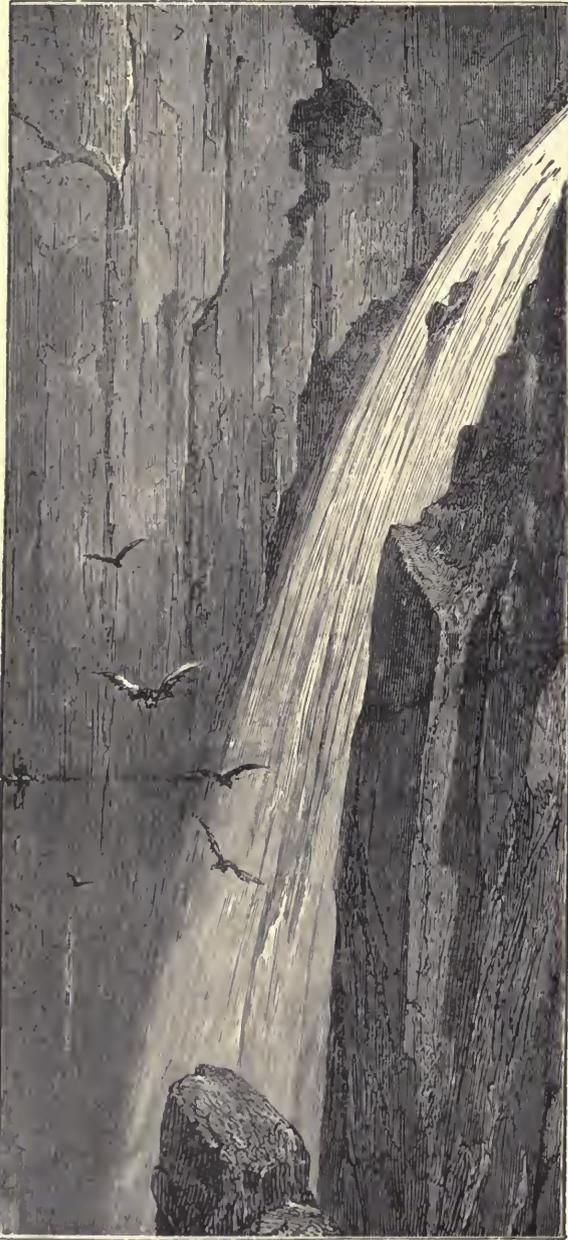
The Lofoden Islands are the great fishing-station of the North. Their appearance is rugged and dismal. Immense quantities of fish are yearly shipped from here to all parts of the world. There the



THE FLADEL.

women as well as the men, struggle for subsistence, during twelve months a year, with the cold harsh waves of the ocean. The women are not less active than the men in managing boats; neither darkness nor the beating waves can drive them to land for shelter.

On our journey we may observe the mountain of Sandhorn, reaching about three thousand feet out of the sea, and, strange to say, on



VORING PASS.

the top of that rock lies the skeleton of a whale. How it was thus elevated I shall not attempt to say.

We have now arrived in a country where, during the summer months, the sun does not sink below the horizon. Did you ever expect to find, in that extreme north, almost under the shadow of the pole, in a country bound by icy barriers and swept by cold Arctic winds, and where for a large portion of the year the illumining sun does not cast its brilliant and life-producing rays, scenery as grand and as sublime as any which Nature has ever produced? During the months of July and August a prettier spot can hardly be found. There is then no alternation of day and night; the sun gives heat and light continually, as if to compensate for its long absence during the winter months. Vegetation now makes

wonderful strides. As the rays of the sun pour warmly down on the desolate landscape, the green grass is dotted with dandelions, buttercups, violets, and forget-me-nots, which burst from the earth; the dwarf birch and willows are abundant. Nothing but the faithful eye can report to the mind the grandeur of the scenery, as the sun at midnight, with its delicate tints and various shades, paints the sky, the lofty and snow-capped mountains, the green-clad valleys and rolling billows of the sea.

Contrast with this scene the dreary and desolate appearance which this country presents during the cold and dark winter. The sun entirely disappears; and human existence would then be impossible, if it was not for the moderating influence of the Gulf Stream. Think of the Arctic fishers burning upon their hearths the palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras, and the precious woods of the Amazon and the Orinoco, carried there by the Gulf Stream!

At Mageröe and Hammerfest, situated at 71° north latitude, the sole industry is fishing, and the principal article of food is fish. The people, however, possess a few small cows, sheep, and a great many goats; but as sufficient grass and moss cannot be obtained during the summer, the cows and sheep must, in the winter time, eat fish.

Can you imagine yourself standing on the bold promontory of the North Cape at $71^{\circ} 10'$ north latitude, at midday, surrounded by darkness, and hearing nothing but the shrill sounds of the Arctic winds and the sad murmur of the waves beating against the lonely rocks? Then you are able to appreciate your own land, which flows with milk and honey. The people of that far north are, however, as happy and as content as any on the face of the earth,—at least, that is clearly the sentiment of Goldsmith when he says:—

“The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims the happiest land his own.”

[The subject of the midnight sun was so interesting to Henry that he desired that the Danish student and traveller should give him

some further account of the scenes with more of detail. This the student did, and greatly filled the imagination of those who listened to him.]

Lapland, the country of the Lapps, is situated north of Sweden, extending between sixty-four and sixty-nine degrees north latitude. The fact that it is thus overshadowed by the North Pole does not prevent it from exhibiting at times quite romantic scenery. In the southern portion of Lapland the lakes are quite numerous; whereas, in the northern portion, the snow-clad mountains predominate. This natural feature of the country gives rise to two distinct classes of Laplanders, — namely, the nomad, or mountain, Lapps, and the fisher Lapps. This latter class have been attracted to the barren shores of the lakes by the abundance of fish which they contain.

The fisher Lapp, though he migrates between a summer and a winter residence, and during the latter season dwells in the forest and occasionally hunts the wild reindeer, is much more settled in his habits than the nomad. He builds himself a hut for his residence. The mountain Lapp and his reindeer are so identified that it is impossible to separate the two. The Lapp can live for months without a ray of sunlight, but he cannot live a day without the reindeer; it serves him as a horse, and its milk and meat are his food, and its skin his clothing. The reindeer are very numerous, and are able to subsist on the moss and lichens gathered from beneath the snow.

The reindeer recognises in the wolf its bitterest foe. In spite of its master's vigilance and careful guarding, thousands of reindeer are yearly killed by the numerous flocks of starving wolves which roam over the mountains during the long winters. In the winter, the Lapp does not need to act in the capacity of a butcher; the wolf performs that duty for him, although he often thereby loses the choicest morsel.

The night in Lapland is protracted. It begins in October and



THE CHURCH AT BAKKE.

ends in June, continuing eight or nine months. In order fully to comprehend what it means for human beings to live through such a long night, it is necessary for the reader to know not only the length of the night in days and months, but also the many hardships and privations with which it is accompanied. King *Frost*, with his cold and grim visage, then sways his despotic sceptre. The shelter and food which he affords his subjects during his tyrannical reign would cause a shepherd dog of Pennsylvania to starve and freeze, both at the same time, even during the comparatively mild winter in our latitude. The Lapp has for a habitation nothing but a few stakes of wood set up, with a kind of cloth or turf spread over them, leaving an opening at the top to draw out the smoke, and a hole at the bottom through which the inhabitants crawl in and out on their hands and knees. From the fireplace in the centre of the hut, little heat and a great deal of smoke are obtained. Their beds are nothing but a reindeer skin, spread on the ground around the fireplace. Try to imagine how a whole family, with innumerable dogs, can stow themselves into the compass of a circle eight feet in diameter. The fisher Lapp often digs down into mother earth, and thus reposes in her bosom. Although there are some of the Laplanders who live fairly well, yet the majority subsist on very scanty food. Some rye and wheat are imported, but their bread is made principally from the bark of trees and from chopped hay.

On some fine evening in October you may see a solemn procession, composed of both sexes and of all ages, ascending a high hill to see the last of their best friend, the sun, for that year, and to bid the orb of day "good-bye." It is a strangely picturesque sight, and not without its pathos, as the young and vigorous, as well as the old and tottering, with tear-stained cheeks, gaze at the sinking luminary whose short stay among them changed their country, we may almost say, into a garden of Eden, and whose departure brings suffering, hardship, and death. Turn your gaze from the depressed company and view

the glorious sky as the sun makes its final plunge beneath the horizon, and you will see a picture such as artist never painted.



SCENE IN NORWAY.

Listen, and you may now hear the solemn chant of some heathen song, in which the Laplanders bewail the departing day; after which they return to their huts to struggle many months, until that glorious occasion when they shall again hail the first ray of the long-absent sun. They are, however, not left entirely in the dark during the long winter months. From the northern horizon the aurora borealis shoots its high flashes even to the zenith. When the sky is clear, there is generally sufficient light, for two or three hours in every twenty-four, to read from a book without artificial light.

There is nothing so fascinating to the young adventurer as to sit in a Lapland sledge while the reindeer, swift as the hawk, dashes over mountains and valleys, over the smooth surface of the snow,

and through deep drifts, at a tremendous speed.

The Laplanders are of small stature, averaging between four and

one-half and five feet. As a rule, they have sore eyes, doubtless on account of the constant snow and smoky huts. Women, as well as men, smoke tobacco, and liquor is indulged in to some extent. The people are very hospitable, honest, and kind-hearted. They regard a stranger as a guest sent by the Lord.

In Germany children go through Fairyland to cultivate the imagination; so do the children of the North.

Some of the household stories of the North are charming, and we have read none more curious and suggestive than the one that we are about to tell. It is commonly known as —

"THE SILVER TUREEN."

There was once a certain king who used to visit his subjects in disguise that he might better understand their wants and opinions.

One day as he was riding into a forest in disguise, he saw an old man and an old woman sawing wood.

"It is a hard lot you have," he said to the old woman.

"Yes, it is all owing to Adam."

"Is your husband's name Adam?"

"Yes; but it was not *that* Adam to which I referred."

"It is all owing to Eve!" said the old man.

"Is your wife named Eve?" asked the disguised king.

"Yes; but it was not *that* Eve of whom I spoke."

The old man looked suspiciously towards the old woman.

The old woman looked suspiciously towards the old man.

"There is much of Adam in most men," said the king, "and much of Eve in most women."

"Yes," said the old man.

"Yes," said the old woman.

"But why," asked the king, "do you thus complain of Adam and Eve?"

"He ate the forbidden fruit," said the old woman.

"She told him to eat it," said the old man. "Women always do."

"And men obey them," said the old woman.

"What would you have done had you been placed in the Garden of Eden?" asked the king, of the old woman.

"I would have obeyed, and we should all have been in paradise now, and never a bit of sawing wood would there have been."

"Never a bit you would!" said the old man. "Your curiosity is bigger than Eve's. Was there ever anything secret that you did not want to know? Why, woman, you have never obeyed me."

"Because I followed my own better judgment," said the old woman.

"She thinks she knows everything," said the old man.

"But what would you have done had you been in the garden?" asked the king.

"I would have said to the woman, Begone!"

"Not a bit you would!" said the old woman. "You never said anything like that to me."

"Adam was a foolish man," said the old man. "Had I been in his place, we should all be in paradise now, and the trees would have brought forth golden apples, and the streams would have flowed with milk and honey."

"Come with me to my castle," said the king.

"Do you own a castle?" asked the old woman. "I thought that you were a courier."

"Why do you ask us?" said the old man.

"I wish to help you. You are having a hard time; but I fear that you misjudge our first parents, Adam and Eve."

"But we do not misjudge each other," said the old man.

"How do you know?" asked the old woman.

"Your curiosity would send you on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem," said the old man.

"And your want of good sense would lead you to run after me," said the old woman.

"Come," said the king, "follow me."

So the old man and the old woman dropped their axes, and followed the disguised king, and they all came to a great and splendid castle.

"Why did you bring us here?" asked the old man.

"To give you a home with me."

"For how long?" asked the old woman.

"For as long as you obey me," said the king.

"Are we to work?" asked the old man.

"No, you are to obey."

"That will be easy for me," said the old man.

"And easier for me," said the old woman.

"There is nothing easier than to obey," said the old man. "What are your commands?"



CASCADE ON THE ROSOTA.

"They are very simple. You are to have everything that you want. You are to feast from my tables. Only I shall place upon one table this silver tureen, and you must never lift the cover to look into it."

"What should we want to for?" asked the old woman.

"I do not know," said the king.

"Is that all that we are to obey?" asked the old man.

"That is all," said the king.

"That is easy indeed!" said the old man.

"Easy enough," said the old woman.

"Then live here and be happy," said the king.

The old couple were very happy.

"What luck!" said the old man.

"I always told you that I would bring you good luck," said the old woman.

"What do you suppose is in the tureen? What did he do that for?"

"It is queer. But what do we care about what is in the tureen? If it be gold, it would not be ours."

"It may be a serpent; who knows?"

"It was a serpent that beguiled Eve."

"No serpent will ever beguile me! What do I care about what is in the tureen? What did he bring it here for? He must have a very curious mind."

"As curious as a woman's. I would n't take the tureen if he would give it me."

"I hate to look at the old tureen. Maybe that there's a fairy in it."

"Maybe."

"How does a fairy look?"

"Like a little angel with wings of gold."

"How pretty! I wish I could see one."

"If you could catch one it would bring you gold."

"But it might fly away."

A day passed.

The old woman's curiosity to know what was in the tureen grew.

Another day passed. Her curiosity became stronger. She could not sleep.

On the third day, she said to the old man, —

"Now what do you really think is in the tureen?"

"A serpent."

"No, a fairy."

"Could we know, it would make but little difference. We have all that we

want now. I sometimes would like to run home again, and put up our axes. We left them out of doors."

"But what do we want of axes?"

"Nothing, only old things are sacred."

"Husband, if we were to lift the cover of the tureen just a little, we could have an opinion, and the king would not know."

"You have a curiosity like Eve's."

"I only would like to know if the tureen is safe."

"I would like to know the king's mind in this thing."

"So would I."

The fourth day came.

"Husband," said the old woman, "are you perfectly happy?"

"Not altogether happy."

"You would be if only you knew what was in the tureen?"

"Yes."

"So would I."

"Let's lift the cover just a little, and you peep in."

The old woman lifted the cover of the tureen just a little. Adam lifted it a little more.

Ugh!

Out leaped a little mouse!

"Kill him!" cried the old woman.

"No, catch him and put him back, or the king will know, for our master is the king."

"I catch a mouse? — a woman catch a mouse?"

"I'll catch him."

"Where is he?"

"Show me quick."

"I do not know — he ran."

"Hark! the king is coming."

"What will we do!" exclaimed both.

The king came in; he had on heavy boots, and a severe face. He lifted the cover of the tureen.

"Where is the mouse?" he exclaimed.

"I do not know," said the old woman.

"He has escaped," said the king.

"If he had been an elephant, he would n't have got away," said the old woman.

"You have lifted the cover of the tureen," said the king.

"How do you know?"

"Adam, where is the mouse?" asked the king.

"*She* told me to."

"Oh, you are a fine couple to be blaming Adam and Eve, when you are no better. Never blame others for your own faults. People see the faults of others through their own. Do you see yourselves now?"

"Let us go home, and put up our axes," said the old woman.

"Come," said the old man.

They went home, and whenever they met a fault-finder, they told the story of the fugitive mouse and the silver tureen.

CHAPTER X.

BELGIUM.



OUR travellers went to beautiful Brussels, one of the most prosperous cities on earth. Which is the more delightful, Brussels or Berlin? Belgium is a neutral country, although once the battle-field of Europe, so that here, as in Switzerland, it may be hoped has dawned the era of eternal peace.

They went to the battle-field of Waterloo, a few miles from Brussels. We visited the field last year with a friend, and he has kindly allowed us to reproduce his published account of our visit.

A VISIT TO THE BATTLE-FIELD OF WATERLOO.

HAVING a few days at my disposal, after arriving in Europe before the opening of the recent Peace Congress at Antwerp, I went one day, in company with some other American delegates to the Congress, to visit the historic battle-ground of Waterloo. I had long wanted to see this memorable spot, because of the place which it holds in history. Just before leaving Brussels for the trip, I incidentally mentioned to a lady (one of the peace-workers of Belgium, on whom I was calling), that I was going out to see Waterloo. She seemed somewhat amazed that such a blood-stained spot should have any attractions for a peace-man, and gently chided me, in vigorous French,



WATERLOO.

for what she thought a sort of contradiction in character. I explained to her, as best I could, my motive; and, though it was raining, we set out to visit the scene of the battle whose outcome has been thought by some to have been determined by the heavy rains which fell on the night previous to its occurrence.

The place is about twelve miles southeast of Brussels, and is easily reached by the railway, which runs within a mile and a half of the spot. Waterloo, the village after which the battle got its name, is not the nearest station to the battle-field, and you are a little surprised on arriving there to be told not to get out, but to go on a station or two farther.

From Braine l'Alleud, where you leave the train, the Waterloo monument is distinctly seen, about a mile and a half away. This monument is a conical mound of earth 200 feet high and 1700 feet in circumference at the base, and is crowned by an immense bronze lion, weighing over 20 tons, made from the cannon captured from the French. It was erected about seven years after the battle, on the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded; and beneath it lie, heaped up promiscuously, the bones of those — friend and foe — who perished in the conflict. The mound was three years in building; and the earth of which it is composed was carried up on the backs of three hundred Flemish women.

