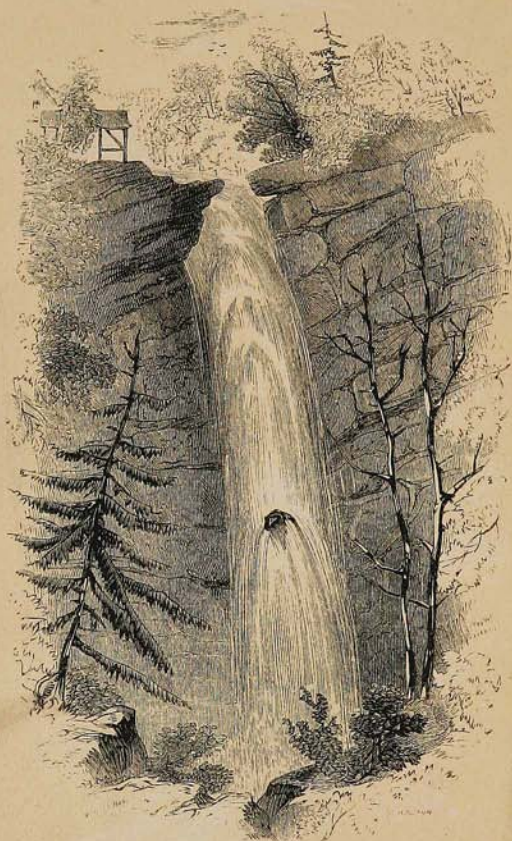




Catskill Falls, United States.

A
YOUNG TRAVELLER'S
Journal of a Tour
IN
NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA
DURING THE YEAR 1850.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHORESS,
ENGRAVED BY T. BOLTON.

Second Edition.

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M DCCC. LV.

TO
THE MARCHIONESS OF DROGHEDA,
This little Book
IS DEDICATED,
BY HER MOST FONDLY AFFECTIONATE
AND LOVING COUSIN.

P R E F A C E.

It may seem presumptuous in so youthful a traveller, (having only attained her twelfth year a week before starting for America,) to put her every-day and naturally childish impressions and observations in print. This little book, however, is not destined to become a candidate for the honours of books of travels in general; since it is intended for children,—those of her own age, for instance—whom it is her highest aim to amuse, and, to a certain degree, instruct. Her little volume, therefore, lays no claim to the attention of the public farther than its character as a child's book may deserve.

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JOURNAL.

CHAPTER I.

THE fifth of May! Bright and sunny was the morn when our proud ship turned stern to merry England, and prow to that distant and shadowy blue horizon so far beyond which we were to venture. Busy and animated, indeed, was the scene which we left behind us. The forests upon forests of masts, for which Liverpool is so celebrated, seemed even thicker on that day than usual, and the crowds of busy and thronging people, and the huge piles of merchandise on the many wharves of the city, were perfectly bewildering even to an English eye. Five minutes after I looked again, and the immense town had already almost faded in the distance; we were steering between shores studded with small farms or country villas. These, in their turn, were soon passed, and evening found us tossing on the wide sea, almost out of sight of land.

Tuesday, 8th.—We had a touching adventure yesterday morning. A linnet, which had flown from Ireland (very likely unintentionally), alighted on one of the ship's boats, and, having been observed by a passenger, was kindly treated, and some crumbs of soaked bread were placed in the boat, of which "Dicky" partook with great avidity. The poor, little, frightened thing has now been caught, after a long and persevering chase, (during which a rash gentleman nearly fell into the sea in trying to climb over boats, amid cables, chains, and tackle, in hot pursuit,—) and it is lodged with the baker, who, as Captain Judkins tells me, is an inveterate bird-fancier. The Captain kindly offered to make me a present of it.

"Baker!" shouted he.

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Be sure and take care of the linnet, as it is already given away."

"Aye, aye, sir!" was again the answer of the baker, as, grinning tremendously, he disappeared.

Wednesday afternoon.—This morning, as we were all sitting quietly on deck enjoying the bright sunshine and watching the rolling waves, the ship suddenly went down almost on her beam-ends. Instantly the bench on which we were seated was pitched over with great violence, and would have deposited us on the deck had we not, by dint of

great exertion, recovered ourselves in time. The wind had suddenly increased in force. To-day I tried to dine in the saloon, but it proved a failure, and I was obliged to make good my retreat as quickly as the vessel would allow me. The passengers to-day have been "killing time" in diverse manners, among which was one which would no doubt be considered as a very nursery-like amusement on land; it was that of trying which was the greatest proficient in the art of walking with both feet on one plank throughout the whole of the quarterdeck, which, though it appears so easy to "lubbers on land," is a no light matter of agility and skill at sea.

Friday, 11th.—This morning I was awakened early by being very nearly jerked out of my berth. The cause of my being roused in so unceremonious a way was soon explained, for it was impossible to remain long awake without discovering that the sea was running mountains high.

Evening.—I do not think I shall easily forget my adventures this morning. It was exceedingly rough and squally during the day, yet nevertheless I determined, if I could obtain permission, which at length I did, to venture on deck; but not however till mamma had made strict inquiries as to its being safe, and the Captain had sent word that there would be no

danger. With this assurance, my maid and I dressed ourselves in *unspoilable* things, and ascended the companion-ladder. No sooner had we arrived there, however, than my maid exclaimed, with a terrified countenance, "Oh, dear! look at those sheets of spray: I shall not go up, I am sure!" Whilst thus undecided what to do, one of the officers of the ship approached us, and assuring H—— there was nothing to fear when once on deck, offered to escort us up the ladder which yet remained to be scaled. She accepted this assistance, and after no small difficulty we found ourselves on the quarterdeck. Holding fast by the railing, we managed to walk to the stern, where we remained for about five minutes; after which I foolishly proposed to walk up and down the deck to warm ourselves, there being a lull at that moment. I had, however (as might have been anticipated), scarcely gone backwards and forwards twice before a squall, which had been quietly "brewing" all this time, suddenly struck the ship, heeling her completely over. The officer I mentioned before, who came to my assistance, was violently thrown down, and I also. The vessel had received so severe a shock that it was some little time before she recovered herself, and we slipped down fast to leeward. The nettings, by some accident, had

not been put up, and we must inevitably have slipped through the open bulwarks into the sea had I not, fortunately in time, caught hold of a pulley which was fastened to the mast. H——, on seeing our dangerous position, was so dreadfully frightened that she let go her firm hold of the mizenmast, and was washed down on us, which of course made matters far worse. At this critical moment, however, the ship lurched to the other side, which, enabling us to scramble up, placed us in comparative safety. Soon after, having had enough of howling winds, mountain billows, and drowning spray, we descended, and, after staying for a short time by the fire in the sitting-room, found ourselves quite dry again.

Monday, 14th.—Contrary to all expectation, we arrived this evening at Halifax. Its aspect, under the circumstances, did not at all please me. The houses seemed to be exceedingly crowded together, and I was told that the streets are very dirty, particularly in wet weather, having no pavement. The harbour or bay of Halifax is a very large and fine one, but the scenery around seemed not yet to have felt the mild touch of spring, and was barren and leafless, except just where the forest of dark green, fir, or pine, predominated.

16th.—To-day it has been so very warm and

fine that one might fancy it was the height of summer.

17th.—The general beauty of yesterday was crowned in the evening by a very striking sunset. The clouds to the westward were at first as black as ink; but they gradually became of a rich carmine tint; zephyr-like clouds of rose-colour, yellow, gold, and violet, floated above, deluging the ship with their mellow hues. This morning I awoke early and went upon deck, just too late to see our entry into the bay of New York. We were already almost at our wharf, and there was nothing for it but to go down to breakfast, and bear the disappointment philosophically. At nine o'clock we prepared to land, and mounting an extraordinary-looking vehicle, we drove to the famous Astor House. During the drive we were nearly jolted to pieces by the rough pavement of the streets of New York.

19th.—We got up very early this morning, in order to go to Albany at seven A.M. Everything being ready (a happy circumstance, which it took great trouble to effect), we walked down to the wharf, escorted by Mr. B——, an American friend of ours. Our vessel was one of the most splendid on the river; it was a perfect wilderness of glass, gold, and satin.

20th, *Albany*.—Our voyage on the River Hud-

son yesterday was delightful, the scenery was very striking almost all the way; that about the "Highlands" has been said to be very like the Rhine—without castles.

21st.—I woke this morning with a most mysterious swoln eye, which nobody can account for but perhaps some naughty gnat. It will not, however, interfere with our departure to-day for Buffalo.

May 22d, evening, Falls of Niagara.—On leaving Buffalo, soon after dawn, we passed some very pretty scenery. Its general character was rather Scotch; the "burns" and glens, rocks, and clouds, and frowning hills, answered to all the descriptions, all the pictures I have ever read or seen of that much-admired land. As we penetrated farther into the interior, however, the whole aspect of the country was completely changed; I could do nothing but exclaim in astonishment at the bewilderingly vast forests. They seemed to me perfectly endless, and of an extraordinarily uniform character. Maples, beeches, and pines, seemed to me to be kings of the forest; other trees—if there were any—were comparatively small and few, looking like strangers to the soil. By the bye, I must mention the account of an English friend of ours (whom we had met on the "Canada" in crossing the Atlantic) of his first sight of a real Americanism. He

was walking leisurely in one of the greatest thoroughfares of Albany when a large building attracted his attention. The lower story seemed almost all open, nothing but slender frames indicating the presence of windows. A long row of boots (of which he could only see the *soles*) was seemingly placed on a transverse bar of the supposed window-frames, nearly six feet above the level of the ground. Naturally thinking it to be some immense boot-shop, he approached a little nearer, when, what was his astonishment to discover that the supposed bootshop was nothing less than a large and popular *café*, and that the boots he saw were then under the process of wearing, their owners being only enjoying their after-dinner *siesta* and daily lounge! It was a natural mistake to make, however, when it is remembered that, as I said before, the boots were at least five or six feet from the ground. It was late at night when we arrived at Buffalo, and having found tolerably comfortable apartments, we prepared to rest.

Starting the next morning at eight o'clock, we arrived at the village of Manchester at half-past ten A.M. The said village is only about two or three hundred yards from the American cataract. When our train arrived, there arose (as is often the case in the United States, and even in Europe,

as travellers sometimes know to their cost) a quarrel between the porters of the different hotels as to who should have the privilege of disposing of our persons and luggage—a privilege which none ultimately possessed, for we immediately made arrangements for crossing the river to the Canadian side by the ferry. As it required some little time, however, for our luggage to be packed on the ferry-boat, we turned our steps towards a jutting-out and barren rock above the American fall. Here we had our first view of the two cataracts. Perhaps my readers expect me to describe my first impressions of the falls; if so, I fear they must be disappointed, for I cannot tell them what they were. They were certainly neither admiration nor disappointment; perhaps they more resembled bewilderment. The fact is—I have since found it out—that one cannot take in all its magnificence and grandeur at a single glance, but must see it for a long time, hour after hour, day after day;—it grows upon you. One thing, however, that puzzled me was the apparent disparity between the height and volume of the cataracts, and the intensity of the noise. I could not help remarking aloud to mamma that the noise was not really so very loud; she did not hear me, and, to my infinite astonishment, I was obliged to repeat

it, in a louder voice, two or three times before she did so. A negro who happened to be standing close to my elbow at the time, taking my observation to be intended for him, suddenly bawled in my ear, "Yes, marm, him makee mush noise more, far, farder down de riber." I cannot answer for the truth of this, but certainly it was bewildering to find that what one was actually saying was at the same time practically contradicted! By this time the ferry was waiting for us, so, jumping into the boat, we were rowed across, amid such a shower of spray that we got wet almost to the skin. On arriving at the Canadian shore, we had to ascend in a primitive carriage the steep face of the abrupt and precipitous banks of the river in order to arrive at Clifton House. Its situation could not have been better chosen; it is only about half a mile from the Horse-shoe, or Canadian Fall, having a delightful view of both cataracts from the broad piazzas with which it is surrounded.

24th.—This afternoon we (that is, my maid and I) strolled out towards the Horse-shoe. On our way we passed a small cleft in the screen of tangled bushes, which hid the edge of a fearful precipice bounding our path on one side. Here we found an old cripple, resident in a cottage close by, who told us an appalling tale about an un-

fortunate young lady, who, as she was imprudently gathering flowers close to the edge of the abyss, fell over and was killed. Continuing our way, we soon arrived at the Museum, which contains rather an interesting collection of Indian work and Canadian animals. A little farther on was Prospect House, a place where Americans or Canadians, if they choose to do so, may eat ices and drink lemonade, instead of looking at Niagara! Something rather amusing was told us to-day by an English friend of ours. He was born in Canada, but immediately afterwards was taken to England. He is now on his first visit, as it were, to his birth-place; and anxious to see his old home, he proceeded to the village of Niagara, where he found all his father's old servants, among whom was one ancient personage, who, to his great astonishment, saluted him with "Wagh! young master; this 'coon remembers ye perfectly well; yes, this child does, he does!"

26th.—To-day I have been doing many wonders, among which, perhaps, going *under* Niagara may be ranked as one of the most notable. I fear, however, that, as it is an excursion daily becoming more popular, it will, ere a year has passed, become an every-day affair. Having made the necessary arrangements and preparations, in the shape of putting on oilskin dresses, and some-

what recovered from the fits of laughing which the sight of our extraordinary costume aroused in us, we (that is, the most courageous of our two maids, and I) proceeded to Table-Rock, and, descending a crazy and creaking staircase, we found ourselves under the high and projecting crag so called. Winding our way along a narrow path, rendered slippery by clouds of spray, we suddenly came in sight of the giant, which, though as yet nearly a hundred yards from us, seemed as though it was actually pouring on our devoted heads. Just at that moment we had a foretaste of what was coming, from a small brook that, trickling down from Table-Rock, drenched us as we passed under it. We were now approaching the cloud, or rather sheet of spray, which effectually hid from our sight the "mysteries within." Once on the other side, we wiped our eyes, and with difficulty I succeeded in half-opening them, and giving a rapid glance around, notwithstanding the injunctions of the guide "not to look up by no means, as that there cat'ract as is so wet, 'ud send all the wawter down yer throat, miss!" Scarcely had that been accomplished, when I was obliged speedily to shut them again, for the water (pouring down from my forehead and oilskin cap) got into them in undesirable quantities. In that hasty glance, however, I certainly saw all that could be seen, except the eels,

which I was afterwards told were slipping about in great numbers. Strange, I thought, was the man who could thus look at *eels* while Niagara was before him! We were in a spacious hall: the water-roof of our rocky palace seemed as though formed of rainbows; its tint, or rather tints, were as lapis lazuli, emeralds, and sapphires; these, again, decorated with the most delicate arabesques of silver, formed by the glittering foam and spray. Glittering, I say, because the sun was at that moment shining through it; and that was also in some measure the cause of the lovely playing colours we beheld. But it was now time to return; so, after another drowning, we passed through the silvery spray-curtain, and found ourselves once more in the open air. Mamma and one of the maids were standing on Table-Rock watching for our return, and were soon after satisfied by seeing us arrive at the top of the spiral ladder. One would naturally think that such a cold and plentiful shower-bath would have left a chill behind, but, on the contrary, it was succeeded by a most agreeable warmth, and we felt quite refreshed.

27th.—Last night I woke up just at twelve o'clock, and as a faint glimmer in the room announced that it was moonlight, I arose and looked through the Venetian jalousies. Certainly the

soft and lovely, mingled with the magnificent, had rarely, if ever, been so beautifully presented to my eyes. The mellow moonlight was gently playing with, and kissing, as it were, the sparkling water; the moon quiet and silent;—not so its thundering playmate! The thousands of stars in the clear sky were reflected in the comparatively still water a little lower down the river, while the moon mirrored herself in a long glistening trail. The roar of the mighty cataract seemed to be mellowed into gentleness by the shower of smiling rays descending upon it, instead of thundering its own dirge. Strolling to-day, with my maid, towards the Suspension-bridge, I was surprised to be warned of bears. I believe they really, every now and then, are seen in the winter, but I should not have thought a meeting with one was much to be dreaded at this season of the year.

23d. — To-day we visited the Suspension Bridge, Whirlpool, and Burning Springs. Having ordered a carriage, we proceeded to drive through a forest, enriched with wild flowers, and occasionally enlivened by a settler's clearing, or a glimpse of the now foaming and agitated river. Our driver was a great chatter-box, and amused himself and us by describing, with impromptu eloquence, every cart or carriage, every tree or bend of the river, which we passed, not omitting

to find ingeniously something in each in which to praise himself. The following is a poor specimen of his dialogue:—

“You can’t think, marm—you can’t think, that ’ere whiler-pool is perfectly splendid, and there han’t a party of ladies and gentlemen as doesn’t be enchanted; and I assures ye, marm—I assures ye, there *is* some people that likes the Suspension Bridge and the Barnin’ Springs better than the Falls; and them always takes me, marm, they *does* (with solemn emphasis). I’s al’ays prefeered!”

We passed several dogwood-trees; their blossom is large and white, having a sweet smell. It is not unlike an English dog-rose, or apple-blossom. It is hardly necessary to describe the Suspension Bridge, except that it was certainly an immense height from the river. The Whirlpool rather disappointed us all, except the coachman. It is a very dangerous spot, no doubt, and may be very wonderful; but I think in outward appearance, at least, that it does not fully realise the description sometimes given of it. The scenery around, however, is very striking, consisting of high and rocky banks, clothed only with gloomy firs, whilst an almost unexplored forest forms the background. The Whirlpool, we were told, is caused by the force of the water on the upper side,

which, forming a huge rapid, descends with great force on the circular basin, and, suddenly meeting with a rival current, darts under it with tremendous power, thus creating the whirlpool, which is ever changing the place of its vortex, so that if you throw a large stick into the boiling water it will swing round and round for a little time in the same place, then it will suddenly plunge and disappear, reappearing a moment afterwards at a different place, and re-commencing its rapid twirlings. The Burning Springs are quite in a different direction from the Whirlpool; they are about a mile *above* the Falls. We drove the whole way along the lake-like river, with its blooming islands, in some places white with foaming rapids, which are sometimes almost like little cascades, caused by banks of rock stretching across the river, over which the water rushes in a *slant*. Several of the smaller islands, even those quite near the shore, have never been trodden by a living being, so strong is the current between them and the shore. Between two and three hundred yards above the Horse-shoe Cataract the water rushes at the speed of thirty-six miles an hour! The Burning Springs themselves are, I believe, composed of sulphureous water, from which a great quantity of gas escapes, which is collected in a barrel placed at the top of the

tank, surmounted by a pipe, out of which, on a torch being applied, there burnt a clear bright flame. One would think that this might be made very useful, as a source for supplying the ill-lighted, or, rather, *not*-lighted towns that surround Niagara ; and I cannot help wondering that some “’cute” Yankee or enterprising Englishman has not already taken the business in hand.

29th.—There is an extraordinarily thick fog to-day, so that it is hardly possible to see ten feet in advance. It seems this is entirely occasioned by the huge volumes of spray, which, by some natural phenomenon, being prevented from rising into the sky and taking the form of clouds, as it usually does, collects in one dense mass on the ground, thus producing a fog to rival those of London in November.

31st.—The house was crowded yesterday with the inmates of a Canadian boarding-school not far from here, who were having, I suppose, their annual *fête*. I fear I cannot say much in praise of their manners in general, if they may be judged of from their conduct on this occasion. They stared in at our window from the verandah with such impudence and pertinacity, that we were obliged to pull the window-blinds down ; and in the evening they made a noise as if to deafen one, with talking,

giggling, laughing, playing, singing, or rather screaming, and dancing antediluvian quadrilles, all in bad time. They, however, afterwards quite gained mamma's heart by singing "God save the Queen." I am now trying to collect the seeds of wild flowers here, before we start again for New York.

June 1st.—It has been very sultry to-day; scarcely a breath of air was stirring, except in the woods, which are always cool. This morning we walked out, but found the heat so great that we were glad to take refuge in the silent forest. Our way was interrupted with no brushwood; there was hardly a blade of grass on the ground. We looked through the forest miles and miles, without other obstruction than the bare, slender trunks of the maples and beeches. Occasionally a dogwood or balm of Gilead tree diversified with its gay blossoms the monotony of the scene. The *roof*, however, that the thick and verdant foliage seems to make, though effectually preventing the appearance of a single ray, does not shield the ground beneath from the furious rains which, in due season, water the land. Hence frequent bogs, or small marshes, sometimes render walking quite a difficult accomplishment; they appear so very deceptive in the sombre light of the forest, that it becomes far from easy to escape

them. I myself one day was thus placed in a dilemma, for, having with some difficulty crossed a small bog, I landed on a tiny island, the mud apparently environing me on all sides, and it was only with the assistance of my maid that I managed to get out. Passing through a small village, on our return home, I was astonished to see a respectably dressed young woman sitting at the door of a large and tidy-looking cottage *smoking a pipe!* I found a very beautiful specimen of moss to-day, it closely resembled a miniature forest (about four inches high) of very light green firs, or, more properly, larches, with thick and tangled underwood. I attempted to preserve it, but found it impossible, it was so delicate.

June 2d.—To-day we visited Iris, or Goat Island. We walked down to the ferry, and, engaging a boat, crossed to the American side. It seems we had chosen a lucky moment, for the spray did not once touch us during the transit. We sat down on the edge of the rock above the American Falls, after having clambered at least two hundred steps up the almost perpendicular face of the rock, to rest ourselves. We then walked along the edge of the water, until we reached—must I say it?—a saw-mill! The industrious Americans could not rest, of course, until

they had made "that 'ere big Fall of some use to mortal man!" No, it would have been sacrificing their "'cuteness." We crossed over the whirling river by an ingenious wooden bridge, probably the work of the same "smart" personage who built the mill. Goat Island is very lovely; it is covered almost entirely with forest, which serves to hide from the sun many beautiful flowers, among which two are my great favourites. One is like a large single camellia, quite white, and very wax-like (I believe it is called the "white death-flower"); the other is a flower rather like a large lily of the valley, only pink. We followed a small path in the wood, till we came to the Hog's Back, and stood by the trunk of an old tree, which stretches out from the very farthest point of the island towards the American Falls. It almost dips one of its old arms into the Ribbon Cascade, so named from the comparative smallness of its size from the others. A very small island, with hardly room for three trees to grow upon it, separates it from the American Fall. We crossed a little bridge, not more than seven feet wide, and stood on the end of Luna Island. This, in my opinion, is the finest view of the American Fall. Close to where we stood, the water was very shallow, only a few inches deep; and H—— could hardly help observing, that she

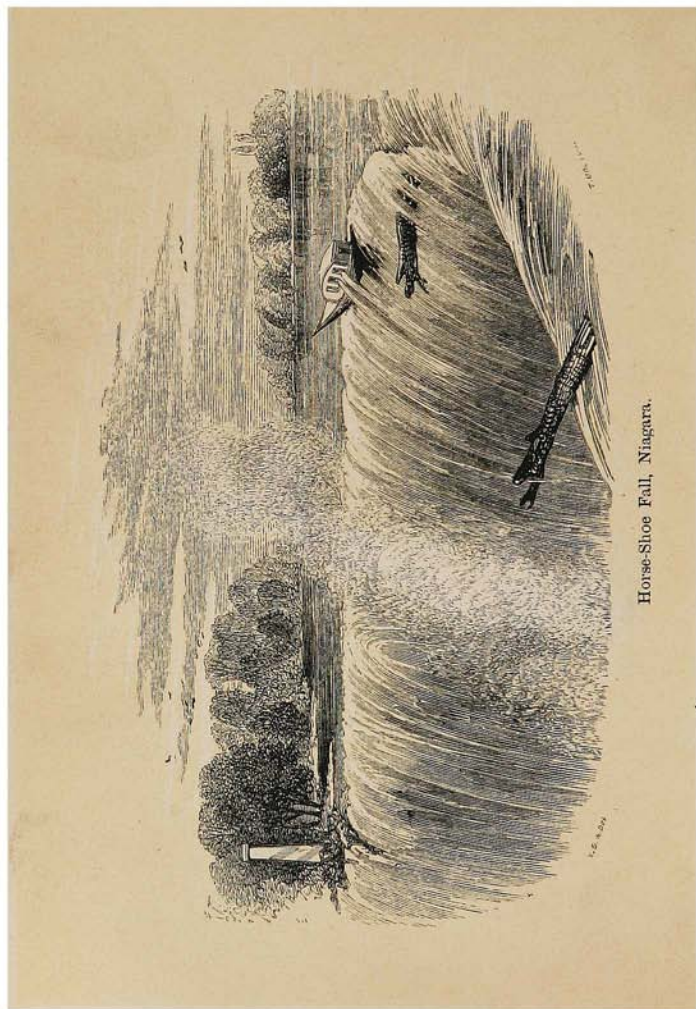


Niagara Falls.

thought she could, with safety and without help, stand where we had only been told a minute before no man, standing on dry land, could have prevented a boat from being washed over. We then went to the Tower, which is erected on a group of small rocks, which extend to the very edge of the Horse-shoe Fall. A small bridge, poised at intervals upon the rocks (which would almost form a rough bridge of themselves), stretches to the land. Not long ago, it was considered safe to mount the Tower, which, indeed, was the purpose it was originally intended for; but as it was never a very strong edifice, it could not long stand the wear and tear of the continual and violent shaking produced by the cataract. Of this, perhaps, some faint idea may be given, when I mention, that at Clifton House, which I should think was at least three-quarters of a mile from the Horse-shoe, and nearly half a mile from the American cataract, the vibration is so violent, that I almost invariably at night wake up and fancy myself, for several moments, in rather a rough-going steamer. The view from the foot of the Tower is overwhelmingly magnificent; the spray, which almost always inclines more towards the American side than towards the Canadian, hides from you the bottom; and, without any stretch of the imagination,

you can easily fancy, that if there is any at all, the bottom must be an unfathomable depth below you. We amused ourselves by throwing in pieces of wood at a little distance off, and then watching how they increased, more and more, their headlong pace, until they flew over the edge, shivered for a second in the snowy spray-drops, and were seen no more. So occupied were we in looking with fixed eyes upon the Cataract, that it was nearly sunset ere we reached home.

3*d.*—Last night there was one of the grandest thunderstorms I ever saw. The last glow of the sunset had hardly faded away when it began to lighten faintly. Even then it was very beautiful; a rose-coloured light seemed to cover the sky for a second, with a little white globe on the horizon. As it grew darker, the flashes increased in brilliancy, though always presenting the same curious form. Having first ascertained that it was only sheet-lightning, I ascended to the verandah of the third story, and from the window of my servant's room, which opens on the balcony, enjoyed an extensive view of the magnificent storm, and having enveloped ourselves in warm shawls (for the night was rather damp) we stepped out. Hardly had we done so, however, than a flash of an extraordinary character and brilliancy burst upon us. I think I must describe it, that my readers may see what sheet-



Horse-Shoe Fall, Niagara.

lightning in America sometimes is. The whole sky was apparently covered with a resplendent gold colour, intersected with small clouds of the most brilliant whiteness. Exactly behind the Horse-shoe was a kind of globe of an intense, fiery red. From this there shot in every direction broad, zig-zag streams of liquid fire, every one a flash in itself. This lasted for about half a second, but reappeared (only fainter) several times in the space of a minute, till, at last, it died away. The last coruscation was immediately followed by a loud clap of thunder, which, announcing the approach of a terrific storm, made us glad to retire. And it *was* a terrific storm ! It continued the whole night with such violence, that the noise of the Cataracts was drowned for the time, and the house seemed to totter to its foundations.

5th, Wednesday.—We had a delightful drive this afternoon. I attempted to sketch the Horse-shoe from behind the Fall ; but, as it was almost my first attempt at sketching landscapes, it may be easily supposed that it was not very like it. Sambo, our Negro waiter (an exceedingly obliging and civil man, by the way), was guilty to-day of a funny breach of etiquette. During dinner, while engaged in an interesting conversation, all of a sudden (thinking, I suppose, that we were rather long) his black face presented itself at a

corner of the window, from the balcony. Observing this, I gave him rather a reproving glance. He then came round, supposing that we had finished, though we had always told him not to come until we rang, with the rest of the dinner. When he found he had to take it all away again, his face turned a most extraordinary colour, which, had he been white, would no doubt have been scarlet. There are, by the way, a great many mice in our drawing-room, which are very tame, and they scamper about, in the evening, in search of crumbs. As I am very fond of mice, anywhere but in a bedroom, they are a great amusement to me.

6th, Buffalo.—This morning we started across the Suspension Bridge, in a carriage, leaving our luggage to follow us in a cart, finding this way more convenient. On arriving at Manchester, we found we were an hour too early, and accordingly had a charming walk on Goat Island.

9th, Port Talbot.—Arriving at Buffalo in the evening, we decided not to cross Lake Erie till the next morning, and having found very good accommodations at the Western Hotel, retired to rest. The next morning we took our passage in the "London," for Port Stanley. We did not once entirely lose sight of land, as this was a coasting voyage, and we stopped at several towns or vil-

lages: indeed on one occasion we went several miles up a large river, whose shores were one continual marsh, in order to call at a town whose name I forget. The still waters of the lake were of the most beautiful, delicate green imaginable, and the occasional tips of foam on the dancing ripples, produced by the motion of the steamer, gave it a fairy-like appearance. You cannot help fancying that a nymph will rise out of the transparent water, and, shaking her long locks, invite you down to some pearly cave! The sun had now begun to have a great deal of power, and the glare on the water was almost insupportable. Some Americans on board began talking to our maids, a little while ago, and amongst other remarks, one of them observed,—“We knew that there were English at the dinner-table to-day, because they ate their pudding with their forks or spoons instead of their knives.” In the evening, after we had cleared out of the river, it began to lighten faintly, and we feared a storm; which, fortunately, however, did not overtake us. We arrived at Port Stanley that night, and as Port Talbot is, I believe, twenty-four miles from there, we did not go on till next morning. Port Stanley is only a very small village, with two very respectable houses in it however, one of which was our hotel. Here we found an exceedingly attentive

and obliging mistress, who did the best she could for us, in order to make us comfortable.