In order to get a better idea of the region, we avoided the anxious vehicles standing at the station ready to carry us, and went on foot across the country. By this time the rain had ceased, and the peasants were working in the fields and travelling along the roads with as much quietness and assurance as if the earth had never witnessed the horrors of a battle since the dawn of creation. We went through cuts in the unmacadamised road, which must have been much the same in Napoleon's time, and which enabled us to understand the disaster of "the sunken road," so vividly described by Victor Hugo. This "sunken road" runs close by the mound. It has since been macada-

mised, and one bank of it, at least, taken away to furnish material for the mound. The English officer mentioned farther on tried to make us believe that no such "sunken road" disaster occurred; but the more we examined the place, and questioned him, the more we were convinced that it happened substantially as Victor Hugo describes it. We gathered wild red poppies from the roadside, and, without much effort, could imagine them dripping with human blood, like the shrubs pulled from the tomb of Polydorus in Virgil's story of *Æneas*.

Running the gauntlet of the beggars and the money-harpies, who infest Waterloo as they do every other historic spot in Europe, and whom it is hard to shake off without violating your peace principles, we climbed slowly step after step of the granite stairs, to the top of the great mound. The huge lion was looking bravely away toward Belle Alliance, where Napoleon had his headquarters, and from which, from half-past eleven in the morning till late in the afternoon of that fateful 18th of June, he hurled forward his battalions, and broke them in pieces on the impregnable lines of Wellington's allied forces. The whole region round about was one of extreme rural beauty under the half-clouded August sun. The peasants had gathered their harvests from the fertile soil, and the fields and groves and roads lay there in undisturbed peace, as if they had never heard the trampling hoofs of war.

It was difficult for me to get rid of the idea of the place which had grown up in my mind from reading the descriptions of the fierce brutality and the savage inhumanity of the battle. The place, it seemed to me, ought to be like the scene which has made it famous, — wild, rugged, desolate, repulsive. This idea of battle-fields is of course wrong, and purely the product of association; but it is in my mind in connection with every great battle of history, and has to be vigorously reasoned away before it can be gotten rid of. The field of Waterloo was, on the whole, nearly the same in 1815 as now.

An English cavalry officer who gives lectures on the battle to visitors was in the midst of a dramatic description of the fight when we arrived at the top of the monument. Soon the whole ghastly scene was re-enacting itself before our imaginations. Napoleon, cold, callous, pitiless, on his white horse at Belle Alliance, away in front of us to the southeast; the fierce struggle around the castle of Hougomont, a mile away to our right; down to our left the bloody tide surging about the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, whose pierced doors and battered walls still bear witness to the death-harvest of that day; farther to the left "the sunken road," into which the front lines of Napoleon's cavalry were pushed, and where they were crushed to death by the storm of assault which whirled on behind them; farther off in the same direction, the position of Wellington; back of the "sunken road," the Iron Duke's classic squares, melting away before the merciless onslaughts of the French cavalry, but never yielding; the streams of blood running down into the valley which separated the two commanders; the whole region strewn with the mangled bodies of the dead and the writhing, moaning forms of the wounded; the ceaseless roar of the cannon; the wrathful cursing of the angry men; Blücher coming up late in the day and falling upon the exhausted and decimated French lines; the turning back of the tide of battle; the rout; the haste and confusion of the flight; the great conqueror vanquished, and left stalking about at his horse's bridle, helpless as a child, — all this seemed to come back and stand at the moment before our eyes in all its hideous deformity.

Going down from the mound, we found our way to the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, whose court looks as if it had never been cleaned up since the advent of horses and dogs and chickens. We drank (the lady of our party did *not* drink) of the water of the well into which tradition says that many bodies were thrown after the battle. I asked the peasant girl who was conducting us whether any bodies were really thrown into the well. She answered with all seriousness:

"*Oh, oui, monsieur, beaucoup, beaucoup*" (Oh, yes, sir, lots of them). We did not visit the well of Hougomont, at the other side of the battle-field, into which there is little doubt that bodies were thrown.

Waterloo is chiefly interesting, not because it was the greatest and bloodiest battle of history, for it was neither, but because it marks a distinct and very important stage in the progress of civilisation. Napoleon was the last of the ambitious military autocrats who fought for the self-gratification of fighting, and loved conquest for its own sake. Victor Hugo said of him that "he was a burden to God." He was also a burden to man. The intelligence and conscience and individual self-respect of the race had, through many hindrances, reached such a state of development as never again to tolerate such a military despot in any country.

Much of the old spirit of submission to military tyranny still survives, but not in a form ever to enthrone another Napoleon. His race is gone for ever. The military slavery of our time is as absolute, in Europe, at least, as was the old, but it is a slavery to the state, to the body politic, and not to the individual. It may be reached, therefore, and overcome through the moral processes by which a state is regenerated. The control of armies by nations, in which there is a growing sense of freedom and equality, means the greater infrequency of actual war, and its ultimate abolition when a majority of the people come to have sufficient intelligence and moral perception to see its uselessness, its unreasonableness, and its inhumanity.

With the fall of the conqueror came also the decline of the spirit of aggression. The spirit of aggression has now so far disappeared that national boundaries are nearly universally respected, and no nation seeks to bring under its own sovereignty another nation. The movement everywhere is towards national freedom, and towards respect of this freedom by others.

Since Waterloo, also, international co-operation, on a basis of mutual respect and the desire to be helpful to others, has been

steadily on the increase. This co-operation has manifested itself to some extent along the lines of trade, and more fully still through a



NAPOLEON RECEIVED ON "THE BELLEROPHON."

larger-hearted diplomacy, through treaties of arbitration, and through united efforts of many kinds for the promotion of the good of all races and of all countries.

In Napoleon and the Napoleonic campaigns the absurdity of war

reached its height. Men began then to think and to say that the whole system, deep-rooted as it was, was radically wrong, and that it ought to be, and could be, entirely destroyed. The movement for its abolition, which has now become so strong in all civilised countries, and which is every year widening the scope of its influence, began in the same year in which the Battle of Waterloo was fought, as a reaction against the continued butcheries which had desolated the world. The great French writer quoted above was not right in saying that Waterloo was not a battle; but he was right in declaring that it was "the hinge of the nineteenth century," "the change of front of the universe."

As a last reflection, I may say that Waterloo exemplifies in a striking way that saying of Jesus, that "all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." The great incoherent structure which Napoleon had built up by the sword in Western Europe had already collapsed, but on that day he himself fell, and his power perished for ever. Henceforth there was none to deliver him. The sword was held over his prostrate head as long as he lived. His name was cast out as evil; his fame was turned into infamy. It shall be thus with the whole war system. Its temple doors have already begun to open with a grating sound, and voices have been heard, saying, "The glory is departing."¹

Waterloo! We rode through the forest of Ardennes, and gazed back into the sunset, and the land was at peace. For, as we said, Belgium is neutralised. You may not know what neutralised means. When a country like Belgium or Switzerland makes treaties with the other European powers to the effect that it will wage no more war, and will not permit invasion without protest or violation of treaty, it is said to be neutralised.

Belgium was the scene of some of the great battles of history, but

¹ Benjamin F. Trueblood, in the "Advocate of Peace."

is now a land of peace. We looked back in the sunset upon the field of Waterloo, and thought of that sunset that saw Napoleon defeated, and of that night that found him in the orchard all alone, — he who in the misty morning of that June day thought that all the world was his.

We went back to Antwerp. The Peace and Arbitration Congress was in session, and the King of Belgium, through one of his ministers, gave the members of the Congress a banquet on the sea.

Antwerp means the *thrown hand*. Its historic legend is full of noble meaning. We tried to tell it in verse on our return from this royal banquet on the sea.

THE BANQUET ON THE SEA.

THE sky was bright; the river glassed;
 All nations' flags round Antwerpen, —
 As down the Scheldt our steamer passed
 That sun-crowned day at Antwerpen.
 The high tower in the clear air played;
 The dike-grass gleamed in sun and shade;
 And cannonless the ramparts made
 Peace smile on Peace at Antwerpen.

We never can forget that day.
 Thanks, glorious king! Thanks, Antwerpen!
 Thanks, burgomaster! On our way
 Adown the Scheldt from Antwerpen,
 Emblem of Peace, the waters lay,
 God's open book in face of day;
 We heard afar the sweet chimes play,
 As sunk the towers of Antwerpen.

Below, the sea, above, the skies,
 That afternoon near Antwerpen,
 Lay like a dream of Paradise
 As faded ancient Antwerpen;

The willows smiled, by sunlight kissed ;
 The dike-grass, walls of amethyst ;
 The Scheldt, without a breath of mist ;
 The day was Peace, O Antwerpen !

O burgess of the ancient town,
 A statue stands in Antwerpen,
 Before the town-house looking down
 Towards the sea from Antwerpen ;
 A glorious fount its feet enfolds —
 What means the hero there who holds
 A severed hand? An emblem moulds
 The people's hearts of Antwerpen !

The burgess laughed, those happy men,
 As on we passed from Antwerpen ;
 " That statue stands for Liberty,
 And Liberty is Antwerpen.
 'T is Justice's hand that makes us free ;
 'T is Justice that on land and sea
 Makes Peace eternal: blest are we
 Since Justice governs Antwerpen ! "

O burgess, burgess, tell the tale,
 Your legend grand of Antwerpen !
 " Yes, friends of Peace, and you will hail
 That statue dear to Antwerpen.
 Antigonus, a giant old,
 Laid on the sea a tax of gold,
 And every prospered ship he tolled,
 That turned its sails towards Antwerpen.

" And if some trader failed to pay
 This giant's tax on Antwerpen,
 Him seized the lord, and cast away
 His severed hand at Antwerpen.
 Young Brabo led a noble band ;
 He slew this giant of the land,
 Cut off his head, and threw his hand
 Into the sea at Antwerpen.

“ The Northern season came and went,
 To Antwerpen, from Antwerpen,
 But golden ships with storm-sails spent
 Moored in the calms of Antwerpen.
 So, when tax-gathering war is done,
 May Peace be statued in the sun,
 And round her feet pure fountains run,
 As in the Square of Antwerpen

“ And Liberty is Antwerpen ;
 And cannonless above the sea,
 The ramparts bloom round Antwerpen.”
 We toasted then grand Belgium’s king
 Who gave the banquet on the sea ;
 And as we heard the high chimes ring
 O’er Brabo’s fount of Liberty,
 The Belgian flag we cheered, and cried,
 As touched the quay the steamer’s side,
 “ For ever live, O Antwerpen ! ”

We brought the flag born of the light,
 To prophecy, O Antwerpen ;
 One little bell we rung for right
 ’Mid thy sweet chimes, O Antwerpen !
 The flag white-bordered, may it bear
 The stars of Peace in choral air,
 And every bell ring everywhere,
 For Peace like ours at Antwerpen.

We never shall forget that day.
 Thanks, glorious king ; thanks, Antwerpen.
 Heaven’s face upon the waters lay,
 And crowned the towers of Antwerpen.
 We wave reluctant hands to thee,
 And ever in our memory
 Will live that banquet on the sea
 Hail and farewell, O Antwerpen !

CHAPTER XI.

SOUTHAMPTON AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.



SOUTHAMPTON, which may stand for the Isle of Wight, the cathedral town or city of Winchester, and for the historic park of the New Forest, is the most delightful port in the world for an American traveller to rest. Its docks are an ocean city; they touch the whole world. One may make excursions to nearly all lands from there.

The city has one of the most soft, mellow, bright climates in all England. Fogs seldom visit it. Across the ferry from it, on the Isle of Wight, is Osborne House, a favourite residence of the Royal Family, and Farringford, the late home of Lord Tennyson. One of the most quiet and beautiful places of residence on the island is Ventnor, which has a sub-tropical climate even in winter. Behind it rises a great chalk hill, or mountain, or "downs," some seven hundred or eight hundred feet in height, breaking the northern winds. Before it is the sea, with warm southerly currents and airs. Great charitable institutions are here, and England's Consumptives' Home. The neighbourhoods are full of ruins, some of which are older than the birth of Christianity. One of the oldest and smallest Christian churches in England is here.

Ventnor is not only one of the best places in the world for invalids, but for people in any part of the world who have historic and scholarly tastes, and who are seeking quiet and rest. A daily steamer from Southampton touches here, and there is rail and ferry communication

with the great port several times a day. All the scenic and literary privileges of Southampton may be secured from sheltered Ventnor. It is an excellent resort for an American who is worn down by business, social obligation, and nervous exhaustion.

Southampton? What are its privileges? An illustrated book, or pamphlet, entitled, "Buxey's Southampton," which we purchased there a season ago, gives a very full and attractive answer to these questions. It says:—

"The port stands upon a peninsula at the head of the wide waterway which bears its name, and immediately at the confluence of the rivers Itchen and Test. It is claimed for the Southampton Water that it is one of the safest harbours on our coasts, whilst it possesses an advantage of that peculiar phenomenon, — a double tide twice in twenty-four hours — to be found at no other port in the kingdom, if in the whole world. This is believed to be caused by the currents in the Channel between Spithead and the Needles, owing to the situation of the Isle of Wight, arresting for a time the fall of the tide after it has reached high water at Southampton. From the point of low water the tide rises steadily for seven hours, and it is then the first or high water proper. It then ebbs slightly for an hour, falling some eight or nine inches, and then rises again for an hour and a quarter, frequently exceeding its former level. This is the second high water, and remains stationary about two hours, the result being that there is practically high water at the port for four hours out of twelve.

"The advantages which are thus given to the port in these days of deep-draught ships can hardly be over-estimated, and is another proof that in her gifts to Southampton Dame Nature dealt out with a plenteous hand.

"It was in the early days of the present century that an Act of Parliament was passed for extending the quays and making docks; but it was not until 1820 that any particular progress was made. In that year the first steamer began plying upon the Southampton water-

way. In 1835, the South of England Steam Navigation Company and the Commercial Steam Packet Company were both formed, whilst an event ever to be associated with the rise and progress of the time was the opening of the railway (in 1840) between London and Southampton: Two years later the Docks, which had taken four years to construct, were opened, and, within twelve months of that date, Southampton was selected as the port for landing and embarking the mails carried by the Peninsular and Oriental and the Royal Mail Companies, whilst other lines of steamers have since had the port for their headquarters.

“ The Peninsular and Oriental Company, which for over forty years (from 1840 to 1881) had Southampton as the headquarters for its magnificent fleet, has partially renewed its connection with the port. Passengers landing or embarking at the Docks have every convenience and facility. Special trains from Waterloo Station (London) run direct to the mail steamers or tenders on days of sailing, and *vice versa* on arrival.

“ The following is a list of the companies at present connected with the port: The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, carrying mails to the West Indies and Brazil; the Union Steamship Company, with a service every alternate Saturday for the Cape of Good Hope and Natal, whilst intermediate steamers leave every fortnight; and there is also maintained a monthly service to Madagascar and Mauritius. On the alternate Saturday sailings are taken by the fine vessels of the Donald Currie line to the Cape. The North German Lloyd Company's steamers, on the New York line, leave every Wednesday and Sunday, an additional vessel being despatched on Thursdays during the busy season; whilst on the Eastern lines the Company's steamers leave the port, *via* Colombo, every fourth Sunday for China and Japan, also every fourth Sunday for Australia. The Inman Line, or, as it is now known, the American Line, has also made the port its place of arrival and departure, and has a regular weekly

service to and from Southampton and New York. The Rotterdamsche Lloyd Steam Shipping Company's steamers sail from Southampton every alternate Tuesday for Java, *via* Suez Canal, taking passengers and cargo for Marseilles, Batavia, Cheribon, Samarang, Sourabaya, and the Java ports. The Hamburg-American Steam Packet Company's twin-screw steamers, during a portion of the year, sail from Southampton on Friday for New York. The Nederland Steamship Company every fourteen days despatches a vessel for Java. For the carrying on of the large and important trade with the Channel Islands, the London and South-Western Steam Packet Company have an excellent fleet, and daily, except Sunday, the steamers sail between Southampton, the Channel Islands, and several of the French ports. The City of Cork Steam Packet Company, and the British and Irish Steam Packet Company, keep up frequent communication, not only between the town and several of the Irish ports, but they also call at Plymouth and Falmouth, whilst a good trade is carried on between the town, and Plymouth, Waterford, and Glasgow, by the Clyde Shipping Company. The General Steam Navigation Company sail weekly to Bordeaux and several Spanish ports.

“ In connection with the vessels which run to and from the port, no Guide would be complete without reference to those of the Southampton, Isle of Wight, and South of England Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. Frequently each day these steamers ply between Southampton, the Isle of Wight, and Portsmouth, whilst during the summer and autumn seasons cheap excursions (which are very popular) daily run to such favoured places as Cowes, Ryde, Totland Bay, Alum Bay, the Needles Rocks, Sea View, Southsea, and even Bournemouth, Brighton, and Weymouth; whilst several times during the season the Isle of Wight, with its lovely scenery, from sand strands and rock-bound shores to the vast rolling downs and charming chines, is circumnavigated by one or other of the Company's fast and commodious steamers.

“Several times during the day a steamer leaves the town quay for Hythe, upon the opposite shore, whilst there is a double floating-bridge service across the Itchen, by means of which one of Southampton’s most charming suburbs, Woolston, is brought into easy communication with the town. Netley Abbey and Hospital can also be reached by this route as well as by rail.