The next day, having had a breakfast of coffee (or rather milk, which was much the best), Indian corn bread (to which I cannot accustom myself, I think it so coarse and rough, at least as they make it in America), fish, chicken, strawberries, wild grapes, &c., we set out for Port Talbot. The road was almost all the way through the woods, so we did not suffer much from the heat.

CHAPTER II.

Port Talbot.—THIS is a lovely place. Situated on a high hill, the view on all sides is beautiful. In front the hill terminates in an abrupt precipice, which reaches down to the edge of the broad, blue Lake Erie. Inland, the landscape is composed of rounded hills almost all covered with a forest, of a green only known to the western hemisphere. An occasional church, or a group of farmhouses here and there, with a small clearing sometimes, though seldom, meets the eye. The house itself, however, must be a disagreeable residence in winter, from its being so exposed. It has no protection from the gales and storms which sweep over the lake at that season; and the winds from all quarters blow over the lower eminences that surround it, and (one would think) must sometimes threaten its perpendicular! Blue-birds, red-birds, humming-birds, and the scarlet-crested woodpeckers, abound here. The

house, though it looks small from the outside, is exceedingly roomy and comfortable. Our two rooms are very large; the windows, with muslin drapery, reach to the ground, and the furniture inside is so perfectly English, that there is nothing wanting. The drawing-room has four windows, all opening on a verandah level with the ground, and is furnished most luxuriously. In the centre is a huge fireplace, worthy indeed of ancient England, at least fourteen feet high! That is a place, indeed, in which to have a Christmas blaze!

10th.—To-day Colonel A—— kindly took me for a walk in the woods. The chief object of our walk was to catch Zuleika, a little prairie pony. The cool air of the woods, the singing of thousands of gaily-coloured birds, and the flower-strewn grass on which we trod, rendered the walk very delightful. At last we arrived at a small open glade, in which were several of Colonel A——'s horses. They all came eagerly for the salt, and Zuleika was easily caught. A more beautiful little animal than she was I think I never saw. She was graceful and slender, with a perfect head, large and flashing eyes, and beautifully arched neck. She gave one the idea of the daughter of Pegasus, from her bounding step and wild antics. Yet she was so tame, that she would come cantering

across a field when she heard Colonel A——'s voice, snorting and smelling the air with her delicate pink nostrils. I returned with a large bouquet of white and yellow violets, with very little scent however.

Sunday, 10th.—We attended a small church to-day, which is situated in the middle of the forest, with a lonely parsonage close by. The parson was a Scotchman, with a very strong brogue.

11th.—We drove out this afternoon. Our vehicle was a Canadian waggon with no springs; but there were two benches laid across the cart, which had springs to themselves, so that we did not experience any inconvenience from it. We directed our way towards Plum Point, a small cape which, covered with wood, juts out into the lake. Here we were to arrange the preliminaries of a picnic which was to be held there. But we found a great many obstacles in the way. The road, from being very unfrequented, was atrociously bad, and very often we came to the trunk of a fallen tree extended across the road; which did not, however, at all daunt Colonel A——, who immediately set to work and piled up sticks, &c., on each side of the obstacle, to enable the cart to go over it. At the very end of Plum Point there was a small glen, covered in with high

trees on all sides except one, which gave a beautiful little glimpse of the lake and Port Talbot. It would have been the very place for a picnic, but it was decided that there were too many obstructions, and the road was too rough to admit of our transporting there the necessary things.

12th.—Colonel A —— took me for another little walk to-day. He intended to shoot some pigeons for dinner, while I botanised. We unluckily got into a great bog in a field, and I with difficulty saved my dress from a thorough immersion.

14th.—To-day we paid a visit to a deserted Indian camp, which consisted of half-pulled down wigwams, a great many charred logs, the skull of a fish, and a torn mocassin. It was close to the sea-shore, where I picked up several beautifully marked stones, which were transparent and delicately marbled. We also found a beetle, of the most gorgeous colours it is possible to conceive, blue, green, violet, scarlet, amber, &c. It is astonishing in what a short time Colonel A —— has transformed a small rough log-house into a comfortable country-seat. A few months seemed to have been sufficient to alter the house so completely that Colonel Talbot himself hardly knew it again on returning from a short visit to England.

18th.—We encamped to-day, Indian fashion, at the Far Bower, so named because it is at the end of the farthest orchard belonging to the house, of which there are three. Of course we went through all the divers processes of roasting, boiling, and frying, common to all such occasions, and had excellent coffee and home-made bread. We also gathered a great quantity of large wild strawberries, of which there is an abundance here. We caught a splendid moth to-day; it was of a beautiful light green, with small rings of black.

21st.—We left Port Talbot on Tuesday (19th) evening, with much regret. We sat almost all the morning in the garden, under the delightful shade of a grove of lilac-trees and seringas. Colonel A—— kindly took us to Port Stanley in his carriage after we had taken leave of our other friends, so we had a delightful drive. We then steamed back to Buffalo in the “London,” where we now are.

23d, *New York*.—Our journey from Buffalo to Albany was, indeed, fatiguing, as we did not arrive at the latter place till three in the morning. The first thing that met our eyes on entering the city, was a house on fire! The next day was so dreadfully hot, that the *Albanians* declared that it was the hottest day they had had for ten years! We went on board the “Alida” in the evening,

and arrived here this morning, where it is a good deal cooler than at Albany.

July 1st, Boston.—I have skipped over our residence in New York, because it was absolutely too hot to do anything but sleep! We started yesterday at five o'clock for the Fall River, whence we took the railroad for Boston, at about three o'clock in the morning.

9th.—Tremont House, where we are staying now, is an immense building. It occupies a square, with the street on three sides, and a churchyard on the fourth. A little farther on is a Baptist church, beyond which, again, is the Common, which occupies seventy-five acres. This is the pride of all Bostonians. In the centre is a pond of Cochituate water.

The 4th of July was kept up in a very boisterous manner. Processions, fireworks, and militia, were very abundant, and made more din than it is possible to conceive. Even little boys and girls were allowed to fire pistols in the streets! Some bad accidents naturally occurred, both here and at New York. We had a slight alarm of fire the other night, for the gas-pipes with which the passages are lighted, by some accident, became ignited, and the wainscot began to smoulder. Fortunately, however, it was only about nine o'clock when it happened, so that as everybody

was up, it was speedily extinguished. An American (Georgian) lady, a friend of ours, gave me a beautiful fan the other day, made of the feathers of the white curlew, a bird of which there are three species in Georgia,—white, blue, and pink. The tint of both the blue and pink is so delicate and lovely that it hardly appears to belong to earth.

13th, *Gloucester*.—We came from Boston here yesterday evening.

15th.—We are now quartered at the Cape Anne Pavilion, a good hotel, situated on the beach. We have, therefore, the sea-breezes, which make it very cool and agreeable. We left Boston with the thermometer as high as 99° in the shade; here it is at 70°. During those terrifically hot days I was obliged to keep very grave and solemn, because if once set off laughing I had not the strength to stop! Yesterday I felt so chilly, after such intense heat, that I was obliged to wear a thick shawl indoors. Our windows open on a broad covered piazza, which runs all round the house, and affords quite a promenade when it is raining. The bay of Gloucester is very pretty, and is almost always crowded with ships, especially fishing-barks, for which this place is a great resort. Yesterday there were a great many; and they looked like white butterflies, with their snowy sails glancing

in the sun ; they all followed each other very regularly, as they sailed out or in to the harbour. There is a great deal of bathing going on here just now. On some days it is quite a gay sight ; a great many ladies and gentlemen dress very smartly, with broad straw hats on, and stepping into the water, enjoy themselves for hours together, laughing, talking, and singing merrily. Sometimes the sea suddenly becomes rough, and then the frightened bathers, with the surf washing over their heads, escape as fast as they can to shore. This system is, however, naturally dangerous, as the tide is sometimes unusually powerful on the northern coast of America, and we not unfrequently hear of dreadful accidents happening from this cause. Bathing-machines are unknown in America ; and the ladies listened with unfeigned astonishment and admiration to my description of them.

24th.—To-day we received a visit from Mrs. M——, the wife of the proprietor of the house. By this my readers must not understand the master of the hotel, but the proprietor of vast estates, on which it is built. Mr. M—— leased the ground to the present master, who built the hotel. Mrs. M—— was more like an Italian than an American, with jet-black hair and commanding features.

28th.—To-day my maid and I had a delightful walk. We walked along the beach till we came to an immense pile of gigantic rocks covered with sea-weed; some of which were very rare and beautiful. Having with some difficulty scaled this, we arrived at the ruins of an extensive fort, from which there was a beautiful view of Gloucester. We were surprised to find large bushes covered with ripe raspberries, growing out of the crevices in the crumbling walls. In subsequent walks I have found a great many of these; they are as large and as sweet as the garden raspberries in England. We sat down here, book in hand, for a short time, as it was not far from the Pavilion, and watched the gradual reddening of the clouds in the west, till at last the whole ocean and bay were flooded with scarlet light, and the Pavilion looked quite rosy.

August 1st, Boston.—We came here from Gloucester yesterday evening, after having spent a most charming fortnight there.

3d.—We went yesterday to the Navy-yard, which is in Charlestown, a suburb of Boston. We had a note of introduction, given to us by Mr. A—— L——, to the commodore of the yard; but he being absent, we were taken round, very civilly, by Captain T——, an officer connected with the Navy-yard. We saw the dry-dock,

which is 341 feet long, 80 feet wide, and 30 feet deep, a magnificent piece of masonry ; it is constructed of huge blocks of stone, and is sunk in a hollow,—looking not unlike a gigantic oblong basin. It was begun during the Presidency of General Jackson, and was finished in that of President Adams. The block-shop was a manufactory of blocks (small pieces of wood), used in many different ways on board ship. There was a vast row of small machines, very simple when taken separately ; but the wood had to pass through a process in each of these before it arrived at perfection. After that we proceeded to the ship-house, in order to see the “Virginia,” a one-hundred-gun ship, now building. She looked immense in the ship-house, and the rattle of hundreds of hammers, reverberating through the large building, almost deafened us. There was a perfect model of a sloop-of-war in a corner, that pleased me exceedingly ; the height from the keel to the maintop-mast was about six feet. The “Princeton,” steamer, was in the harbour, the same whose gun burst some years ago, killing the Minister of War : we had seen her two years ago at Malta. She was a mere hull,—all her masts, furniture, guns, rigging, &c., having been taken out. The wood was decayed throughout, and her copper had turned to verdigris ; she is to

be condemned. The rope-walk is immensely long; fourteen feet longer, I believe, than that at Portsmouth. All the hemp they used, we were told, was Russian; we saw separately all the different processes it went through,—that of immersion in tar was the one I liked the least, for the boiling, fluid tar sent forth a thick, disagreeable steam, which filled the room, and caused me to cough violently. Having gone all over the buildings, Mr. T—— kindly insisted upon our going to his house, in order to rest ourselves, a courteous proceeding often met with in America. On arriving there, we found to our surprise a collation of cakes and champagne ready for us, a messenger having been secretly sent by Captain T——, in order to prepare Mrs. T—— for our reception. A little water and a comfortable sofa under a vine-trellised window we found more refreshing after our rather hot walk. Having taken leave of and thanked the hospitable Captain and Mrs. T——, we mounted our carriage, and drove out of the Navy-yard. We were, however, doomed to a vexatious detention, for the drawbridge (in the centre of a long bridge leading back to Boston) was up, in order to allow of the passage of a large merchant brig. The brig seemed to be in no hurry to pass through, and there were only about three people in her at the time, so we were kept

waiting at least twenty minutes. At last, however, to our infinite relief, the chains which held the bridge rattled down with a tremendous noise, and we were once more on our way.

12th.—The day before yesterday we had a sharp thunder-storm, which was hailed by all New Englanders as the forerunner of rain, which is very much needed, as there has been a severe drought hereabouts lately. Yesterday, according to a previous arrangement, we went to the house of Mr. Everett, ex-president of the Harvard University, at Cambridge, near Boston. He very kindly took us all over the cemetery of Mount Auburn. It is thickly wooded, but is not very high. All the different roads through it had names, such as Birch Lane, Chesnut Avenue, Maple Avenue. I observed comparatively few monuments of taste among the tombstones; they, generally speaking, were rather gaudily ornamented. There is a very pretty little mortuary chapel near the entrance; the stained-glass windows were particularly fine. Afterwards, Mr. Everett took us to the Observatory, in which there is a telescope supposed to be the largest in the world of the refractor kind, except one in Russia. Being a very foggy and cloudy day—it was just sunset when we were there—the evening star was not visible, and the moon does not rise till late,

so we were obliged to put off looking through the telescope till another day.

13th.—To-day we went for a walk, as it were, round the town, accompanied by Mr. Sumner, whom we knew. He took us to Faneuil Hall, the place where in olden days the revolutionists first assembled in order to stir up the people to deeds of bloodshed and scenes of riot and strife. The great hall is a large and noble-looking chamber, with a platform for the orator at one end, raised conveniently above the general level. There were spacious galleries all round. The Athenæum, which we afterwards visited, is quite new; in fact it is still building,—only the library was completed at the time of our visit. We saw many of the subscribers reading at different desks. There were several little girls also present, probably the daughters of the subscribers. We had to pass behind two, and as we did so I could not help glancing at the subjects of the works that so engrossed their attention. The first was a deep and abstruse book on the science of *Navigation*, the second, *Vanity Fair*! Neither of the young ladies could have been more than twelve, and if one was to judge by their diminutiveness, they looked between seven and nine. The Custom House is a very splendid building, both inside and outside; inside, there is an immense hall, with a

very high dome, surmounted by a skylight of stained glass. This hall is surrounded by a number of large and small rooms, appropriated to different uses, such as clerks' offices, waiting-rooms, and chambers. There was a large clock in the middle of the domed hall, with four faces,—one on each side: the clock (or its makers) seemed determined that henceforth no one should have any excuse for saying they did not know what time it was. Our last visit was to the State-house. It was under repairs at the time, so we could not go over it: there is a fine statue of Washington in the hall by Chantrey. Before we returned home, however, we saw the statue of the "Greek Slave," by Powers; the face, I thought, was exquisitely touching. Last night we went to Mr. Everett's, in order to meet a party of scientific gentlemen who annually assemble there. We met there, amongst others, M. Agassiz, the celebrated naturalist (a cousin, by the way, of mamma's former governess), and Professor Silliman, jun.

17th.—To-day we again visited Cambridge, and attended a rather puzzling lecture, as I thought, about the relations of electricity with cholera.* We then went to the museum of the college,

* I dare say it was an exceedingly interesting one, only rather above my comprehension.

where we saw the skeleton of an immense mastodon, which reached very nearly up to the ceiling of the room. It really seemed to me almost to have gone out of its way in order to make itself peculiarly and frightfully hideous. We also saw large pieces of flat stone, on which were imprinted the footsteps of ancient and colossal birds. One was supposed by the naturalists to have belonged to the turkey tribe, and, according to their calculations, must have been twenty feet high! We then proceeded to Professor Agassiz's house, in order to see some live coral insects. They were on a large piece of coral, placed in a basin full of water, and looked like small white cells, from which protruded in all directions a multitude of tiny arms, which moved about with great rapidity.

CHAPTER III.

August 21st, Plymouth.—I AM charmed with the environs of this place. The village itself is much scattered, part of it is built up the side of a hill, on the summit of which is a cemetery, which we visited. From here there is a very extensive view of the country around, which, generally consisting of gentle eminences, appears like gigantic waves of the sea from that height. This afternoon we went for a charming walk; having passed the orchard of the hotel,—which, by the way, was so large that it was almost a walk in itself,—we proceeded, under the especially welcome shade of our parasols, towards a thick copse of trees, which we thought would impede our farther progress in that direction. On approaching it we espied a sheep-path, which we followed. To our surprise we soon found ourselves among a herd of cows, each with a bell round its neck, quietly grazing in the bushes. On seeing us they set off in a wild

fright, plunging amid the thick brushwood, their bells tinkling and themselves lowing. At this odd combination of noises my poor maid was so dreadfully frightened that she nearly fainted away. It was with difficulty that I at last persuaded her that the cows were even more alarmed than she, and that they were all gone. On emerging from the wood, we found ourselves at the bottom of a steep and barren hill. On climbing this we saw, indeed, a lovely prospect: Plymouth lay at a short distance from the base of the hill along the sea-shore, and, stretching away towards the hill where the cemetery is, lost itself in a grove of majestic elms, which shaded the houses and almost filled up the streets of that part of the town. The bay was spread out before us, and I then, for the first time, observed that very peculiar strip of land which is appropriately called the Long Beach, and stretches out for nearly nine miles into the bay of Plymouth. We then descended the barren hill, and found ourselves in a beautiful little valley, surrounded by wooded hills, and watered by a rippling stream smothered in a mass of bushes and flowers. For a long time, following its course, we could only hear the brook, but at last there was a small opening, and we saw that all the noise was occasioned by a multitude of little rocks, some so precipitous as to

cause a miniature cascade, which, in its impetuous course, tore off some blooming flowers which almost dipped in the water, and carried them away like stars on a very *troubled* firmament. Having climbed over a stile here, we found ourselves in a small but very hilly opening, bounded on every side by an inviting forest, into which we entered. Nothing can describe the beauty of that forest scene. Thousands of flowers bloomed around us — seringa, lilac, and rhododendron, among the trees; white roses, white and yellow violets, the red jessamine, white death-flowers, forget-me-nots, blue stars, the ladies' slipper, the fire-lily, myrtle, white and red primroses, &c. The white death-flower and red jessamine (which, by the way, has no real relation with the jessamine tribe) are, perhaps, the most beautiful of all. The former particularly attracted my attention, quite as much from its real loveliness as from its poetical name; it is a very waxen-looking flower, and is so thick that it will break rather than bend in the least. It invariably grows in this shape, the flower being about four inches in diameter. After wandering about for some little time in this delightful wood, I observed a little girl, with yellow ribbon round her straw bonnet, a dark-



blue cloak, and a book under her arm, gazing at us very attentively. It was from her that I learnt most of the names I have set down. There is a swarm of locusts here now, which make a sort of metallic whirr, which sets the teeth on edge, and is very disagreeable. What surprises me very much, however, is that there are comparatively few in the woods, while they swarm in any open place. On returning through the town we observed a large and jagged rock of granite, encircled by an iron railing, on which are the names of the Pilgrim Fathers, for, by the way, I quite forgot to mention that Plymouth was the place where they landed. The stone, we were told, was torn from the spot where they first set foot on shore.

I cannot help remarking (with an instance now before my eyes) how scrupulously clean and tidy villages in New England almost always are. All the cottages have little gardens—sometimes large ones—attached to them, in which beautiful flowers (and, what is more, scarcely ever a weed) are to be seen. If there are any children in the cottage, they are sure to be neatly dressed and kept in good order. All this seems very pleasant to a foreign eye, and betokens little wretchedness and much comfort. Mrs. T—— (a relation of Mrs. Daniel Webster) called yesterday. She is a

charming and lady-like person, and very like our Queen I thought.

Green Harbour, 22d. — We are now at the country-seat, or rather farm, of Mr. Webster, the celebrated American orator, who kindly invited us here. I am still rather tired, having only just come in from a fatiguing drive from Plymouth, over hill and dale, forest, marsh, and plain. The country about here abounds in salt marshes, from which a village near here (Marshfield) derives its name. The farm occupies 1500 acres. But nothing can be less like a farm-house than Green Harbour; it is very pretty both inside and outside. Perhaps I had better describe it:—The windows of the drawing-rooms and dining-rooms open on to a verandah level with the ground, covered and shaded with a fine trellis-work, over which a perfect labyrinth of beautiful flowers was trailing. The portico was shaded in the same manner, and half the house was covered with the spreading branches of a huge and venerable old elm-tree. Inside, nothing could be more luxurious than the furniture in all the rooms, splendid pictures, muslin and satin drapery, mahogany tables, and a spacious library, which were all widely different from my ideas of a simple farm-house.

23*d.*—It has been raining the whole day, notwithstanding which we drove to the sea-beach, which is two hundred feet broad. It extends for a great many miles, and is entirely composed of a fine, hard sand, which makes it a very favourite drive here. But when we were there it was not very pleasant, the rain was pattering with increased force on the closely-shut windows of our carriage; and the huge waves, as they rolled over with a dull splash on the beach, seemed to have a cold, grey, leaden-coloured look, that sympathised perfectly with the heavy black clouds above.

25*th*, *Boston*.—Yesterday, at Green Harbour, there was such a tremendous wind that on attempting to go out we were nearly blown away. To-day we visited Nahant, which is a very beautiful place. It is a very large promontory, several miles in extent, and covered with villas, among the prettiest of which is that of Mr. Prescott, the historian, the object of our visit. The views on all sides of his house were lovely. On one side a sandy beach affords a pleasant drive, and on the other the shore is exceedingly rocky and precipitous, the promontory terminating abruptly in a series of high and broken cliffs, which it is not possible to descend except by adventurously scrambling among sharp-pointed rocks, and braving the clouds

of spray which follow the dash of every wave. We attempted it, and arrived at the bottom without any accident except a huge rent in my dress. We had intended to reach the Swallow's Cave, which extends a short way under the cliff, but the tide being high, the water inside rendered it impracticable. From the same cause we did not see the Spouting Horn, which name is given to a round hole in one of the rocks through which the water, at half tide, is projected high in the air. The scene when we were there, however, was very beautiful. The water, though it was rough, was as clear and transparent as crystal ; at the bottom there were quantities of very delicate pink sea-weed, which I would have attempted to gather had not Miss F—— told me, to my great astonishment, that where I thought the depth of the water to be about five inches it was three feet !

Sunday, 26th, Boston.—I have been very much struck in attending church in America by the assiduous and good-natured attentions which one invariably meets with from the ladies present. If it is a very hot day, everybody makes it a rule to carry a fan with them ; but if they see you without one, in a moment a dozen of the most splendid and elaborate fans, all worked with gold, silver, or ivory, adorned with curlew, flamingo, or toucan feathers,

surround you on every side, accompanied by pressing invitations from the owner, whether poorly or splendidly dressed, to use them. I have often observed that the Americans are in the habit of drinking an immense quantity of iced water; whether it is cold or hot, you cannot enter an hotel, or go on board a steamboat, without seeing a large jug or "pitcher" (as the Yankees universally call jugs of all sizes) of water, with a gigantic piece of ice inside. I have seen American ladies drink off two or three glasses of water, so intensely iced that one shrank from even touching the glass, and then, immediately complaining of a violent pain, retire to their rooms for several days, and at the end of that time reappear, saying they are quite well, and begin the same dangerous process again. If warned of it, they invariably lay the illness to some other cause. Hardly a day passes without seeing an account in the newspapers of deaths caused by persons drinking iced water whilst in a heated state.

27th.—To-day we saw at Mr. Prescott's town house a piece of black lace from the shroud of Cortez.

Sept. 2d, Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard.—On the 30th we took the "cars" for New Bedford, the "City of Palaces." However noble and magnificent that may sound, I must confess I did

not see many houses to admire. Mr. G——, whom we were to visit, was to have been kindly in waiting for us at the station (called in America *depôt*, after the French), but we stayed in the train till the crowd had passed, and he, not seeing us among the passengers, concluded we had not come, and returned home. We consequently had to take a carriage belonging to the hotel and drive to Mr. G——'s house, which, by the bye, is situated on a hill overtopping all the rest of the town. It is surrounded by extensive gardens, planted with most majestic trees. The next day we visited a large cotton-mill, a whale-ship, and some sperm-candle works. I was nearly deafened in the cotton-mill with the horrible grinding noise of the wheels, pulleys, machines, engines, &c. It was done by steam. I could not help remarking how very smartly some of the factory girls were dressed; one had on a lace cape and a silk gown. The sperm-candle works were conducted by hand entirely, and an astonishing cleanliness and nicety prevailed throughout the whole establishment. We paid a very hurried visit to the whale-ship, because it was getting late, and she was loading with flour, pressed tightly in barrels, for an Arctic voyage. Yesterday we went by a small boat to Holmeshole, in the island of Martha's Vineyard. Having arrived there, we

were taken to Edgartown, the *capital*, in an uncomfortable and nondescript vehicle, which professed to be the regular stage between Holmeshole and Edgartown. The road led through a thick forest of very ancient and moss-covered trees and brushwood, and was so narrow that there was only just room for our carriage. Unfortunately we met on the road a man in his cart, who happened to be particularly sulky and ill-natured, and would neither back out nor turn aside, though his sturdy waggon could much better stand jolting than our vehicle, notwithstanding the patient expostulations of our driver, who was the very essence of good temper. At last, however, on the plea of there being ladies in the carriage, when he could not well refuse he gave way, and, driving a little aside, he allowed us to pass on. The inn where we are now staying is exceedingly small, but the mistress and her daughter were so particularly kind and attentive, that we were more comfortable than we should have been at the best hotel in the United States. She brought us some mutton-chops and a chicken for dinner, cooked *à la perfection*, which of all the modes, by the bye, I like the most. The next morning, before we were up, everybody was enjoined to be like mice, in every way except scampering about, in order not to wake us. We enjoyed a sumptuous break-

fast with many courtesies and inquiries about how we had passed the night, and the landlady assured us that all her books, of which there was a great profusion on the table, well selected, were at our disposal. (Our maids also declared that they had never experienced kinder treatment at an hotel than they received at this unpretending place.) The son goes to California to-morrow in a schooner. His family are in great grief at his departure.

Sept. 3d, Woodville.—We returned to Holmeshole this morning from Edgartown in a terrifically loaded coach, covered with trunks and bundles belonging to some passengers who had preceded us in another carriage. Everybody, to our great comfort and consolation, prophesied that we should break down; the coachman himself not contradicting the agreeable assertion. However, in spite of these lugubrious prognostications, we arrived safely at Holmeshole, and proceeded forthwith on board the steamboat, which a few minutes ago deposited us here. We are now in an hotel that I really cannot help praising. A smiling and attentive American housemaid (a great rarity, by the way) takes the greatest possible care of us, and is chambermaid, waitress, and assistant cook. The mistress, anxious that we should have everything of the best, cooks for us herself.

Friday, 7th.—Yesterday we hired a little sailing boat of the master of the hotel, in order to go for an excursion to Naushon, an island not far from here. The weather was “spirited,” rather more than a “thimble-full” of breeze, and made our little cruise, as I thought, a charming one, by knocking us about a good deal. Our tiny skiff, however, manned by our host’s two sons, braved the winds and waves gallantly, and in less than half an hour we stood in for a pier at the farther end of a small and land-locked cove, so surrounded by hills and woods that not a breath of air stirred within its limits. On the pier stood Mr. Grinnell, the same gentleman whom we visited at New Bedford, who is at this time staying with Mr. Swain, the proprietor of the whole island. As soon as we had landed we perceived a Canadian waggon (like that at Port Talbot), thickly covered with soft buffalo-skins, and a sleek and pretty little horse, with a side-saddle, which I quickly ascertained was named Ysabel, and was intended for me. I mounted the horse, and mamma the waggon, and in this manner we soon arrived at a spacious mansion, the metropolis of this lovely but otherwise uninhabited island.

Naushon.—We found Mr. Swain at the door, who invited us to have some luncheon, before we went round the island. Having acceded to

this proposal, we dismounted, and had some delicious fruit,—wild grapes, pears, plums, figs, peaches, &c. After luncheon, Mrs. Swain kindly lent me her riding-skirt: mamma got into the waggon (which had springs, and was covered), and I mounted Ysabel, with Mr. Swain on another horse. I thought I never should have been tired of exploring this enchanting island; I think I never saw a lovelier one. About half of it is covered with forest, whilst the other half is a sort of hilly wilderness, covered with long grass, which waved in the wind like the ripples of the ocean on a calm day. An occasional thicket, or a clump of furze, diversified the scene; whilst the emerald forest, the distant house, and the broad and somewhat troubled Atlantic, completed the picture. We were told that deer abound in the woods, and, when many visitors are staying with Mr. Swain, an occasional stag-hunt takes place. When we returned to Mr. Swain's house, it was already time to return to Woodville; so, taking leave of our kind host, we got on board the little skiff, and had a charming sail home.

Sunday, 9th.—The “still Sabbath!” It seems hardly possible for me, having been last year in Italy, to realise the fact of being in a foreign country where the Sabbath is kept as quietly

and as sacredly as in England. I hardly know the reason why, but I suppose it is because New England is the first Protestant foreign land in which I have ever been. The nearest church is four miles off, and thither all the inhabitants of this small hamlet go, on foot or otherwise.

Yesterday, the weather being beautiful, and all things propitious, I enjoyed a long stroll with my maid. We proceeded through the one street of the village till we came to an old stile, which we stepped over, and found ourselves out of the bounds of cultivation. We climbed up the short, steep hill before us, and, arriving at the top, beheld ourselves at the limits of a forest, which stretched far below us, out towards the sea, in a valley, and covered the hills beyond with a green of every shade and tinge, such as is only found in America. We entered the wood, and in five minutes found ourselves beyond the reach of the light of day, and only contrived to see our way by a faint twilight, so thickly interlaced were the trees. Our path lay under a vast trellis-work of wild vines, with their fruit (more like black currants than grapes in look) hanging in ripe bunches everywhere. These were interlaced with millions of creepers and wild roses, teeming with insects of every size and colour. We hardly moved a step without being caught by the broken branches

of blackberry or raspberry-bushes, which hung or lay across the path, loaded with their delicious fruit. I am sure the lakes of red juice we left behind us, from unavoidably treading on them, must have looked like murder-stains. In some places, too, the young filbert-trees, covered with ripe nuts, formed a forest of themselves, encroaching upon our path so terribly that we were obliged almost to tear our way through. Soon, however, we were rewarded for our toils and our patience, by coming out upon a large, grassy, and almost uninhabited plain. *Plain*, however, was hardly the proper term for it ; it was in itself the top of a hill, several miles broad, and rising into smaller eminences. Here we sat down on some convenient stones, and ate our raspberries and filberts. There was something irresistibly charming and fascinating in the scene. Whether it was the soft *mélange* of the summer hues around us—emerald and azure, and gold and scarlet in the western sky—that enchanted me, or whether it was the “sweets of repose” after my fatiguing exertions, I cannot tell, but I felt as if I could sit there for years. Perhaps, too, the sea, of which we had a most beautiful view, contributed not a little to the magic beauty of the landscape. Be that as it may, the charm was soon broken by the unromantic circumstance of my attendant

assuring me I should catch a cold if I sat there any longer. So I rose, and we proceeded home by another route, which also lay through a forest, but of quite a different character from that we had just passed. It was a pine-wood, formed of lofty and slender trees, with hardly a bush or a flower to be seen. The trees were so enormously high, that our path seemed to lay under one continuous dome. The dark green of the scanty foliage, and the dark brown of the trunks of the trees, looked sombre enough ; but one little golden ray from the setting sun shone between the trees, looking like a brilliant spot of stained glass in a vast church. The only noise heard there was the tap, tap of the scarlet-crested woodpecker, or the bark of a solitary fox ; and the only living objects seen to interrupt the solitariness of the scene were a few little grey squirrels, or a stray bird winging its way to the open fields. We came out upon a little farm, tenanted by a tidy family of Irish emigrants ; their farmyard was spacious and well stocked, and their garden gay with the hundreds of wild blossoms in the woods around, besides a few much-prized English flowers, such as snow-drops, cowslips, primroses, &c. A little rosy-checked Irish girl was carefully watering them, surrounded by six or seven pet racoons and kit-

tens. Another, evidently her sister, was filling her apron with blackberries, the bushes of which formed the boundary of their little domain. As was prophesied, it was dark ere we reached home. We depart from this really pretty little place to-morrow.

CHAPTER IV.

Tremont House, Boston, 10th.—THIS morning we arrived at New Bedford again, after a delightful voyage over glassy water. The day was clear, and unusually cold for September. From New Bedford we came here,—which was not, however, our original destination ; we came here partly to get our English letters.

15th.—We have been busy all the past week in writing letters for England, and receiving visits ; but to-day we made an expedition to the Blind Institution at South Boston, to see Laura Bridgeman, the famous deaf, dumb, and blind girl. We were too late to hear the musical exercises of the blind children, but Laura was then having a letter from her friends read to her on her fingers. She is very slight and delicate-looking, as almost all American women are ; and has a slightly austere, though not unprepossessing,

countenance. While we were there she dropped her pencil, and, gaily laughing, quickly produced another. The fingers of both governess and Laura moved with the most extraordinary rapidity ; and the countenance of Laura betrayed clearly the joy and astonishment produced by the letter. All the blind children seemed to be occupied in some way, and a few were walking on the balcony.

Newhaven, 19th Sept.—We started from Boston at 4 P.M., and arrived here in safety, but late. Whilst we were slightly shivering with the cool sea-breeze (Newhaven is a seaport), the clock chiming the midnight peal in the immense engine-house,—the men, with their eyes half-shut, completed tossing our luggage about. We got into the most comfortless carriage I ever saw. There was nothing in the way of glass, and the sides consisted of thin leather curtains : we were in a sort of House of Commons of the winds, who were debating upon the propriety of giving us severe coughs and colds.

After having travelled in this dismal way for about half-an-hour, we arrived at the Tontine Hotel, and were immediately informed that, the train having come in much later than usual, nobody was up except the master. However, they managed somehow to get us something to eat and

drink ; and everything having been tolerably well arranged, we soon forgot our adventures in sleep. This morning it is cold, but sunny. One of our maids had an attack threatening cholera at Boston, but it has since, to our great relief, entirely gone off.

21st.—This is a very nice town. It is called “the City of Elms,” and appropriately so ; for the noble avenue of elms (one of many), which extends quite round the park, before our windows, is one of the finest I have ever seen. The Americans call the sort of small park of which we have a view from our windows a “green:” it is crowded on Sundays with almost all the population of Newhaven, and on week days with nurses and troops of children.

Yesterday, my maid and I went in search of the picturesque scenery which is said to charm visitors to Newhaven so much, and we were neither unsuccessful nor disappointed. I took a small sketch of the undulating hills, which form a cape on the left side of the bay, spotted with patches of wood and with settlers’ cottages, anything but spoiling the wild and beautiful aspect of the scenery, but, on the contrary, rather adorning it, and giving it a look of peaceful happiness and harmony. This is as delightful a neighbourhood for sketching as can well be imagined.

22*d.*—We drove out, to-day, with Mrs. W—— and her daughter, who live at Newhaven. We went through a succession of parks and grounds belonging to friends of Mrs. W——, beautifully wooded, and sometimes ornamented with fountains and statues, with, perhaps, a large conservatory attached to the house, which, however, was invariably exceedingly small.

At Newhaven I was asked, if I did not think American houses in general very large? To such a direct question I was obliged to give a direct answer, at which my friend looked intensely astonished.

Once we came upon a high bluff, covered with wood to its summit, with a beautiful little lake at its base almost smothered in a forest, the trees of which bent into the tranquil water. This scene we admired very much for a minute or two, when, lo and behold! the carriage turns a sharp corner, and comes upon an *ironfoundry*! making a din with its huge wheels and ponderous machinery scarcely supportable.

Nothing is more common than this in America, and I have no doubt that the owner of the grounds often takes more pride in the money-making, useful foundry than he does in the lake, the park, the statues, and fountains, or the conservatory.

Last night we heard the gentle, harmonious

chirp of an American cricket ; and, after a long and diligent search, I found the little creature. Whilst I was looking at it, it lifted one of its legs and bit it (exactly as a cat or dog might do, if annoyed by flies), displaying at the same time what I plainly saw to be two rows of miniature teeth of the whitest enamel ! The intelligent look with which it performed this was exceedingly amusing. We afterwards found two or three more, and we placed them together on the window-curtain, on which they set up a concert that, from its sweetness and melody, quite charmed me.

There is, as I have observed in some of my walks, a great variety of the spider tribe in America — some of them dreadful-looking creatures—while not a few, I believe, are poisonous. One that frequents grass fields is of the size and shape of a damson, green, and streaked and spotted with yellow. Its legs were thick, short, and brown, barred with bright yellow. Another has a body the size of a pin's head, with legs three or four inches long, all of a bright scarlet, and sometimes white. But the ugliest of all, I think, is one with a body round and flat, rather larger than a sovereign, with long, thick legs, all of the most intense black. The dragon-flies in America are most beautiful. I

saw one the other day at Woodville, which was at least three inches long, of a colour that seemed to waver between a sparkling dark blue and a brilliant red. According to the light, its gauzy wings were alternately yellow, green, or violet. When this lovely creature rested on a flower, it curled round its long tail in this manner, and darting out its tongue, twisted it round and round spirally, till it caught its prey.



On returning slowly home from our walk to-day, for the sun was very hot, my attention was attracted by several voices, apparently close by me, calling out, "William! Thomas! John! I say!—get up, my fine creatures!" I turned round, and, looking through the gate, rather a novel scene presented itself; ten oxen were yoked to a small machine, and were going round and round in an already large hole, the machine collecting the earth in large quantities as they passed. Whenever it became quite full of the earth, they stopped and emptied it in another place: we were told they were digging a foundation. A little while ago, we saw a team of six oxen attached to a heavy cart, with a horse leading, which, poor

thing ! evidently did all the work, tugging and straining tremendously.

If one may judge from observation, certainly the peach seems to be the standard fruit of America in the proper season. All the fruit-shops are piled up with the peaches ; barrels-full, open, lie on the trottoir ; and almost everybody in the street is eating them as they hurry along. Nobody seems to think of entering a train or a steam-boat without a great bundle of peaches, one of which is almost invariably offered civilly to any person whom they may see without any. Our dinners in America are not, in general, destitute of curiosities, among which, in the North, the tomata figures. Its very name I now perfectly dread—so constantly, so regularly, does it come up every day, prepared in every imaginable way. In short, peaches and tomata seem to be the *sine quâ non* of American existence. Squash, a sort of pumpkin, is also a great favourite ; it is often made into a *tart*, as well as turnip and potato. Its flower, which is sometimes put into bouquets, is large and bell-shaped, of a bright gold colour.

Wednesday, 26th.—To-day a great annual cattle-show was held. About six hundred oxen, I should think, went round and round the “common,” two and two. Of course, triumphal cars

and arches, flags, bands of but indifferent music, processions, and little boys, were very profuse on the occasion. The crowd assembled was immense, and, I observed, chiefly formed of ladies, or, rather perhaps, women of the lower class.

We drove out in the afternoon with Mrs. W—— and her daughter. The road wound along a range of hills, from which we had a bird's-eye view of Newhaven, which is situated in an extensive valley, bordered on all sides by mountains bearing sundry curious names, and terminated by a bluff, called East Rock, almost perpendicular, and about five hundred feet high. Hardly visible in the distance, were the Green Mountains. Then we suddenly entered a dense wood of sugar-maples, which, by the way, is the tree of all others I think the prettiest. Its foliage grows in thick clumps together, as it were, and is of a transcendent green. After a short and shady drive through this, we came out immediately under West Rock, about four hundred feet high, whose overhanging masses seemed to be about to fall upon the carriage, and crush us in contempt of our smallness. The top is only clothed with a few stunted shrubs and moss, but the sides are thickly covered with underwood.

I cannot help repeating here an amusing expression that Mrs. W—— told us of during our

drive. Among the *ebony* gentry in the south, they say in conversation, "It is above his *huckleberries*," meaning, "It is beyond his comprehension." *Huckleberries*, it may be as well to mention, are a small, round fruit, growing in great clusters, and thus having a fancied resemblance to the woolly hair of the Negroes. I believe it is indigenous to America.

Thursday, 27th.—The cabinet of minerals, public library, and the picture-gallery of Yale College, were the objects of our inspection to-day. The library is scarcely completed, but we there saw several interesting old manuscripts. An old Bible, written in the Indian language, and some letters of Dr. Franklin, were among the chief curiosities. They also preserved with great care, and seemed to value exceedingly, an old and gigantic book, in which were copies of the most celebrated stained glass windows in all the ancient churches of England. The cabinet of minerals is, I believe, one of the most famous in America; we there saw some emeralds, found in the United States, and supposed to be exceedingly valuable. In the gallery were some very fine pictures, and a lock of Major André's hair, under his portrait, drawn by *himself* the day before his death.

1st October, New York.—The day before yesterday we left Newhaven for Bridgeport, a small

whitewashed town, seemingly scrupulously clean, and certainly very dull. As usual, there were a great many churches and meeting-houses, all looking very white and perfectly square. Here the weather was very cold, and we were as nearly as possible frozen. We stayed at Bridgeport the whole of Sunday, and the next day came on here. It rained tremendously during the whole of our journey, and the engine looked perfectly miserable, with its shrill whistle almost smothered in the damp air—but which, as far as that goes, was all the better for us. The trees of the forests we passed were of all the colours of the rainbow, all dripping with diamond drops from the rain, and looking like fabled things. The station is quite in the outskirts of New York, and there the engine is taken off, four horses are put on, and we thus drive slowly on towards the in-town station. Here we alighted, and, to our great relief, succeeded in immediately engaging a carriage, which we entered, glad of any shelter from the pouring rain.

“A gentleman” (a hotel hack-driver!) told H—— the other day, that America set the fashions to England, which was sufficiently proved, he thought, by the fact of our dresses bearing some resemblance to theirs. The cool impudence of this highly amused me.

October 6th.—Such a day ! Was there ever seen such weather ? If it ever rained cats and dogs, now certainly is the time. Our rooms, which are very comfortable, look out into the court-yard of the hotel, which hardly ever feels the rays of the sun, the house is so very high ; no human being is ever seen there, except the laundresses or washerwomen hanging up sheets to dry. Dull as this always is, it is doubly so on a rainy day, and the slow plash, plash, patter, patter, has something very melancholy in it in the silent and deserted court-yard. We have a French chambermaid here, who, having just arrived from France, can hardly speak a word of English. She has struck us as being a particularly agreeable person, and delights in talking to us about her native place, as she has ascertained we have been near it. Yesterday she brought us her letters from France, which all breathed an unusual spirit of piety. I could not help asking her to let me copy out one from her mother. Here it is :—

“*MA CHÈRE ENFANT,*—Voici peut-être mes derniers paroles ; reçois les comme un acte de ma dernière volonté. Tu vas courir le monde, hélas ! sans soutien, sans appui, sans conducteur enfin : je prie Dieu qu’il veuille bien diriger tes pas dans les sentiers de l’honneur et de la vertu ; je prie

Marie, notre mère commune, de t'adopter pour son enfant ; dans toutes tes actions tâche de te rendre digne d'être la fille d'une si bonne mère : souviens toi de la parole de St. Bernard ; 'Celui qui est sous la protection de Marie,' dit-il, 'ne perira jamais.' Sois toujours en la présence du Seigneur ; si tu le fais, nous nous reverrons au ciel, si nous ne nous revoyons pas sur cette terre. Adieu, chère enfant.

"CATHERINE ROLLIN."

October 8th.—We hear that the gale of wind on Saturday night was very *rude* to New York, knocking down several substantial houses and a church. I fear we shall hear of some accidents at sea.

18th.—We have lately had as fine weather as any mortal could wish for ; it is the *l'été de Saint Martin* of America, and is here called the "Indian summer." The other day we went to a great "lion" of New York, the High Bridge, or Croton-water aqueduct. It is a great thoroughfare (for the water is covered in), and seems to be built very solidly. The drab colour of the stone shone out beautifully against the brilliant autumnal colours. Then we went to the Greenwood Cemetery, which contains 242 acres, and which in itself is beautiful, but which is rendered far

more so by the resplendent autumnal colours for which America is so famous. There was not a tint between crimson and primrose that was not there. The deepest purple, the softest rose-colour, the most delicate primrose, glowing scarlet, and shining gold-colour. What would Titian or Claude Lorraine have given for tints like those on their palette? From one of the hills, called Ocean Hill, there is a beautiful view of New York, the bay, and Staten Island.

20th.—I do not think I shall ever forget the sunset I saw to-night. As soon as I observed the glow on the sky I went to the topmost story (the house is six or seven stories high), and was almost dazzled by the splendour of the colours. A gigantic scarlet arched cloud extended all across the sky, in the form of a huge rainbow. There were several other arches, all nearly equally brilliant, and looking like enormous rays from the sun, which, however, was already below the horizon. The whole of the sky was, first scarlet, then orange, then gold-colour, then yellow, then primrose, then rose-colour, then violet, then a delicate green, and finally azure, which is here as brilliant as in Italy.

24th.—We returned this morning from a visit to Staten Island, one of the numerous islands in the bay of New York. We started with Mr.

C—— at three o'clock P.M., and, arrived at the landing-place of the island, we disembarked from the ferry, and saw Mrs. C—— waiting for us in the carriage. We then drove to the Telegraph (not electric), which is situated on a high eminence. What a beautiful bay New York has! Long Island was before us, the mainland on the left side, New York and Brooklyn facing each other; and then there were the suburbs, Astoria, Flushing, New Jersey city, Bloomingdale, Flatbush, Williamsburg, &c. There are, also, Coney Island and Fort Hamilton; Brooklyn is called the "City of Churches;" there are fifty, I believe. The long curved lines of sailing boats going out to sea to fish looked like unclasped pearl necklaces on a ground of blue satin; a sky and sun like those of Italy meanwhile crowned the whole scene. On arriving at the beautiful little cottage of Mr. C—— we found out that there had been some mistake, and that the boat not leaving for New York again that night we should have to wait till the next morning. Great was our consternation on learning this, as we had brought nothing with us; but Mrs. C—— kindly supplied us with every convenience. The next morning we were called at seven o'clock to go by the morning boat, and, having had a delicious breakfast of coffee, grapes, honey, *quail*, hot

rolls, &c., had a delightful sail back to New York across the sparkling water, the spray splashing and leaping around the boat like playful kittens gambolling with the greatest glee around their more sober mother.

CHAPTER V.

Washington, November 1st.—WE have now, I may say, commenced our course southward. At two o'clock on Saturday, the 26th ult., we went on board the steamer, and were steamed quickly to South Amboy. Our course lay through a narrow strait between Staten Island and the mainland. The shores on both sides were flat and marshy, and would have been monotonous had it not been for the ever-varying colours of the foliage on the thick woods. How intensely dull and wretched it will look a few months later! It seems only placed on its highest pinnacle of glory to fall still lower and present a greater contrast. I feel comforted by the knowledge that it will rise again in equal beauty next year. At Amboy we got into the cars, and in about half-an-hour (having crossed the State of New Jersey) we arrived at a pretty little village, not far from which the "extensive grounds and mansion," says the guide-book, "formerly occupied

by the late Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain," are situated. At Camden we embarked in a pretty and exceedingly swift little boat, and ran down the East River to Philadelphia. The banks were flat, and the water smoother, if possible, than a mirror. Every twig, every leaf, was reflected with wonderful exactness on the still water, which looked golden with the glow of a very beautiful sunset. At Philadelphia, the city of "brotherly-love," we only stayed one night, though we should have liked exceedingly to have remained there the next day and to have seen more of the town by daylight; but we were deterred from so doing by the dreadful accounts of robberies, murders, and riots, which were every day in the newspapers. From Philadelphia, therefore, we started the next morning, and in the evening arrived at Baltimore, which did not impress me very favourably as to its cleanliness or beauty during the short time we were there. The cars on which we travelled from Philadelphia to Baltimore were very disagreeable, being not unlike English second-class carriages,—at least so we were told. This made it very unpleasant, particularly in America, for reasons best known to the Americans themselves, and which I think too horrible to mention here: other writers have said enough. We arrived at this place last night.

It is called, with reason, the "City of Magnificent Distances." I do not think I ever saw such a scattered city as Washington anywhere. It looks like a large collection of single houses, or small villages, situated near each other by the merest chance. Yesterday we drove to the Capitol. I can only say of the Capitol, that I was completely disappointed. The House of Senators and the House of Representatives seem to me much too small for the number which we were told they usually contain in times of session. The Rotunda is undoubtedly a fine room; it has a high dome, and is hung round with pictures. They are all by American artists, and the two I thought the prettiest were "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims," by Weir, and the "Baptism of Pocahontas," by Chapman. Perhaps I ought to say that Pocahontas was a very beautiful Indian princess who, by her entreaties and intrepid courage, saved the life of a Captain Smith, who was taken prisoner by the Indians, just as her own father was lifting the fatal tomahawk over his head. Perhaps one of the things which spoil the Capitol is its being whitewashed. The front is said to be 352 feet long. The Senate House is ornamented by twenty-two columns of very pretty native variegated marble. There is a statue of Washington by Greenough, which, I believe,

is very famous. We then went to the Navy-yard, which is one of the largest in America. The only vessel there was the "Alleghany," which was being repaired, though not on that very day. Our coachman, a good-natured Irishman, volunteered to show us our way everywhere, if we liked, and we soon arrived at the hull of a steam-boat, which he declared was the "Alleghany." There was nobody on board but an old Irish sentinel, who, strict to his duty, would not let us go on board; but our driver instantly disappeared, nobody knew where or wherefore, until he returned with a corporal of marines, who immediately, bowing to us, gave the order to let us in. To this the sentinel touched his hat and mumbled out something in an extraordinary manner, with his hand all the time over his face. This was soon explained, on our boarding the "Alleghany," by his breaking out in piteous complaints (as soon as he was sure the corporal was out of sight and hearing) of the toothach. He, however, led us to what he called the companion-ladder, down which he requested us to proceed, in order to see the interior of the vessel. But one view of so extraordinary a substitute for a ladder (a few broken sticks and steps), the sight of some half-dozen wriggling tails, that on our approach whisked into as many holes, and a certain noise between scratching,

rubbing, squeaking, and tapping, or perhaps a mixture of all, most unequivocally proceeding from rats, determined us not to risk ourselves in such a place; but the maids did not seem to be of the same opinion, for they descended the creaking steps, explored the deserted chambers, and reappeared in the fresh air, declaring they were sure they had trodden upon at least five rats, without having had the slightest intention of doing so, but from their great numbers. The "Alleghany" is a sloop-of-war, and carries two guns. On our return we visited a ship iron-foundry; they were making anchors, bolts, bars, chains, nails, guns, &c. It was very curious to see how easily they could beat and weld the red-hot iron into any conceivable shape.

It is rather a curious thing, by the way, that I have only seen one donkey since I landed in New York! But, at the same time, this does not exactly imply that the Americans are the most sensible people in the whole world, though it does mean to imply that they seem to have an usually small supply of that useful creature.

I forgot to mention the review of the militia, which took place at Baltimore while we were there. The only part of the regular army present was the Flying Artillery, whose usual pace seemed one which a snail might easily have beaten. The militia cavalry

was the most extraordinary assemblage of soldiers I ever saw. Some had white horses, some brown, some black, some grey, but there was not a single charger among them. One man was very tall, the next could hardly look over his horse's head; one had brown gloves, another had white ones, or oftener none at all; among them were five or six men literally stooping over their horses' manes. The only manœuvring it seemed they could do at all was that of drawing their swords and then sheathing them, which they performed in about five minutes, at a low estimate. They were about ten minutes ranging in a file abreast, and seemed to have no command whatever over their horses. That afternoon we started for Washington, and having mounted the "cars," as usual, at an in-town station, four horses were fastened to each car. As we were going through the town in this fashion we met a body of the Flying Artillery, going, as usual, at a crawling pace, who, as soon as they saw us, with much difficulty whipped up their unfortunate nags into a sort of lumbering, awkward jog-trot, and, suddenly turning a sharp corner in the clumsiest manner imaginable, they ran upon the trottoir, and were nearly shattered against a lamp-post, upon which the majority of the soldiers seated upon the gun-carriage clung to it by some supernatural

power of tenacity, and remained seated, while one or two were thrown off. Just then we came to a stop; our engine joined us with a dreadful bang (which threw a woman, who was getting into the car, down upon W——'s knee), and a whistle which seemed to be echoed for miles around.

The other day, by the way, I was told an anecdote, which I think I must repeat, as it is said to be an every-day occurrence in America. The scene was a stage-coach, but I know not where. A sharp-nosed man got into the coach at a small village, and immediately began to question his fellow-passengers, obtaining no answer whatever, for it seems they were all very sleepy. Presently, however, a poor woman dressed in deep mourning entered the diligence, and was handed to a seat beside our friend. He immediately attacked her.

"Where may you be from?"

"State of Maine."

"Lost a friend?"

"Yes, two."

"Was they near friends?"

"Yes."

"What was they?"

"Husband and brother."

"Was they long sick?"

"Not very."

"Did they leave you their chists?" (chests.)

"Yes, they did."

"Was they 'opefully pious?"

"I hope and trust they were."

"Then if they left you their chists (of money) and was 'opefully pious, you hought to be very thankful,—so you *hought*!"

I am rather astonished to find that the Americans have not even spared Washington the disgrace of being a pig-stye. If they only were as kind to their dogs as they are to their pigs, the former would do very well! They say, that the immense number of dogs that are annually killed in America is almost incredible. Their professed reason is that they go mad; then, as Mr. — said, "Why not muzzle them?" And the massacre is not confined to dogs found in the streets without owners, but there have been many instances of dogs having been seized and killed whilst quietly walking by the side of their masters! As to the pigs; often, actually before our windows (our hotel is in one of the principal streets), a fat, old matronly-looking mamma, with a large family of young curly-tails, may be seen, taking a comfortable *siesta*, and by no means moving a step for the convenience of poor bristle-less, tail-less mortals.

5th November.—To-day we drove to the Observatory, which is beautifully situated on an eminence, commanding a full view of the city, its suburbs, the Potomac River, the surrounding hills, &c. which made a beautiful view. We there made acquaintance with Professor —, who gave us some interesting particulars of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, said to be the greatest wonder in North America, next to Niagara, and invited us to come a second time to the Observatory, to-morrow evening, to look through the telescope.

6th.—There was a fire last night not far from our hotel. I never heard such a noise as there was made; men shouting and screaming, whilst the loud rattle of the fire-engines (drawn by men), and the shrill blasts of the conches and speaking-trumpets, made the din—already bad enough—worse. I believe it was soon put out.

I think the American climate is a very peculiar one; it sometimes completely puzzles me. For instance, the day before yesterday it felt very cold, and we had, in the evening, a severe thunderstorm. We had been so exceedingly chilly all day, that I could hardly believe that the lightning was not the reflection of the sunset on the window of a passing carriage. The great quantity of coloured people in Washington quite astonishes me. It seems as if three-quarters of the

population were black or mulatto. Yesterday we drove to the heights of Georgetown, a suburb of Washington. Here most of the foreign ministers' country residences are situated; some of these are remarkably pretty. The colours on the trees here have already rather faded, the only hue left being a deep, dark red, which seems to last the longest. But the weeping willows, of which there is a great abundance, are all as green and fresh as if it was in the middle of summer.

7th.—Last night we visited the Observatory. The only planets visible were Saturn and Neptune; both were glorious. To-day, according to previous arrangement, we made a private visit to General Taylor, the President, with Madame C—— de la B——, authoress of "Life in Mexico." We started at noon in Madame C——'s carriage, and drove about for an hour, and then drew up before the door of the White House, or Presidential Palace: it is called "the White House" by all Americans. We were received by Gen. Taylor's daughter, Mrs. Bliss, as the President was then in council. However, in about ten minutes he came in, and shaking our hands heartily, stood talking for a short while. He then sat down beside me, which made me feel, at first, very shy and nervous; but he was too good-natured and amiable to allow this feeling to continue long;

for he began talking, in a most winning manner, about things which he thought most likely to interest me ; for instance, about Natchez, a town on the southern part of the Mississippi, which he described as being very beautiful. He said, that magnolias, myrtles, geraniums, heliotropes, are there considered as common garden flowers, and that it is beautifully situated. He also told me, that he should be indeed glad when the Presidential term was ended, and he should again retire to his plantation and farm on the Mississippi. He also spoke in the highest praise of Mr. C——, the chargé d'affaires here ; said he did great honour to his country, and that when he left Washington all Americans here would miss him very much.

CHAPTER VI.

Brownsville, 11th.—ON the 8th we started from Washington for Relay House. Here we slept one night, and the next morning were awakened by the shrill whistle of the train that was to take us on to Harper's Ferry. On partly pulling aside the blind, the loveliest scarlet ray that ever was seen in the Eastern sky flooded the room, and made all without rosy. The scenery between Relay House and Harper's Ferry was very beautiful. The road wound along the Potomac River, which, enclosed by hills on each side, looked almost too sequestered and too peaceful to be disturbed by the rush of the cars. Soon we came to a beautiful, smiling valley, richly cultivated, its extremity being terminated by two gigantic rocks (at the base of which was a little station), and between which there was hardly room for the train to pass. These were called the Rocky Points. Harper's Ferry, one of the boasts of Virginia, is about seven miles beyond. We could only catch

a glimpse of it, however, as we only stayed there just sufficient time for dinner ; but as far as I could see in a short half-hour, it was very grand and striking. At some unknown period,* the waters of the two rivers, which here join, the Shenandoah and the Potomac, are supposed to have rushed together with tremendous force against the obstructing mountain, which is steep and rocky, bursting it asunder, and thus forming for themselves a new course. Certainly its present appearance seems fully to justify the supposition ; its course between the two mountains, or rather rocky hills, is on a gentle slope covered with rocks and stones of all sizes and shapes, some of them sufficiently large to make a wild and foaming cascade. Through these striking passages, its force of course augmented by the slope, the waters roar, and rush, and foam ; sometimes, meeting with an obstructing rock, they spout up in sheets of spray, with a noise like thunder ; at other times, where it is clear of rocks, they glide with a fearful rapidity, down towards the village of Harper's Ferry, where, making a sudden turn, they form a sort of whirlpool.

Some way beyond Harper's Ferry we came into a range of mountains, or high hills, which

* Thought to have been during some unusual flood or inundation.

I believe are a branch of the Alleghanies. Every now and then, however, we came to one whose summit was covered with snow, which, however, was not very wonderful, considering that we in the valleys were dreadfully cold. Most of the mountains were very steep, and rising on each side of the railway almost shut out the light of day. Once, after having passed through a wild, rocky ravine, down which a splashing cascade was tearing, we suddenly turned round a sharp corner and entered upon a very different scene. It was a quiet, peaceful little glade, with a settler's cottage, out of which, on our approach, there rushed a whole bevy of little children, followed by their mother in great trepidation lest they should come too near us.

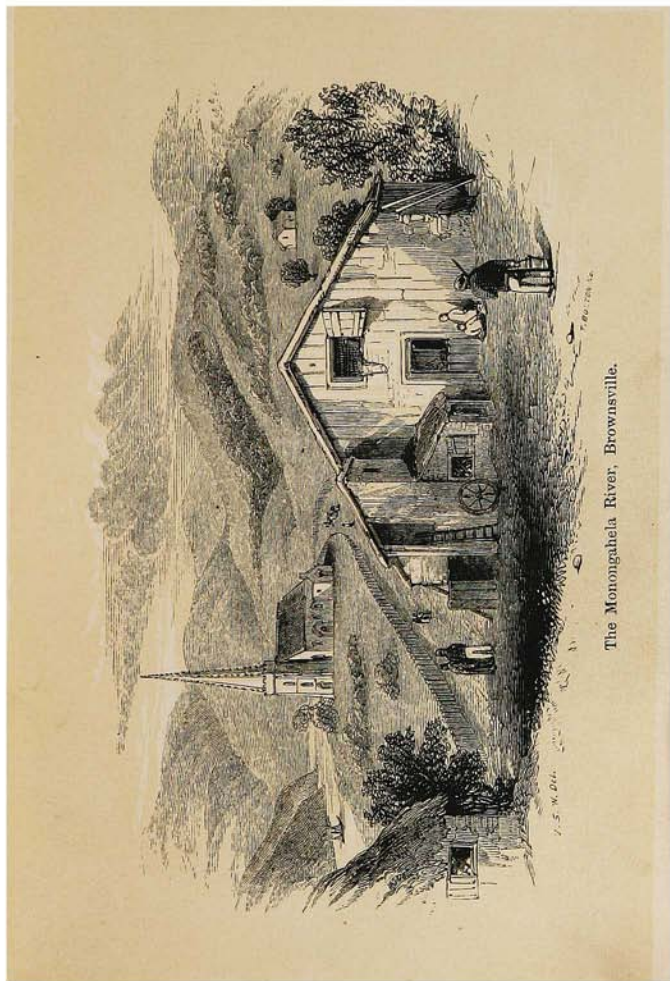
We arrived at Cumberland the same evening. The next morning we prepared to start across the Alleghanies. We wished, if possible, to have gone on the night before, but everybody declared that it would be very dangerous, that there were three feet of snow on the mountains, and that even the regular stage had given up the idea. In the morning even there was some difficulty, what, however, I never could clearly comprehend; but after much arranging, settling, &c. we finally started at about eight o'clock. The vehicle, called a stage-coach, into which we

climbed, was one worthy of description. Lined with hard leather, which hardly prevented the bare wood from intruding through the innumerable little crevices which were every day enlarging with the incessant jolting, it formed the most comfortless, uninviting seat possible, and we were obliged to stuff our cloaks and shawls underneath and at the sides to make it tolerable. The floor was scantily covered with straw; and on each side of the carriage, instead of a warm, substantial wooden *wall*, as one might say, cosily lined with something soft, there was merely a thin leather curtain, loosely buttoned outside, which was continually flapping to and fro, admitting a terrible draught and showers of mud.