“Apart from the fact that when once inside the wide estuary vessels are really within an extended sheltered harbour, and that the

depth of water was found to be sufficient for the ‘Great Eastern’ steamship to *swing at anchor* with perfect safety, the town possesses special facilities in the way of dock, wharf, and quay accommodation. The docks immediately adjoin the terminus of the London and South-Western Railway. They were designed with special regard to the quick despatch of passengers, mails, and merchandize, and by means of several large graving-docks provide facilities for the



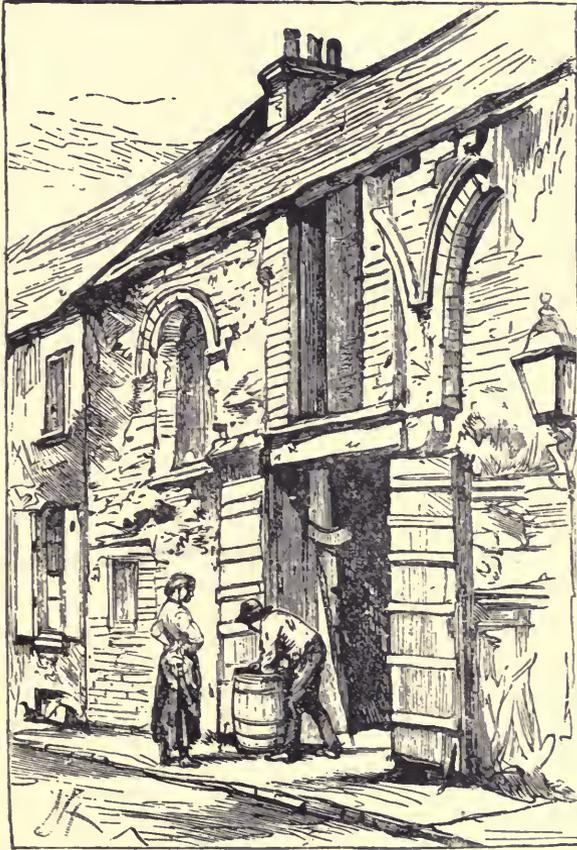
HENRY VIII.

repair of ships of the largest class. They comprise a tidal basin of sixteen acres, with an entrance one hundred and fifty feet wide, and a depth of water of thirty-one feet at high-water spring-tides, and eighteen feet at low-water spring-tides; then a close or inner basin of ten acres, which has a depth of twenty-nine feet over the sill at high-water spring-tides, and twenty-five feet at high-water neap-tides; and a long quay or dock extension, some fourteen hundred feet in extent, with a depth of water of twenty feet at low spring-tides, included within which is the Empress Dock of eighteen acres, which was inaugurated by Her Majesty on July 26, 1892.”

Says William Winter in his "Old Shrines and Ivy:"—

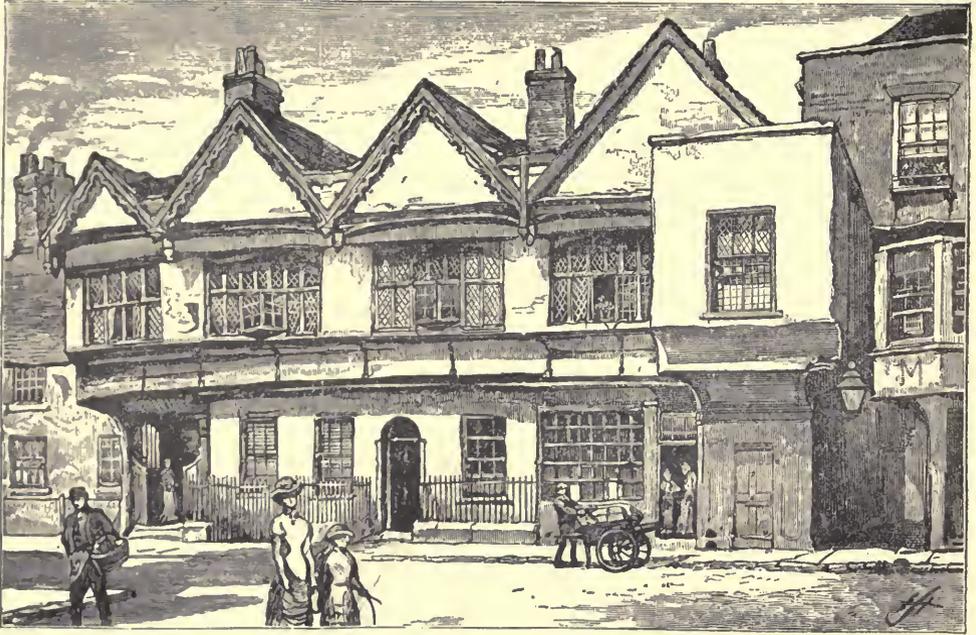
"Many days might be pleasantly spent in Southampton and its storied neighbourhood. You are at the mouth of the Itchen, — the river of Izaak Walton, who lived and died at venerable Winchester

only a few miles away. Netley Abbey is close by. On every side, indeed, there is something to stimulate the fancy and to awaken remembrance of historic lore. King John's house is extant in Blue Anchor Lane. King John's charter may be seen in the Audit House. The Bridewell Gate still stands, that was built by Henry VIII., and in Bugle Street is the Spanish prison that was used in the time of Queen Anne. At the foot of the High Street stood King Canute's palace; and upon the neighbouring beach the monarch spoke his vain command to stay the advancing waves, and made his memorable sub-



CANUTE'S PALACE.

mission to the Power that is greater than kings. In St. Michael's Square they show you an ancient red-tiled house, made of timber and brick, in which Anne Boleyn once lived, with her royal lord



PALACE OF HENRY VIII.

Henry VIII., and which bears her name to this day. It is a two-story building, surmounted with four large gables, the front curiously diversified with a crescent pent and with four great diamond-latticed casements. . . . A few steps from St. Michael's will bring you to a relic of a different kind, fraught with widely different associations, — the birthplace of the pious poet Isaac Watts. The house stands in French Street, a little back from the sidewalk, on the east side."

And again, in the same volume, reading the following paragraph led me recently to go to the grave of the comedian and study the old legends, —

"Artemus Ward died in Southampton; Edward Sothorn is buried there. It seems but yesterday since those lords of frolic were my companions; but the grass has long been growing over them, and even the echo of their laughter has died away. Historic association

dignifies a place; but it is the personal association that makes it familiar. From Southampton the Pilgrim Fathers, nearly three hundred years ago, sailed away to found another England in the Western wild. Innumerable legends of that kind haunt the town and hallow it. Yet to one dreamer its name will ever, first of all, bring back the slumberous whisper of leaves that ripple in a summer wind and the balm of flowers that breathe their blessing on a comrade's rest."

Netley Abbey, near Southampton, a few miles across the ferry, is one of the most picturesque ruins in all England. In the New Forest, which may be reached in a half hour by rail, or in a little longer time by *char-a-banc*, may be seen the Rufus Stone, which bears the following inscription:—

"Here stood the oak-tree on which an arrow, shot by Sir Walter Tyrrell at a stag, glanced and struck King William the Second, surnamed Rufus, on the breast, of which he instantly died, on the second day of August, Anno 1100."

"King William the Second, surnamed Rufus, being slain as before related, was laid in a cart belonging to one Purkis, and drawn from thence to Winchester, and buried in the Cathedral Church of that City."

"That the spot where an event so memorable had happened might not hereafter be forgotten, this stone was set up by John Lord Delaware, who had seen the tree growing in this place, Anno 1745."

Says Buxey's "Southampton:"—

"No visitor to Southampton should fail to make a journey to the New Forest. This may be effected by the ordinary train service to Lyndhurst Road Station, or by a drive by road, and if the latter mode of travel is selected, nothing could be more enjoyable than going by *char-a-banc*.

"The scenery of the New Forest is most diversified, varying as it does from wide-reaching oak and beech woods to the bare and rugged heaths; and whilst from its highest situations, such as Stoney Cross and Ocknell Plain, splendid panoramic views break upon the scene, there is also a charm that cannot fail to please, to be found

in its silent sylvan glades and other sequestered spots. Lyndhurst, the little capital of the New Forest, is ten miles from Southampton, and, apart from the natural beauty of its surroundings, it contains several interesting attractions. Of these the famous fresco in the chancel of the church, illustrative of the Parable of the Ten Virgins, by Sir F. Leighton, P. R. A., claims leading attention. The Queen's House is where the whole of the business in connection with the control of the Forest is conducted. In what is known as the Verderers' Hall, a curious and ancient stirrup is hung, and which was, probably, the origin of a stirrup being adopted as the badge of the New Forest. There are many charming seats around Lyndhurst, whilst visitors will find ample accommodation for their reception.

“One of the most frequented spots in the Forest is Rufus's Stone, near Castle Malwood. Almost every day during the summer picnic parties, and other kinds of pleasure-seekers, visit the spot. For the more truly forest scenery, Boldrewood is probably the most popular, and it can be reached by conveyance. It would be impossible, however, in a brief notice of the New Forest to do full justice to its well-nigh unrivalled charms, or to mention the many interesting associations in connection with its history which link the present with the past.

“The Crown Hotel, Lyndhurst, situate immediately opposite the church, affords first-class accommodation for visitors, whilst hunters and all kinds of vehicles can be hired at the commodious stables adjoining.”

Says the same work of Netley Abbey:—

“The ruins of this ancient Abbey are a source of great pleasure and interest to the antiquary and the visitor generally. The scenery surrounding the remains of the Abbey is most picturesque and varied. These ruins are said to be among the best of the kind extant. They stand a very short distance back from the road, and are about a mile from Netley Station. Some doubt exists as to the actual founding of the Abbey, which was known in its earliest days as ‘The Abbey of St. Edward of Letley.’ In 1239 its endowment by Roger de

Clere was confirmed by Henry III., who two years previously founded the Priory of St. Mary and St. Edward, and the Abbey appears to have become a colony of the Cistercians from Beaulieu Abbey. It is believed the last abbot was Thomas Stevens (1527), who signed, by proxy, the instrument divorcing Catherine of Arragon from Henry VIII. The dimensions of the church originally were 211 feet by 81 feet, and the transept was 128 feet long. The present ruins include the transept and presbytery, and on the east side of the quadrangle (114 feet square) the sacristy, the vestibule of the chapter-house, and the common-house. The Early English door is at the south side. At the west side was the porter's house; this has now been restored and made into comfortable apartments for the caretaker. The quadrangle was known as the 'Fountain Court,' on account of its having a fountain in the centre. On three sides of this court are cloisters. Many of the narrow windows about the building are in an excellent state of preservation."

And of Winchester, which may be reached through one of the most majestic avenues of ancient trees in historic England: —

"From its ancient connections and associations the city of Winchester is undoubtedly one of the most interesting places in the County of Hants. It is rich in antiquities, and is stated to have been founded by a British King (Sudor Rous Hudibrass) in 892 B. C., and that its walls were built in 500 B. C. by Dunwallo Mulmutius. The city has a mayor and corporation, and is also the meeting-place of the Divisional County Magistrates. The Assizes and Quarter Sessions for the county are also held here. The chief object of interest is the Cathedral, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul and the Holy Trinity; the choir is especially dedicated to St. Swithin. It was commenced in 1069, and consecrated in 1093. The first tower fell soon after its erection; and the present one, of Norman architecture, was erected in the twelfth century. Various other reconstructions have from time to time taken place. The cathedral contains many

interesting memorials, amongst these being a recumbent figure of Bishop Wykeham in his Episcopal robes. It is also proposed to add a similar figure of the late Bishop Harold Browne. Under the tower is the reputed tomb of William Rufus, whose body was brought to the city from the New Forest. In the south transept is the tomb of the late Bishop Wilberforce. Izaak Walton was buried in Prior Silkstede's chapel, and here is a black marble monument to his memory. In addition to these the remains of several Saxon kings have been interred here."

Charlotte Mary Yonge, the famous author of the "Heir of Redclyffe," and many popular stories and histories, lives near Winchester, at Otterborne. The country home of England seems buried in trees, evergreens, and ivies in all these regions of the great forests by the seas.

SOUTHAMPTON WATER.

Written while waiting for the steamer "New York," at Southampton, in view of the harbour out of which the "Mayflower" sailed.

SOUTHAMPTON WATER, on whose havened breast
 A thousand ships for twice a thousand years
 Have fate fulfilled, — one sailed towards the West, —
 I love to wander on thy quays and piers.

I love along the Canute road to roam
 In airs of balm, when sounds of traffic cease,
 And meet the silent wanderers far from home
 Who chance to pass in England's port of peace,

Amid the ivied walls and broken towers,
 The coming ship that bears me home to wait,
 And glance to see in uneventful hours
 The signal flag rise o'er the Consulate.

In mellowing splendours lifts the sun, and falls
O'er listless oaks and lime-trees lines of gloom,
As when the Henrys, in manorial hall,
Beheld their idle fleets from latticed rooms.

I pass beneath the grand arch framed alone,
Where toward Agincourt moved the English spears,
With pealing trumpets wild and wilder blown
By Red Crossed Knights and sable cavaliers.

Or hie away to hapless Pollock's tomb —
Forgotten poet! to past years endeared —
Or pause awhile where latest fall flowers bloom
Beside the stone to Sothern's genius reared.

No suave lutes play, no harps Provençal tune
Beneath the Norman castles' ivied brow;
Far Netley Abbey rims the rising morn,
And Canute's Palace is a stable now.

Here Bluff King Hal his stolen consort brought
To yonder lattice, and, mid echoing horns,
Swept outward gaily with his glittering court
To fair New Forest, in the purple morns.

Here, ships go out, and ships return again,
And fond hearts wait to welcome or regret,
And commerce spoils the Manor of Brittainé,
Arundel's Tower, and Halls Plantagenet.

Here, Time's first fleets swept inward from the gales,
And later sails that Cornwall's treasure sought;
In soft airs near once blew the silken sails
By Queen Matilda for the Conqueror wrought.

O storied Canute, here a record tells
'T was on this strand thou orderedst back the sea;
The traveller reads it, and his memory dwells
Long on that tale of life's deep mystery.

Southampton Water, on thy tides have sailed
 What Northern galleys, Roman argosies!
 What forms have here returning navies hailed
 On shouting esplanades and quivering quays!

But of all ships that ever sunk thy shore,
 History records as bravest, noblest, best,
 The venturous "Mayflower" that the Pilgrims bore,
 To found the empires of the mighty West!

O Canute! Canute! to the Holy Rood!
 Who gave thy crown the will of God to bear;
 Because the sea was heedless to thy word, —
 Without the law, man's will is empty air!

O Canute! Canute! though the sea reproved
 Thy kingly words upon thy settled throne,
 Before the Pilgrims' sail it backward moved,
 And bowed the skies their destiny to own.

Back rolled the ocean, upward rose the cloud,
 As walked that ship along the deep sea's crest;
 And new life breathed in ever swelling shroud,
 And changed the Eastern empire to the West.

But, lo, the flag is on the Consulate,
 A kindred flag is lifting on the main, —
 "All hail New York!" Shout on! — to me who wait,
 'Tis but the Mayflower coming back again.

HEROINES OF THE SEA.

BIOGRAPHY records the heroic deeds of a number of women who have imperilled their lives to rescue persons who were drowning. Among the most notable of these women are Miss Eden, maid of honour to Adelaide, queen of William IV. of Great Britain (1792-1849), and Grace Darling, the heroine of the Farne Islands, Northumberland coast, England.

The Hon. Miss Eden nearly lost her life in a truly noble exertion. She was one day walking in the palace garden at Hampton Court, when a little boy

five or six years of age, the son of a labourer, fell into the Thames. He was immediately borne from the shore by the current, but floated upon the surface, crying in terror.

Miss Eden threw herself into the stream, and followed the child until she reached a point beyond her depth, when she was drawn beneath the surface, and nearly perished.

She at length, however, regained her footing, and gave an alarm to a ferryman, who rescued the boy, though not in time to save his life. The rank of the lady made the act, which was in itself in the highest degree heroic, widely known.

Grace Darling, by a single act of heroism, won the love of the world. The following are the most interesting particulars of her history:—

Her father was the keeper of a lighthouse on one of the most exposed of the Farne Islands. One wild, boisterous morning, Sept. 7, 1838, during the abatement of a storm, the Darlings discovered a wreck, at the distance of a mile from the lighthouse. The morning twilight deepened, partly dissipating the fog, and, by the aid of a glass, they discerned forms of human beings clinging to the rocks and to the fragments of the wreck.

The tide among the Farne Islands runs strongly, even in the calmest weather, especially among the outermost group, “pouring and roaring in raging whiteness,” as one describes the appearance of the sea at that place.

On the morning of the wreck, the waters were unusually rough, even for the stormy coast of Northumberland, the breakers dashing against the rocks with great violence, impelled by a cold northern wind.

Captain Darling, the keeper of the light, decided that it would be impossible to rescue the sufferers; that a returning tide would shortly baffle any attempt to pass between the islands; and that for one to set out in a boat in the direction of the wreck, would insure almost certain destruction. His daughter Grace, a delicate, sensitive girl of twenty-one summers, looked out on the scene of suffering with a heart overflowing with emotion.

“Launch the boat,” she said, with decision. “I will attempt the rescue, father, whatever be the peril or the consequence. Launch the boat. I will use one oar, will you not take the other?”