From Cumberland to Brownsville we travelled with a Franco-American party, who occupied part of our carriage and the whole of another; whilst a third was the regular stage, ours being both extra. We had hardly left the town before we entered the mountain regions. The scenery was very picturesque; but they were mere hills as yet, though so excessively steep that it gave them a grand, lofty appearance. It was not long before we entered upon a large and elevated plain, composed of "rolling ground," as the Americans call it. This seemed very coaly; even our road was formed of crushed coal. It was thickly peo-

pled, and I saw the entrances of several coal-mines. At the last village on the plain we stopped at, the view on both sides was enchanting. The range of hills we had left appeared of a shadowy blue, softening into the dull, wintry sky. Before us, again, were the Alleghanies Proper, covered with snow, and standing out clearly against the iron-grey clouds. Our carriage, the "Yankee," rattled on merrily a-head of all the others, until we got to the end of the plain, where the horses were stopped in their gay career by the sudden steepness of the road. After about half an hour of slow walking, we arrived at a tiny house, on which was a thin, scattered crust of snow, the first I had seen of the approaching winter. Here we changed horses, and our new animals, not quite so gay as the first (and rather colder, I suspect), trotted soberly on. The little post-house where we stopped was called the Boundary-house; and a boundary, indeed, it was—a complete one. The freezingly cold, damp air which blew upon us at once from the summits of the mountains, plainly told us we were going higher. The vegetation changed from the sumach, the acacia, the sugar-maple, and the hickory, to a few stunted oaks and sombre firs. The snow was here two feet deep, and the cold was intense. Near the end of our journey, the tops of the

mountains, instead of being sharp points and craggy peaks, would form an undulating tableland, which was abundantly cultivated; and the fields after fields of dazzling snow, which had fallen the night before, contrasted wonderfully with the gigantic, stately firs, which looked at least two hundred feet high. We expected to arrive in Brownsville the same evening, but a sudden thaw began, carrying rivers and avalanches of melted snow and ice down the sides of the mountains, and rendering the road a perfect quagmire. We consequently did not arrive at our destination till seven the next morning. The carriage jolted dreadfully, the roads were beyond description horrible, and my seat very hard, and yet I slept through most of the night, waking up for the first time at about five o'clock, just as we arrived at a small shanty, where we heard the cock crow—joyful tidings of coming day and coming breakfast. We now soon came to a high and steep bluff, round which we made a sudden turn, and came in sight of Brownsville. The landscape was beautiful, and the effect magnificent. The town lay just at our feet, on the shores of the Monongahela, which shone in the sun's first rays; the valley stretched far, far away, richly cultivated, and studded with cottages; the snowy mountains we had just left shone dazzlingly



The Monongahela River, Brownsville.

in my eyes ; and for a foreground to this beautiful scene, we had a steep, bold cliff, destitute of vegetation. Soon after this, we entered the town, and pulled up at the door of a doubtful-looking inn, called the Workmen's Hotel. It was the only respectable one in the town, however ; so we dismounted, and entering a pleasant, comfortable sitting-room, asked for breakfast. We learnt that as there was not a single person besides ourselves in the hotel, we might take possession of the ladies' sitting-room (for such it was). There was a piano in the corner, which I opened, from mere curiosity to see what a Brownsville piano could be, and found "FREDRICK VORWERK, BROWNSVILLE," written by way of print, on it. This person was probably a German emigrant, who had settled in Brownsville, and who was not a very first-rate maker, for when I touched it, it sent forth such a horrible screech that I quickly shut it again.

CHAPTER VII.

Nov. 14th, Pittsburgh.—THE next morning we went on board a small but comfortable steamer, at nine o'clock; the master of our inn hurried us tremendously, assuring us we should be too late, but we found that we should have to wait two hours, for that the mail had not yet arrived. At last, however, we started. The scenery had too much of sameness, although pretty; it was a very coaly country, and coal-pits were very numerous. In about six hours we were moored at the wharf of Pittsburgh, which is the greatest iron manufacturing, while Lowell is the greatest cotton manufacturing, town in the United States. Thick clouds of smoke covered the town, and almost hid it from our sight. The Monongahela House, where we are now staying, is an immense building, and looks almost as large as the famous Astor House, New York. The next

day we visited a glass-manufactory. The work for the day was unhappily finished, and we went on to an iron factory, where we saw them drawing out rails for railroads, which was very interesting. The intensity of the heat may be imagined when a piece of cold iron, on being placed in one of the furnaces, in a short time was seen dripping out of the fire a red-hot liquid.

One of the waiters in this hotel is a Mexican Negro, and hardly speaks a word of English. There is a tremendously thick fog to-day; we cannot see anything at all a few feet distance from the windows.

Cincinnati, 16th November.—We started from Pittsburgh on the morning of the 14th. The fog had cleared off, and the atmosphere, though fresh and frosty, was sunny and genial. I think that the scenery, during the whole of the first day, far surpassed that on the Hudson River. It was a continual range of high hills and bluffs, bordered by rich "bottoms," as they are called, being fertile valleys, reaching from the heights to the water, and always richly cultivated. Sometimes, however, the bluffs would rise from the very edge of the water, and here, generally, the echoes were beautiful. When the steamer's whistle sounded, as it did whenever we stopped at any town or village, it seemed to reverberate at least eight

times through the hills, at last losing itself in the distance.

Louisville.—Whilst on this steamer, a little old woman addressed mamma :—

“Does ye live at Pittsburgh, marm?”

“No,” was the reply; “we come from England.”

“Englarnd, marm!” said she, with a concentrated stare at the speaker; “and where may that be?” Then suddenly, as a new thought seemed to strike her, “A—ah, I’ve heerd say that’s a long way off, to be sure.”

One of the villages we touched in passing was named Marietta, after the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. We arrived here at about ten o’clock the next morning, having taken forty-eight hours to go five hundred miles. We stopped many times. The captain of our steamer was exceedingly civil, as indeed they almost all are, and on our arrival at Cincinnati he looked out for rooms for us at the hotel, took care of our luggage, &c. We passed a steam-ship that had a short time before been burnt to the water’s edge; it was a most dismal spectacle.

Louisville, November 17th.—Our hotel was so bad and dirty at Cincinnati that we were very glad to get away by the first steamer that was going on to Louisville; her name was the

“Fashion.” Here we were very comfortable. Our sleeping-cabins were immensely large, and particularly convenient, and a door opened upon a broad, covered promenade or piazza, where one could sit without any danger of getting wet while it rained. We had a very quick passage, and arrived here at nine last night. After dark, we saw the forests on fire; they were burning wood to make a clearing. It illuminated the hills, the river, the sky, with a brilliant, glaring, red light, and had the appearance of a volcano in eruption.

We did not think we should have arrived last night, and were very glad when they came to tell us that we had, for we had found out that there was a multitude of cockroaches in our pretty cabin, which would have been very disagreeable at night. Though it was only just nine o'clock, all the people at Louisville seemed to have gone to bed, for the shops were shut, the windows all closed.

In our room there was a very large notice posted up, about the size of a towel, which, as it is of very common occurrence in America, I really think I must insert here in full, as it will strike an English reader as being a somewhat unusual announcement for a first-rate hotel:—

 CAUTION! To PREVENT ROBBERY!! Boarders are *particularly* enjoined and requested NOT to leave MONEY OR OTHER ARTICLES OF VALUE IN THEIR ROOMS, but to deposit them in the IRON SAFE kept for that purpose at the office. *The Proprietor cannot be responsible for LOSSES IN THE ROOMS, and therefore requests that the above may be strictly complied with.* Boarders, on *leaving their rooms*, will in all instances lock the door and leave the key at the Office!!!

BOLT THE DOOR BEFORE GOING TO BED!!

It really would appear that you can neither sleep in peace, nor stir out of your room, without being robbed. The Americans, in general, lay it *all* on the backs of the poor Negroes, when asked the reason; but I have heard very different accounts from Mrs. A—— B——, and Mr. ——, &c., who have plantations in the south, and who all declare in the same words, “We would trust them with untold gold, they are so strictly honest;” and another reason why it should not be true is, that we have seen notices like the above posted up in every hotel we have entered in the United States, in most of which, in the North there was not a

black to be seen ! Our two maids, having gone out for a walk this afternoon, reported that the pavement of the streets and the floors of the churches were literally covered with strong indications of the American chewing propensities ! Still they are very much improved in these particulars lately. In coming here from Cincinnati, we passed the grave of President Harrison, situated on a small eminence, in full view of the river.

Louisville, November 22d.—We left Louisville yesterday morning at four o'clock, A.M., after having had a breakfast of tea, boiled in a saucepan over a fire we had ourselves lighted that morning ; however, the people of the house had provided us with a large tray loaded with good things. It would have been perfectly dark, had it not been for the gas-lamps placed at very short intervals. Soon, in tumbled some half-asleep passengers—one poor lady looking as if in a dream—thrust in almost anyhow, and grumbling tremendously at hotel, carriage, driver, darkness, and everything else that first came into their heads. No sooner, however, had one of them been suited tolerably to his taste in the seats, than he began to talk :—

“ All full of ladies, I declare ! From down-east, mum ?” (To one of the maids.)

“ No, sir, from England.”

"Oh, oh! would ye have tuk *me* for a Londoner?"

"Certainly not." (He was as complete a representative of a "Yankee" American as could be well imagined.)

"Wal, I was born near Piccadilly Pump, and my two uncles lives now, one near the 'Change, and the other in Aldgate Street."

I could not, however, undertake to repeat all the amusing and absurd things he said, for they would fill a volume. The sky, at sunrise, was a mass of deep rose-coloured, golden, and bronze-looking clouds, which vanished as if by magic when the sun appeared. Our loquacious friend told us he had been very far West, over the Rocky Mountains, and had been a great deal with the Mormons, of which people he gave us a long account, finishing by saying, "One day, I went to a party of Mormon ladies, and after a little while I could not resist talking to them about all their folly and nonsense; but they all immediately flew at me, and I thought they would have murdered me, so furiously did they attack me, scratching, beating, biting, and fighting in every possible way. Oh, but it was indeed a sight, to have seen how I let Mormon ladies alone after that—wasn't it, anyhow?"

After a drive of sixteen miles through flat, cul-

tivated country, we arrived at the Salt River, a tributary of the Ohio, which joins it just at the place at which we crossed. We came to the top of the high bank of the river, where they insisted upon our getting out of the carriage, and walking down to the water's edge, in a perfect slough of mud and water. Having with no small difficulty accomplished this, we were carried across on a sort of primitive raft, which I believe is called by the Americans "a ferry."

We stopped for dinner at Elizabethtown, where we were advised to get some thick, strong boots, if we intended to visit the Mammoth Cave. We accordingly bought a pair of very rough, frightful things. Having jolted on in the diligence the whole day, we did not arrive at Mr. Bell's hotel till eleven o'clock: we found it was an excellent inn, with a most worthy old landlord. There was really hardly room enough on the table in our comfortable apartment for the profusion of things he sent us,—quails, partridges, Indian corn bread, molasses, coffee, &c. The next day began in a perfect blaze of glory, and there was not a cloud in the sky. We started at ten o'clock, in a stage-coach belonging to Mr. Bell, and were agreeably surprised to find that our only companions were our late loquacious friend, and an English gentleman, who made a very plea-

sant companion. The land we had to pass through was hilly and woody, the forest-trees were chiefly of the different species of hickory, with sugar-maple, honey-locust, cotton-wood, &c. There were also quantities of sassafras-trees, which quite perfumed the whole wood with their sweet scent. There were some very steep hills, at which we got out in order to ease the horses; on one of these I found growing, in great profusion, a plant whose leaves looked and felt exactly like the thickest velvet; some of the older outside leaves were more like a fine blanket. In about an hour we pulled up at the Mammoth Cave Hotel, and after having rested a short time, we donned our monstrous boots, and set out on a sort of preparatory expedition, reserving the grand tour for the morrow. Stag and racoon hunts often take place here, and nothing could be more picturesque than the groups of dogs which were scattered about the house, of every imaginable species,—mastiffs, bulldogs, Newfoundland, terriers, pointers, stag-hounds, spaniels, setters, and an infinity of others too numerous to mention, were all there. The path led us down a beautiful little dell, strewn with dead leaves from the trees, which were all of a red colour.

Soon we came to a projecting rock, which formed a sharp corner. On turning this, we

came in sight of the cave. It was about sixty feet below us; a wide, gaping entrance, so dark that we could not distinguish a single object within. We carefully descended about thirty steps, most irregularly cut in the rock, and in five minutes were fairly under the arch. A very small cascade of dripping water falls over the entrance, and an old Indian ladder extends across the mouth. This latter they could never imagine the use of; unless, at a former period, the entrance to the cave was like a huge pit, where they could only descend by ladders. It was like an immense pole, with cross-bars placed all the way up on one side. About fifty feet from the entrance we came to a narrow passage, through which there blows always a great wind; for in summer the cool air rushes out with tremendous velocity, while in winter cold air rushes in again. The temperature of the cave, we were told, was never, except once, known to vary from 59° , and that once it advanced half a degree. After we had passed through this passage, the guide led us through a low corridor; soon after which we emerged into what is called the Main Cave, or Grand Gallery. This was an immense hall, extending about two miles, and in some parts between five and six hundred feet high. The walls and roof were literally black with bats; the little

things set up a tremendous hissing on our approach. Soon we turned, and having mounted a ladder, entered the Gothic Avenue. Here we were very sorry to observe the great number of unmeaning names, such as "Thomas Jones," "John Smith," "Billy Brown," &c.; the ceiling of the gallery was white, and these most gallant and celebrated "John Smiths" had actually taken long poles, smoked at the end, and written their important names in huge letters on the beautiful ceiling! Two great curiosities exist in the Gothic Avenue, namely, the Demon's Armchair and the Elephant's Head. There never was a natural stone so like an armchair as the former; the seat was perfectly smooth and comfortable, and the arms and back as regular as though they were a work of art. The Elephant's Head was also wonderfully perfect, if it had not been for the loss of the trunk, which some unusually mischievous person had recently broken off. It was not long before we arrived at an extensive gaping hollow, about three hundred feet deep, and a hundred yards across. The gentlemen went down to explore this, while we remained behind; and they reported, on returning, that there was hardly anything to be seen worth the trouble of descending. We then retraced our steps, and on finding ourselves again in the Grand

Gallery, continued our way towards the Giant's Coffin, a monstrous block of stone, about thirty feet long and fifteen high, or even more. The Star Chamber, a noble hall, was beautiful. The roof was of black gypsum, studded with little silvery spots. It was oblong and perfectly smooth : while the perpendicular rocks on each side were very rugged, and projected beyond the line of ceiling, casting, when our lamps were all placed together on the ground, a deep shadow—thus throwing the imaginary stars far, far away. A comet appeared with its luminous tail ; the Milky Way rose across the field ; a meteor was seemingly shooting down from an indefinable height ; whilst planets, Mars, Venus, &c., appeared to be in marvellous abundance. Next came the Chamber of Floating Clouds. Shapes of a large size, and dazzlingly white, rose against a dark ground ; one of these struck one of our party as being so like Lord Brougham's profile that it might have passed for his portrait. After we had rested here for a short time, our guide proposed as an experiment to hide our lamps for a moment. He did so, and the darkness was perfectly overwhelming. It hardly seemed like a void, but appeared like an intense substance,—a heavy, overpowering weight on the senses. Such, at least, was the effect it produced on me. It seemed,

when standing still, that there would be as much difficulty in moving about in it as one has in walking in water. When the welcome light shone again, the whole party seemed to breathe freer. In returning we passed the Church, a most magnificent hall, with a huge projecting shelf of rock, which is called the Pulpit, whilst a large and accessible gallery ran round the whole chamber. We arrived again in the open air just after sunset, gave our lamps to the guide, and, as the evening air was much colder than the temperature inside, we put on additional shawls and cloaks, and returned to the hotel, where there awaited us an immense wood fire, some venison steaks, and a sound sleep, in anticipation of much fatigue and pleasure on the morrow.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE next morning we were up at seven o'clock, and had a delicious breakfast. When all was ready, we left our bonnets behind us, as we were told they would be very inconvenient, and setting out a second time, continued our way towards the Giant's Coffin, where we turned aside. From this place, however, I must leave off all regular account of our proceedings, and only note, at random, the most remarkable things we did and saw ; for really it was during the greater part of our journey, one continual succession of down-hill and up-hill, rocks and pits. The Winding Way, or the Fat Man's Misery, was a most tantalising passage ; it was so narrow, that even a thin person could only pass through it sideways. This lasted for about a hundred yards, till we came to the Great Relief Hall, and never did I know a place more appropriately named. Presently we turned into a small passage, which, however, was very soon ended, and turning round, half disappointed

at seeing nothing, I happened to observe at my right a circular hole in the wall. Here, thought I, there may be something worth seeing. I looked through, but all, of course, was dark and silent, though I thought I heard the sound of water trickling down far below me. I raised my lamp and hung it over, and I saw that it was an enormously deep and circular pit, the bottom of which I could not nearly see; whilst overhead there was such a very high dome, that it appeared as though it must reach to the summit of some lofty mountain. Just opposite to us was a huge rock, which seemed as though hanging loose in the air, so wonderfully small was the piece of rock which joined it to the wall, and which, apparently almost by a miracle, kept the mass from falling: we were told that this prodigy had been formed entirely by the gradual and imperceptible formation of water, and that even now it was gradually enlarging, and would most likely continue to do so until it reached the bottom of the hollow. After this we came to a ladder, which we descended, and came to another long corridor, in which was a spring called Richardson's Spring, which was indeed welcome, for we were inordinately thirsty from our long walk. I cannot pretend to judge now of the real merits of the water, but certainly it then appeared to us like perfect nectar. At

one time we crossed the Bottomless Pit, a fearful hole, which, however, did not entirely justify its appellation. Soon after that we came to the Region of Water. Here we were advised to be particularly careful, for the path would soon assume a more threatening and dangerous aspect. This we found to be true, for it suddenly narrowed excessively, and led us along the side of a frightful slanting precipice, with the perpendicular rock on the other side, which was so perfectly smooth and flat, that there was nothing at all to lay our hands on. At the bottom was a large piece of water, that did not look, as pieces of water generally do *on* land, an inviting feature in the *under-landscape*; this was called the Dead Sea,—a small cascade fell into it. Safely on the other side of this dangerous rock, we found ourselves near a tiny cascade, called the Silver Fall. There never was a more beautiful little miniature of a fountain. It fell about thirty feet from an outlet near the ceiling, and was lost among a huge pile of stones. The only approach to it was by a slanting and excessively slippery slab of rock. H—— and the gentlemen clambered up, and arrived safely at the cascade; but when it was a question of coming down again, the former did not succeed so well. She had hardly put her foot upon the dangerous rock, before she slipped, or

rather fell, the whole way down. Between the slippery rock and where we were standing there was a deep hole, into which she must inevitably have fallen, had I not at that moment caught hold of her and pulled her over. After this, we descended a long ladder, and found ourselves on the borders of the River Styx ; we got into a remarkably earthy, or rather muddy boat, for it was thickly bedaubed both out and in with mud, and in this most wonderful and Styx-like concern we were rowed across the river about fifty yards. On landing on the other side, we did not walk very far before we came to the Echo River. This is one of the most extraordinary things in the cave ; in it are found the wonderful eyeless fish, which are not only blind, but have not any trace of eyes, the skull being perfectly smooth and round. Here we again got into a muddy boat, and were rowed about a mile by our boatman, with his one oar. The stream flowed under an arched roof, so low that in some places we were obliged to stoop down. This, we were told, was the most dangerous part of the whole cave, the river being more than eighty feet deep ; indeed, in some places, they had thrown a hundred and thirty fathom line, without finding the bottom. As soon as we emerged beneath a slightly higher arch, our friend recommended us to remain quiet for a moment

that we might hear the echo, for which this extraordinary river is famous. The guide and boatman then struck his oar on the water, which produced a sound quite as sharp and loud as that of a volley of three or four rifles at the same distance from us as the oar really was. Our fellow-traveller, true to Yankeeism, sung that most pathetic melody, "Oh, Susanna! don't you cry for me," and "Old Virginny," which were chorussed thunderingly by a thousand imaginary voices from every nook and cranny.

Having again landed, we proceeded to walk, or rather scramble, along Silliman's Avenue, which I think to be the most fatiguing part of the cave. The rocks and stones on the ground were dreadfully rugged, and it seemed almost by a miracle that we reached the end at the expense of only one fall. At the end of this we came to some sulphur springs, of which we drank with eagerness, being too thirsty to think they were otherwise than delicious. Here there was a ladder that led up into a hole in the roof (for it seemed at this place the cave was continued on a much higher level than before); so we had to climb up this. I went last, and just as I arrived at the highest step, my foot caught the edge of a stone, and I must have fallen, had I not been still holding Mr. B——'s hand, who, catching hold

of my other, hauled me up again. I, however, did not escape entirely unscathed ; for my knee, on striking against the sharp rocks, was sadly bruised. As soon as it felt better we went on, and having passed through Martha's Vineyard, we found ourselves in the Snow-ball Room, the roof of which was covered with large, white, and round incrustations, wonderfully resembling the appropriately given name. But the loveliest of all the cave's beauties was Cleveland's Cabinet, the roof and part of the walls being like a flower-garden in stone. Every imaginable flower was there,—roses, dahlias, hyacinths, peonies, and tulips ; whilst I noticed in a quiet corner some little pendent blossoms that looked as though they were the very facsimiles of lilies of the valley. The leaves and stamens of the before-mentioned flowers were scattered about with a regularity wonderfully true to nature, the crowded petals of the dahlia becoming smaller and smaller till they reached the centre : all seemed as though some finished and admirably skilled artist had made this his masterpiece.

On a rude clump of somewhat smooth rocks in this lovely chamber we ate our cold dinner, or, as our friend expressed it, “ had recourse to our provisions.” After having finished this somewhat primitive meal we returned ; but as it was exactly

the same way we came, it is of no use my going over the same ground again.

When we were in Cleveland's Cabinet, we were told we had been seven miles, if not a little over. I need not describe our tumbles, and troubles, and inconveniences, and stoppages, &c. ; nor can I tell our joy at our first peep at the "blessed light of day;" nor how we all rushed to it with the same eagerness as if we had been deprived of it for a month. Oh, to find ourselves once more in our comfortable little bed-room, seated before a blazing log-fire, on the face of the world, and in the midst of human beings! We started again that very evening, after having had a rest for a few hours. It seems we were longer performing the cave expedition than had been anticipated, for we found that Mr. Bell's carriage had been waiting for us fully an hour. The night was dark, we had no lamps, and the road was anything but a good one; and so we were once or twice severely shaken, not being able to pick our way through the numerous stones and ruts. However, we got to Mr. Bell's quite safely, and found that that worthy old gentleman had been in great alarm for our safety, and was then on the point of sending people on horseback to scour the woods in search of us. His private drawing-room (or rather his daughter-in-law's) was the prettiest and most tastefully

arranged apartment it was possible to imagine: the table was covered with select and instructive books, and the whole room furnished with the greatest taste. At eleven p.m. we again started by the stage-coach for Louisville. The whole of the next day it poured with rain, which was very unfortunate, as the coach was very full, and we were obliged to shut down all the windows, which rendered it close and unpleasant. It was seven o'clock before we arrived at Louisville.

CHAPTER IX.

November 27th, on board steamer "Hindoo."—

THE two days we passed at Louisville were as different, as regards atmosphere, as though the first had been in July, the second in December. There we again saw Mr. B——, who showed us an admirable plan of the Cave, drawn up by himself. Yesterday we took a passage in the "Hindoo" for St. Louis. We are now in a steamer in which I cannot find a single thing to praise.

28th.—This afternoon we arrived at Cairo, the junction of the Mississippi with the Ohio. It consists of some straggling houses, not very respectable in appearance, with a few lonely-looking inhabitants.

St. Louis, Friday, 30th.—Soon after we left Cairo, the deepening snow and the increasing cold told us plainly we were going northward; and the hills began to rise almost into the clouds. They were all covered with pine-woods, which, in their turn, were most brilliantly clothed in snow,

which seemed to strive to hide the sombre, wintry firs, and the dark, cold earth. The river here was as broad as a lake, and as placid as a looking-glass; the lovely sunset, glowing as sunset does only in the West, tinged the hills with gold-colour, and reflected itself in the blushing water. The glittering snow seemed to be clasping the golden rays, and smiling at the setting sun, unconscious of receiving its destroyer to its bosom. As we approached St. Louis, the river no longer wore the placid look which is, in general, its characteristic; the little foamy ripples seemed to be hurrying on in a tremendous bustle,—in fact, the current there was so powerful that we did not seem to be moving an inch. The streets of St. Louis look quaint, and the houses old-fashioned. It seems there is a great deal of business going on here, for we tried no less than three hotels—the Planters' Hotel, City Hotel, and Scott's Hotel—which were all, as their respective masters "guessed," crammed full. At last, however, we arrived at the Monroe House, where we are now most comfortably lodged. One thing I have particularly observed here, which is, the silver spoons and forks are brighter, and seemingly more carefully kept, than at any other hotel we stayed at in America. Among the passengers in the "Hindoo" were a family descended from William

Penn : they had several children, one of whom, a little girl, was an exceedingly beautiful child. Her blue eyes were of an immense size and of a lovely hue, and her hair was auburn ; but she lacked that rosy cheek and bright complexion which are the characteristics of a healthy English child. The cause of this was too painfully evident, even while we were on board ; for she was continually eating apples and sweetmeats, entirely unrestrained by her mother, who, by the way, was exceedingly handsome,—I thought the handsomest American I had seen : she was styled the “ Kentucky beauty.” Miss Lucy, the little girl I spoke of, told us, in the same breath, that she was eight years old, and had only just begun to spell. There was also a quaint family of poor Kentuckians. It consisted of an old woman, her daughter, and four children. The old woman had never been on board a steam-boat, or even seen one in her life, and she felt “ considerable ” frightened. She was bent nearly double, and her pipe was her greatest happiness. She was continually smoking ; and several times in the middle of the night we heard her, from our little cabin, get up, proceed to the fireplace, poke the coals about, light her pipe, and proceed to fill the whole cabin with smoke. Several of the ladies, we heard, complained of this to the captain ; but he

not troubling his head in the least about it, she went on without further interruption from the rest of the passengers. Her daughter looked very ill, and seemed to have hardly any strength; her children, who appeared to be perfect little fiends, took advantage of this, and, not contenting themselves with tormenting her almost to death, set all authority at defiance, and were the plague of everybody on board. This was evidently, however, the mother's own fault, for even then they were spoiled to a shocking degree: she deprived herself of every comfort in order to indulge them. They were going to settle in Iowa, starting across the prairies from St. Louis in waggons, to "squat" when and where they could.

St. Louis, December 1st.—To-day we started in a very neat carriage to see the "Mirror Prairie." We drove along very good roads, as far as the Prairie House, a sort of tavern. All around this there had been once a prairie—wild, beautiful, and unreclaimed. Now, there still was the vast, and seemingly unlimited, extent of "rolling ground," as the Americans call it (I think there could not be a better expression); but here there were rows of hedges, red brick houses—there, there was a black foundry, with wreaths of smoke, and log-huts scattered around them. Nothing could exceed the softened loveliness of the violet

colour of the distance, partly occasioned by the heath which grew in great quantities, and partly by the soft colour of the sky, and an almost imperceptible mist, which mixed together, as it were, the sky and the sea of grass and heath, so that one could scarcely distinguish the line of boundary of either. One part of it reminded me strongly of a gigantic racecourse. On what a mammoth scale, indeed, might one have races on those boundless prairies! Although not a bright day, the atmosphere was so remarkably clear, that at the distance of eight miles I could plainly distinguish the windows and doors of the houses!

On returning, our coachman (an Irishman) was desired to go to a certain number in Commercial Street, to make inquiries respecting the departure of the different steamboats on the Mississippi. He immediately declared that he knew there was no such street in St. Louis. He was then desired to ask, as we well knew it would not be put so conspicuously in the papers were it not in existence. The excuse he next made was, that he could not leave his horses, and still less stop "the gentle-folks on their way!" We then told him to stop at a shop, where we would ask ourselves. Upon which he pulled up at a shop in which there was not a single person. I could not help being amused at his absurd obstinacy, though it was

very annoying, and he drove us at a foot's pace nearly all round the town; at last he consented to ask a passer-by, declaring however beforehand that he was sure the man did not know, as *he* didn't. However, here there was no escape, and of course he immediately received, very much against his will, the information we wanted, accompanied by a look of great astonishment, as much as to say, "This person must indeed be a green stranger, not to know where one of the most frequented streets in St. Louis is." Afterwards we heard the man venting his wrath in no soft terms: "It's the wust street in all St. Louis—if there ever war anythink abominable: them horrid drays a knockin' of the carruge to pieces. I *won't* go in!" The fact was, that he knew perfectly where the street was; but, being an egregious coward, he dared not go in. However, at last he drove us to the street, which we found was not really dangerous, though crowded. On arriving at the office, though we knew it was during business hours, there was not *anybody there*, except some people who had come, like ourselves, to inquire about the different steamers, naturally enough, grumbling.