Captain Darling hesitated. Scenes of hardship and suffering had somewhat abated the force of his sympathetic feelings, and life was more dear to him than to the susceptible girl by his side.

But he launched the boat, and the two made their way among the perilous rocks, the sea roaring and rushing beneath them, and the storm-birds screaming above.

She rescued the survivors of the wreck, nine in number, and brought them safely over the rapids to her island home. The steamer had fifty-three persons on board at the time of the disaster, of whom thirty-eight perished.

The deed made the name of the heroic girl a household word throughout Europe, and caused the lonely lighthouse, on the desolate island, to become one of the most noted places on that rugged coast.

A public subscription was raised for Grace Darling, which amounted to seven hundred pounds. She died Oct. 20, 1842, at the age of twenty-seven. Her body was followed to the grave by a great concourse of people, four eminent gentlemen bearing the pall. Like all truly noble natures, she was simple and unaffected in appearance, and shrank from publicity and applause.

The name of Ida Lewis, of the Lime Rock Lighthouse, Newport, R. I., is as widely known as its associations are interesting. She has been called the Grace Darling of America. In no single instance, perhaps, has she been exposed to so great peril as was Grace Darling, but, at five different times, her own hands have rescued the drowning.

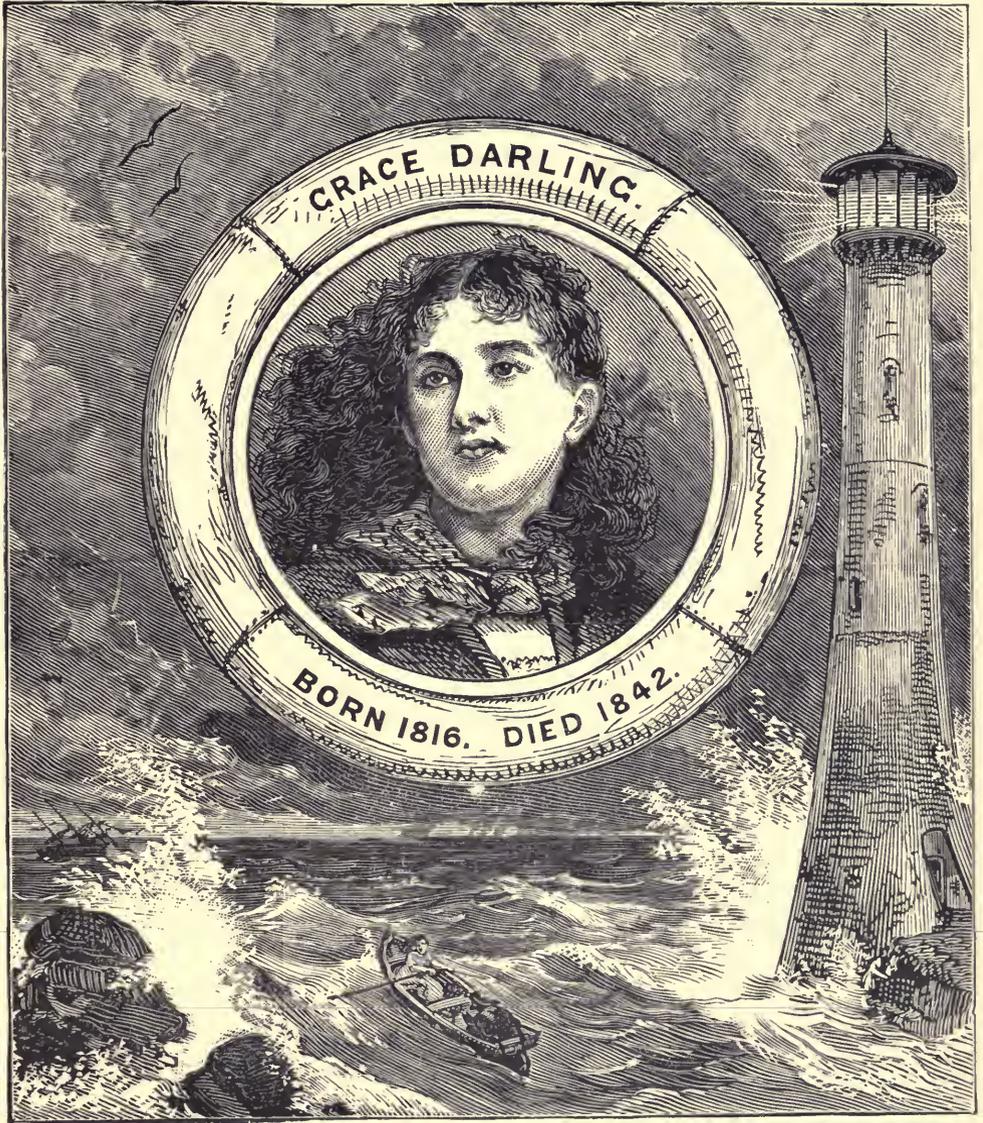
The illustrated papers and the picture stores have made her likeness familiar, and a number of sketches of her life have been published, of which the best is a pamphlet autobiography by Brewerton, the artist. From this, we gather the following facts concerning her life and rescues:—

Idawalley Zorada Lewis, the eldest daughter of Captain Hosea Lewis, the keeper of the Lime Rock Lighthouse, Newport Harbour, was born on the 25th of February, 1842. Her early years were passed in the public schools of Newport.

At the age of fifteen, she removed to Lime Rock, where her father kept the light. Her father, having been stricken with paralysis, became an invalid, and the care of the light and of the family fell upon the mother and the daughter.

The former fed the light, performing the prescribed duties of keeper, while the latter, "in storm or sunshine, beneath the September gale, the icy December blast, or the fervid sun of July," rowed to and fro, bringing supplies from the town. In this way, her sister and her brothers were enabled to attend school. In her passages across to Newport, she was oftentimes, according to the account before us, "up to her knees in water, pulling sturdily, when old boatmen looked askance upon the foaming billows, and shook their grizzled heads over the temerity of the too daring girl."

"Again and again," said her father to Colonel Brewerton, "have I seen the children from the window, as they were returning from school in some heavy



GRACE DARLING.

blow, when Ida alone was with them, when, old sailor that I am, I felt that I would not give a penny for their lives; and I have watched them till I could not bear to look any longer, expecting every moment to see them swamped, and at the mercy of the waves."

He added, "I have seen Ida, in bitter winter weather, obliged to cut off her frozen stockings at the knees."

One day in the autumn of 1858, when Ida was in her seventeenth year, a party of young gentlemen started on a pleasure trip between the Lime Rocks and Fort Adams. After sailing awhile, one of the fellows mounted the mast, in a frolicsome way, and rocked the boat to and fro, amusing himself at the discomfort of the others.

The boat suddenly overset, and filled, the keel only remaining above water. The young men were obliged to sustain themselves by swimming at the side of the disabled boat.

They at length became benumbed with cold, and were on the point of perishing. Miss Lewis discovered them in this perilous situation, and hastened in her boat to the rescue. They were saved through her exertions, though life in one of them had become nearly extinct.

About eight years from this time, in the month of February, 1866, a party of intoxicated soldiers, in attempting to cross from the town to the Fort in a skiff, sprung a plank, which cast them at once into the sea. Two of them were never heard of again. One clung to the wreck of the skiff, in which situation he was discovered at the Light. Miss Lewis immediately launched her boat on the cold, winter waters, and, without any assistance, rescued the sufferer.

In the January following, Miss Lewis rescued a party of Irishmen, whose boat had swamped amid the breakers.

It was a cold day. The wind was blowing heavily, and the disabled boat, with the terrified men, was carried seaward. When one of the Irishmen discovered that his rescuer was a woman, he thought that his prayers to Mary had received a miraculous answer, and exclaimed, with wonderful elevation of soul, —

"O Holy Vargin! have you come to save me?"

Miss Lewis next rescued a man whose boat had become wrecked on a submerged rock. The accident happened in the night, during a northeast wind. The boat settled upon the rock, leaving the man clinging to the rigging. The tide coming in, soon dashed around his body, and destruction seemed at hand, when, in the gray dawn of the winter's morning, the good angel of Lime Rock came to his relief.

Her last rescue, in which she displayed a heroism only equalled by the noble girl of the Farne Islands, is best known.

It took place on the evening of the 29th of March, 1869. It was a dark, stormy nightfall, the sea lashing and roaring, and the wind smiting the harbour with **unwonted** fury.

The lights of the town early glimmered through the fog, and the light on the Lime Rocks, in the dark twilight, blazed upon the open sea. Mrs. Lewis, while standing in the tower, supplying the fountain with oil, discovered a boat overset, and men struggling in the water.

“**Ida!**” she exclaimed, looking out on the wild bay, “**O my God! Ida, a boat is overset, and men are drowning!**”

In a moment, **Ida** was gone, without shoes, or hat, or outer garment, forgetful of herself, of the cold, the wind, the surges, and the storm. Her boat soon tossed on the foaming waves like a very thing of air.

The wind beat against it, and the waves dashed over it, and the thick darkness settled around it; but it baffled the wind, and the waves, and the darkness, and found its way to the scene of suffering. The rescued men, two in number, were soldiers from the Fort.

They were on the point of perishing, when rescued, and one of them was only removed from the boat by assistance, when they reached the Light.

The heroism of Miss Lewis has been widely recognised by the public, and she has received, among many evidences of appreciation, the thanks of the Legislature of Rhode Island, and the compliments of the President and of the Vice-President of the United States. She also has been the recipient of many valuable presents.

Should you visit Newport on some calm summer day, then, when you have seen its natural wonders, its great hotels, its villas, and its antiquities, cast your eye seaward, in the direction of the green slopes of the Fort, and behold a spot, barren and rude, to which the tourist may look, when his love for the beautiful has been gratified; and gain inspiration for a nobler and a more self-sacrificing life.

From Southampton our travellers visited Windsor Castle, where they saw the royal tombs of the Georges. Here they met an old English historian, who, in the long oak-shaded walks of the Park, told them —

THE STORY OF THE MAD KING.

WE are accustomed to find the name of George III. associated with the word "tyrant" in the early history of our country. When the writer was a boy he was taught that King George was a very bad man, and he looked upon him as a Henry VIII. or James II.

The king made many stupid political mistakes, or left his ministry to make them; but in his private life George III., a name in the days of our fathers always spoken with hate, was one of the purest, kindest, and the best of English kings.

His was a sad life, with all of its power and splendour.

Let me tell you some stories of it, and you will regret that so good and so sorely afflicted a king should have been led to treat his American colonies with injustice.

The discipline of insanity has refined many rough natures and quickened many cold hearts that otherwise might have passed as misanthropes in the world. Among these may fairly be classed George III. "Few princes," says Lord Brougham, "have been more exemplary in their domestic habits or in the offices of private friendship. But the instant his prerogative was concerned, or his bigotry interfered with, or his will thwarted, the most bitter animosity, the most calculating coldness of heart, took possession of his breast and swayed it by turns." This disposition made him unpopular at times, and but for a correcting providence — the chastisement of his constantly threatening affliction — might have lost him his throne. His frequent mental distresses made him humble, and kept his heart open to the unfortunate and the poor. Like Lear, he could look upon the meanest of his subjects, and say, —

"Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel."

The king was first attacked by insanity in 1765, when he was twenty-seven years old. It was in the spring-time. As is usual with the first manifestations of disease of this kind, when constitutional, he soon recovered.

In the latter part of the autumn of 1788, the king appeared to be nervous and restless, unsettled in mind, and apprehensive. He had often been low-spirited in recent years, which had been attributed to the loss of his American colonies. Returning from a long ride one bright October day, he hurried by, entered his apartment with an anxious, distressed look upon his face, and, flinging himself into a chair, burst into tears, exclaiming, "I am going to be mad, and I wish to God I might die!"

The sufferings of the king during the first apprehensive days of his malady were painful to witness, and his conduct was most humiliating for the monarch of a realm whose empire followed the sun. "He awoke," says one of Sheridan's correspondents on one occasion, "with all the gestures and ravings of a confirmed maniac, and a new noise in imitation of the howling of a dog." He seemed tempted with suicidal thoughts, and required constant watchfulness and restraint. "This morning," says one, "he made an attempt to jump out of the window, and is now very turbulent and incoherent."

The king grew worse during the last days of fall. On the 29th of November, he was removed to Kew, where he was to experience almost unspeakable horrors. Here he grew worse, his disease became settled, and the sad particulars of his conduct during the dreary months of December and January have, perhaps with commendable prudence, been withheld from the public eye.

Distressing indeed must have been the spectacle presented by the English monarch at this period of his incapacity; how distressing, a single anecdote will show. During his convalescence some friends of the royal household were passing through the palace accompanied by an equerry, when they observed a strait-jacket lying in a chair. The equerry averted his look as a mark of respect for the king. The latter, who had joined the company present, observed the movement, and said, —

"You need not be afraid to look at it. Perhaps it is the best friend I ever had in my life."

The recovery of the king from his second attack thrilled the nation with joy, and awakened a spirit of loyalty from sea to sea. London, on the night following the day on which the king resumed his functions, was a blaze of light from the palaces of the West End to the humblest huts in the suburbs. But the great illumination was a rising splendour, which only had its beginning here; it flashed like a spontaneous joy over all the cities of the realm. Gala days followed gala days, the nights were festive; the release of the king from his mental bondage seemed to lighten all hearts. On the 23d of April, the royal family went to the old cathedral of St. Paul's in solemn state to return thanks to God. It was an imposing procession. The bells rung out, the boom of the cannon echoed through the mellowing air, and light strains of music rose on every hand. As the king entered the cathedral between the bishops of London and Lincoln, the voices of five thousand children burst forth in grand chorus, "God save the king!"

At the sound of the jubilant strain, the king's emotions overcame him. He covered his face and wept.

"I do now feel that I have been ill," he said to the Bishop of London, as soon as he could restrain his tears.

The joy of the nation was sincere. As delightful to the king must have been the days that followed, when he set forth with the queen and a part of the royal family for a long tour to the west of England. The roads were lined with people and spanned with arches of flowers; girls crowned with wreaths strewed flowers in the streets of the villages through which he passed; bells were rung, the bands were out, — all was festivity from London to Weymouth. Wide must have been the contrast between this new freedom and good Dr. Willis's strait-jacket.

Weymouth at this time possessed rare charms for the king. Unvexed by ministerial disputes and the cares of state, free from the last shadow of the clouds that had darkened his mind, with a humble heart, feeling that he was after all but a dependent man among weak and dependent men, he joined the peasants in their sports; he caressed their children; he gave pious advice to old women, and wholesome counsel to ambitious lads and buxom lassies; he wandered through the hay-fields with the mowers, and was rocked by the common sailors on the foamy waters of Portland Roads. His intercourse with the peasantry at this period gave him a popularity that he never outlived.

The familiarity of notable monarchs with their poorer and meaner subjects has ever been an engaging theme with the historian and the poet. Thus we have the child-charming stories of Henry VIII. and the miller of Dee; of King John and the abbot; of Edward IV. and the tanner; of Philip of Burgundy and the tinker, which, with some shifting of scenes, is told in the Induction to Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*. About few monarchs have so many pleasing anecdotes of this kind been related as about George III. This humility was a result of his great afflictions, and a most fortunate one for his popularity, since in the eyes of the people his charity covered a multitude of political errors.

After the first beating of the storm of affliction upon his own head, he had a sensitiveness that would never allow him to witness a scene of suffering without emotion, however humble might be the condition of the sufferer. A volume of anecdotes might be collected to illustrate this gentleness of character when want or woe was presented directly before him. He was walking one day, during the hard winter of 1785, unbending his mind from the cares of state, when he chanced to meet two little boys, who, not knowing whom they were addressing, fell upon their knees in the snow, and, wringing their hands, said, — "Help us! We are hungry; we have nothing to eat."

Their pinched faces were wet with tears.

"Get up," said the king. "Where do you live?"

"Our mother is dead; and our father lies sick; and we have no money, food, or fire."

"Go home," said the king, "and I will follow you."

They at last reached a wretched hovel, where the king found the mother dead, having perished for the want of the necessities of life, and the wretched father ready to perish, but still encircling with his bony arm the deceased partner of his woes. The king's eye moistened, and he hurried back to the Queen's Lodge, and related to the queen what he had seen. He not only immediately relieved the present necessities of the family, but gave orders that the boys should be supported and educated from the royal bounty.

George III. was fond of children. All crazy people are, in their better moods. Walking one day near Windsor, he met a stable boy, and asked, —

"Well, boy, what do you do, and what do they pay you?"

"I help in the stable, sir; but they only give me my victuals and clothes."

"Be content," said the king, in a philosophical mood; "*I* can have nothing more."

He was accustomed to refer to "the loss of *my* American colonies" with sadness; but we do not know that he ever condemned the policy of his advisers. — Lord Bute, Grenville, and Lord North.

The king surpassed all other monarchs in the whimsical play of "good Haroun-al-Rashid." He loved nothing better than to meet his poorer and meaner subjects incognito, and learn their good opinion of him. He once played the part of Saxon Alfred as well as that of the Persian caliph, and turned a piece of meat in a cottage. When the old woman returned, what was her delight at finding a royal note, with an inclosure. It ran, "Five guineas to buy a jack."

Among the statesmen of his reign favourable to the American cause were Fox, Pitt, and Burke. The Earl of Chatham was a friend to America until France espoused the cause of the colonies. He fell dead while speaking on the American question.