December 6th, on board steamer "Bostona."—
The advertisements of the departure of the many steamboats on the Mississippi having announced

that the "Bostona" would start for New Orleans on Tuesday morning, we prepared to go in her. As soon, however, as we arrived on board, we were told that the steamer would not sail till four in the afternoon. This delay was extremely annoying to us. Late in the afternoon, when the hour of starting had already past, we were informed that the departure of the steamer must be postponed, in consequence of a large party who had taken their passage previously, and who had not yet arrived, till the next morning. The next morning came and passed, however, and we did not start till late in the next afternoon. The "Bostona," however, is a magnificent boat. Her ladies' drawing-room is most richly furnished with beautifully-patterned velvet; the carpet is exceedingly handsome, and as thick as fur. At the end of the ladies' saloon is a little alcove, almost entirely hidden by an immense looking-glass. This little room was furnished luxuriously, and costly scarlet and gold curtains shaded a great bow-window in the stern. I must not omit to mention, also, the great comfort of the little cabins, separately. They were immensely wide, and exceedingly comfortable. We are now going very slowly, as this is one of the most dangerous parts of the river—shallow, snaggy, and rocky. The "Bostona" does not often stop at the

landings on the river, but when she does, it is generally for an hour or two. To-day, at dinner, we had some jelly which was pronounced by mamma to be very much like the rose sherbet which she had tasted at Constantinople. The "Bostona" was alongside of the unfortunate "Louisiana" when she blew up a short time since, as she was backing out of her wharf to go to St. Louis. The "Bostona's" captain was severely wounded (he afterwards died), and the side of our vessel nearest to the "Louisiana" was badly damaged. There are great quantities of pigs in the vessel, which, together with oxen, sheep, goats, guinea-fowls, cocks, hens, and other musical domestic animals, set up a delightful concert of squeaking, grunting, lowing, bleating, screaming, cackling, and cock-a-doodle-dooing, night and day, for our edification and amusement.

Memphis, 10th.—The day before yesterday we only progressed thirty miles, but yesterday we made a little more way, and arrived here at three o'clock this morning. This was exceedingly unpleasant for us, as it was snowing fast. We ought to have arrived last night, but the fog was so thick that the captain was obliged to stop at a small village till it cleared off. We were obliged to go on board the wharf-boat till morning, as the hotels on shore were all shut up at that early

hour. On the wharf-boat we found a roaring fire, and a very obliging stewardess, who bustled about, trying to make everything comfortable for us. About dawn she went to get some more wood for the fire, and came back in fits of laughter and all over snow, having been severely snow-balled by a multitude of little urchins who had gathered on the shore, delighting in the three inches of snow on the ground, which afforded them so much amusement at the expense of the passers-by. This poor woman (a Negress) told us she had had the rheumatism a short time since, and had not yet entirely recovered. Yesterday as we were sitting at the window of our little sitting-room, we had the good fortune to witness a very beautiful sunset over the Mississippi. The whole river reflected the most vivid scarlet and crimson glow, while the sky was one mass of the most brilliant and dazzling hues. The snow on the ground was tinged with deep rose-colour, except where some object interrupted the rosy light, when the white formed a beautiful contrast to the brilliancy of the above colour.

Dec. 12th.—Still freezing; the old snow of the day before yesterday is still flourishing, being as deep as ever, while the air is piercingly cold. Quite a trail of emigrants' waggons passed our window to-day; I never saw such huge, awkward-

looking things as they were. They were covered with mud, and I suppose had travelled thus some hundred miles ; there was a curious sort of gigantic cage hung behind, in which were poultry and even sheep. Phillis, the slave-girl that waits on us, is half Negress and half Indian ; she cannot, however, remember the name of her father's tribe. She has beautiful hair, immensely thick, jet-black, and glossy as steel.

On board steamer "Bulletin," 14th.—On the 12th we came on board this steamer in the afternoon, as they declared they intended to start precisely at five. When we had chosen our cabins, and were settled on board, after having scrambled and squeezed through bales upon bales of cotton, which were lying in hundreds on the wharf, they began, as usual, that tiresome process of delaying, and waiting, and postponing, and finally managed so that we are not an inch nearer Natchez—our destination—or warm weather, to-day than we were yesterday. What made it still more provoking was, that while lying stupidly and uselessly alongside the wharf, a most magnificent steamer went past on her way to Natchez and New Orleans. Her rows of light seemed literally to extend as far as one could see in the darkness. She backed out of the line of steamboats on the wharf, and steamed off with so

arrowy a swiftness that we soon lost sight of her in the darkness. She was the "St. Cloud," and we most certainly should have gone in her could we have learned the truth before she started.

Just under our cabin are a great quantity of horses, not of the most quiet species, which do nothing all day and night but kick and struggle, and fall overboard, and break every kind of fastening. As every one has his own opinion, I leave the reader to his, as to whether this fascinating din was likely to be agreeable to our English ears.

By-the-bye, I must not omit to mention the enormous flight of carrier-pigeons that we saw the other day when on board the "Bostona." They were flying across the river in an enormously wide trail, which was evidently guided by a king, or a general, and his staff, a small group which piloted the way for the rest, who flew in so zig-zag a direction that they looked like a huge serpent. We were told that they had an immense roost in Tennessee, which extended over a region of some miles, and that they sometimes cover the trees in such numbers as to break the branches down.

We are now at Napoleon, a village at the mouth of the Arkansas River, a large tributary of the Mississippi. The dismal, chilly line of snow that continued all yesterday has now entirely dis-

appeared, giving place to a bright, green summer-like forest, in which were great quantities of a plant resembling gigantic fern. One of the most beautiful sights, I think, on the Mississippi, and also one of the most peculiar and characteristic, is that of the immense steamboats, which, when you pass them at night, seem almost too beautiful to be of earth. They glide past, seemingly without noise, for it is generally drowned by that of our own engines, one mass of sparkling lights from one end to the other, while from the funnel there streams a long feather of rosy sparks, extending an immense length. All this is minutely reflected on the still water, and makes the object—every part of it almost invisible except the sparks and lights—appear like a dream of magic.

15th Dec.—This morning at daylight we were “*snagged*.” There was a crash,—the vessel shook,—the wheels staggered on for a minute—stopped—and went on again; and the *bumps* were violently repeated. By this time all was astir below; our friends the horses made a greater noise than ever, the ladies screamed, the men holloaed, the cats whined, the dogs barked, the pigs squeaked, the cows lowed with all their might; and all these made their respective noises without in the least knowing what for. This morning I

went to get a view of his worship the snag, whom I found reclining his rugged head on the paddle-box, having thrust it triumphantly through the wood-work. They say it was a narrow escape from something far worse, for had the snag touched the wheel (which was of wood), the confusion would have been far greater, to say the least.

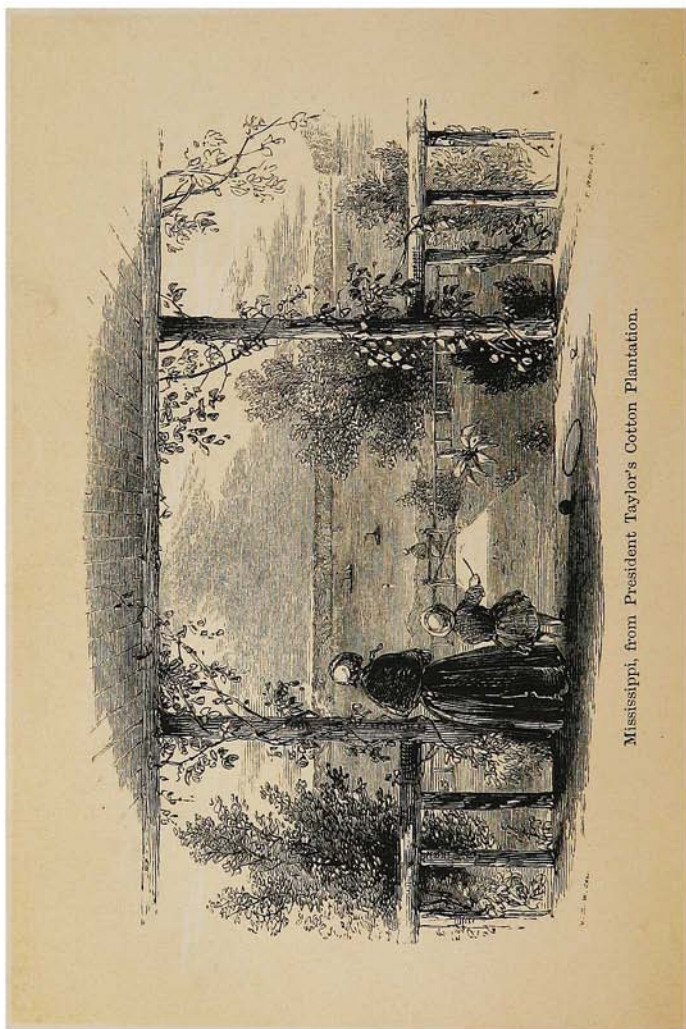
Natchez, 16th.—We arrived here at six o'clock this morning, just at daybreak, and were landed, as usual, on the wharf-boat, from which we saw the "Bulletin" start off again. While on board we had not an idea how immensely it was loaded with cotton, and as we saw her now, swinging off towards New Orleans, we observed, to our astonishment, that her side, which ought to have been at least four or five feet out of the water, was almost under it. We were told that she actually carried 2200 bales of cotton, though a comparatively small boat. The change of temperature, which began yesterday, is perfectly wonderful. Yesterday the air was frosty, the wind keen; and to-day the sun is hot, and the atmosphere quite sultry. Natchez does not impress me so favourably as Memphis, either in cleanliness or regularity. This afternoon we saw a curious phenomenon, and one, I think, peculiar to the Western hemisphere. After a continuance of most sunny weather all day, a small cloud rose in the south, spread over

the sky, and in five minutes became as black as jet, while the rain poured down in torrents, the rain-drops being at least the size of hazel-nuts. This lasted for about eight minutes, when, in a single instant, all the clouds had literally scampered off to the horizon, the sun shone more brilliantly than ever, and there was not the tiniest *soupeçon* of a cloud on the azure sky. The President having begged us, while at Washington, to visit his plantation on the Mississippi, we are anxious to find out its *location* (*anglicè*, whereabouts). I suppose we have asked at least thirteen people the same question, where the President's plantation was; and every one has answered us differently. We subsequently found that not one of their assertions was correct.

18th, steamer "*Aleck Scott*."—We started from Natchez yesterday morning at 9 o'clock, in the "Natchez," an excellent steamer. They landed us at Cypress Grove (our long-inquired-after destination), at about three in the afternoon. The banks of the river at this place were about fifteen feet high, an unusual height on the Lower Mississippi. Of course, except occasional clearings or plantations, it was one line of forest, chiefly of cypress. The President was not there, but his son superintended it. They were then erecting a steam saw-mill, and Mr. Taylor was not yet come

home from it; so we had to wait patiently in rather a primitive, though comfortable drawing-room, before a delightfully blazing fire of cypress-logs. When Mr. Taylor came, he ordered all the "servants" (as they call the slaves, a sort of *nom de guerre*) to be collected and arranged in a semi-circle before the house. They were all there in less than ten minutes; the women were all neatly dressed in white calico, while almost all had woollen shawls, as the evening was rather chilly. The men were chiefly dressed in flannel. Some tobacco was served out to them as an uncommon indulgence, on the occasion of our visit. The account the President's son himself gave of his treatment of them seemed very favourable. He gave them, he said, milk and a pound of meat each every day, with as much bread as they liked to have, and plenty of vegetables. On Sunday they were given coffee, flour to make pastry, butter, &c. We expressed a wish to see some of their little "piccaninnies," so immediately all the black ladies that had any brought them to show us. One came after another till at last we had at least twenty jet-black babies (all under fifteen months old) in the room, upon which Mr. Taylor sent word that there were enough, thereby stopping a long line of about twenty-five more black mammas with their jetty "piccaninnies," each

anxious to have the glory of being told that hers was the prettiest. Strange to say, not one of these little ebony balls ever attempted to cry, or make any sort of noise, except an occasional chuckle, intended for an attempt at a laugh. We also saw an old great-grandpapa, who was more than a hundred years old, and who, though we offered to walk to his hut, insisted upon coming himself to see "the white ladies," though a great object was, as we afterwards learnt, that he might be paid for some chickens he had given to Mr. Taylor. On his departure, we added a little to the store already in his pocket, which elicited from this venerable gentleman a scrape and a deep bow of gratitude, accompanied by a polite and yet droll air which amused me excessively. We begged Mr. Taylor to be so kind as to hail the next steamer he saw going down the river, in order that we might go on to New Orleans that evening. Meanwhile, we went to see the cottage of Martha, who was Mr. Taylor's housekeeper. It consisted of but one room, but that was not so very small, and was very comfortable. A large bed stood in the corner for Martha herself, whilst in every corner there was a little cot for the small branches of Martha's family. The wall was hung round with gaily-coloured prints, and the curtains of the bed were of patchwork, prettily worked by



Mississippi, from President Taylor's Cotton Plantation.

herself. A huge fire-place, plentifully heaped up, occupied a great space, and they had a cooking-house outside. One of Martha's daughters had a very pretty face. Unfortunately, hour after hour passed, and no boat appeared, till at last, at about eleven o'clock, I fell asleep, not waking till nearly two in the morning, when a boat was reported to be in sight. We went on the verandah of the house to watch the approach of the ship with her hundreds of sparkling lights, and the manner of signalling it, which we had been told was very picturesque. They lighted an immense fire in a curious apparatus, which much resembled a huge saucepan stuck on the top of a greatly magnified pitchfork. This they waved to and fro with great energy, making a picturesque red glare, vividly reflected on the river. Soon a similar fiery saucepan was elevated on the signalled ship, and we soon saw her slowly turn her prow to shore. We then hurried to the bank, under a resplendently starry sky, and having taken leave of our amiable host, we stepped on board the "Aleck Scott," with our luggage, bound for New Orleans.

CHAPTER X.

New Orleans, Dec. 19th.—WE arrived at the immense and crowded wharf of New Orleans early this morning. We did not, however, land till eleven A.M., when, having taken a carriage, we rattled along streets which were really nothing but a succession of deep holes, thereby occasioning a succession of severe jolts. The Verandah House, the hotel at which we are now staying, is exactly opposite to the St. Charles's Hotel, supposed by some to be the largest in America. It has more the appearance of a vast theatre than what is generally conceived of an hotel, having an immense and handsome portico and a large dome. In the "Aleck Scott" there was a very large glass-box in which was a profusion of flowers, sent from Natchez as a present to a friend at New Orleans; the flowers were chiefly camellias, heliotropes, azalias, white, blue, and yellow violets,

fuchsias, and rhododendrons. To-day they brought us some bananas for dinner; it was the first time but once that we had ever tasted them; they are long and of a light yellow, the inside being a soft, pomatum-like substance, very sweet, and of a sort of straw-colour.

Dec. 20th.—We find to our horror that New Orleans is to be our first insight into the mysteries and torments of the mosquito region. They are here black, the most deadly kind, and their sting is so poisonous that five minutes after the attack the place swells tremendously, and the irritation is violently painful. It has rained furiously to-day, and they say that that is the reason they swarm in such numbers, seeking refuge from the rain.

22d.—Some things in this hotel amuse me very much, among which is our own waiter, a Swede, who is the drollest little man possible. He is very active, and skips about like a mosquito, which is decidedly the most active creature I can compare him to in New Orleans. He told us that before coming here he went to London, giving³ us a long dialogue in praise of its beauties, winding up with, “Oh, marm, I likes it fust-rate, de ’quare, an de park, an de ’treet, all qvite puttry!” Poor man! if he wishes to learn English, he is not in the best of all places for doing

so, as the language of the lower and even middle classes in America is about as different from that spoken in England as Chinese and Italian. He was a most invaluable waiter, having all the virtues requisite for one.

Christmas-day.—Weather very pleasant, though a little too hot. There was a tremendous letting off of crackers last night by multitudinous little boys of all the municipalities. This was, however, soon stopped by a louder and more important din; two or three fire-engines came tearing along, drawn by men on the trottoir, to the great discomfiture of some opera-going ladies, who, frightened out of their wits, were fain to plunge at once into the nearest shops until the unwieldy intruders had passed by. I have been very much struck in walking through New Orleans at the curious mixture of nations and languages it contains. It consists of three municipalities, in one of which is seen nothing but American fashions and costumes; in the second, everything is French; whilst in the third, everything is equally Spanish. Our maids went yesterday to see the slave-market, and they said it was quite a pretty sight to see them standing in a row, dressed neatly and even smartly. The blacks all seem to have a great sense of vanity; amongst other things we were told at General Taylor's plantation that there was not a

single black woman on the plantation that had not a silk or satin dress, or a man that had not a satin waistcoat or studs !

We have tasted a variety of new dishes since our arrival in the south and west of the United States, canvass-back duck, buffalo, prairie-chicken, bear, bananas, wild turkey, opossum, buckwheat cake, &c. The sun to-day is tremendously powerful ; we are happily shaded by a broad verandah, but our opposite neighbours have no such protection, and the burning rays seem almost to *eat* into the bricks of the houses.

Dec. 27th.—This morning a gay procession of freemasons passed along the street. They were profusely, though not very tastefully, decorated, everybody seeming to strive to be different from the other, they formed altogether a very motley assemblage. Besides, they were so completely mixed that several times we observed a smart gentleman, with a profusion of gold and silver spangles on his velvet apron, walking side by side with a common-looking man without even a ribbon or badge on his shabby coat.

Mobile, 30th.—Yesterday afternoon, at two o'clock, we bade adieu to New Orleans. Whilst waiting at the station of the railroad from New Orleans to Lake Pontchartrain, several Indians passed by going into town. Our train was at

that moment going to start, and I was very sorry that I had not a nearer view of them; their costume seemed to resemble the Highland dress.

In about an hour the train stopped at the landing-place of Lake Pontchartrain, where we embarked on board the "California," a steamer much resembling the smaller class of boats on the Mississippi. The lake presented a beautiful scene in the afternoon as we sailed rather slowly over it. The sky and the water were of the same colour—a deep, rich azure—whilst the latter was dotted with wild ducks, which were sporting about with great glee and diving under the water for an astonishing length of time. But the wonder of the evening was the moon-rise. She rose of a deep, fiery, red colour, rather like the appearance that the setting sun occasionally presents, even in England, though much larger. She waned, both in size and colour as she approached the zenith, but her light was still so brilliant as to enable us to read large print.

I must not forget to mention here that before we started for the railroad on Saturday, we visited the Roman Catholic cemetery, which was very interesting and curious. In the vicinity of New Orleans if they dig only as deep as one foot in the earth, the hole becomes immediately filled with water, so swampy is the

soil. Consequently they are obliged to bury above ground in tombs, or “ovens,” as they are called. These ovens are curious edifices, greatly resembling their names on a gigantic scale, and pierced with rows of orifices, some filled up with marble, on which was inscribed the name of the tenant, and others left open and empty till their services were in turn required. One of the tombs was that of a Spanish lady, whose epitaph pronounced her perfections in strong terms. They were all wreathed and decorated with roses, &c.

But to return to Lake Pontchartrain. We had on board the “California” two of what the Yankees call “swell darkies,” which, when translated into English, means *free black dandies*, who were dressed out in every imaginable finery, and on whom the other less fortunate blacks looked with a sort of admiration and awe, which was very amusing. They took first-class passages, and were admitted, we were very glad to see, into the drawing-room, though not into the dining-room. On our arrival, we found that the best, in fact the only respectable hotel in Mobile, was crammed full, so our only alternative was to quarter ourselves here, which I certainly cannot call a good hotel, though it has a few virtues.

A little while ago we heard a gentle knock at the door, and, fancying it was one of the maids,

we said, "Come in," upon which in marched two pretty Indian girls, with immense loads of chumpa, or fire-wood, on their shoulders, which they presented for sale, without speaking a single word. We asked one her name, but could elicit no answer for a length of time, when she reluctantly murmured "Saralila." We were afterwards told that the Choctaw Indians—she belonged to that tribe—have an unaccountable dislike to learning English, and though they understand it perfectly, will not, unless by some particular attraction, attempt to speak it. There is a large camp of these Indians about three miles from here.

I cannot help mentioning some anecdotes which Mrs. M——, the wife of the British Consul, told us at New Orleans. One of them shows the gigantic size of the St. Charles's Hotel :—A gentleman having lost his way in the interminable passages, and turnings, and corridors of that house, met one of the Irish waiters belonging to it, and said to him,—

"I can't find my room ; can you direct me to number 983 ?"

"No, sir," replied the waiter, "*I've* not got as far as that, yet !"

A country lady, on coming for the first time to New Orleans, was dreadfully shocked at the plentiful use of "them horrid things," perfumes,

and wound up a long stream of condemnation by saying, "Why, now, I was at church yesterday, and there was musk on one side, lavender on the other, Patchouli behind me, and Cologne before!"

This house seems to me to be extraordinarily dilapidated, every window is cracked, and every jug, glass, cup, teapot, and chair, is broken; in short, we seem to have closely followed on the steps of an earthquake or tornado!

January 1st, 1850.—Last night several Chinese processions passed by, consisting chiefly of grotesque figures dressed like the Chinese, and flourishing coloured paper-lamps. These were accompanied by bands of rather a questionable excellence. There was also another procession, which I believe was intended to represent the different inhabitants of Olympus, drawn by various four-footed inhabitants of the earth.

January 2d.—To-day we went with a Franco-American friend of ours, to visit the Indian camp I spoke of before. It was a comparatively short drive, and it was not long before we came in sight of the camp. It consisted of about twenty or thirty bark huts, scattered about a sort of field, interspersed here and there with patches of furze, and bounded by the forest. The *lodges* were formed of a series of branches of trees planted in the ground and meeting at the top. This,

however, was covered with one or two substantial layers of square pieces of bark, gummed together in a manner calculated to exclude damp. The insides of these lodges were in a state of confusion beyond all description, filled with babies, dogs, pieces of cotton, baskets, Indian corn, hunting horns, wampum-belts, blankets, pots, pans, dried meat, guns, bows and arrows, deer-skins, raccoon-skins, in short everything one could imagine to make a chaos of confusion ! In one, we found an old accordion, which, however, as might be expected, would not emit any sound, after the rough treatment it had no doubt undergone from all the *papooshes* of the camp ! Most of the men were out hunting at the time, though a few, who had returned sooner than the rest, were still lounging about the lodges, talking to the squaws and young girls. I could not help observing the extraordinary apathy which seemed to pervade them all, from the tiniest *papooshe* to the old people too aged to walk. One of the wigwams was solely inhabited by a little boy, certainly not above a year and a half old, who was asleep when we first approached the hut, but who speedily awoke when we began to speak, upon which he slowly raised himself to a sitting position without making the slightest sound, and extending his little fat arm to a pot boiling on the fire, took

it off and began eating a substance resembling gruel, all the while staring us full in the face, without betraying the slightest symptom of fear. Meanwhile some of the men had returned, and, with their guns on their shoulders, were eagerly inspecting us, at the same time listening to the accounts of the women, who were evidently very much relieved by their appearance, though they had affected not to notice us in the least. One of them struck us particularly from his very handsome features. He was completely the North American Indian. A beautifully chiselled aquiline nose, immense and sleepy-looking eyes, and a most classic mouth, were the least of his beauties. The grandeur and sternness of the expression which pervaded his whole countenance were extremely striking.

Some of the children were as ugly as Esquimaux are reported to be ; but one little boy was so very beautiful, that he was unanimously styled by our party a miniature red Apollo. He was sitting cross-legged on his mother's knee, with bows and arrows in his hand, and a little puppy in his arms. In this attitude he was exceedingly picturesque, having a prodigious quantity of beads round his neck ; he was shown to us with great ostentation, for he was the pride of the camp. At one time we came near a group that Madame Le V.—

said was the richest family in the camp. An elderly woman was combing out the long thick hair of one of the girls, while the other, who was evidently just *coiffé*, was looking pensively around with that peculiar repose which is one of the characteristics of the North American Indians; occasionally darting a glance of vanity at her splendid necklace, which was composed of shells, teeth, bones, tufts of hair, bits of horn, wire, glass, beads, &c. We asked her if she would sell it; upon which she answered "No-halla," which one would fancy meant "I don't understand," as they always said it when they evidently did not understand. We then applied to a man who was lying on the ground at a little distance, to ask her if she would sell it. He seemed very stupid at first, but the moment he understood that it was a question of money, he readily undertook to prevail upon her; we eventually got it, which we were very glad of, as it was really a curiosity. Several of the women were working very nicely; one was making a splendid wampum-belt, done with coloured beads on white cloth. One of the lodges was very neat; everything, instead of being scattered about in the greatest confusion, was carefully put on a series of shelves, nailed to the side. The principal food of these Indians is "sofkay," as they call it, being a compound of

Indian corn, milk, and some other ingredient, which they mix with water, and eat. Their meat they dry in the sun, and seem never to eat it fresh. On our return home, Madame Le V—— told us that the Indians and the negroes hate each other very much—the Indians despise the negroes, and the latter return the compliment. She told us an anecdote illustrative of this:—An old Indian often used to come to her house to beg, whenever he had spent all his money, and Monsieur Le V—— invariably directed his servants to give him some dinner. One day, however, when Monsieur and Madame Le V—— were at tea, in rushed the Indian, in a state of great agitation and distress, exclaiming, “You—tell—nigger—give—Indian—dinner,—Indian—go—kitchen,—nigger—cross,—say—Get out, dog!” Monsieur Le V——, not quite believing his story, told him to go and ask them again, and he would accompany him. So they went; and Monsieur Le V—— stationed himself behind the kitchen door. Directly the old Indian went in, the negroes flew into a violent rage, abusing him furiously; and finally were about to turn him out by force, when Monsieur Le V—— entered, saying to the astonished negroes,—

“What does all this mean? did I not tell you

always to give this Indian his dinner when he asks for it?"

"Ye—yes, massa, we—we give him plenty, but he never satisfied."

"Come, come, this won't do, let me see you give him some."

Something or other was soon prepared, but as soon as it was given to the insulted Indian (who had stood motionless as a statue during the scene), he gravely said, "Indian eat dinner, but Indian no eat dinner with nigger!" and he immediately marched off to eat it on the steps of the house rather than eat it with the negroes.

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER our return from the Indian camp, we went to a magnolia grove on the sea-side. The trees actually almost dipped into the water. They were of the most magnificent emerald green I ever saw, towering to the height of more than a hundred feet, and spreading their glossy and luxuriant branches all around. In the summer these splendid trees are covered with their snow-ball-like blossoms, spreading a fragrance so strong that the light summer breeze carries it far out to sea. On returning home, Madame Le V—— asked us to go and see Mrs. W——, her mother. We found her a charming old lady. Amongst other interesting things, she told us that an old black slave of hers remembered Washington in her youthful days. We saw this slave, and she gave us a long account of him, in which she mentioned that she left her dying child in order to go and see the “famous man, whose head all white. Oh, he was a mighty pretty man!—

mighty pretty man!" The English vessel expected here, which was to take us to Vera Cruz, has not yet arrived.

4th January.—Yesterday we had another drive with Madame Le V—— along a road, the hedges of which were entirely composed of Cherokee roses, which answer, in great measure, to the wild rose of England, except that they are white and much larger, while their perfume was not to be compared with that of my favourite little dog-rose. They looked, however, very lovely, twining fantastically round every tree and shrub with their rich, snowy blossoms.

Saturday, 5th.—Another charming drive yesterday with our kind friend. On our way we passed a large fire, round which were squatted about ten Indians, dressed, as far as I could see, much more picturesquely than those at the camp. These were profusely decorated with gay feathers, and embroidered blankets, while one had a silver ring round his head. I could not distinguish any more, for the carriage passed on too quickly, and I was sorry afterwards that I did not ask Madame Le V—— to stop for a few minutes and see what they were. She took us to see the Cemetery, in which two of her daughters were buried. The tombs were simple in the extreme, the only carvings about them being two wreaths,

one of lilies, the other of roses. A Cherokee rose-bush was growing near, and we plucked the only two remaining buds, and placed them on the monuments.

I must not forget to mention what we were told the other day, by our amiable Mobile friend, which was, that yellow-fever weather is always delightfully cool and refreshing, like a May morning in England, never accompanied by anything like damp or heaviness.

The whole of this morning the rain poured down in torrents, but in the afternoon it partially cleared off, and the day has finished by a soft *repentant* sunset, as it were, which threw a rose-coloured glow over everything. I was much interested this evening by watching, from the window, a Choctaw youth, who, having challenged all the white boys in Mobile to a contest in bow-and-arrow shooting, was now contending for the prize with them all. The mark (and the prize at the same time) was a piece of money, the size of a fourpenny-bit, stuck in the mud about sixty yards distant. Whenever he raised the bow, he never failed to knock the "doime" up in the air, while none of the others, not even some grown-up men, could get their arrows within a foot of it. After having beaten all the archers, young and old, of the neighbourhood, he retired with his

prize. His features were handsome, and his whole dress consisted of a long flowing mantle, with a splendid wampum-belt, ornamented with feathers, round his waist. He had heavy silver rings in his ears and his nose. He was altogether one of the most graceful Indians I have ever seen.