Age as well as trouble at last battered the strong form of the king, and his life became more Lear-like as the twilight shadows began to fall. His sympathies seemed to take a wider range, and his charity to gather new sweetness, as the evening of age came on. In 1786, a poor insane woman, named Margaret Nicholson, attempted to assassinate him as he was in the act of stepping from his carriage. The king, on finding that she was insane, remembered his own frailty, spoke of her with great pity, and tried to disarm the popular prejudice against her. In 1790, John Frith, an insane man, attempted the king's life,



GEORGE III.

and another lunatic shot at him in 1800, for each of whom the king was moved to extreme pity when he understood the nature of their malady.

George III. had fifteen children. His favourite was the Princess Amelia. In her early days she was a gay, light-hearted girl; but as she grew older she became affectionate and reflective, yielding to the deeper sentiments of her emotional nature, and making herself the companion of the king in his decline. She once told her experience in life in two fair stanzas, that have been preserved:—

“ Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed and danced and talked and sung,
And, proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain,—
Concluding in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

“ But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could sing and dance no more,
It then occurred how sad 't would be
Were *this* world only made for me.”

In 1810, she was attacked with a lingering and fatal illness. Her sufferings at times were heart-rending to witness; but her sublime confidence in God kept her mind serene, and brought the sweetest anticipations of another and a better world.

The old king lingered by her bedside, her affectionate watcher and nurse. They talked together daily of Christ, of redemption, and of the joys of heaven. “ The only hope of the sinner is in the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ. Do you feel this hope, my daughter? Does it sustain you? ”

“ Nothing,” says an English clergyman who witnessed these interviews, “ can be more striking than the sight of the king, aged and nearly blind, bending over the couch on which the princess lies, and speaking to her of salvation through Christ as a matter far more interesting than the most magnificent pomps of royalty.”

As she grew weaker, he caused the physicians to make a statement of her condition every hour. When he found her sinking, the old dejection and gloom began to overcast his mind again. He felt, like Lear, that he had one true heart to love him for himself alone. This love was more precious to him than crowns and thrones. The world offered nothing to him so sweet as her affection. She was his Cordelia. One gloomy day a messenger came to the

king's room to announce that Amelia had breathed her last. It was too much for the king; reason began to waver and soon took its flight. "This was caused by poor Amelia," he was heard saying, as the shadows deepened and the dreary winter of age came stealing on.

"Thou 'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!"

This was in 1810. The remaining ten years of his life were passed, with the exception of a few brief intervals, in the long night of mindlessness, and the last eight years were still more deeply shadowed by the loss of sight. In May, 1811, he appeared once outside of the castle of Windsor, and henceforth the people saw him no more. Thackeray represents him as withdrawn from all eyes but those that watched his necessities, in silence and in darkness, crownless, throneless, sceptreless; there was for him neither sun, moon, nor stars, empire, wife, nor child. The seasons came and went,—the spring-time lighted up the hills and autumn withered the leaves, the summer sunshine dreamed in the flowers and the snows of winter fell; battles were fought; Waterloo changed the front of the political world; Napoleon fell; the nation was filled with festive rejoicings over the battles of Vittoria, the Pyrenees, and Toulouse,—but he was oblivious of all. His sister died; his beloved queen died; his son, the Duke of Kent, died,—but he knew it not. He was often confined in a padded room; his beard grew long; he seemed like a full personification of the character of Lear. Once he was heard repeating to himself the sad lines of Samson Agonistes,—

"Oh, dark, dark, dark! Amid the blaze of noon,
Irrevocably dark! Total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!"

Some incidents of this period are very touching. One day, while his attendants were leading him along one of the passages of the castle, he heard some one draw quickly aside. "Who is there?" asked the king.

He was answered in a well-known voice.

"I am now blind," said the king.

"I am very sorry, please your Majesty."

"But," continued the king, "I am quite resigned; for what have we to do in this world but to suffer as well as to perform the will of the Almighty?"

Music seemed to collect his thoughts and soothe his feelings; and the piano and harpischord were his favourite instruments. In 1811, he, for the last time, made the selection of pieces for a grand sacred concert. It comprised Handel's famous passages descriptive of madness and blindness, the

lamentation of Jephthah on the loss of his daughter, and the list ended with "God save the King." The performance of the last moistened all eyes, after what had gone before.

Thus passed the last ten years of the monarch's life, in a gradual decline, amid an obscurity lighted by occasional gleams of reason, and always full of the keenest pathos; until, in 1820, the great bell of St. Paul's announced his final release.

The popularity of George III. in England was largely due to his humble piety, and to his familiarity with his poorer and meaner subjects. Each of these characteristics was the result, in a measure, of his mental misfortunes. It was because the king never dared to forget that he was a man, that the people always loved to remember that he was a king.

Our travellers went from Southampton to Lisbon; and while the ship stopped at that port they made an excursion into Spain,—a country that we have already described in another volume. Harold here saw that, with all of his economy, he could not go to South America and return on five hundred dollars, unless he took an unusual course. One of the stewards of the ship had fallen ill at Lisbon, and was sent to the quarantine. Harold applied for his place, which was granted him. He would now go to the Argentine Republic free. The voyage lasted some three weeks. The evenings were passed by the passengers in games and stories. It was a beautiful voyage over a calm sea, with sunny skies by day, and low hanging stars by night.



CAYENNE.

CHAPTER XII.

THE COAST OF THE DISCOVERY.



THE coast of the discovery of the American continent by Vespucci includes Guiana and Brazil. Trinidad, or the port of Spain, was long the principal commercial city of this region. Guiana is a general name for this part of equatorial America between the Orinoco and the Amazon. Guiana was divided between four nations, — Portugal, France, Holland, and England. The beauty of its climate and vegetation once caused it to be regarded as a kind of earthly paradise; but its influence has declined, and the Oriental kind of view of it has not been fulfilled.

The capital of French Guiana is Cayenne, a name familiar as given to a kind of pepper. It was settled by political offenders. When France lost Canada she made an effort to make the loss good by planting colonies in this part of South America.

Cayenne is situated in a wilderness of shrubs, orange-groves, and every kind of tropical vegetation. The climate which causes the

earth to pour forth fruit and flowers is not altogether healthy. A hammock in the shade is one of the luxuries of the place.

The Jesuit mission-houses in an orange-grove are simple but picturesque.

The roads near the place are wonders in their high walls of trees and tropical vegetation. The country is full of waterfalls; cotton, indigo, and coffee abound, and the pineapple groves or gardens are here the finest in the world. In the woods, mahogany, violet-wood, satin-wood, and rosewood are as common as oaks and pines in our own land.

The Rio Negro, lying south of Guiana, is twelve hundred miles in length. Its waters are often black, and the stream is shadowed by wonderful vegetation. Here the sun blazes; bright birds fill the trees; the sky is a living splendour, and the air is song. But these regions are malarious and unhealthy. Beauty, as it were, poisons the air.

The shores of Brazil abound with gigantic trees, strange ferns and palms, especially where rivers come flowing out of the far virgin forests into the sea.

Genoa is called the "Superb" when seen from the sea. Rio Janeiro, the Brazilian capital, is also superb when seen from the deck of an approaching vessel. Great rocks rise right and left like a gateway. Entering the portal, the harbour lies before us like a lake. Around us are islands of flowers, and in the distance palmy heights.

The houses and churches are white; the water, blue; the hills green; the avenues are cooled by mangoes, rose-apples, and rose-trees. The botanic garden, with its Avenue of Palms, is famous for its beauty. The tall columns of trees, with their graceful and feathery heads, recall the temples of the Asiatic world. The Paseo Publico, as a park-like road or avenue is called, is very lovely in the evening, when the Southern Cross is in the sky, and the stars burn low, and fireflies dance in the air.

The Amazon is the monarch of rivers. Its forests are vast and luxuriant, and the ancient trees are draped with plants and parasites. The flowers are the most beautiful in all the world. Here are the flaming orchids; here grow the cinchona and the india-rubber-tree. Here, in wonderful gardens and on stall-like farms, are cultivated coffees, sugar-cane, cotton, cacao, rice, tobacco, maize, oranges, gums, figs, bananas, and nearly all the luscious fruits of the world. Here India itself is recalled. The coast-lands are unhealthy, but the plateaux are salubrious; what must these uplifted regions some day become in the new experiences of the world?

December, January, and February are summer here; June, July, and August are cool.

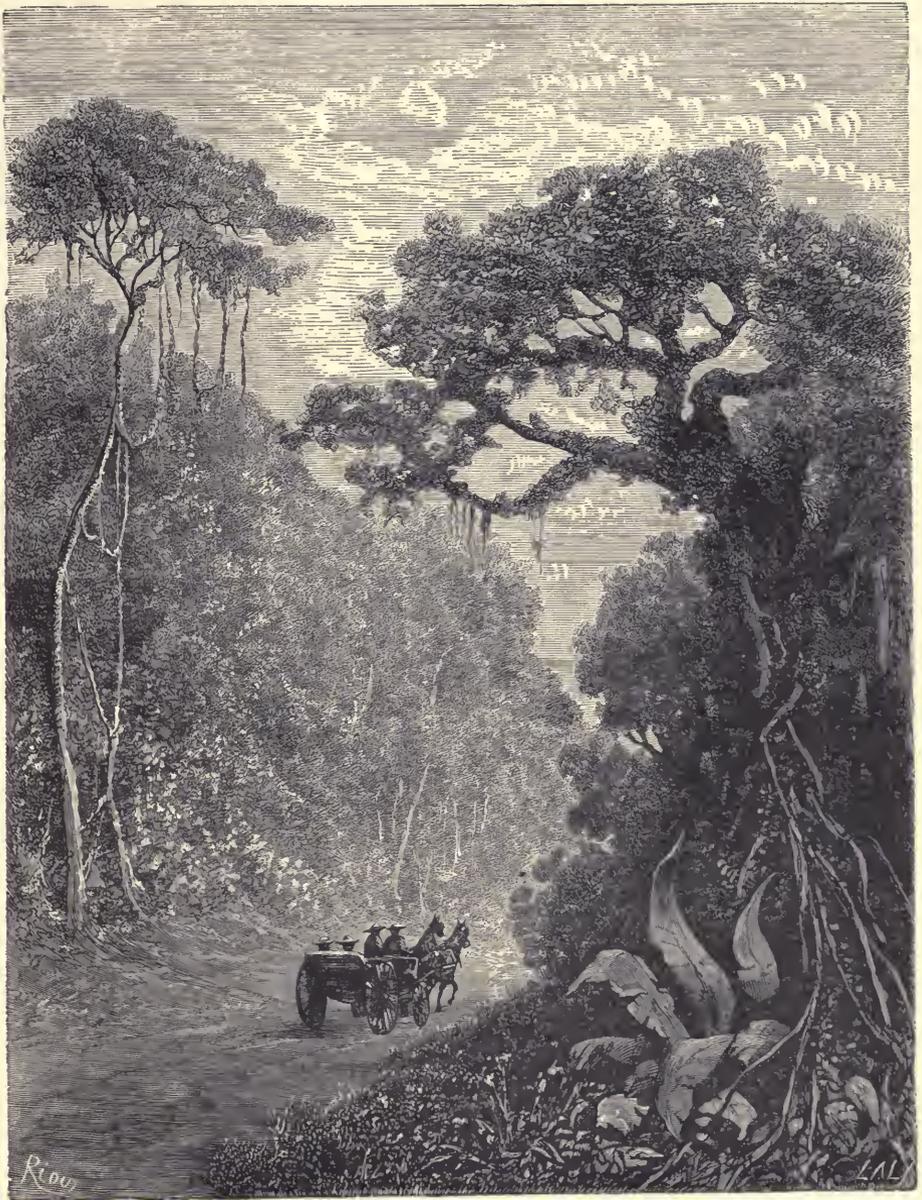
Here is the paradise of birds. The affectionate blue-fronted parrot abounds here, — the loveliest creature in all the world. These birds learn to talk like children, and they love and hate with almost human intensity.

Here are found a thousand species of butterflies; here, humming-birds that are very jewels of the air. Sloths are here, monkeys in *nations*, peccaries, coral snakes, anacondas, and pythons, great owls, toucans, and cockatoos.

In Brazil, there is a million or more wandering Indians. Here is a field for teachers. These tribes have *possibilities*. What may such possibilities unfold? In view of what Mexico and Japan have done in the last twenty years in overcoming traditional prejudices, and rising to the new opportunities of Western education, what may not the original inhabitants of South America yet become?

In education, Brazil is leading the way to new destinies. The tablelands of the Andes will, in some future age, be glorious not only with the most beautiful products of Nature, but with all the arts of progress and peace.

The journey over the Andes is one of the most delightful in all the world.



ROAD NEAR CAYENNE.



FALLS OF THE RIO NEGRO.

There are few scenes on earth more uplifting to the soul than the sight of the summits of the Andes, lining the cerulean azure, and towering in the sun.

The Argentine Republic is in part becoming Germanised; Northern Europe seems destined to supplant the Spanish race in some of the finest districts of southern South America; German commerce, railroads, and centres of trade are making their influence felt in the most promising parts of these republics of the sun. The Argentine Republic is a network of railways; and, sweeping away from Buenos Ayres, the Paris or Berlin of South America, we cross the open plains, and come to Mendoza, at the foot of the gleaming Andes. The mountain-walls bar the west; the peaks pierce the sky; everything in Nature becomes solemn and picturesque,—the morning sunrise is a glory transfiguring the uplifted earth, and the sunset is a glory never to be forgotten.

From the town of Mendoza, the grand army of liberation went up the Andes. San Martin, the liberator, led it. Of the 9000 mules laden with equipments, nearly half died in the rare air; but the army went on. The battle of Maipo crowned it with victory.



MOUTH OF THE SAGNASSON.

San Martin was one of the most glorious of the leaders of South American liberty. There have been few spirits more noble in all the world's history; his biography reads like a leaf from Plutarch.

Like Lafayette, he consecrated his sword to liberty.

He achieved the independence of Argentina.

The new republic offered him the supreme place in her army, and military rule.



AVENUE OF PALMS.

"No," said San Martin, "I did not fight for glory."

Chili offered him ten thousand ounces of gold.

"No," said San Martin, "I did not fight for emolument." He gave the gold to the library of Santiago.

He achieved the independence of Peru. The old Incarial Empire offered him the supreme office of state.

His answer was sublime.

"The presence of a fortunate general in the land where he has conquered, is detrimental to the state. I have won the independence of Peru. I have ceased to be a public man."



"THE PEAKS PIERCE THE SKY."

Taking his lovely daughter Mercedes, and only about three thousand dollars in gold, he sailed for Europe; and there, in the interests of the peace of his country, he lived in voluntary exile, and died in poverty.

Some years after his death, his body was brought back to Buenos Ayres to receive, as it were, a coronation. His funeral was one of the great events of South America. He was entombed amid marble allegories; and his tomb will forever be a shrine. One of the first visits that the historic

pilgrim makes in Buenos Ayres is to this noble mausoleum.

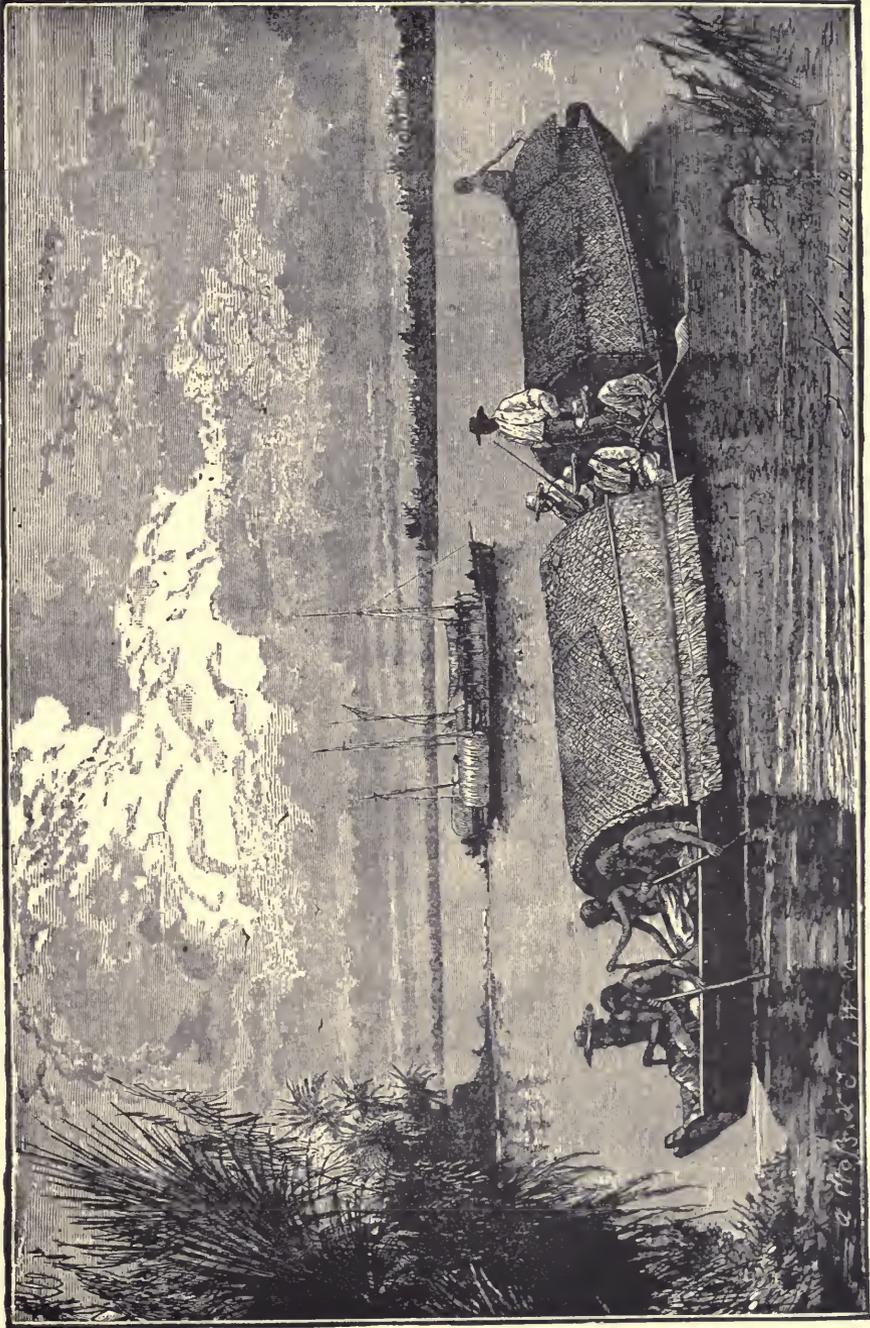
“Thou must be that which thou oughtest to be, or else thou shalt be nothing,” was the motto of San Martin. He saved his life by losing it, and he must ever rise higher and higher in the temple of the immortals.

One lingers at Mendoza in the shadows of the high Andes. It is still and beautiful there. The streets are broad and overarched with trees. The *Calle* (street) General San Martin recalls the great deeds of the liberator.

The old way to cross over the Andes from Mendoza to Santiago de Chili was by mule-back in summer-time, — January, February — all the seasons are here reversed. Half-a-dozen mules, one of which was a bell-mule, under the direction of a *arriero* or muleteer, with servants, were the means of conveyance. Now the railway is so nearly completed that rail and coach, or diligence, are making the stupendous journey easy. The mules, high-cushioned saddles, and big spurs will soon disappear from the old route; the engine whistle is already blowing. The brush-roofed houses of shelter are giving place to stations. And it is Germany and England, and not Spain, that leads the procession of the travellers who thus ascend the heavens amid giant mountain-walls, foaming cascades, and desert wastes, and peaks gleaming over peaks in whose crystals the sun gleams like the light in the fire-opals. The Argentine side of the Cordilleras is like a Titan's highway, — solemn, awe-inspiring, oppressive in its grandeur. The Chilian side is a paradise of trees and flowers, among which cool rivers run, and over which shine the frozen rainbows of eternal snows.

Santiago de Chili, one of the most beautiful of the world's cities, is situated at the foot of the grand Cordilleras. In less than four hours, by an express train, one may be at its port, Valparaiso. With the lofty peaks near at hand, and the Pacific within easy distance, it is a very desirable place of resort for a traveller, and more so on this account, that the climate is temperate and healthy.

It is a city of progress. Here education has gone to the front.



BOATS ON THE AMAZON.

The government buildings are very picturesque and expressive ; and many of the private residences are palaces.

The wooded hill of Santa Lucia is a delightful resort. From it stretches a vast plain, walled by peaks which ascend to the pinnacles of crystal and sapphire. There are great dews here by night, and rain only falls in the winter months. The temperature ranges from 52° to 70° during the year. The sun seems to shine here forever in an azure sky, Santiago de Chili is a city of the sun.

The plaza is the heart of the city. All local travel circulates from here. It is shaded by delicious trees, and bordered with gardens and trellised walks, and has a fountain which plays amid perfumed flowers.

It is a delight to linger here in the long summer days. It is a garden of peace. The atmospheres in their changing light are restful and dreamy.

People of all nations who come to the port of Valparaiso, may be found here, — resting, lounging, many of them smoking. Bright smiling faces flit to and fro. Beautiful girls and their companions in picturesque costumes, Indians, travellers, merchants, sailors, — all look as though there was nothing in the world to do.

A sailor, meeting Henry, asked : “ Have you been long among the *Andirons* ? ”

Pupils from the English schools, passed along the cool walks. One of these schools had its beginning in the missionary efforts of the daughter of a Methodist minister, who, having read Bishop Taylor's works, set out for the Andes as a teacher, having only her Spanish grammar and her faith. When at one time her money failed, she lived on *pumpkin-seeds*. But her visions came to pass.

The Andeans of Chili are called the “ Yankees of South America.” The women are as enterprising as the men. The girls act as conductors on the great net-work of tramways. The city contains about two hundred thousand inhabitants, and doubtless has a magnificent future before it. The rich bring their treasures here, and Education is here making her home. English schools are here

largely attended. Spain seems to be going everywhere, and Germany and England to be filling the young republics of the sun.

The Alameda is a highway of the statues of heroes. Among these statues is glorious San Martin, who crossed the Andes as Napoleon crossed the Alps. Under the trees of the Alameda on the country-side picturesque gipsies may often be seen.

If there be a wonderful railway progress and enterprise in Chili, so is there also a like spirit in periodical literature. There are more than four hundred periodicals published in Chili. Santiago has eight daily papers.

Here the people smoke with a far-off look on their faces, and read. The telegraph brings the world to them, amid the restful shades of the plaza and Alameda.

Out of the blue bay of the rock-climbed city of Valparaiso, our travellers went to Iquique, the second city of Chili in commercial importance, though not so as regards population. Their purpose was to visit the nitrate desert of Tarapaca, one of the most curious places in all the world. The ships at this port are usually anchored some distance from the moles, and traffic is sometimes landed on the back of men who wade through the shallow water. The mountains here rise gloomy and barren, zebraed with paths of lighter hue. As it sometimes does not rain here for years, there is no vegetation.

The nitrate desert is reached by railway, and is a vast chemical laboratory of salts, — *salitierras*; of these *salitierras* the province of Tarapaca is the richest and most interesting.

The production of nitrate of soda at Tarapaca is one of the important industries of the world. What is nitrate of soda? Why is it so useful?

It is used in the manufacture of gunpowder, and is a powerful fertiliser. It is said that no crop can flourish without nitrogen; so the nitrate is an important factor in producing death and life. In 1889, more than twenty million quintals (one hundred pounds) of nitrate of soda were exported from Chili.



GATE OF THE CORDILLERAS.

CHAPTER XIII.

PERU.



IMA has been called the Pearl of the Pacific. The old Spanish romances cluster around it; its history is like the fading of a splendid vision; its cathedral still recalls the times of old.

Spain is dying in the lands she robbed. England and Germany take the lead in industry and commerce in Peru. Science is king; he builds and holds the railroads, and works the mines.

Before our travellers went to the Pearl of the Pacific, they stopped at Mollendo, and went by rail to Arequipa, and thence to Lake Titicaca, one of the most elevated bodies of water in the world, on whose borders are the ruins of one of the golden temples of the Children of the Sun.

They were now on their way to Cuzco, once the scene and theatre of the highest civilisation ever reached by the native tribes of the Americas before the discovery.

The ancient city of Cuzco, the Incarial capital, stands at a height of more than eleven thousand feet above the sea. It is situated in a fertile valley of barley and lucern, and is surrounded by some of the grandest forests of the mid-sierra. The valley is like a paradise; the atmosphere is a splendour. Here birds sing, flowers bloom, and waters flow, in a land uplifted to the sun, and surrounded by verdant mountain walls and gleaming peaks. Here was indeed the place for a golden city, and here a golden city rose.

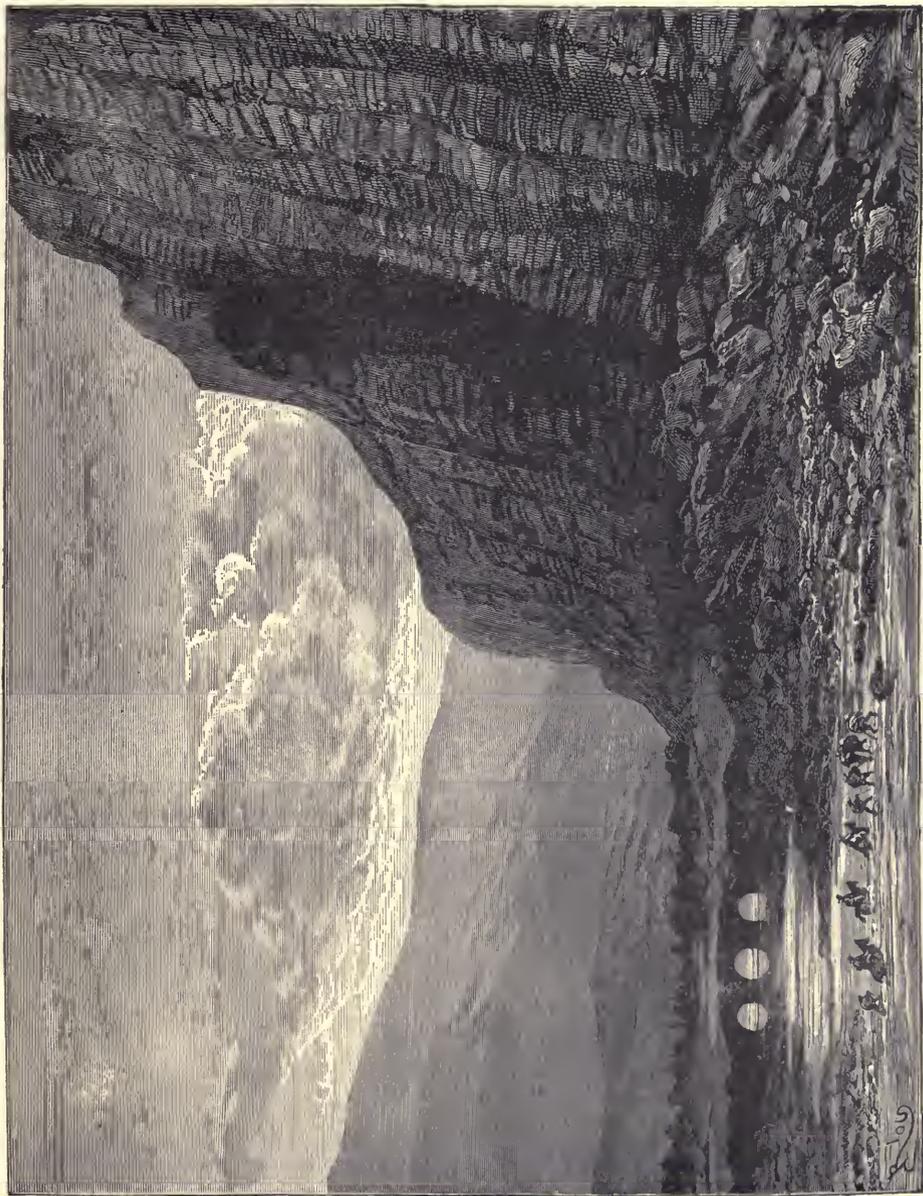
Who were the Incas?

According to the Peruvian belief and legends, Manco, the first Inca, descended with his wife from the sun to the shores of Lake Titicaca. He proclaimed himself a Child of the Sun sent from heaven to instruct the people. He carried with him a golden wedge.

He claimed that it had been revealed to him that wherever this golden wedge should sink into the earth there he should find his capital, and around it should rise the Empire of the Sun, and a people of celestial destiny. He travelled away from the shores of Titicaca, and came to the blooming valley of Cuzco. Here the golden wedge disappeared in the earth; there he founded the Peruvian race. He died after a reign of forty years, in 1062, and ascended to his father the Sun. He taught the people that there was one God, whose gift to man was the sun, from which all things proceeded. He instructed them in the virtues, in agriculture, and the arts.

The descendants of the Inca ruled Peru for centuries, and upheld in the flowery valley a Golden Empire. They were Priests of the Sun. The plain of Titicaca had an area of more than thirty thousand miles (larger than Ireland), its lake being 12,846 feet above the level of the sea, or sixteen hundred feet higher than the loftiest mountain pass of Europe. It was a land of wild flowers, many of which have become favourites of the world. Here bloomed the verbena, the lupine, the fuschia, and the fragrant heliotrope. Here fed the vicuña and the alpaca. The tablelands of the Andes in these bright regions are higher than any in the world except Tibet. Their towers exceeded in height the peaks of the Jungfrau and the Wetterhorn.

At the time of the Incas, Peru had a population nearly as large as France to-day. The present population is only about three million. The Andes of Peru abounded in mines of gold. These were worked, and the ores changed into ornaments for the temples and homes. Cuzco blazed with gold, the spoils of which were one day to enrich Spain, and curse her for her selfishness and robbery.



MOUNTAIN NEAR HUARA.

Everything luxurious seemed to be found in Peru. Gold, ores, fragrant flowers, birds of bright plumage, forests of gums, woods, the inestimable Peruvian bark, india-rubber, vanilla, indigo, cinnamon, sarsaparilla, ipecacuanha. The islands were the homes of birds. Besides gold, the mountains abounded with silver, copper, and lead.

Here grew the maize, and was made an offering in the Incarial rites to the sun. Our potato had its origin here. But the empire to whom the sun gave all things decayed. The Latin race that spoiled her has also declined. It is not what a race has, but what a race is, that determines its prosperity, growth, and continuance. The necessity to struggle, and the principles of justice, honour, and mercy, make nations great. The Peruvians had not this necessity; and Spain had not honour; and the history of these countries reads like a dream.

Journeys may be made from Cuzco, which reveal the most stupendous scenery. Such may be made to the mountains near Huaro, the Gate of the Cordilleras, the Cerro Escopal. The *haciendas* (farms) are solitary and interesting, and the rivers and waterfalls are as lovely as the mountain passes and crystal peaks.

Among the rivers whose scenery is picturesque are the Rio Cuchua, the Rio Maniri, the Rio Ccoñi, and the Rio de Condorama.

The towns also in the valleys are very picturesque. Take for example the mountain town of Cailloma la Rica, of which we give an engraving. The rivers with basalt dikes are among the wonders of this wonderful world.

The traveller's ways here are perilous. The artist will again help us here. To those who have the means and courage to explore these regions in canoes, with Indian guides, the revelation of Nature is a continuous surprise.

We quote at length a magnificent article on these wonderful regions, which fully describes the places to which we have alluded.

“ We shall present several views obtained on a journey to the east

of Cuzco, and afterwards another series representing an excursion down the valley of the Apurimac, a region lying west of that city.

“ Let us imagine ourselves starting from Cuzco in the early morning, with a large cavalcade and a numerous train of pack-mules, carrying all the necessary outfit for such an expedition. A day’s journey brings us to the village of Huaró ; and, on the following morning, leaving the village, we desert the main road, which keeps along the higher ground up the valley of the Huilcanota, through the Pass of the Sierra, and so on to Titicaca, the great mountain-lake of Peru. Our path descends, by a succession of zigzags, towards the bottom of the ravine in which flows the little stream. The ravine itself, strewn with enormous rocks and a multitude of small, round pebbles, is about half a mile in width. Through it the river runs,—in the dry season a mere thread of silver, but at the time when the snows melt, transformed into a mad torrent, it fills the whole width of the ravine, carrying in its muddy current huge rocks detached from the mountain side, and paving-stones from the villages through which it passes.

“ Reaching the opposite bank, our cavalcade prepares itself to climb the huge mountain of clay-slate which bars the way. This enormous mass from base to summit presents the usual stratification of slate, varying in colour from bluish-gray to a shade almost black, the surface in many places having a vitrified appearance, as if it had been subjected to intense heat. Steep and narrow footpaths, invisible at a distance, so hidden are they by the salient or retreating angles of the stratification, lead to the summit; and both men and horses require often to rest, in the long and wearisome ascent, to accustom the lungs to the extremely rarefied air of this great height.

“ Three hours’ steady climbing brings us to the top, and we find ourselves upon a vast plateau which stretches away to the horizon like a limitless plain. No road crosses this region, but the muleteers well know their way, and direct us east-southeast with the certainty of a hunting-dog following a scent; and towards night one of them



VALLEY OF THE MARCOPATA.



HACIENDA OF LAURAMARCA

cries out, 'Lauramarca!' It is the *hacienda* where we are to pass the night.

"The high table-lands of the Peruvian Andes abound in great solitary *haciendas* like this; but Lauramarca is, or has been till lately, the most important one in all the region. A large stone building with red-tile roofs, and quite a little village of Indian huts near it, surrounded by a crowd of men and animals, compose the picture as we draw nearer, and a salute, as from myriads of tin fish-horns, welcomes the newly-arrived party.

"The limits of this estate are not well-defined, but it extends over a great variety of soil, and by reason of the diversities in elevation, has a great variety of productions. Its plateaux, adjacent to the snow line, nourish countless herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, llamas, and the alpaca. The flesh of these animals, fresh or dried, their wool, horns, and hides, also their butter and cheese, are sent down the

mountains, and sold all along the Pacific coast. On the slopes of the plateau wander thousands of half-wild horses, requiring no care save to be gathered in and branded every three years, and sold whenever their owner has need of money. Besides this, the agricultural products of the *hacienda* are very important, consisting of wheat, oats, barley, lucern, and maize, and three kinds of potatoes highly valued in the country.