11th, *Evening*.—We have just returned from another interesting visit to the Choctaw camp. There were a great many more men there than there were the other day, for they now expected our visit, and were anxious to see us, since they had somehow learned that we came from afar, and were not Americans. Having previously provided myself with a pencil and some paper, I proceeded to sketch a very beautiful woman, who was certainly, without exception, the loveliest woman I ever saw. Her nose was a perfectly straight line; her eyes, which were of the deepest black, shone with a most brilliant lustre through her long eyelashes; and her mouth more resembled an opening rose-bud than anything else I can think of. Her complexion was of a dark brownish red, quite Indian in tint, and her glossy, jet-black hair hung almost to her feet in luxuriant masses. Her name was Manolahona. None of the Indians took any notice of us at first, but I knew very well how to attract their attention and interest; so, taking out my pencil, I began sketching the exceedingly

handsome man I mentioned as having seen on our first visit to the camp. One of the younger boys immediately observed me, and, jogging the elbow of his comrade, who was looking the other way, directed his attention to me. Very soon two or three others joined the group, and, unable to restrain their curiosity, they gradually approached me, and presently I caught them all looking over my shoulder. By this time, however, my hero became conscious of the honour that was being conferred on him, and, filled with bashfulness, retired behind his lodge. He fancied, no doubt, that the extraordinary instrument I held in my hand (the pencil), and the odd lines I was tracing with it on the paper, had something to do with "medicine," or magic, and that it was intended to work him some harm or other. Among the gradually accumulating groups that were now eagerly watching my proceedings, was one wild-looking man, with a ring in his nose, whose hair hung down to his knees, trimmed and tied profusely with ribbon, wool, feathers, &c., while over all this finery was a narrow-brimmed black beaver hat. The different contrast formed by the other parts of his motley costume was so ludicrous that I could hardly resist laughing the whole time I was taking his portrait. A smart wampum-belt was slung across his shoulders, by way of a scarf,

and his neck was covered with beads and *charm-stones*, while a small medicine-bag hung suspended from a piece of red worsted. Whilst I was sketching him, an old man came up, apparently in a great passion; he seized hold of my arm, gesticulating furiously, and talking in his strange, wild language with tremendous vehemence, seeming as though he wished to drag me somewhere by main force. But this scene did not continue long, for one of the young men, stepping forward, gave him a sound box on the ear (rather unceremoniously, as I thought), which sent him tumbling over his squaw into his lodge. It was then explained to me that this old man, being under the influence of "fire-water," was very angry at my not taking the portraits of himself and his whole family before all the others, he being a near relation of the chief. We were also informed that it was very fortunate that he happened to be tipsy, for had he not been so, his claims, in consequence of his rank, would have had more power, and the young man would not have dared to have knocked him down. We were glad to see how thoroughly an Indian is despised by the rest of his camp whenever he gets tipsy; even if he be the chief, when in that state he is more scorned and despised than the lowest vagabond in the tribe, and everybody has the privilege of doing what they

choose with him. One would think that this would have the effect of preventing the frequent recurrence of this lamentable failing of the American Indian, but I fear that it is not so. Whilst this was going on, two white men sallied forth from some houses, and commenced a conversation ; one of them proved to be English, and the other a French Creole ; the latter volunteered to interpret for us, as he knew the Indian language perfectly. Observing Jo-ham-ba, my shy hero, lying in the sun before his lodge, I requested our new interpreter to ask him if he would have his portrait taken, which he refused, on the plea of not being dressed smartly enough. However, we at last persuaded him to rise, and I tried to draw him, but it proved a failure, for I was so much engrossed with his graceful attitude and handsome features that I could not do him justice. He stood, with his immense, flashing eyes looking downwards, without moving a single muscle the whole time I was sketching, except once, when a mischievous boy threw a plait of his hair over his face, upon which he slowly and haughtily looked round on the little bore, who slunk away under his piercing glance as though he had been shot. As it was getting late, we returned home with little Caranetta, Madame Le V——'s

daughter, in perfect ecstasies of delight at "de litty papooshes."

12th.—No tidings of the missing "Severn" yet. Various rumours are being circulated about her, though not one of them, I believe, with any degree of foundation. To-day we paid a third and still more interesting visit to the Choctaws. Directly the carriage came within sight of the lodges, the Indians, young and old, all rushed to the outskirts of the camp to collect the stragglers, and to communicate the joyful intelligence that *everybody* was to expect to be drawn! We received a warm and even boisterous welcome from these portrait-loving Indians, who now evidently expected that I should draw them all—in which they made a great mistake, for such extensive practice was totally beyond my ideas or intentions. Jo-ham-ba, who was so shy and silent the previous day, now joined us immediately, eager and anxious to be sketched "dressed." He bustled off to his lodge, which was under a splendid live oak-tree, and called for a bucket of water, which was immediately supplied him by his squaw. He then proceeded to take off the faded ribbons, soiled wool, and withered flowers hanging from his hair, and, having plunged his head into the tub, presented himself to his wife for his toi-

lette. However, before she commenced it, he rose up suddenly, and, thinking he was ready, I commenced drawing, upon which he vociferated,—

“Hold on!* no yet—me no dress—me find coomb!”

Presently his wife returned with the “coomb,” and, having reseated himself, he patiently underwent a tremendous tugging and pulling from the lady, before she could disentangle his matted hair. When his head was again covered with ribbons, and wool, and flowers, he went towards the bucket of water, and complacently looked on himself and his finery in its glassy surface. Having satisfied himself that he was as fine as he wished to be, he stood up, proud as a peacock, for me to draw him. After I had finished him, another man came, who was the greatest talker and the merriest of them all; I drew him also, at his earnest request. He had been up to all sorts of mischief whilst I was drawing Jo-ham-ba, pulling his hair and unfastening his belt, which Jo-ham-ba took very good-humouredly. This curious character, whose name was Co-cho-nabe, was the greatest fidget imaginable; first, he wanted me to draw him with a bow and arrow;

* “Hold on” is a universal explanation in America, signifying “stop.”

then as though he was wielding a tomahawk; then holding a spear, in which last position I began to draw him, when he immediately changed his attitude again. I asked him if he or his tribe ever went out in war-parties now, upon which he answered, partly by signs and gestures and partly in broken English, that when he was very little they did, but that now they never did. I asked him, also, if they had any tomahawks or spears, to which he answered, wildly,—

“Yes, *then*; but gone—him gone—way out—then we kill!”

And he put his hand up to his head, grasping his own hair, and pronounced some unintelligible Indian word, which, from the gestures, I suppose to have meant *scalp*. As he did this the old warlike spirit seemed for a moment to revive within him, and his dark eyes flashed. I smiled, and asked him if he would have done so to me in time of war; to which he replied,—

“No, no, you good—you do pictor!”

The longer we stayed the greater became the crowd of “dressed” people, anxious to have their portraits taken. When we got into the carriage they were swarming in from all quarters, each smarter than the other. One that I noticed when we were driving had a silver band round his head over a scarlet shawl, twisted about his

head in the form of a turban ; his mocassins were scarlet, and fastened round his ankles with glass beads ; his blanket was trimmed with a deep border of scarlet, and in his hair was a large tuft of wild turkey feathers.

Our carriage had just got out of the wide circle of lodges when our loquacious friend, Co-cho-nabe, tore out of the crowd of men, women, girls, and boys, who were looking on, half with wonder and half with regret, at our departing carriage, and, overtaking us with a swift foot, waved us a final good-by, and scampered back to the camp. We now thought we had seen the last of them ; but, on looking behind the carriage, Madame Le V—— to her astonishment saw Jo-ham-ba standing in the attitude of a most dignified footman in the place of little Montgomery, the black page ; while the latter, pale with fright, was hanging in an indescribably ludicrous position over the side of the carriage.

Putting our heads out of the window we asked Jo-ham-ba why he came, and if he intended to escort us all through the town ; and he answered,—

“ Me come, stop *then* ” (presently). “ Go, get fire-water with dime ! ”

“ No, no,” said Madame Le V——, “ no have

fire-water ; bad, very bad — make Indian bad — no take any.”

With a most droll expression of face he again looked over the side of the carriage, and, with a cunning expression in his twinkling eyes, said,—

“Bad ! bad ! No, no, good — me say *good* !”

Presently we passed a farmer’s cottage, at the door of which its worthy owner was seated, and looking at us with the greatest astonishment, he exclaimed as we passed,—

“La, now ! I do wonder what them people have got there, I do !”

About the same time a carter in a waggon drove by us, who could hardly contain himself with laughter at the strange sight our red footman presented. Very soon, however, he dismounted at a small tavern on the outskirts of the town, where wishing him good-by, we hoped he would not get tipsy.

CHAPTER XII.

Vera Cruz, January 26th.—ON Monday the 14th we heard that Mr. L——, the newly appointed United States minister in Mexico, not being able to wait till the arrival of the missing English steamer, had telegraphed to Washington for a Government one, which was now on its way to Mobile, to take him and a party of friends who were likewise waiting for a passage to Mexico. He also was so kind as to ask us to go, which invitation we gladly accepted, as there did not seem any chance of the English vessel stopping at Mobile now.* We were told, however, that the accommodations on board the “Walker” were not very good, so we made arrangements that we should go to the vessel first, and that if we did not return within a stated time our maids and the luggage were to follow us. On Tuesday, having taken leave of our kind friends of Mobile,

* We afterwards heard that the “Severn” was prevented from calling at Mobile by a succession of severe gales.

we embarked in the "California" (the same ship in which we had crossed Lake Pontchartrain), which was now returning to New Orleans, and which was to go a little out of its way in order to deposit us in the "Walker." After a very short voyage we arrived near her, and were pushed off in the boat, amidst the admiring gaze of the lady passengers of the "California," who wondered to see us going to Vera Cruz in so small a vessel. She certainly did look small when seen from the outside; but when we arrived on board we found she was much larger than we expected. We were ushered into our cabin, which was tolerably comfortable, by the first lieutenant, who, at the same time, mentioned that if we intended to stay he would fire a gun as a signal to the captain and the rest of the passengers to come on board. To this an assent was given, and, presently, the gun, which was above our cabin, went booming through the air, shaking everything in the room. Very soon after Mr. L——, the captain, and the passengers, arrived, together with our maids and the luggage. We did not start till late that night.

Towards morning we ran aground on the Mississippi Delta, but easily succeeded in getting off again; we then steered straight for Mexico. In the morning, when we went on deck, the

water, as far as we could see all round, was of a deep, muddy, yellow colour: this was caused by the Mississippi, which gives this foul colour to the sea for many miles around.

On Wednesday it was quite cold, but it gradually grew hotter and hotter, till, just as I was putting down the fan in exhaustion and despair, there came a most welcome, refreshing "norther," which, besides cooling us completely, had the additional advantage of being favourable, whilst before we had been staggering against steady headwinds. The wind increased in force, and one sharp puff splintered the jib-boom, laying it prostrate on the deck. The sea now rose in hillock-like waves, and the ship every now and then gave a genuine lurch. Mr. L——, never having been at sea before, was in great terror at "this awful gale," as he called it; and it seemed quite to puzzle him to see everything rolling about, with the cabin-floor occasionally far nearer the horizontal than the perpendicular, and yet to be assured that it was not a storm, nor even a gale. In a day or two the "norther" calmed into a gentle zephyr, which fanned us along at four knots an hour, while our engines were being cleaned,—an operation which was often repeated during the voyage. After the "norther" had ceased blowing, scorching days and oppressive nights followed

more severely than ever ; whilst the sea was as smooth as oil. Then all hearts, except Mr. L——'s, wished for another " norther " to cool the sultry air ; however, none came, but on Thursday we found ourselves within sight of land. Everybody's spirits rose at this intelligence and at the prospect of landing on that same evening,—when, lo ! on taking the customary observations in the afternoon, they discovered that the land, which they thought was only a few miles from Vera Cruz, was no less than a hundred and twenty miles distant ! It was the Island of Logos. This great mistake was occasioned, the captain said, by bad steering, at which he was in a great rage, and had, we were told, threatened to give the steersman a flogging. However, the poor man eventually got off without the intended flagellation, partly through the intercession of the passengers, I believe. The next morning, when I went on deck, a most lovely sight met my eyes : rock after rock, mountain after mountain, rose one above another, till their craggy peaks were lost in the shadowy blue sky. It rather reminded me of the scenery about Scylla and Charybdis, only that the outlines were even bolder. In the course of the day we lost sight of this range of rocky mountains, and sailed along a flat, sandy coast, until, just at sunset, we came in sight

of the long-wished-for Vera Cruz. It was, however, very indistinct, looking like a long row of white spots in the distance. When we were about five miles from the town, we fired a gun for a pilot, and, seeing no answer to our signal, fired another and another; till at last, just as we were going to fire for the fifth time, the little pilot-boat came dancing alongside, on the heavy swell, manned by half-a-dozen swarthy Mexicans, chattering away in their bad Mexican Spanish. By a few little manœuvres, our sailors pulled the boat close to the ship, and the pilot jumped on board. He was as dark as an Indian, and was dressed entirely in white. Not being able to talk English, and as none of our people understood Spanish, his directions were given in signs, by waving his arm to the right or left. Whilst he was standing on the hurricane deck, looking out forward, I observed that his profile was almost exactly like that of Napoleon; he stood in the Emperor's favourite attitude, and wanted nothing to make him complete except a cocked hat, instead of the *sombrero* which he wore.

The nearer we got to the town, the more beautiful it looked; and when at last we dropped anchor under the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa (which the Mexicans think as strong as Gibraltar), it struck

me as being very like Cadiz, only not quite so lovely. After a short delay, during which the moon rose, the authorities and officers of Vera Cruz came on board to receive the United States' minister. They all went below to *speechify* and *toastify*, and Mr. L—— made a speech to the captain, which was responded to by the latter. Between nine and ten o'clock in the evening, the American consul came on board, and promised, if possible, to send us a shore-boat before ten o'clock, when the gates were shut up. In a short time, accordingly, the boat came; but we only used it for our luggage, as the captain was so kind as to send us on shore in one of his own boats. After some little difficulty, owing to the excessive rolling of the ship, we got into the boat, and were rowed towards the Mola. The scene, as we glided across the harbour, was most beautiful. The evening was very warm, but not oppressive; an enormous moon shone over the glancing water, which, as it showed the broad side of a rolling wave, seemed made of quicksilver, too dazzling to look at. The deep silence of everything around was almost awful; the only sound we heard was the splash of our own oars. The town was as still as death, and everything seemed as though spell-bound. We

soon arrived alongside of a broad and convenient stone pier, with steps at the side, against which the waves were beating with great force. Our steersman, however, taking the right moment, drove her in just in a lull, so that we landed without getting wet. From the Mola we walked through several streets and squares, surrounded by houses so completely foreign and Spanish that it seemed as though we had been transported to another hemisphere. All the houses looked very old, and on remarking this to Mr. R—— (the captain of the "Walker," who had accompanied us), he told me that not one house in Vera Cruz had been built since the Revolution, and that most of them were two hundred years old. Vera Cruz has been called an ugly town, but I cannot say I thought so, as, on the contrary, it appeared to me, with its beautiful Spanish architecture, the most picturesque of cities. After a quarter of an hour's walk, we arrived under the archway of the Casa di Diligencias, supposed to be the best hotel in the place. I observed during our walk, that most of the large houses have broad archways all along the front of the bottom story, which not only keep the lower part of the house in perpetual shade, but also afford a cool and delightful walk all along this arcade. I was struck, on entering, with

the curious way in which the house was built; it was somewhat high, and the rooms lofty. We entered by a *patio*, or court, round which the house was built. At the opposite end of this is a staircase, which having ascended, we found ourselves in the second (and last) story. A wide balcony ran round the inside of the house; and close to the railing, on the floor, were four long beds of earth, one on each side, out of which grew a perfect garden of beautiful flowers; the orange and lemon-trees, besides their own beautiful blossoms and fruit, were surrounded by parasitical plants; the parasites, covered with sweet-smelling flowers, hanging half-way down into the court below, or fastening on the deeply projecting roof above, and then again dropping: all this had a most lovely effect. Great numbers of tame parrots, of every colour, screamed from all quarters, in their great round cages, or from perches fixed amidst the flowers. The housekeeper, an eccentric but most good-natured old German woman, told me, that she was obliged to cut and trim the parasites every second day, for fear of their spreading too much, and added, that if she left them untouched for a fortnight, all the corridors and passages would be one impassable labyrinth of tendrils and flowers; they would drop into the court below, and weave

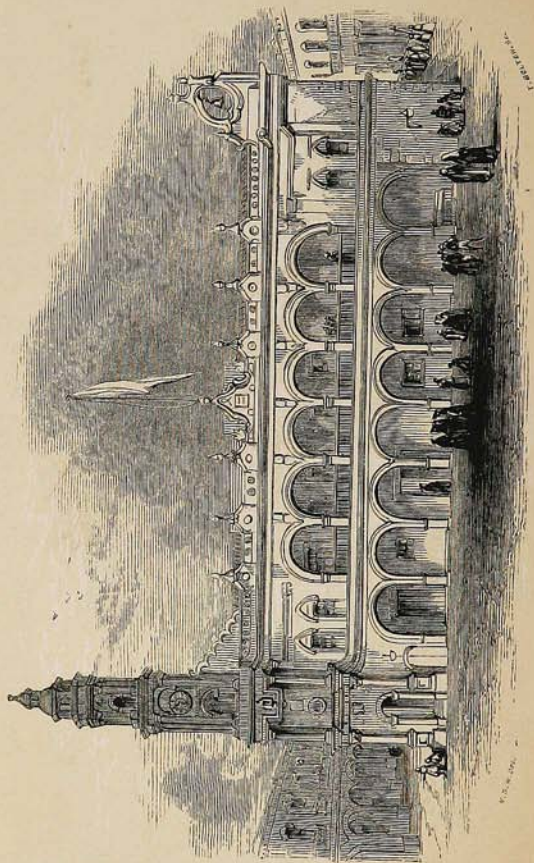
a perfect spider's web over it; mount upon the roof, climb over it, drop over the edge, and hang over the balconies, and take root in the street, so that in a month the house, inside and outside, would be a mass of flowers, a little forest in itself!

At one end of the corridor was a billiard-table, with a sort of café in the corner; and beyond this was a long passage, with rows of rooms on each side. Our room is very high and cool, made on purpose to withstand heat, — which is a great comfort after the houses in the United States, which are built to withstand cold; thus making one suffer much more from heat than if the climate was always warm. Very few of the houses in Vera Cruz seem to have what we English would call windows, the substitutes for these being huge folding-doors, with a small pane of glass let into the side, opening on a spacious balcony. Our balcony looks out upon the Grande Plaza, on one side of which is the Cathedral, whilst opposite is a most lovely building, the old palace of the governors of Vera Cruz, now used as a prison. It reminded me of pictures of some parts of the beautiful Alhambra, or of little Chinese porcelain pictures on vases, &c., looking so light and airy. The flat roof is covered with statuary, and little ornamented minarets and towers that look as though made of china, with

all sorts of graceful carvings and arabesques,—the largest of these is a clock-tower ; this chimes forth, in silvery peals, the hours every day. The wonderfully silent and sleepy effect which the town had on the night of our arrival is not at all diminished by day. There hardly seems to be a wheeled vehicle in the city.

During the middle of the day, the *arrieros* (mule-drivers), with their picturesque costumes, and their long trains of mules, seem to be the only inhabitants of the town ; towards the afternoon a few peasant women, with their *rebosos*, and, perhaps, a dark monk or priest, hurry by ; at about sunset, the foreign residents of the city generally stroll out ; but when the moon—the gorgeous tropic moon—rises, then the mantillaed ladies glide forth in their white dresses, flowers in their hair, and fans in their hands, looking like noiseless spirits in the pearly moonlight.

The centre of the Plaza is quite grass-grown, and ordinarily covered with *sopilotes* (carrion vultures) stalking about in quest of their abominable food. These *sopilotes* swarm in immense numbers at Vera Cruz ; they are so tame that they will hardly deign to get out of your way as you walk along the pavement. In the evening they alight in hundreds on the domes and spires of the churches, where they seem to roost.



Casa de la Constitución, Vera Cruz.

30th.—This evening we went to the Mola and the Alameda, with Mr. R——, the American consul. The moon was shining with such wonderful radiance that we could have seen plainly to read the smallest print. We proceeded first to the Mola, where the “Walker,” and other vessels lying under the castle at the same time, were so clearly defined against the bright moonlit sky, that we could see every spar and rope on the masts. The castle itself and the town were as one mass of burnished silver, and the tops of the dancing ripples, far out at sea, were like huge diamonds set in ebony. I never saw, I think, a more glorious scene than that. After admiring it for a short time, amidst a deep silence only broken by the splash of a wave breaking against the pier, we went to the Alameda, which is now in very bad repair, being in that part of the town which suffered most during the bombardment of Vera Cruz by the Americans. At a distance we saw some peasants dancing the fandango ; the music sounded very pretty, but I could not answer for what it might be if I had been nearer.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mexico, February 6th.—ON Thursday the 31st, at about half-past ten, we started from Vera Cruz in the "diligence." This was exactly like the one in which we had crossed the Alleghanies, only that we had eight mules instead of four horses. When we arrived at the gate, we found our escort (about four lancers) ready for us; and after a little delay, and the payment of one dollar by each person, which was much grumbled at by the Yankee inside passengers, we cantered through the entrance. The horizon was perfectly flat all round, except where the late *Norte* had shifted the sandbanks. The sea was on our right side, and presently we drove almost into the breakers, continuing so for several miles. It was deliciously cool, the sea-breeze blowing almost in our faces. When we turned off we entered a dreary, sandy plain, with not a trace of vegetation to be seen, except a few stunted cacti, which, however, increased in size as we advanced, and became mixed

with other plants. We came at length to a solitary Indian hut, built of slender sticks, and thatched with cocoa-nut leaves. Several groups of dark men and women were congregated round a smouldering fire. Afterwards we crossed a bridge, the first I had seen, and the last I wished to see, of Mexican manufacture. It was formed of large bamboo sticks, crossed over and over again, till they formed a platform, over which quantities of huge stones, almost the size of rocks, had been thrown, with little care in their selection, so that the bumping and jolting may be more easily conceived than described. On, on, and on, we jogged throughout the night, and through every different stage of vegetation that can be well imagined. At one part, where it was dreadfully hot, the vegetation was exceedingly rank and luxuriant; the trees seemed all interlaced together with creepers and parasites, bearing the most beautiful flowers. There were great quantities of rose-trees, covered with magnificent white roses, which twined all over some gigantic cacti, while they themselves were covered with a beautiful red flower. There were also numbers of magnolias in full blossom, and of a beautiful palm whose name is unknown to me; immense bunches of a beautiful kind of flower, or, I rather think, seed-vessel, hung from the tree. Many of the seed-vessels of tropical trees and plants are very

singular and beautiful,—for instance, that of the banana, which is very large, and of a deep rich purple.

We suddenly left this enchanting region, and again entered a perfect desert of sand, which strongly reminded me of descriptions of the Great Zahara, with skeletons of mules instead of camels lying about. In the morning, at about dawn, the scenery became more hilly, and we ascended ridge after ridge of hills, each seeming steeper than the last, and more difficult to mount. On these hills I saw a number of most beautiful parrots, hopping from bough to bough, so close to the carriage, that they seemed as if they were tame. At eleven o'clock we stopped for breakfast at Plan del Rio, a small assemblage of huts, the largest of which was about ten feet square. They supplied us with an indifferent breakfast, chiefly composed of fish and frijoles; and as soon as we had finished it, we mounted again the steps of our most fearfully jolting diligence, and continued our rough journey. It was not long before we entered a beautiful table-land, with most magnificent hills on each side, covered with luxuriant forests, and glowing, even at that distance, with their millions of rainbow-flowers.

On our left hand rose, solitary in the vast plain, the glorious Peak of Orizaba. Its snowy crest was not covered by a single cloud, and glittered

dazzlingly in the sun's rays. About two o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Jalapa, a very lovely town situated at the end of the table-land; just where the ground begins to rise into hills. Jalapa is itself on the side of a hill and is surrounded by orange-groves golden with their fruit. We slept that night in the Casa de Diligencias, and early the next morning set out for Peroté. During the first part of the journey the vegetation was lovely. The hedges teemed with flowers of a different kind and character, however, from those in the *tierra caliente*; large and graceful bushes of the incomparably beautiful floripundia, which is a foot long, and dazzlingly white, rose above the smaller plants, whilst above them again grew large trees completely covered with an immense scarlet blossom which resembled a miniature candelabra. Then the whole road was lined with roses and tulips of every size and colour, and euphorbias with equal variety of hue gleamed from all sides. Parasites seemed comparatively rare, the climate, I suppose, being too temperate for them. Nothing could be lovelier than the scenery around. The table-land was completely surrounded on all sides, except that of the sea, with an amphitheatre of hills, most of them wooded to the top. These we soon began to ascend; and when we arrived about half way up their steep sides, anything like the

soft beauty of that view is difficult to imagine. Towards the left the ground rose in undulating hills, with Jalapa gaily smiling on the side of one of the highest; in front, stretched away the sunny table-land with the sea glistening beyond; to the right, towered the Peak of Orizaba, the Star Mountain, its summit like a huge constellation of glittering stars of snow, or an immense electric light flashing in the sun's rays, too dazzling to look at. We stopped at several *haciendas* (farm-houses), some of them large, to change horses. They all have high white walls round them (as a protection, I suppose, against robbers and wild animals), which enclose a spacious court, in the middle of which stands the house, generally a long low building, with the stables at one end and the family rooms at the other. Almost all have a small church to themselves, sometimes highly ornamented, and generally painted blue, red, or yellow. At one of the largest of these, whilst we were stopping early in the morning for the Mexican passengers to have chocolate, I noticed a curious circumstance, which may be worthy of notice. On the outside of the great wall lay a piece of carrion, which a fierce-looking dog was busily devouring. A little way off two sopilotes were watching with cunning interest the progress of the feast. Presently another dog came up, and, beginning to growl,

attempted to tear the piece of meat from the first ; hereupon a fierce combat ensued for the coveted treasure, and when the birds saw that the dogs had retreated a little distance, they pounced upon the carrion and carried it off to the top of a high rock close by, quite inaccessible to the dogs. When the combatants had somewhat adjusted their quarrel, they returned with renewed appetites to dinner, when lo ! it was all gone. They quickly espied it, however, in the claws of the two sopilotes, who had well-nigh finished it, and who looked down with contemptuous satisfaction upon the astonished and mortified "bow-wows."

We arrived at Peroté at five o'clock that evening, and found it a chilly, miserable town, with low, empty-looking houses and a very bad inn. This last was formed of a succession of low rooms, all of nearly the same size, one serving as kitchen, a second as sitting-room, a third as coach-house, and the rest as bed-rooms. This extended all round a courtyard into which the diligence drove. Our rooms were without the slightest symptom of a window, the only light being admitted by two large, heavy doors which opened on the before-mentioned court-yard. The whole furniture consisted of a table, a few chairs, and a bed. Here it was very cold ; we were, I believe, 8000 or 9000 feet above the level of the sea, and

the atmosphere was very cloudy and damp, the clouds producing a sort of drizzly fog which was very disagreeable. It is situated on the plains of Peroté, and near it is the extinct volcano of Nauhcampapetl, or the Cofre de Peroté, 13,514 feet high. This mountain receives its name from a huge chest-like rock on the top, which is, we were told, sixty feet high. Viewed from Peroté, it looks the most gloomy, dark shadow of a mountain that one ever saw. The very forests on its sides look frowning and black. We were invited by the commandant, who had travelled with us from Jalapa, to visit the fortress of Peroté, which was near the town, but we had not time, it being already late in the evening, while the diligence was to start early the next morning.

For the same reason, also, we went to rest as soon as we had finished dinner, and at two o'clock the next morning were called and told that the diligence was nearly ready to start, and at the same time were given the Mexican *desayuno*, or early breakfast, which in Mexico is always had before the real breakfast, or *almuerza*. It consists of chocolate—always excellent—and a small sweet roll of bread. It was nearly three o'clock, however, before we were fairly on our way. Though it had been cloudy the day before, I must do justice to the exceeding and wonderful loveliness

of that morning. Not a cloud or the faintest shadow of a mist rested on the sky. The stars seemed of so immense a size, and so thickly clustered (from our being at such a great height), that I could hardly see a spot of sky not covered with them. The planets seemed so huge that one might fancy the window of the diligence was a telescope, so plainly could be seen the globular form of even the smaller stars. The sight of such more than fairy-tale magnificence almost overpowered me.

CHAPTER XIV.

As soon as the sun rose, I could not help observing what a totally different kind of country we were now crossing from that we had traversed the day before. It consisted of vast sandy plains, from which rose dark, rocky hills, without a trace of vegetation, except a few sandy cacti, or stunted bushes, only serving to increase the dreariness of the scene. It was not long before we entered the region where the *maguey*, or American aloe, is sown in vast plantations. The *maguey* is the plant from which *pulque*, the beverage of the country, is drawn; it grows to an immense height, sometimes fifteen or twenty feet high, with curved branches at regular distances from each other, with a flower at the end of each. At a little village that we stopped at, an English gentleman who had been our fellow-traveller from Peroté procured us some *pulque* to taste; it looked like thick milk, only

that it had a greener hue than milk generally has ; our maids tasted it, and said it was like bad beer. We soon came in sight of La Malinche, a high, rocky, and exceedingly picturesque mountain, famed in history. We arrived at Puebla a little before sunset, and just caught a shadowy glimpse of Popocatepetl, which, I believe, is the highest mountain in Mexico,—17,735 feet high. Puebla is a fine city ; the cathedral is a splendid one ; the costumes of the inhabitants are exceedingly picturesque ; the buildings are large and ornamental. All this was very refreshing after dismal Peroté. Here also we found a good hotel.

At four o'clock next morning, as usual, they brought us chocolate, and at five we started. The sun rose as soon as we left the town, which was tantalising for one reason, which was, that we wanted very much to see the outside of the cathedral, as we had not time to visit the inside. But soon after we were amply repaid for this disappointment by a most glorious sight. As soon as the sun appeared on the horizon, he cleared away all the clouds from the peak of Popocatepetl, and from the jagged, rocky summit of Iztaccihuatl, shedding upon the snow a gorgeous rosy light, which, as the sun rose higher, was changed into a vivid, fiery orange, which in the intensity of its brilliancy

was reflected on the surrounding hills, and even upon the flat-roofed houses of Puebla. Mr. G——, the English gentleman I mentioned before, told us he was the first Englishman who had ever ascended Popocatepetl, and that he went only with his brother and a friend when they were mere boys. We travelled not far from the foot of the mountain, and at last arrived at a small village, from which we could see the pyramid of Cholula in the blue distance. Rocks and extinct craters were seen in every direction, except one, in which rose green fields surrounded with hedges, not of hawthorn, but of cactus, covered with bright red blossoms. We only stayed at the village a quarter of an hour.