“Descending the eastern slope of the plateau, we arrive at the base of the Andes of Avisca. Crossing their outer rampart, through one of those gaps called in the language of the country *puncas*, or gates, a magnificent region of ice and snow appears before us. This part of the chain of Avisca offers a prodigious group of extinct volcanoes, rising one behind another in peaks and needles and crests, in shapeless masses and abrupt descents, covered with perpetual snow. Through this region, by wild and dangerous paths, we make our way a distance of ten miles, lengthened to double by the circuits of the road, out to the head-waters of the Marcopata, a region of wonderful grandeur and beauty.

“The valley here is not over a mile in width; all the way down it has its double row of high hills of conical outline, making a solid mountain wall for half their height, then separate and wooded to the very top, while behind them rise the snowy heights of Apu and Choquechanca, azure in their shadows, and shining faint rose-colour on the side kissed by the morning sun. Two streams, coming one from the northwest, the other from the southwest, leap from the hillsides like silvery arrows, and, directing their parallel course towards the east, meet after three miles at the foot of a hill on whose summit stands the village of Marcopata, — a hundred and ten irregularly placed huts, and a church with a square tower and a roof of thatch.

“Following the valley down, at every mile some new picture charms the eye. It is, perhaps, the Cerro Escopal with its singular truncated cone, wooded nearly to the summit; or it is the wild dash of the



RIO CCOÑI.

mountain torrents that come down to join their waters to those of the main river, like the Cadena, the Cuchua, or the Maniri ; but ever the main stream grows wider and stronger, until we find it with broad current, fretted only by a rapid here and there, under the name of the Ccoñi, an important

branch of one of the main affluents of the Amazon. In all this region, the luxuriance of vegetation, and the abundance of animal and insect life, surround the traveller with ever new and fascinating variety. Colossal trees abound, and parasitic plants of incredible size and strength cling to their trunks, and hang down in great festoons from their long branches. Some of the shrubs of this country attain a growth that is truly marvellous ; one in particular, a *Rhexia*, which attains a height of seven or eight feet, merits the appellation of the 'king of shrubs.' It bears flowers of a great size, of an extremely delicate pinkish-violet tint ; its quadrangular stem is striped red and green, and its five-nerved leaves, covered with a soft down, are bright green above and of a dull orange colour on the under side.



THE CERRO ESCOPAL.

“ Any reference, however casual, to the flora of Peru must make mention of the Cinchona, or Quinquina, as it is variously called, the tree whose bark supplies the well-known febrifuge, quinine. The date at which the medicinal virtues of this tree were discovered appears to be not far from 1636, at which time it is first mentioned by the Spanish chroniclers. To the Incas it evidently was not known; and it seems to have been first successfully used in 1638, when the Spanish Viceroy's wife was cured of a fever by its administration. On her return to Spain this lady carried a large supply of Quinquina bark, and distributed it among her friends. Some years later, Jesuit missionaries, returning from South America, introduced the new remedy at Rome, and exerted themselves to extend its use throughout Italy; and France and England also received it not far from the same time. Finally, from Linnæus it received scientific classification in the family of Rubiaceæ, of which he makes it a genus by itself, with the name *Cinchona officinalis*.

“ It appears that the conditions requisite for the growth of the Cinchona are elevation and irregularity of surface, heat by day and a much lower temperature by night, and a constantly moist atmosphere combined with considerable dryness of soil, — all which conditions are combined on the Andean slopes, in a belt of territory two thousand miles in length and varying in width, but never exceeding two degrees.

“ For our western expedition in the Peruvian sierras, we return to the main highway, if so we may call it, of the valley of the Huilcanota, and follow it southward to the point where the Sierra of Huilcanota unites with, or rather disappears in, the great chain of the western Andes. All the grandeur of the region of perpetual snow reigns over the desolate post-hut, or Machu-Condoroma, our first station on the western slope of the Cordillera. Two mountain masses whose disjointed stratification, — fractured, dislocated, here at an angle, there vertical, now retreating, now overhanging, — rise before us, representing in the foreground two huge pylons, between which we must pass.



RIO MANIRL

One of these masses retains a dark brick-red colour, as if the central fire which originally lifted and dislocated all its strata kept it yet in a dull glow. The other, blackish and streaked with gray, blue, and a dull yellow, has an appearance of being vitrified. Through the gap which opens between these two, we behold the post-station, a low building of rough stone. From its chimney rises a thick cloud of



RIO CADENA.

smoke, thrown up with extreme distinctness against the snowy background of the mountains behind it.

“ After a few hours’ rest at Machu-Condorama, our party proceeds on its way. As the sun rises higher, the white mantle of snow thrown over everything tears away here and there, showing the colour of the soil ; and rivulets, which steal down from the mountain wall and run across the road, moisten the ochre and clay, and form a muddy paste in which the mules’ feet slip, giving their riders no little

anxiety, despite the proverbial sure-footedness of these useful beasts.

“ But the inconveniences of the melting snow, though great, are all forgotten at the sight of the Rio de Condorama, a tumultuous stream which bars the way, and must be crossed. Its surface, very quiet in the dry season, now presents a mad play of waves, foaming and dashing, and casting their spray high in air. To cross this torrent at the spot where we are is impossible, and our only course is to follow it down till a ford is reached. This expedient leads us three miles out of our way, but proves at last successful.

“ About twelve miles of mountain paths, on the other side of the river, brings us to an outlet into the circular plain where lies the village of Cailloma, which the inhabitants call Cailloma la Rica, from the wealth of its silver mines. We cross the plain diagonally; and as we draw near Cailloma, the herdsmen’s huts and cattle-parks seem to advance towards us. A few lights shine here and there in the town as we enter; and the muleteers guide the party to the *tampu*, or caravansary, where they are accustomed to lodge with their beasts. The *tampu* is a great enclosure like a farm-yard, open to the sky, and strewn with broken straw and provender. The lodgings for travellers are the little pens of rude masonry, receiving air and light only through the doors, which line three sides of the enclosure.

“ An expedition through the town occupies an hour of leisure. There are five streets and sixty-three houses, besides the herdsmen’s huts and parks of which we have before spoken. The church is a rectangular building, built of stone and earth, pierced with six windows, and surmounted by two square towers, each coiffed with something which may by courtesy be called a cupola. The high altar is flanked by two chapels,—one dedicated to Our Lady of Carmel, the other to Saint Joseph, the patron saint of Peru. Both are ornamented with a profusion of votive offerings, reliquaries, and lamps of massive



RIO CUCHUA.



CAILLOMA LA RICA.

silver. A few worthless pictures complete the decoration of the holy place.

“ From Cailloma we proceed directly west for a few miles, following a road which is but a succession of steep declivities and precipices, as far as Lake Vilafro. From this lake, a placid blue sheet of water like a mirror of steel set in the ground, flows northward a little stream, at first called the Chita, which after a course of several leagues, and the reception of nine mountain torrents on the left, and eleven on the right, receives the name of the Apurimac, the *Master Brawler* of the Indians, and is presently lost in the mighty Amazon, at a point not more than five hundred miles distant from the Pacific coast.

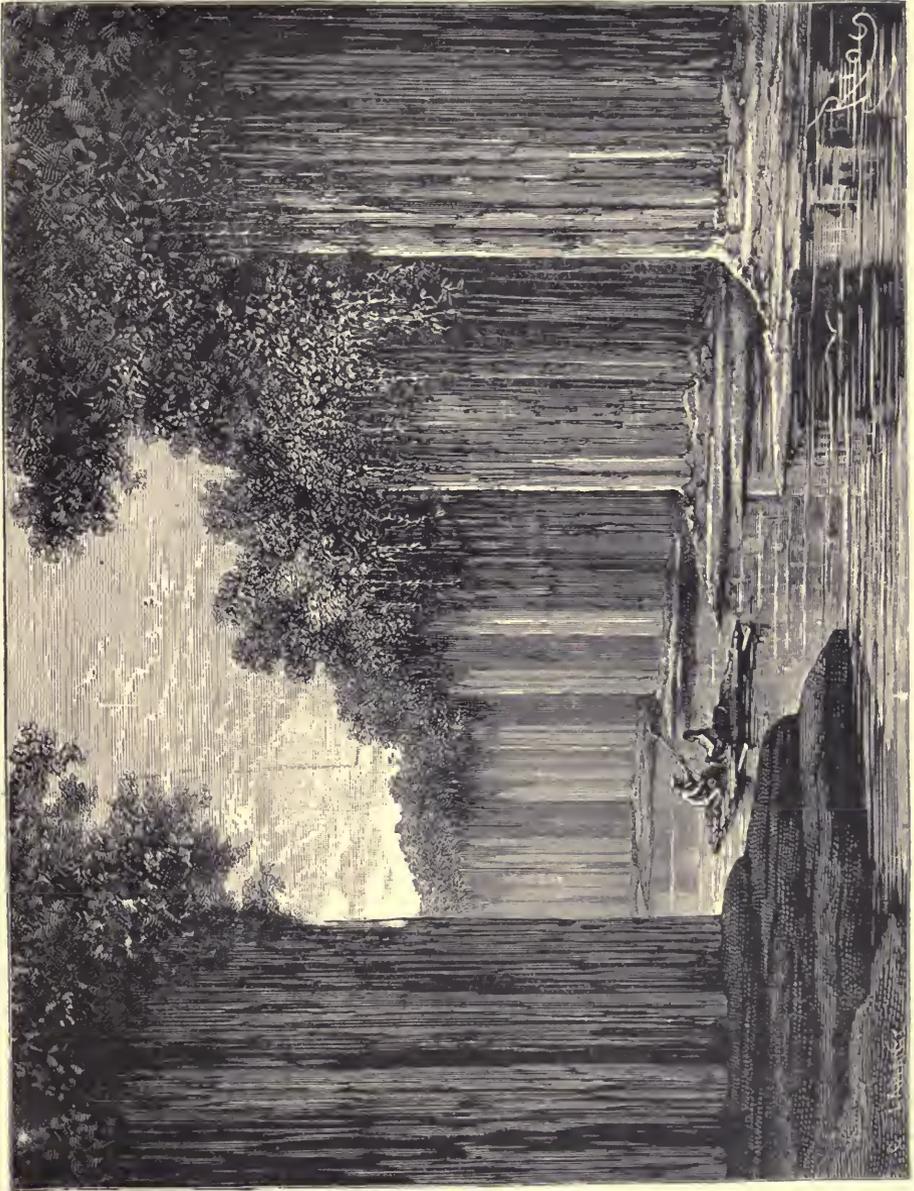
“ In the infinite variety of the scenes traversed on our northward journey, the basalt dikes on the little river Velille deserve especial mention. Emerging from a rude and dangerous gorge where the road is a footpath along the edge of tremendous precipices, we are

suddenly rewarded by this picture, of which nothing had given us the slightest preliminary hint. At the opening of the gorge the waters of the little stream spread out into a tranquil expanse sixty feet wide, becoming as quiet as the stillest lake. The basaltic formations which determine this sudden change represent on the two sides of the river enormous piers, reflected in the water with their fluted shafts and architectural characteristics, and the vegetation growing luxuriantly upon their tops. Two Indians, kneeling on a raft of porous trunks which the weight of their bodies half submerged, gave life to the scene ; and, asking curiously what their occupation here might be, we learned that they were fishing for the celebrated *suchis*, the most delicious fish of the region of the Cordilleras.

“ The same basalt formations characterise much of the scenery in this part of the country. A few miles farther the road leads within view of the Apurimac, rushing along between tall cliffs, like the leaves of a screen, or like the arrangement of side-scenes in a theatre. Between them the yellow and foaming waters, making their way down an incline encumbered with rocks, dash and whirl along at a rapid pace.

“ From this point to the source of the Rio Mesacancha, the country is a succession of verdant plains and arid hill-slopes, of which nothing interrupts the monotony. Nowhere is seen the cultivated field or the thatched hut which betrays the presence of man. A little before we reach Chollacchaca, which is to furnish our night's lodging, between two wooded slopes of most picturesque outline, we come upon the cascade which is considered the source of the Mesacancha. It is scarcely possible to imagine a more exquisite scene, and one more in contrast with the wild grandeur which attends so many of the mountain torrents of Peru, especially the gorge of the Huarancalqui (see engraving on page 303), a few miles farther on, and the northern limit of our expedition.

“ From the summit of a hill overgrown with those minute mush-



BASALT DIKES ON THE VELILLE.

rooms called *cetas*, which the Indians bring to market in the cities, where gormands devour them with great approbation, we look down into a gorge formed by the approach of the rocky barriers of the



SOURCE OF THE MESACANCHA.

stream, to where, far below, a white torrent, all foam, rushes on its way. A narrow path leads down from the height on which we stand to the very edge of the stream. The guides say the descent is prac-

ticable, and we essay it. As we go down, daylight seems to withdraw. Soon the sky is but a narrow strip of blue far up between the rocks. When we reach the edge of this torrent, whose speed is incalculable, and its uproar deafening, a greenish half light, which replaces the day of the upper world, wraps all things as in a fog, and gives to the scene a strange and supernatural character whose influence we feel but cannot explain.

“By aid of some beams placed across the torrent we pass from one bank to the other. We ascend a sort of natural staircase cut in the rock on the opposite side, and in an hour have left the scene behind us, and with the rapids of the Huarancalqui we bid adieu to the characteristic scenery of the Peruvian Cordillera. The region unfolding before us has no similarity to those we have seen among the Andes. The singular conical peaks, covered from base to summit with luxuriant vegetation, and furrowed vertically by mountain torrents, have disappeared. There are now only groups of low, rounded hills, either bare or clad with furze, out of which rise, here and there, clumps of low bushes. The atmosphere too has changed, and an extremely dry air takes the place of that warm dampness which rose out of the shady depths of the mountain valleys higher up.

“Proceeding farther into this region, which the early missionaries, and after them the geographers, have named the Pajonal, we discover that it is far from being so sterile as has been represented. Besides the great variety of cereals which grow here, and give it from a distance a denuded aspect, there are many useful plants and shrubs, and after a time we come to dense forests, differing, however, in character from those on the Andean slopes.

“All the country is full of rivers, embroidering with threads of silver the broad expanse of these great plains, and falling one after another into the Apurimac. At the point of meeting of the Huarancalqui and the Apurimac, the latter is about four hundred feet broad. Most of these streams are navigable, and the traveller, who explores them now



RIO APURIMAC.

in his canoe, and with his Indian guides, cannot but picture to himself, as he takes a last look at them, that the day must come when civilisation will furrow their quiet waters with her swift keels, and lay across these solitary plains the network of her iron tracks."

We have presented a picture of a narrow pass over the Andes. Strange and awful stories are sometimes associated with these passes. That is a perilous moment when two travellers on mules, or two diligences, meet around a curve in these paths as it were in the sky. Awful precipices yawn beneath them, and there must be no false step or misdirection.

A traveller was once going up on one of these high narrow passes on a mule, just ahead was a curve, and around the curve only one animal could pass at a time. Below yawned chasms over which it would have made one dizzy to look.

The traveller had nearly reached the curve, when he saw a sight that made his heart sink; around the sharp rock appeared an animal's head and a pair of horns. Both animals could not pass; must one go over the cliff? The ox had the advantage. He could dive down, and hurl the mule over into the chasm.

The mule saw the whole situation. He seemed to have almost human reason. Squealing, he dropped upon the edge of the cliff, crowded his form against the rock, and compelled the ox to pass over him, kicking so as not to be dislodged. The traveller threw himself on the mule's body. The ox passed over the mule and man, leaping so as not to be kicked. He was followed by other cattle, which passed over the mule and traveller in like manner. When they had gone, the little mule lifted his head, leaped up, and bore the traveller safely away.

The South American Indians represent many curious types of the Indian race. The lowest order is the Fuegians. The Indians of the Amazon are a short sturdy race. Their warriors wear belts

and rings, which give them a barbarous aspect. The women have benevolent faces that little recall the terrible legends of the "Amazons."

The families who live largely on the boats of the Amazon are an interesting race; and an Amazonian boat is in itself an object of interest, as it suggests the comforts that approach civilisation and progress. Picturesque are the Indians of the La Platte, with their graceful dress and head-gear.

The question forces itself upon the traveller, "What is education to accomplish for these interesting races?" The work of the missionaries shows the tribes, even the fierce Tierra-del-Fuegians, are very susceptible to civilising influences. The Incarial Indians number but a few thousand, — out of the historic race of thirty million, probably not more than thirty thousand. But the height to which these Indians rose shows a still latent possibility. Under the right training, the Indians of the fertile and blooming plateaux of the Peruvian Andes might again achieve a noble place among the families of men. Juarez, of Mexico, one of the most wonderful men of the nineteenth century, was of Indian blood. He accomplished the independence of his race, and his tomb is a shrine. Have not these races of South America untold possibilities? May there not be many Juarezes among them? The study of such questions may, and probably will, one day occupy the best Christian and educational thought of the world.



RIO DE CONDOROMA.

CHAPTER XIV.

EDUCATION IN SOUTH AMERICA. — MEXICO.



THE Scandinavians colonised Iceland in 875, and Greenland about a century later. In the year 1000, they discovered land as far north as $41^{\circ} 30'$ north latitude. This point is near New Bedford, Mass. It is believed that they settled in Mount Hope Bay; and a rock, still to be seen, near Mount Hope, not far from the Rhode Island Soldiers' Home, has an inscription that may have been made to commemorate this discovery. This cannot be certain. A like inscription is to be seen on a rock at Dighton, Mass. Both of these rocks are covered by high tides.

It is thought that Madoc, a Welsh Prince, discovered America in 1170.