Our route now lay across a chain of hills, which separate the valley of Mexico from the valley of Puebla; the two great volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, rise from the range, which is covered with pine forests,—supposed to be one of the greatest haunts of robbers in all Mexico; we therefore had an escort of ferocious-looking Mexicans, who we were told, for our comfort, often turned robbers themselves when out of employment. Very near the summit of these pine-clad hills is a little hamlet, called Rio Frio, which consists of a few small houses; here we stopped for breakfast, which consisted of roast mutton,

frijoles, and coffee without milk—the omission being involuntary, as there was none to be had. Our escort, wrapped up to their eyes in their voluminous *sarapes*, mounted their horses,—beautiful little creatures, natives of the *tierra caliente*,—and galloped fiercely by the carriage, flourishing their lances with a most triumphant air whenever we came to what they considered a more dangerous spot than usual. However, no robbers appeared : whether or not they were frightened away by our formidable scarecrows I cannot say, but at all events the nearest approach we saw to their likenesses, were a few most innocent and peaceable-looking arrieros and their rather more warlike and turbulent asses, who occasionally, on coming within sight of our diligence, took an impromptu and harmless little excursion into the depth of the forest, and had to be recalled by the force of shouting, bawling, and screaming, executed at a pitch of voice on the part of their masters, which made the forest resound again. We proceeded at a furious gallop, and never once slackened our speed, though sometimes the road led us up and down some very steep hills. In a few hours we came in sight of the beautiful valley of Mexico ; but it was impossible to see the city, for the dust in the vale rose in immense pillars, almost reaching to the clouds, and whirling about like so many

great dust-spouts. It now began to rain furiously, and the down-pour was so violent, that in about half-an-hour the road seemed like a succession of turbulent streams and miniature cataracts, tumbling down the steep hills we were now descending with rival velocity. The rain, however, did not in the least lay the dust; and, to increase our discomfort, the companion coach from Puebla managed to get before us, and bestowed upon us perfect clouds of dust; the carriage resounded with "Ahem! Ahem!" we could not see each other; and the heat became suffocating from our being obliged to employ cloaks, shawls, or anything we could lay hands upon, in order to protect our faces as we best might from the uncomfortable intruder. We crossed Lake Tezcucó upon one of the ancient Indian causeways, so famed in the history of the conquest of Mexico. It is still in the most perfect order, though all the care that the Mexicans ever bestow on it is to sprinkle over it pieces of a brittle red stone, which is brought from the many extinct volcanic craters round Mexico. This makes a very disagreeable mineral dust, which, if it happens to get into the eye, almost blinds one. At last we came in sight of the city of Mexico,—its numerous steeples and domes rising out of a perfect forest of trees, chiefly of the graceful "arbol de

Peru," which is rather like an acacia or a willow. It bears a small rose-coloured berry, which hangs in bunches from the tree. At the welcome sight of Mexico, everybody's spirits rose; and a Mexican gentleman, who was in the diligence, began to hum, in a voice which slightly resembled a cracked kettle-drum, a little Mexican air, which was in itself droll, while its ludicrousness was considerably heightened by the absurd voice of the singer and his irresistibly comic gestures. We had also two Navarrese youths, who began to talk to everybody in a sort of Navarrese Spanish at such an astonishing rate that nobody could understand them. The passengers were exceedingly well armed, in case of robbers; our Navarrese gentlemen had a rusty-looking old musket, or *escopeta*, which they stuck between their knees, the muzzle pointed towards the roof of the carriage; and I could not help looking somewhat apprehensively towards it, lest, what with the repeated jolts of the diligence, and their own gladness and animation, the old gun should take a sudden fancy to forming a disastrous eyelet-hole through roof, portmanteaus, outside passengers, and all, by way of demonstrating its own exceeding joy. Besides this, we had three pairs of pistols and revolvers; the latter belonged to an American gentleman who was going to California.

We entered the city, Mr. G—— told us, by the least picturesque entrance of Mexico ; and certainly, I cannot say it was very grand. Our road lay over a drawbridge, which I could not help thinking would break down with the diligence. This was stretched over a moat, which had no water in it, and was so shallow that one might easily have walked over it ; the gate also seemed in rather a ruinous condition. After this we galloped through a set of narrow, ill-favoured, and dirty little alleys, crowded with beggars. These, however, gradually widened and became cleaner, the buildings seemed more respectable and the churches handsomer, when, suddenly, we entered the Grand Plaza, and came in sight of the cathedral and the palace, both very fine buildings. We had now arrived at what I suppose is the “west end” of Mexico ; the streets were broad, and most of the houses splendid, some of them rich in delicate carving. We were to have gone to the Casa di Bazar, supposed to be the best hotel in Mexico ; but it was quite full, so we were obliged to go to the Casa di Diligencias, where we are at present. Our street is rather a quiet one, not being a thoroughfare ; it is planted on both sides with orange and lemon-trees. They are, however, rather sandy in appearance, as trees generally are when planted in large towns. On one side of the street there

is what is called in Mexico a *portale*, which is a high and broad archway (like those at Vera Cruz), sometimes of wood and sometimes of stone; under these are quantities of shops—not in the houses, but temporary tables, on which all the goods are exposed.

Friday, 8th.—Yesterday we went with Mr. D—— (the English chargé d'affaires here), to see the Museum, &c. We went in two carriages (for Lord M—— K—— accompanied us); one a London brougham, the other a Mexican cabriolet. Our carriage was drawn by two dashing little Mexican ponies, and the other carriage had a pair of immense mules, with great collars of bells, which jingled through the street with no unpleasant sound. We soon pulled up at the Museum, and entered a large and handsome court, in the middle of which is the famous statue of Charles the Fourth, said by Baron Humboldt to be, with one or two exceptions, the best statue that was ever cast. From the courtyard we mounted staircases, wound along corridors, and finally entered a suite of rooms not very well lighted, which were filled with all sorts of curiosities and antiquities jumbled together without any regard to order. Here was a plan of the castle of Vera Cruz, there a grinning old Indian idol; here some of the amulets and bracelets of

the Indians, and there a Chinese looking-glass. In one corner, in a glass case, was Cortez's armour ; rusty and old it looked indeed. Close by was a plant of the manita, a flower which the Aztecs used to worship ; it is in the form of a hand, with four fingers and a thumb : this they imagined to be the hand of one of their most powerful deities, and adored it accordingly ; its colour is a brilliant scarlet. We saw, also, some curious rag figures, made by an old woman in Mexico. I believe she is dead ; if so, the art has died with her, for she was the only one who could make them. After looking through the Museum we again descended to the court, to see the most interesting object of all—the sacrificial stone of the Aztecs. This is an immense circular block of stone, most delicately and beautifully carved with curious and grotesque imitations of animals and men. On the top are several small channels, diverging from the centre, which used to convey the blood of the sacrificed victim from the stone.

On the top they have placed a cross. Large idols surrounded the stone of sacrifice in every direction : they fixed their stony eyes upon us with a threatening expression far from agreeable. Some were standing, some crouching, some grinning, others frowning, some sitting cross-legged,

others in inexplicable attitudes. I might recount a long history of horrors attendant upon the sacrificial stone, such as the victims having their heads held down and their hearts torn out ; but I have neither the space nor the inclination to do so. When we had looked all over the Museum, we went to see a very handsome *patio*, belonging to one of the largest monasteries of the city. The presence of the English chargé d'affaires, I suppose, and the extreme indulgence of the Fathers of Mercy, obtained us, after a little talking, the permission to walk as far as the *patio*. The court was exceedingly beautiful ; the pillars all around were beautifully sculptured, but they had been all whitewashed a day or two ago, and the pictures on the wall were splashed all over ; some of them were apparently very good.

Monday, 11th.—The day after we went to the Cathedral, which is a very fine one. Some of the altars are very handsome ; round the great altar is the celebrated railing, supposed to be of solid silver, unless, as some people think, there is some gold in it. As we went out, I observed two priests and a lady sitting at a table in the corner, apparently engaged in a serious and earnest conversation. Suddenly, however, as we passed by, the three heads bobbed together, chorussing in an animated whisper, and three astonished fingers

pointed at our bonnets. Whether or not the conversation was resumed after our departure, is more than I can say. There is one thing, however, which spoils the beauty of the Cathedral very much, which is the plank floor, which nobody has ever taken the trouble to cover decently with stone or marble.

Tuesday, 12th.—Yesterday we went to Chapultepec, anciently the country palace of Montezuma, now a Mexican fortress. The road thither ran the whole way by an aqueduct, which was built in the time of the Spaniards, and which carries water to Mexico from a spring near Chapultepec. We soon arrived at the bottom of a rocky hill, at the summit of which is the castle. Here we alighted from the carriage, and walked through a most magnificent grove of cypresses. The trees were all on such a gigantic scale, that the spot appeared like a dream of the land of genii and giants, rather than reality. Their vast trunks and deep green foliage seemed to reach to the very skies; and from every bough dropped great bunches of a most beautiful kind of moss, which hangs from the tree in myriads of threads, resembling masses of pale green hair. One of these splendid trees, however, far outstripped the other in size. Its trunk measures, according to Ward, forty-one feet in circumference; it was quite a little walk

round. You could not have wished for a softer bed than the earth under this mighty tree; the ground was strewed several inches deep with the hairy moss.* Overhead, masses upon masses of boughs, and leaves, and moss, to the height of more than a hundred feet, precluded the possibility of a ray of sunshine, or a drop of rain, penetrating to the ground beneath. This glorious tree (*cypressus disticha*) is called *ahuahuate* by the Mexicans. We then ascended the hill, to the ramparts of the castle. When we got about half way, the harness of the carriage broke, and we walked, therefore, up the rest of the hill, whilst Mr. D—— stayed to superintend its being mended. We then met the commandant, who, having seen us at a distance, and recognising Mr. D——, I suppose, came to meet us, and very politely offered to show us through the castle. He took us first to one of the bastions, which commanded one of the most glorious views I ever saw. The whole of the immense valley of Mexico lay at our feet, dotted with villages and towns, and carpeted with huge plantations of maguey, the broad leaves of which, waving in the wind, might have been likened to ripples in a calm sea. The white haciendas, half buried in groves of Peru trees, with their herds of

* I was told that in Mexico they often stuff their beds with this curious moss.

cattle and half-wild horses, were but as specks in the ocean-like expanse of the valley. The beautiful city of Mexico, with its white and terrace-roofed houses and many spires, looked like a great fleet of vessels in full sail on a sunny evening far away at sea. In the blue distance lofty mountains encircled on every side this fair scene ; and their subdued, deep-toned purple contrasted beautifully with the masses of snow on the two great mountains, Popocatapetl and Iztaccihuatl. Meanwhile the commandant, who was supposed to speak a few words of almost imaginary English, was civil and obliging in the extreme, and wanted us much to visit his house in the castle ; but not having much time, and as Mr. D—— and his carriage were waiting, we declined the invitation. His little boy was a dear child, with a toy-sword by his side, which, no doubt, he had used just as frequently as, I fear, the majority of the Mexican soldiers have used theirs.

After I had tried to make a small sketch of the scene, of the magnificence of which I found it impossible to give a just idea, we descended the rocky hill to the carriage, and soon were merrily driving along the road to Mexico, stopping, however, twice, to mend with ropes the American harness, which, like many other of their articles, was made, like promises, to be broken. The next day

we walked with the United States consul at Mazatlan to the *azotea* of the Casa di Bazar, to see Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, which, we had been told, were wonderfully distinct, considering the distance, even from Mexico. The *azotea* was dreadfully hot, the sun seemed to beat perpendicularly on the almost scorched stones. Two most persevering little beggars, one upon the back of the other, pursued us all the way home, shrieking, "Niña, Niña ! pobrecitos ! caridad, caridad, Niña !" "Niña" means literally "child," but the Mexicans almost always use it towards everybody, even old people ; I believe they think it a more respectful manner of address than "Señora."

Yesterday we drove to the Paseo in Mr. D——'s brougham. It is now the Carnival, and everybody goes to the Paseo, as a matter of course, to see the masque. But it was not a very gay Carnival, after all ; the masques were comparatively few in number. I observed among them a small pony-chaise, in which were two most absurdly-exaggerated caricatures of Parisian ladies, in the height of fashion. Over the bonnet, which in its size almost entirely covered the little chaise, loaded with every sort of flower and ornament, towered a huge feather, a yard in the air, nodding in all directions. This was purposely dashed into every-

body's face as they passed along. In her hand one of the ladies held a ridiculous little parasol, no bigger than a pincushion, with fringe several yards deep, held, with particular care, in the exact contrary direction from that of the sun. It served also as a whip for the ponies, and a weapon to make way on all sides for this pompous equipage. I do not think I ever saw such a number of beautiful horses as there were at the Carnival, each one was a perfect model.

CHAPTER XV.

Vera Cruz.—WE left Mexico early on the morning after I last wrote, just before dawn. Everything, except the sopilotes, seemed asleep; even the fowls had their heads under their wings. We passed great quantities of the organo-cactus, so named from its resemblance to organ-pipes; like almost all the rest of its species, it bears a most beautiful flower. Day broke just as we arrived at the pine-clad, robber-infested hills I spoke of before, but it was still too dark to see anything of the vale, and we found that we had seen the last of it as we galloped through its gates and passed its sleepy soldiers. We were obliged to leave our companion-coach on the road a little way from Puebla, for something was wrong in the harness, and they stopped to mend it. They did not arrive at the Casa di Diligencias till past ten o'clock. We started the next morning, as usual, about the time that people generally think of going to bed. The sun did not rise until after

we had passed La Malinche, but it had already attained much power when we stopped at a small village, the name of which I forget, for breakfast. Here it was Saint Somebody's fiesta: the whole village was turned out and garlanded with flowers, the cracked bells of the little painted church rang out a dismal peal, and most inharmonious music proceeded from more than one dwelling, indicating dancing and pulque. We entered the rancho in which we were to breakfast, and there it was, sure enough, laid smoking hot upon the table,—but nobody appeared. We, however, sat down and began, and before long a robust damsel, dressed in full fiesta costume, came in, apologising for having been absent when the diligence arrived; but that, being urgently invited to the alcalde's ball, she could not resist the temptation. The windows of this deserted rancho were of blue glass, which served most effectually to ward off the rays of the sun; and while the heat was perfectly boiling outside, the room was exceedingly cool. I wonder that we do not see this excellent idea more frequently carried out in hot countries; it certainly has a wonderful effect. A little way past this is, what is supposed to be, the largest spring in Mexico; it is, also, famed for the pureness of its waters. Ten or twelve washerwomen, standing in the water, scrubbed away great heaps

of clothes on the hard, smooth stones. The bright colours of their rebores, reflected vividly in the clear water, made the scene exceedingly picturesque. After this we came to the sandy and arid region I mentioned before, with conical hills,—mere heaps of sand and volcanic ashes. We had a very agreeable old French gentleman in the carriage ; he, having been to Mexico many times before, knew by heart all the country we passed through, and pointed out to us all the interesting things that were to be seen on the road. He told us that on the tops of some of these dreary hills there are some baths of hot mineral water, built in the time of the Spaniards, but now, being suffered to fall into decay, they were but a heap of ruins. One would think the comfort of a hot mineral bath in these hot countries would hardly repay the trouble of mounting those most uninviting hills !

Here we saw the mirage,—a sight, we were told, rarely to be seen, even in Mexico. It was wonderfully deceptive ; sometimes it took the form of great lakes, or bays, opening out into the distant sea ; sometimes of foaming rivers, or shadowy forests ; and was so extraordinarily natural, that it was almost impossible not to fancy you heard the dashing of the waters or the singing of the birds in the woods. Here, too,

our robber-fearing passengers had a great alarm, for several horsemen, armed to the teeth, galloped towards the carriage, seemingly most plunderingly inclined. At this crisis, however, our amiable French gentleman, putting his head out of the carriage, greeted the foremost cavalier most affectionately, and expressed his exceeding delight at seeing him ; upon which the armed gentleman, after a courteous reply, made him a civil bow, and galloped away. Now, to confess the truth, I could not help feeling a little disappointed at finding all my hopes of a robber thus unceremoniously foiled by our French friend ; for at the moment the band came up, I was indulging in thoughts of an alarming and high-sounding adventure, wherewith to astonish home-staying cousins and friends, in a pompous record in my rather, as I thought, adventureless Journal.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER passing through rather a thick cloud, we entered Peroté, and drove into that dismal court-yard, surrounded by those gloomy, windowless rooms that we remembered but too well. The next day we passed the Cofre of Peroté in a chilly fog, and were exceedingly glad when we arrived at the edge of the summits of those high hills that rise from the fairy table-land of Jalapa. We were, however, still surrounded with ice and snow; and the cinders from the Cofre—which is an extinct volcano—covered the ground several feet deep. As we descended the steep acclivity, we caught sight of a most beautiful phenomenon, which I believe to be one often seen amongst high mountains—namely, the appearance of a huge ocean of dazzling snow, heaving with mountainous billows, and covering the whole valley beneath with its bright folds. It was an immense layer of clouds.

The road seemed worse in going down than in going up; and as we flew over the great

stones and yawning holes, bumping about beyond all comprehension, it seemed at every jolt as though the carriage must roll down the steep precipice on the one side, or be crushed to pieces against the craggy rocks on the other. As soon as the sun rose, the snowy clouds dispersed, and left us the glorious view of Jalapa, which we admired so much on our former journey. Still sweeter and more lovely than before looked the roses, and the floripundia, and the candelabra flowers, and still more sunny the flower-bespangled plain to our cold eyes, yet filled with sand from the volcanic country we had just left. There shone the mountain Orizaba, in all its snowy glory; but we could not help feeling that it was rather too cold an object to look at whilst our noses were yet blue, so we turned and feasted our eyes upon the convolvuluses, and the thin thatched huts, and the orange and lemon-trees, and the pepper-trees, in short, upon everything that suggested warmth and sunshine.

I must not, however, forget to mention a curious phenomenon which, when we were travelling along the sandy plains, the French gentleman pointed out to me. On the western face of Orizaba, there is a curiously natural appearance of the face of an old man, with the face expressing a calm, quiet thoughtfulness, and the eyes looking

down, as if reading. The head ends in the conical summit of the mountain, which, however, might, on a little stretch of the imagination, be taken for an ancient head-dress—a sort of kingly tiara surmounting this gigantic visage. It is called by the Mexicans “La Cara de Montezuma.” It has a strangely venerable appearance. We rushed at such a formidable pace down the steep street of Jalapa, that leads to the principal fonda, that it seemed as though we intended to take Jalapa, not by storm but by noise. We sent everything flying before us—Mexicans, mules, horses, beggars, and children.

In the fonda they put us into a room with painted cornices; the corridor leading to it, also, had its walls covered with paintings in bright colours, seemingly meant to represent the valorous exploits of the old Spanish chivalry. Our window looked into the street, rather a strange thing in Mexico, for the windows, if there are any, generally look into the court-yard, or, still oftener, there is a sort of skylight instead, called a *claraboya*. On inquiring, we found that we were to stay at Jalapa, which information I relished exceedingly, but which mamma heard in some dismay, as she wished much to get back to Vera Cruz. Meanwhile I found out that the house possessed a sort of little belvidere, or rather turret, from which I

could see a beautiful view. I therefore obtained permission to ascend, paper and pencil in hand, this same turret. There was, however, a tiresome misty fog spread over the land that made Orizaba, the most attractive object in the Jalapa landscape, invisible. But it was my last chance of securing a reminiscence of the spot, so, nothing daunted, I went to work, and produced a sketch of what remained of this most lovely view, which the reader will find opposite. In the afternoon we went for a short walk with Mr. C——, an English gentleman, our travelling companion from Mexico, to see the Cathedral of Jalapa. The whole effect of the great altar, at a distance, was rather pretty; but on approaching its faults became more glaring, and we found the best of the pictures such mere daubs that we could not help feeling shocked to see their holy subjects so profaned. A young priest good-naturedly accompanied us through the church; he seemed to think we heretics must be profoundly struck with the many beauties of his sanctuary; and, finally, when we were about to leave it, he called our attention especially to a very small organ in the corner, which was his wonder in reserve. No doubt he thought we could not possibly help turning instantaneously Roman Catholics on beholding this wonder of art. What words can depict his



View from an Azotéa, Xalapa, Mexico.

astonishment at being told there were better organs in existence ! he evidently had never entertained the slightest suspicion that such was the case.

After thanking this amiable priest for his kindness in taking us over the church when it was not open, we walked along the principal street of Jalapa, which is very hilly, till we came to a ruined house, covered all over with a most curious creeper, that, hanging in long yellow threads, twisted and twirled about in the most fantastic curls and wreaths possible to imagine. I thought I should exceedingly like to possess a specimen of this peculiar festooning plant, so I asked Mr. C—— to be so good as to gather me a piece, which he attempted to do ; but the moment he touched it, he recoiled in the greatest horror, declaring that it stung him more severely than a wasp could have done. We asked, to satisfy our curiosity, several people whether they knew its name, but they only shook their heads and said, "Quien sabe." The next day we were to start at four o'clock, and the tiresome people of the hotel, contrary to the most express request on our part the night before, did not call us till five minutes before four, thereby giving us only five minutes to dress, pack, and take our chocolate. But as it was an impossibility to do so many things in so

short a time, and as we felt quite sure that the diligence would not start without four of its passengers, we set to work calmly, accomplished all our packing and chocolate-drinking satisfactorily, and were, as might have been expected, ready to start at about half-past four.

Now the town of Jalapa does not even pretend, in the slightest degree, to light her streets, trusting, I suppose, to the more primitive, as well as more beautiful mode of dispelling the darkness—namely, to the moon and stars. But it so happened that on that same night on which they required us to start in such a tremendous hurry, both one and the other had modestly retired behind a damp fog,—not an uncommon occurrence at Jalapa, as they tell us at Vera Cruz,—leaving the earth in utter darkness. But as our coachman did not choose to run the chance of running over half the houses of Jalapa, and against everything that happened to be in the streets at the time, he took a huge, blazing pine-torch, and providing his companion, a Mexican peasant, with another, galloped down the streets of Jalapa, in the same fierce way with which we entered it; and as soon as we left the last suburb of the town, we dropped the *mozo*, with his pine-branches, and proceeded along a comparatively smooth road that led across the table-land.

We never stopped till dawn, when a few streaks of transparent rose-colour flitted across the East—that beloved East! In a few minutes, a pale, amber-coloured light was diffused over the whole scene, the light became stronger, and a soft, fresh breeze was wafted to us from the ocean. I have observed that this delightful breeze almost always rises at dawn in tropical climates, and that, as soon as the sun appears, it ceases, and then the sultriness of the day begins. We stopped at a ruined hacienda, which was one of the most picturesque objects we saw on our route. Its grey walls rose to a comparatively great height, and cast long, deep shadows over the flat plain when the sun rose over the Atlantic. Not a tree was near, but a small hut, made of bamboos, stood under the shelter of these venerable walls, surrounded with a small flock of goats. The most substantial parts of the hacienda were turned into a stable, from which we procured four mules, and went on our way. We then soon entered a beautiful forest, which spread over all the land before us as far as we could see; hill and dale, mountain and valley, sparkled with a thousand bright colours, set in the deep, rich, emerald colour of tropical foliage.

The splendid variety of flowers, all new to the eye, swarming with many-hued birds and butter-

flies, and glittering gem-like insects, almost bewildered me. One spot, only a few feet square, transported, just as it was, with all its living tenants to our cold climate, would form the proudest hot-house collection ever boasted of in England. I observed that many of the trees were almost covered with a kind of plant I never saw before; neither lichen, nor fungus, nor moss, nor parasite, but something between them all. It somewhat resembled the gigantic tuft of a pine-apple, and was of a vivid scarlet colour. It grew on the trees as though it were a part of the tree itself, and might be mistaken for one of its gorgeous blossoms. But it had a blossom of its own which towered up, not unlike a miniature aloe, dropping a quantity of long slender leaves, all scarlet from the top. It was somewhat in this shape. Another species, of rather a darker red, grows like a beautiful feathery moss all over the trunks of the trees, making them look at a little distance as if the bark itself was red. There was one most beautiful plant that bore a marvellously lovely flower; it was composed of a great quantity of thin hanging pikes, shooting from the centre of the flower like the graceful leaves of the date-palm,—only the readers must fancy the leaves, which



only grow at the top in the palm, to extend the whole way down the trunk. It was sometimes of a deep violet colour, sometimes of a rich purple or pale lilac, and sometimes of a brilliant rose-colour. Then we saw such quantities of lilies, of every hue that ever appeared in the rainbow, and of equally diversified sizes and shapes. Among the thousands of beautiful and bright-plumaged birds, I noticed the red bird, which is a scarlet, with a tuft of delicate feathers on its head.

It was not long before we arrived at the place where we breakfasted on our journey to Mexico. Close to this village (if village it can be called) is a river, across which our road lay. Before the American invasion there was a splendid bridge here, built by the Spaniards, but during the war the Mexicans, vainly fancying that they would thus impede the progress of the Americans, destroyed it. It is, therefore, nothing but a noble ruin, adding, however, much to the wildly picturesque character of the ravine across which it was built. The sides of this ravine, which we had to descend, were exceedingly precipitous; but the river at the bottom was no more than a few inches deep, so we trotted over without much difficulty, but arrived at the other side we found that the bank was even steeper than that we had descended. At first none of our mules would move a step, but

four men were stationed on each side to perform a most cruel office, that of whipping the mules till they would climb the hill. It seemed to us that a far better plan would have been to have had a relay of mules ready at the bottom of this tremendously steep bank expressly for the purpose of carrying us up, as they have, or used to have, in France. Before long we arrived at another little hamlet, called Plan del Rio, very similar to the first, where we breakfasted. It is not far from the house of General Santa, Anna; indeed, it is on his estate. It is a most lovely place—a small but rapid river runs in small cascades near it; across this is a small stone bridge, which the Mexicans have fortunately suffered to remain. From this bridge the landscape is one of the most beautiful I ever saw. The foaming stream, a short time after it leaves the bridge, becomes almost buried in masses of tangled parasites, which grow on the trees and bushes on the banks, and hang in the water, letting their flowers float on the surface and drop into it.

You can now only follow the winding course of the river by its sound, so completely is it hidden by the dense foliage. Two high and almost perpendicular cliffs rise on each side of the bridge, both covered with luxuriant vegetation. On the summit of one stand the mossy

ruins of an old fort built by the Spaniards. In the distance, the whole of this lovely landscape is enclosed by sloping hills, all covered with verdure, which just allow the snow of Orizaba to be seen on the top of the lowest hill.

Our breakfast, taken in a cane-hut, consisted of fish, which nobody could eat, and frijoles, a favourite dish in Mexico, made of black beans, which are very nice. For this breakfast, in describing which I left out coffee, our host demanded two dollars (about eight shillings) each! We went back to the coach, while Mr. C——, and his pistols, settled it, which he did satisfactorily, bringing the man down to the price which he ought first to have charged—about a shilling each. We then asked him for some cakes, or sweetbreads, as they are called in Mexico, upon which the absurd man, taking our request *au pied de la lettre*, brought us a loaf of sour bread and a few lumps of sugar!

We were soon out of sight of Plan del Rio, and shortly afterwards left the hilly country across which we had been travelling, and entered a swampy line of country entirely covered by the rank and gigantic forests which, in going to Mexico, we passed in the night. Here we saw, for the first time, some huge mimosas, which, stretching out their colossal branches to an im-

mense distance, allowed them to drop again on the ground and take root there, thus forming innumerable columns and arches—a perfect temple of Nature.

At last we drove along the sandy beach of Vera Cruz, and most refreshing was the evening sea-breeze after the heat of the day. Then the castle, and the many domes and spires of Vera Cruz, rose in sight; and soon we were all anxiously looking out for the English steamer, the “Thames,” which we expected would be in the harbour, as she was already due. Presently the coachman declared he saw it in the harbour, but on approaching nearer it turned out to be a small steamer of the American navy, the “Water-witch.” Not long after this disappointment, we entered the gates of the city, paid for a road that had as nearly as possible broken all our bones, and for an escort that had been of no use, except, for aught I know to the contrary, in frightening away the robbers. Thus finished our charming “trip” to Mexico. On arriving at the door of the hotel, we found that unhappily they had no room there, and therefore had to try another fonda, a French one, which was not so good. It seemed the masters, for I believe there were four, took it for granted we could not speak French, so they hired a Spaniard, who enjoyed the reputation of speaking English,

to be our waiter. All this was done without our knowledge, and we found it far more difficult to understand his English than it was to understand his Spanish. Happily, by some chance, the master of the house found out that we spoke French, and thereafter attended us in person.

CHAPTER XVII.

WE arrived at Vera Cruz on Saturday, and the next morning we received the agreeable information that a vessel strongly resembling those of the Royal Mail West India Steam-packet Company was in sight. I, therefore, obtained permission to go to the *azotea* of the house, with Mr. R——, the United States consul at Vera Cruz. We took a telescope, and after peeping a little while at the still doubtful ship, we discovered the welcome flag of England waving merrily at her stern. She came dashing into the harbour at a prodigious rate, and very soon dropped anchor with a dead splash under the castle. Soon after her arrival the Plaza presented a gay scene. Hundreds of porters, with immense loads on their backs, ran to and fro like a swarm of ants. The custom-house, not far from our hotel, was besieged by eager travellers, and the steamer was so surrounded with boats that it seemed as though they would sink her.

March 2d, Havana.—We started from Vera Cruz on the Friday after I last wrote. It was announced that the vessel would start early in the morning, but when we went on board we were informed that she would be delayed for an hour. I profited by the delay, for I wished much to carry away a little sketch of the town, but I found it rather an intricate subject from the vast number of its domes and spires. Both Orizaba and the Cofre peeped above the clouds as we passed along the mountainous shore I spoke of before, and generously gave us a sad farewell. We were out of sight of land that evening, and the next morning found ourselves at Tampico. This place requires little description, and it presents but few charms, viewed from the sea at all events. It is situated on a muddy and alligator-haunted river, and is surrounded by a flat, sandy, and uninviting country, without any available inlet or harbour. Here we were obliged to wait for a small steamer, which was to bring us mails, passengers, and about a million of dollars.

The bar of the river, however, never very easy of access, seemed anything but accessible on the occasion, at least so declared the man who signalled regularly every day to our impatient vessel, that the bar was *cross* and would not be crossed. We, in the meantime, fired guns, hoisted signals,

blew up rockets, threatened instant departure; but still the captain of the mail-steamer, a Yankee, was inexorable and immovable. At last, however, the "Water-witch," who had started a short time after us, hove in sight, and her signals and fireworks chorussing with ours, at last touched the heart of the captain, who, announcing that the bar had at length shown some signs of compliance, forthwith prepared to overleap this mighty obstacle, and was soon, safe and sound, alongside of the "Thames."