The continent of North America was discovered by the Cabots in 1497 (June 24th). The continent of South America was first seen by Vespucci, near Trinidad, in 1499. These discoveries will doubtless be made the occasions of grand celebrations.

South America was early adopted by Spain and Portugal; and the western shores are thought to have been peopled at a period of very great antiquity by inhabitants of the lost island of Atlantis.

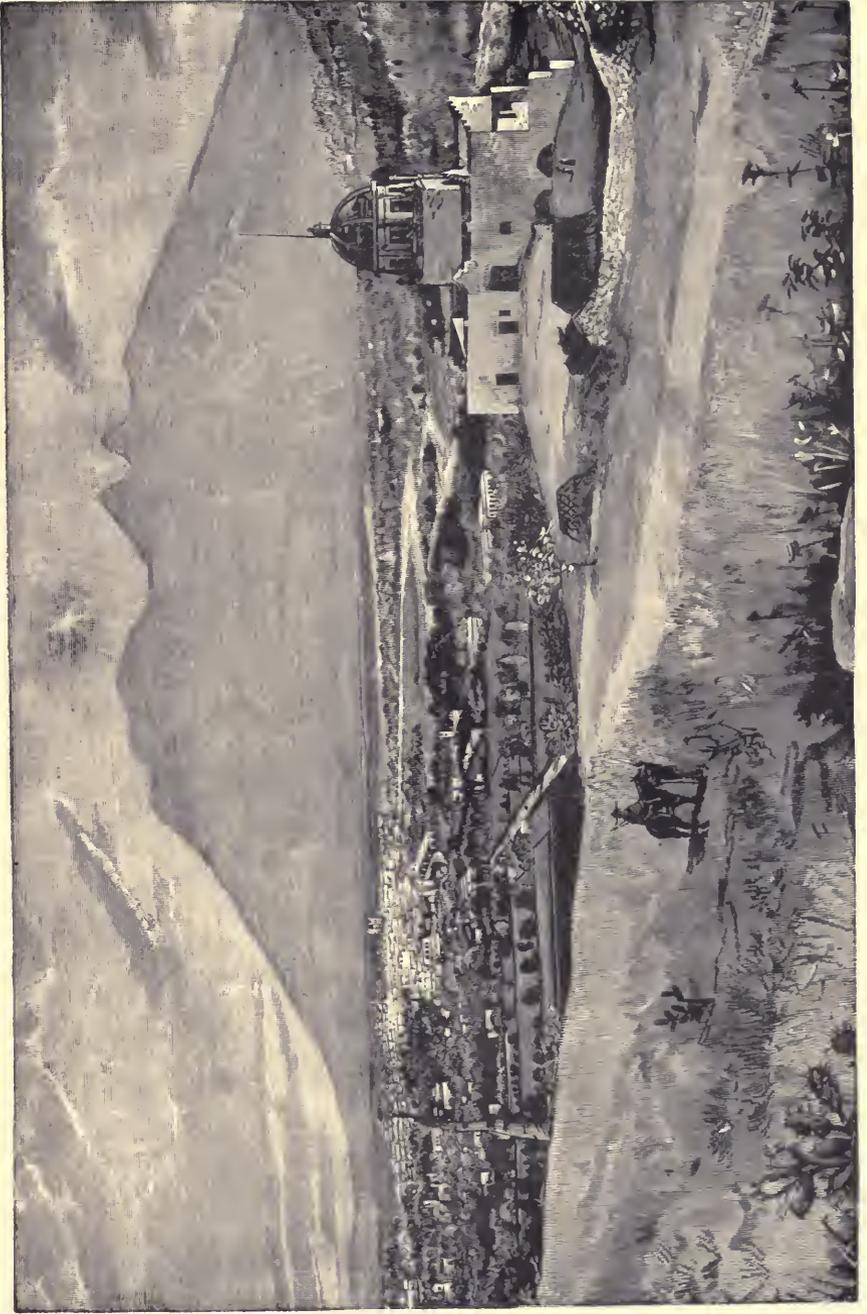
In her narrowest part, South America is only thirty miles broad; in her widest part, she is three thousand two hundred miles. Her coast measures sixteen thousand five hundred miles. She has an area nearly twice as large as Europe, and a population of some thirty-five million.



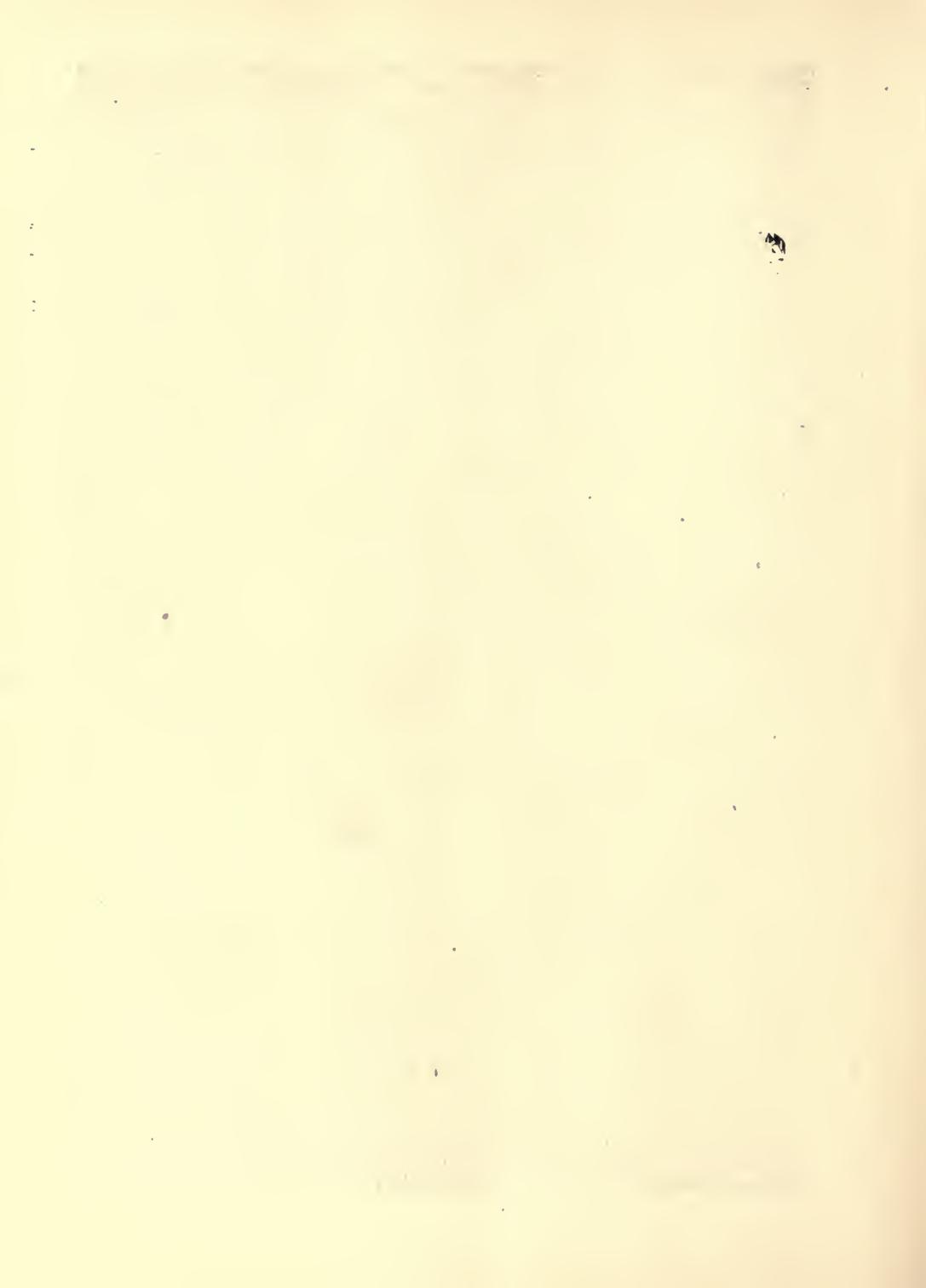
MUD-HUTS, COLUMBIA.

She is the land of republics, and her curse is civil dissension. These splendid republics of the sun need only education to lift them to the very summits of civilisation; to give education to South America is to create a new world for the highest achievement. Her coasts are unhealthy, but her table-lands offer the grandest opportunities; they are salubrious, fertile, grand in their scenery, and surpass, in all that makes Nature attractive, nearly all of the most peaceful abodes of man.

The climate of the highlands of South America is one of the most beautiful of the world. The soil is wealth. Education only is wanting; When the republics of the Andes see this, as it is already seen in Mexico, they are likely to make the most surprising advancement, and to develop not only wealth, but all that is highest in literature, art, and science.



MONTEREY.



Her republics are like a procession on the march. First comes COLUMBIA, once New Granada, holding the isthmus between the two continents. It has a liberal government, with no state religion.

This republic has already awakened to the necessities of education. She has eighteen hundred schools, with seventy-five thousand pupils, and an *Escuela Normal*, or Normal school, is found in each of the nine departments of the country. The need is now of higher education.

Venezuela has two universities, nineteen federal colleges, with 2538 students, nineteen private colleges and Normal schools, and 1794 day-schools attended by ninety-five thousand pupils.

Ecuador is in darkness; only about seventy-five thousand of the people can read and write. The system of government is intolerant.

Peru, the land of the Incas and the golden temples of the sun, is lacking in the spirit of educational progress. She has about three hundred and fifty thousand uncivilised Indians, who have a grand inheritance of noble blood, but who are degraded by the people who have robbed them of their wealth, and made no return in any material, or moral, or educational good. If ever there was a promising field for a missionary, it is here. There is a university at Lima, and some forty-five high-class schools, and six hundred and fifty public and private schools. Mexican missionaries have established schools in several cities; but the government of this once rich empire has not caught the spirit of the Northern republics. If ever there was a field of the grandest possibilities, it is here. Our maize, our potatoes, our Peruvian bark, as well as so much of the world's wealth, came in part from Peru. Let the world offer education to these wronged and degraded people. The Incarial Indians may rise again; and if they may never again have temples with doors of gold, they may have schools of greater treasures. He would indeed be a benefactor who should lead these people out of darkness. The republic awaits her Pestalozzi, her new San Martin, her Leopold.

Bolivia, too, awaits leaders in all that is higher and nobler in life.

Only about twelve thousand pupils attend school, or five per cent of her children at the school age.

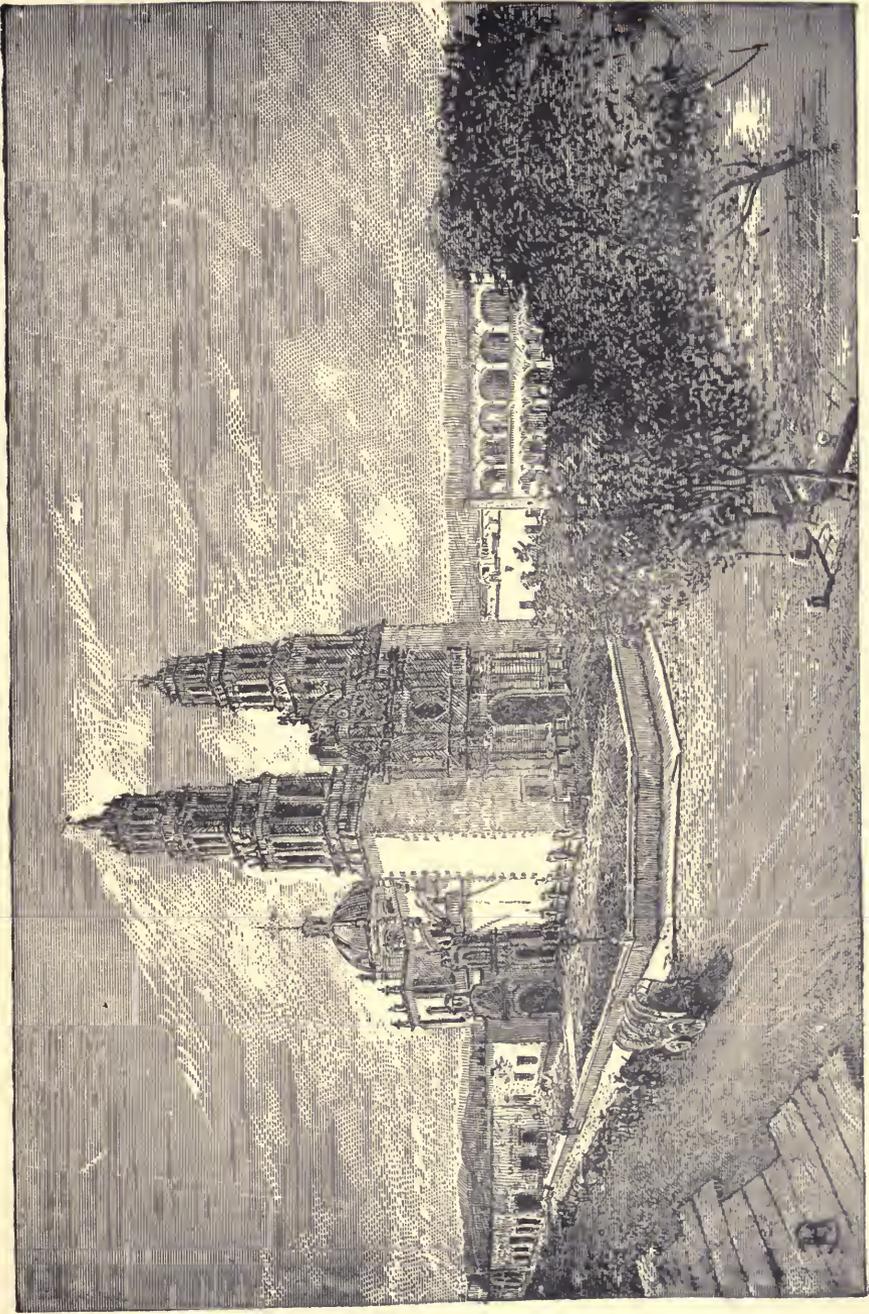
Brazil is a monument of the progressive mind of Dom Pedro. The republic has between six and seven thousand public and private schools; and **two** hundred and eighty schools of high grade called colleges, — in all 435,997 pupils (in 1885). Dom Pedro, when in New York, interested himself in kindergartens; and this form of training for character and right habits was begun in Brazil by American teachers.

Paraguay has 3676 pupils; and Uruguay has 429 private schools with 20,899 scholars.

Chili has fine English schools at Santiago. Her great university and her lyceums were attended, in 1806, by nearly 6,000 pupils. She has 862 public primary schools, with 78,810 scholars (1806). 12,000 pupils attend school, or one-fifth.

Our travellers went to Lima, and thence to the Pacific port of Mexico and to the City of Mexico. Mr. Davidson and Henry returned to New York from Mexico by rail, a five days' ride; while Harold obtained a cheaper passage by boat from Vera Cruz. The trip around the world and to South America cost Mr. Davidson and Henry about \$1500 each, and Harold, \$500. It was an education to the boys that could have been obtained in no other way, and enabled them to begin life with a truer view of the world.

The journey along the west coast of South America and through Mexico had impressed upon our travellers a thought which must one day occupy many minds. It was that the republics of the western sun, on the Pacific coasts, may some time have a grand history. The Nicaraguan canal may one day make Valparaiso a grand port. Education may bring back a noble race to the plateaux of the Peruvian Andes. Mexico may repeat her ancient history on the highest plane of civilisation, education, and progress. Already her schools in the City of Mexico, Monterey, and Chihuahua promise this. Orizaba and



CHURCH AT CHIHUAHUA.

Popocatepetl, the monarchs of mountains, may one day be the domes that shall look down on some of the highest achievements of man.

The heights to which Peru and Mexico once rose are prophetic; the uniting of the two oceans by a canal is as promising. The Pan-American Congress was like the voice of a herald. New times are appearing; North America has risen to her opportunity. Central and South America have a greater opportunity. Was Edwin Arnold erratic when he prophesied that the greatest achievements of the Americas would take place on the southern plateaux? It once was so; and history may repeat itself. South America is the land of opportunity; and science and education are preparing the way. He feels this who studies the march of the new events of the world.

The American flag stands for the emancipation of all peoples, and says to all:—

“ O LIBERTY, thou who hast lifted
 My eye to the walls of the sun,
 I float for the new years of heaven,
 The brotherhood conflict has won.
 No longer for races contending,
 But for man move the cycles sublime;
 The summons for peace is ascending
 From the jubilee trumpets of time!

“ I salute ye, O feet that have followed
 Fair Hesper to destinies new!
 I salute ye, O pioneers coming!
 I bid ye, O voyagers, adieu!
 In the mist of the surge, in the tempest,
 With the sunlight or cloud on my brow,
 I float for the best of all ages,
 And the best of all ages is now!

“ That man may be given his birthright,
And knowledge, the future that waits;
Equality, freedom to labour,
And labour, the wealth it creates.
That the temples of truth, for their Master,
By charity's feet may be trod;
That hearts that are humble and human,
May do the swift service of God.”

Fraternity, rise to thy mission,
The noblest since order began,
Till the nations are brothers united
In one federation of man!
The Future stands waiting to greet thee,
And Battle her standards has furled:
Thou art like a signal of heaven,
O Flag to humanity given,
For which all the heroes have striven!
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Hail, Banner that welcomes the World!

THE END.

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THE END.



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