Having received passengers, mail, and treasure, all safe, we sailed away that afternoon, after having been most tediously detained for three days. Two days after we arrived at Mobile, where we had to land and receive a few passengers, &c. We were welcomed by shoals of porpoises, who played and skipped about the ship's bows, and followed her in a long line astern. We left this place after a stay of about four hours. Our passage to Havana was wonderfully beautiful, the sea could not have been smoother.

On Thursday evening, just before sunset, we made the beautiful harbour of Havana. I found, however, the character of the scenery round Havana quite different from what I had anticipated, for I thought that there would have been mountains in the background, and that the town



View of Havana and Morro Castle.

would have been elevated, but I found, instead, that it was composed of gentle eminences and sloping hills on the one side, and of flat ground on the other (the right side).

The harbour is somewhat in the shape of a pear, being narrow at the entrance, and widening into a basin.

The city itself is on the right side, and opposite, Morro Castle, and a long train of frowning fortifications, are built. Our noble steamer slowly made her way to the wharf, which is on the left side of the harbour. We therefore had to cross it in order to arrive at the city. The captain obligingly offered to let us go on shore in one of his own boats, and it was quickly lowered, and would have been soon piled with our luggage, had not a custom-house soldier, stationed at the gangway to prevent the passage of all large trunks, obstinately refused to allow the exit of our unfortunate carpet-bags; hereupon a great altercation arose between the English vice-consul and the soldier, who at last declared he would go down and consult one of the custom-house officers who was below.

This exceedingly unsuspecting gentleman seemed unconscious of his simplicity till he returned, to see ladies, vice-consul, carpet-bags, and all, safely lodged in the boat, and nearly half-way

to the landing-place! After rowing about five minutes, we landed at the custom-house, close to the Plaza d'Armas. We had to pass through the Plaza to get to the hotel.

A statue adorns the centre, surrounded by cabbage-palms, and a stone area, which is again enclosed by trees and seats. Here a splendid band comes and plays every night.

March 3d.—Very hot and sultry. We went for a drive on the Paseo, which was crowded with carriages, chiefly full of ladies. Here, for the first time, I saw the Cuban *volante*, that most graceful and beautiful of all carriages. It must be very difficult to guide it, for the shafts are immensely long, and the wheels enormous, and of so airy a texture, that it seems as though the slightest concussion must smash them. When not used, they are generally placed in the *zaguán*, or entrance-hall, or even sometimes in a corner of a drawing-room, where they have a much more ornamental appearance than might be imagined, partly from their being so ethereally light and delicate, and partly from their being almost covered with massy silver ornaments; the steps often being of solid silver.

The Tacon prison (which is passed on the road to the Paseo) is an immense building, in an open place, in full view of the city, the harbour, the

Morro, and the ocean. It is, therefore, open to all the cool sea-breezes. A palace should have been built there instead of a prison.

March 7th.—Hotter than ever. The Havanese say that they hardly ever have hotter weather even in July. The other day mamma went to the palace to be presented to the Captain-General, and I was included in the visit, very much to my discomfiture, for I can speak but very little Spanish, having a most inconvenient talent for not learning languages, and a most unfortunate aptitude for speedily forgetting them. The visit was exceedingly formal. The palace seemed one succession of lofty halls, with marble floors and windows reaching down to the ground, which had a most cool and pleasant effect.

At nine o'clock in the evening we went to hear the band in the Plaza. It played Opera and other pieces magnificently.

9th.—Yesterday we went to Jesus del Monte, a suburb of the Havana, to see Miss I——, sister to Madame C. de la B——. Our road, the whole way there, was lined with hedges of roses and pomegranates, and the beautiful hibiscus, or *Mar Pacifico*, as it is called here. It is of a most deep, gorgeous, velvet-like scarlet, with a bunch of graceful, dropping yellow stamens, depending from the centre. Her house consisted of a large

suite of rooms, entirely on one story. As we entered the drawing-room, such clouds of those terrible mosquitoes attacked us, that they seemed to surround one as with a veil. I noticed they never once went near Miss I——, or some Havanese friends of hers, who were in the room; — no, the strangers were a foreign delicacy, and entirely took up their attention. Yesterday the Condesa di Alcoy and her daughter called to see mamma. To-day a man came to the hotel, trying to sell a lovely little Cuban dog; it would not have required much effort to buy had we been stationary, but the very idea of carrying so delicate and beautiful an animal about, through cold and hot, wet and dry climates, which must assuredly have killed it, decided us on not purchasing it. It had the sweetest feet, the most silken hair, and the most expressive, magnificent eyes, that ever fell to the lot of a little dog.

The master of this hotel (an American) has in the house a most formidable and fierce pet in the shape of a huge mackaw, which takes the greatest possible pleasure in flying at everybody, — especially if they are strangers, — and biting them, sometimes severely, as I myself have experienced to my cost. But still this fierce bird is not untameable, as I have proved, by rendering it the most docile and affectionate of creatures, to me at

least. This wonderful transformation has been effected by two most simple rules, namely, bestowing on it frequent presents of banana and pineapple, and stroking it often, backwards, on the top of the head: all birds appear to me to like this last process extremely. It seems now to be very fond of me, pursuing me along the passages, not for biting purposes, but in order to mount upon my arm, and talk to me in its own droll way. Sometimes when sitting quietly in our own room, I hear a tremendous scratching at the door and vehement shriekings of "Toca la pata!" or something resembling it; and upon the door being opened, in rushes our friend, who immediately tears through the room to the balcony, where he finds the greatest amusement in climbing up and down the railing, muttering to himself, in a voice of most comical gravity, "Toca la pata!"

11th.—It seems that our hotel, though not boasting of great magnificence either inside or outside, received Louis Philippe when he was here. It formerly belonged to a Conde de Casecas, whose family, I believe, is extinct. This is a charming day—like a June day in the south of England. A delicious and most welcome breeze occasionally bends the pliant stems of the graceful and slender cocoa-nut palms, one of which, separated from its numerous companions

(of which there are groves upon groves on the hills surrounding Havana), stands in a small garden near the hotel, and skims over the water of the harbour sufficiently strong to waft those little gondola-like fishing-boats at a most arrowy pace towards the basin of the harbour, which is hidden from our sight. It nearly blows off the mantilla of that black lady tripping along the street, with her yellow dress and red shoes!

Mrs. M——, a kind acquaintance which we have made here, has just sent us an immense pyramidal nosegay, in which the rose, lily, hibiscus, and orange-flower, bear a conspicuous place. Nothing can be imagined half so lovely as it looks in our room.

CHAPTER XVIII.

17th.—ON Thursday last we went to the Cerro, a suburb of the city, which they say is already larger than Havana proper, and is increasing in size rapidly. We then proceeded to the Bishop's garden, which is most beautiful. In it were several avenues of mangoes, with their rich emerald foliage throwing a delicious shade on the path, and overladen with their lovely fruit, which strewed the ground in thousands, and hung in massy clusters from the trees. The garden is intersected in all directions with small canals, which occasionally widen into ponds, filled with the most lovely lilies of a soft rose-colour. They are of a large size, and are very fragrant.

In this garden there is a large caoutchouc tree, which is most beautiful; the leaves are immense, of a resplendent green, and are so delicate that velvet would be by far too poor a comparison. Their texture was like that of the petal of the geranium or rose. Mr. C—— took

one of the leaves, and with it broke off a small portion of the branch, which, however, he speedily relinquished on finding that his hands were covered with the glutinous liquid, India-rubber! There were a great many peacocks in the garden. Their shrill, though not to me unpleasant cry, reminded me very much of my great pets at Belvoir Castle, where there are so many.

The Cerro is built on an eminence, from which it is named (*cerro* meaning a hill), and from the top there is spread out before you a most lovely view of the city, harbour, and surrounding country, so covered with perfect woods and forests of the magnificent *palma real* (indigenous, I believe, to the soil), that Cuba might most appropriately, *par excellence*, be called the "Land of Palms."

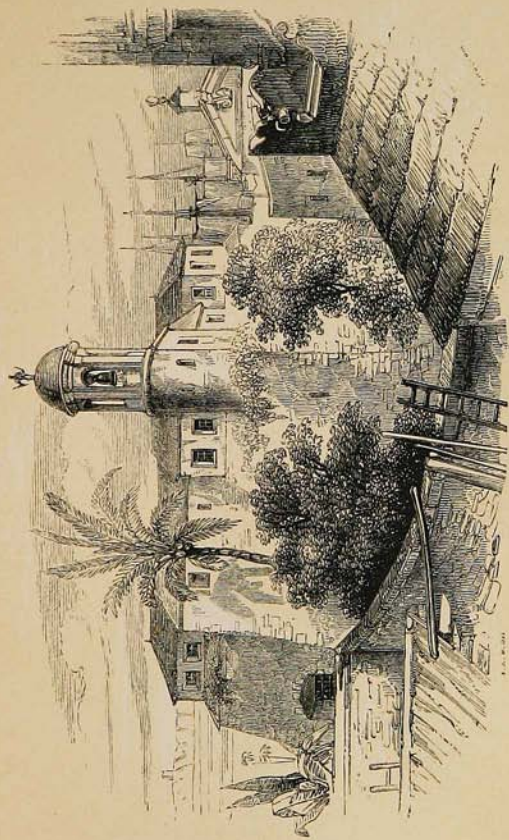
We were there both before and after sunset, and as there is hardly any perceptible twilight in these tropical latitudes, it became dark almost directly the sun set. If the view had been beautiful by day, it was infinitely more so by night. The whole landscape blazed and quivered with the clouds of fire-flies, which, flashing and shimmering like the sparks from a thousand bursting rockets, covered the face of the country. The sea, also, was a sheet of diamond radiant with phosphorescence, and the town streamed with lights glittering in long rows.

By the by, my friend the mackaw I mentioned before got into a rare scrape to-day. He was sitting on the railing of the public drawing-room of this hotel, and three little girls, who were just arrived, boldly began to play with him, probably unconscious of his pugnacious qualities, and, seizing a broomstick, poked it at him. Upon this Poll immediately climbed on the pole, and, as his gigantic weight was too much for the child to carry, she let him drop. But Polly's pride could not tamely endure so great an affront, and with a loud scream he flew at the legs of the children, who shrieked fearfully. The scene that now ensued was beyond description. The parrot squealed—the children cried—their mamma, half-distracted, rushed to the rescue—the master of the hotel popped his head into the room to know what was the matter, and, finally, by the joint efforts of the agitated mamma and the indignant clerk of the hotel, poor Poll, who got by far the worst of it, was kicked out of the room. I was on the balcony at the time, and presently we heard a great clawing and tapping at our door; so I went to open it, when in waddled Polly, in a state of the greatest perturbation and agitation. No stroking or soothing would pacify his ruffled feathers, so we allowed him free passage to the balcony, where he consoled himself by climbing

up and down the bars, and gravely repeating to himself and to the opposite house, "Toca la pata!" Whenever he saw the children who had aroused his fury in the other balcony, he always gave a sort of threatening flutter at them.

Evening at Havana is wonderfully lovely. In the evening, just before sunset, we generally go and sit upon the balcony, for then, the power of the sun being gone, the atmosphere outside is delightful, though inside it is suffocatingly hot. The evanescent glories of the tropical sunset have faded, the short southern twilight has given place to temporary darkness, before the moon rises, and the tormenting mosquitoes begin their evening banquet: these, however, are not quite so bad as at New Orleans!

Just opposite to our house stands an old, moss-covered fortress, said to have been the first fort built in Cuba; at all events, the first building erected in Havana, and from which the town takes its name. On one side of this is a little round tower with a bell in it, which a soldier stationed there rings every hour. It is rather amusing to watch this soldier sometimes, (I mean the one who generally has the evening watch), for he always brings with him a ponderous volume, which he makes it a duty to read attentively, sitting in an apparently most danger-



The Havana Fortress.

ous position, with his legs dangling over the side. On the left of the fortress, now a barrack, is a house but half finished. Just beyond this you catch a glimpse of the calm harbour, reflecting the light of the now risen moon with intense brilliancy. On the opposite side are the Cabañas, a line of grim fortresses, ending in the Morro Castle. The revolving light of the castle, hidden from our sight, casts a sort of shadowy, mysterious light upon the Cabañas, which at first I never could understand. The full moon now shines with all its golden splendour from the opening on the right of the Havana fortress, beaming right upon the soldier's book, which pleases him much, for now he can read with greater ease than he could by starlight. . . . Hark ! the band has begun playing in the square ; its distant cadences steal upon the air and mingle with the perfume of the almond-blossoms in the garden, seeming almost to strike but one sense in their rich softness. That party of gay black ladies in lace mantillas, blue scarfs, yellow dresses, and red shoes, hurry on to the square ; they are regular attendants, for I see them every night at the same time walking in the same direction.

We see an immense quantity of shooting-stars at Havana—indeed, in the tropics in general—but more particularly, I fancy, at Cuba. They seem

to be in perfect myriads, and appear to shoot quite deliberately, sometimes taking, I should think, nearly two seconds before becoming extinct. You cannot look up to the sky on a star-light night for five minutes without seeing one or more.

* * * * *

But I have actually been prosing for a whole hour. The cathedral-clock strikes nine! Instantly the whole of Havana seems in a perfect uproar of bells and music. Our book-loving soldier starts up—away go book and meditation, and he tugs away with might and main at the old sonorous bell. “Dong, dong, dong,” it growls; “ding, ding, ding! clatter, clatter, clatter! kettle, kettle!” go the three thousand and one* bells of the city, clashing and clanging in the fiercest rivalry, and completely drowning the final triumphant chord of the smothered music in the square. Simultaneously also (and this is by far the most beautiful and harmonious part of this nightly chaos of noises) burst the flourishes of a hundred trumpets, ringing from every single bastion of the long line of forts from the other side of the harbour, from the Morro, from the opposite barracks, from every fortress and castle round and

* The reader must not count upon the exact numerical correctness of this calculation.

near Havana. The clear, silvery sound of this vast chorus of answering trumpets, repeated, like an echo, from every part of the city, struck me as being exceedingly beautiful. It is again repeated at early dawn.

But I must finish my poetising—it is time for bed.

Tuesday, 19th.—On Saturday last we went to the Opera. The Opera-House is exceedingly pretty. The boxes, unlike the theatres, are only separated by low partitions of gold trellis-work, while, in front, a railing of the same goes round the building. Through this cage-like gilding, the ladies are set off to great advantage.

A day or two ago we visited the Cathedral, in order to see the tomb of Columbus. It is on the left side of the great altar, and over it is a marble bust of Columbus, with this Spanish inscription:—"O. Restos e imagen del grande Colon; mil siglos durad guardados en la urna, y en la remembrancia de neustra nacion." On the opposite side is a small picture, said to have been painted fourteen years before Columbus started on his great voyage, on copper. It is very delicately finished, and is supposed to have been meant to represent the Pope and Cardinals celebrating mass before the King of Spain.

The Cathedral itself is more noble-looking than

splendid. The appearance of the outside is very massive, but not much decorated. In the inside also, the gildings, ornaments, paintings, sculptures, &c., are not very rich or abundant. The floor of the great altar is of fine mosaic; but behind the altar-like wall is painted in a manner infinitely too much resembling a second-rate scene in a play to suit a cathedral.

We have been shopping a good deal lately. Some of the Havanese shops are very prettily decorated, but their contents are all immensely dear. Many of the shops put up English and French signs, in the hope of attracting foreign customers. Of course, in these we expected to find English spoken, but not in one that we entered did they speak anything but Spanish. I must not, however, forget to mention the beautiful shell-wreaths and bouquets for the hair which we saw in some of the shops: they are sent here from the Bahamas, where they are made. The shells were naturally coloured, of every hue of the rainbow, suiting the flowers they were meant to represent. They are not, we were told, fastened with glue, but with gold and silver thread.

CHAPTER XIX.

On board steam-ship "Georgia," 21st March, Thursday.—WE are now on board one of the gigantic American steam-ships that we have heard so much about lately. The "Georgia" has been due for several days, and we expected at all events that she would have arrived two days ago. Everybody was declaring yesterday, that she must positively start at nine this morning, so, of course, we hurried up at seven, and found ourselves here a little before the prescribed time—to remain in the harbour till late in the evening, and then to be informed, that starting is out of the question till to-morrow. They say we have on board thirteen hundred passengers for "California." It is impossible to go on deck, which, as may be imagined, makes the delay much more unpleasant than it otherwise would have been. We have, however (through the kindness of the American consul, who undertook to arrange everything for us), two excellent, roomy cabins,

so that I "expect" (to use a favourite American expression) we shall not be much inconvenienced by the thirteen hundred passengers. It really is impossible not to be sorry at leaving Havana; the beauty of its climate and scenery; its gaiety, its lovely *paseos*, its forests of palms, and its beautiful inhabitants, are all separate claims upon one's admiration and attachment. Its harbour, too, is so lovely, and its *quintas*, or country-houses, look so temptingly pretty, with their avenues of stately cabbage-palms!

There is one thing in which Havana might be found fault with, the diminutiveness of its spires; but this is an unavoidable evil, for, were they lofty, the first autumnal tornado would level every one of them.

Chagres, Isthmus of Panama, Thursday, 28th.—We started on Friday evening from Havana. During the first three days of our passage, it was a dead calm, not a ripple was on the water. Even the flying-fishes and dolphins seemed to be all asleep, for we did not see one. The heat was fierce, the sun's rays being vividly reflected on the glassy water, and this materially took off the charm of gliding along in such fairy-like stillness. Every day the heat, and the absence of the slightest indication of a breeze, became more and more oppressive, till on Sunday, when the silent, sultry

calm was at its highest point, a sudden and most welcome breeze sprang up, and cooled the air most delightfully.

On Sunday evening we had a most magnificent sunset. I counted no less than seven or eight separate strata of clouds—some grey, some scarlet, some black, and some of the lighter hues of yellow, rose-colour, primrose, and vermilion, making an extraordinarily wild and singular mixture.

On this evening we passed a number of ships, some of them in full sail, and others evidently completely becalmed, though none of them seemed more than a mile distant from each other. Until Monday, the passengers were, under the circumstances, an exceedingly orderly crowd; but on that day, some disorderly people began quarrelling; there was a fight, and the second steward was stabbed by one of the passengers. The captain, we are told, is now taking active precautionary measures for the prevention of such riots. We, however, heard nothing of them; for the ladies' quarter is so separate and private, that one hears of things happening on deck as if they occurred fifty miles distant.

We arrived off Chagres on Wednesday morning; and the confusion necessarily attendant upon the landing of so vast an assemblage of passengers decided us on staying on board till the evening.

Of course, everybody tried to get on shore before everybody else ; so that, after all, they went in a body. We proceeded to ask the advice of Mr. R——, the British mail agent (though a Spaniard) here. He told us we must not think of crossing to the other side, as we could not possibly find accommodations while there were so many Californians ; so here we are still at Mr. R——'s, the possessors of a room, which, however rough and homely its name may be, has the inestimable and seldom-to-be-met-with luxury of great coolness and delicious airiness in this boiling climate. It consists, in short, of the whole of the uppermost story, and is what we should call in England "a loft," with the lofty, arched, thatched roof for a ceiling, and barrels, onions, wine-bottles, and hay, lying about in most admired confusion. The only access to it is up a ladder, and through a trap-door. However, Mr. R—— (who has had the misfortune to have had a large house of his here burnt) has fitted it up very comfortably ; and, by dint of rolling the barrels and onions into a distant corner, we managed excellently well. The situation of Chagres cannot fail to strike one as being very characteristic of the luxuriant scenery of South America : rounded hills, looking almost like giant waves, undulating towards the sea from the interior, sloping gently down, covered with

vast forests. The Indian town is remarkably picturesque: the curious cane huts of the natives look almost like an assemblage of huge bee-hives; and their chattering, swarthy inmates somewhat resemble the Mexicans in appearance, though not in dress.

Panama, April 10th, Friday.—Though we were to have started early on the day I last wrote, we did not actually start till after noon. The boatmen seemed as though they never would be ready; no sooner had they found one thing than they went to fetch another. First, the awning of the *cayuca* was not completed; then they had not got their provisions; then they had forgotten their holiday costume, which, they urged, was necessary, since we should arrive at Gorgona on a fiesta day. At last, however, after a good deal of difficulty, we embarked in our long and slender craft, and set off as fast as the current would let us. The heat of the sun we found to be absolutely scorching; when we emerged from our shady loft, if the skin was exposed to it for an instant, it made you shrink as if you had suddenly been burnt. We, therefore, had to hold thick umbrellas over our heads (for the awning of the canoe was so low, that one had to lie down under it), but the fierce sun's rays poured even through these. In consequence of the strength of the

current, we found ourselves necessitated to sleep the first night at Las dos Hermanas, a tiny hamlet of palm-thatched bee-hives, as I cannot help calling them. One of these, separated into two rooms, or rather compartments, became our head-quarters. The Indian mistress and her daughters, Señora Arquelina and Señorita Pantaleone, were very civil and attentive; and they put us up a quantity of matting over the wall (made of uncut bamboos, carelessly stuck in the ground, and therefore being of a most undeniable transparency), because, she said, the numerous Americans staying there were "muy grossieres" (very vulgar), and would look in.

In our hut, we had the choice of hammocks (which are to be found, I believe, in every part of South America), or couches; and we preferred the latter, because they are not so popular here as the others, and therefore likely to be cleaner. We should have had a very comfortable night in this primitive bed-chamber, had it not been for a multitude of ants inside, and dogs and monkeys outside, who were great annoyances—two for unceasing noise, and the other for biting us severely, in conjunction with millions of sand-flies. We slept late, however, and set off again about eleven A.M. Our boatmen were rather a wild set, and the quaint figures they made, performing all sorts of odd,

comic gestures, and singing their curious and very unsophisticated songs and refrains, did not in the least disturb the wonderful and picturesque scenery of the Chagres river.

And here I must stop a moment to tell, as well as I can, of that most wonderful and surprising scenery. It was so gorgeous, so overloaded, and *smothered* with beauty in a thousand different forms, that I feel confident, that if Dr. Johnson had compiled and composed a dictionary of a hundred volumes, all filled with words meant to represent the sublime and the beautiful, he could never have supplied us with a sufficiency of words, or terms expressive enough, to describe such a bewildering magnificence. Each tree of that dense forest, besides the beauty and richness of its own colossal blossoms, was decked out, covered, and seemingly almost smothered with a wilderness of creepers, climbers, and parasites, each with a separate beauty of its own, and bearing a blossom more perfect than the most priceless hothouse exotic ever seen in England. Here before us is an example which I will take for a faint illustration. It is a gigantic zapoté-tree, nearly two hundred feet high ; it is in full blossom ; the flower is something like an enormous mass of floating scarlet satin, embroidered in gold and silver ; from its gem-like centre floats a long streamer of fea-

they jewels (if one may use the expression), which, in the case of this flower close to us, drops partly into the transparent water, and is almost hidden, colossal as it is, by an equally colossal butterfly, of the deepest and most sky-like of all blues. We saw vast numbers of these lovely creatures on our journey. Close to the zapoté-tree is a majestic palm, growing together with a stately bamboo, rising in massive feathers to an immense height. Underneath luxuriate a hundred fan-palms, which much resemble their appropriately given names. Over all this group of strange and lovely trees, a million of parasites twist and curl, joining one with the other, as with the careful skill and systematic arrangements of an embroiderer on gold.

These festoonings and joinings together, and woven labyrinths of flowers, sometimes took the most enchanting and deceptive forms, resembling turreted castles, with oriel windows, crossed, and interlaced, and counterlaced, in such thick clusters, that they looked, in the distance, like the richest stained glass! Remember, I have only taken an isolated case, a comparatively separate group, which I observed more particularly, from its occurring in a clearing round an Indian hut, in a rank jungle, but at some distance from the real forest of high trees. Farther on, in this

same clearing, was a formation of parasites, which wonderfully resembled the ruins of an old castle or palace. The remnants of two little turrets, of exquisite architecture (as it seemed), might be observed over the half-fallen remains of an arch, so rounded, and peaked, and twisted, and wound with creepers, that it seemed as though the plants themselves, or the air, were their support: they had, no doubt, grown up round the decaying stump of a tree left standing when the other trees in the clearing were cut down. In some places, one group of trees would seem actually to be growing upon those below them; and above them again flourished and towered those same extraordinary plants I saw in Mexico (and of which I gave an illustration), only on a very magnified scale. Over some trees that we passed immense white rose-trees (the roses the size of dahlias), climbing up to the very topmost bough and twig, poured down in a tangled torrent an enormous mantle of roses and leaves, several feet thick, down into the swift river, hanging and floating on the water, which was scented and perfumed with the million of flowers thus borne on its surface. Through all this thick matting and leafy veil struggled the smothered blossoms of the half-murdered tree. Perfect clouds of brilliant birds and butterflies hovered over our heads,

sometimes darting down to skim over the water, studding it as with a shower of mammoth gems, or alighting in flocks on the trees, to peck at the fruit with which hundreds of those marvellous trees were bent and laden. Several times, they looked so tempting, that we asked the boatmen to stop and let us get some ; but they said that we had much better not eat any fruit while the sun was so hot, in this unwholesome climate, and that they would get us as much as we chose at the next place we should stop at for nothing. So we amused ourselves with doubly feasting our eyes on the incomparable beauties of that forest of fairy-land, instead of feasting our palates upon its delicious productions.

CHAPTER XX.

AFTER we left Las dos Hermanas, our boatmen no longer rowed, but propelled, the boat by means of *palankas*, or long poles, which they stuck in the mud at the bottom of the river, and thus pushed the canoe on. The motion caused by this process was very disagreeable,—the boat swaying first to one side, then to the other, to such a degree, that the water often poured in to an extent which entirely precluded the possibility of keeping anything dry in the *cayuca*. In taking the pole out of the water also, to push it in again farther on, they splashed the water about in a perfect cascade, so that we were all dripping wet from head to foot. The reason the Indians gave for doing this was, that the river was very shallow and the current very rapid, so that we could go faster in this way than in any other. This we afterwards found to be true, and also that ours was the fastest boat on the river, for we passed several large boatfuls of Americans, who had started nearly six hours

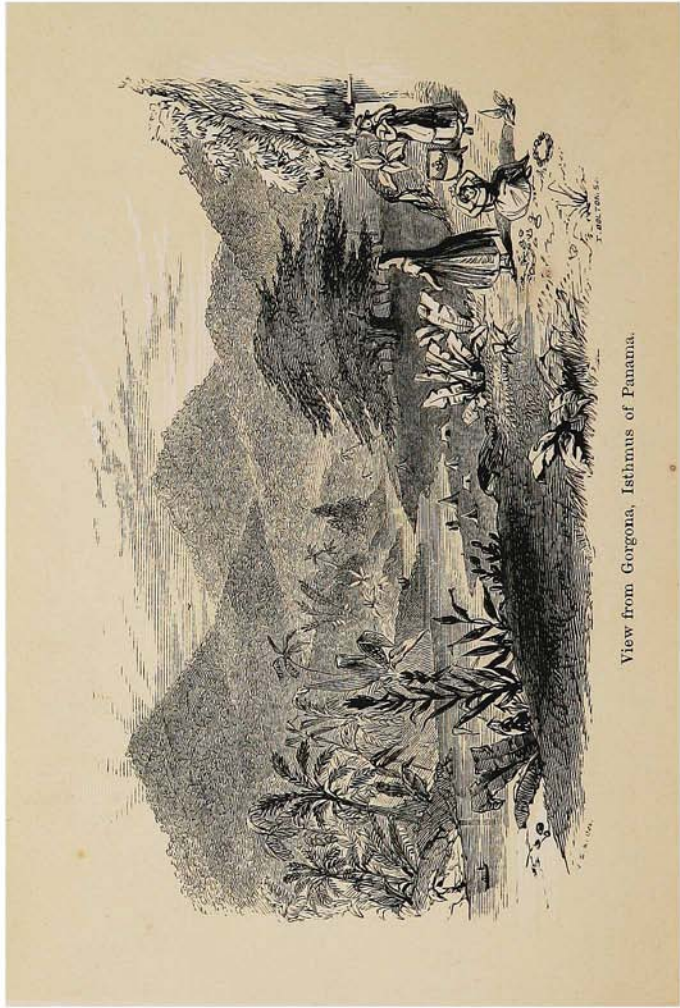
before us. We arrived at San Pablo (a small village like Las dos Hermanas) at nine o'clock in the evening, and the boatmen having told us that they would not go a step farther, since the river was very shallow and dangerous, they left us to our fate, and proceeded to make preparations for sleeping on shore. They also informed us that there were no accommodations for us on shore ; so we must remain in our wet boat, or else on one of the numerous sandbanks in the river, which they declared it would be impossible to avoid at night. We called them several times, and tried to make them listen to reason, asking them, at all events, to see if we could not go somewhere where there was a fire to dry our wet things ; but while this argument was going on I got up from my seat a moment to look for my calabash, and as I rose the canoe gave a sudden jerk, and I fell backwards into the water. An amiable German-American gentleman in another boat, who had been condoling with us on our unfortunate predicament, immediately jumped into the water, and helped me to get into the boat again, which was easily done, the water near the shore being very shallow ; so that there was no danger of my drowning, though there was of my being dined upon by a cayman, which fish abounds in the river. When I got into the boat again,

however, it may well be imagined what a state I was in, the bed of the river being of deep mud and slime, in which the dreaded crocodiles delight to live. We then learnt, through the kindness of our American friend, that there were two tolerable huts on shore, but that they were occupied by a lady and gentleman, who, however, very kindly, gave us one up immediately they heard of the unlucky accident that had befallen me.

Our room, large, lofty, and (as usual) somewhat transparent, was, in fact, the kitchen of the place; and in the centre was rather a primitive fire, composed of the smouldering ends of two huge logs, hemmed in by a circle of stones. Before this rude hearth I changed my things. We were warned to rise early, since in the day it would be the general resort of all the population of the village. We knew, however, that this would not much inconvenience us, since we intended to rise at early dawn, soon after which we were, if possible, to start. I went to sleep as I best might, on rather a comfortable buffalo-skin, which an Indian girl spread out upon the floor for me. Mamma preferred a chair. An extraordinary table stood in the middle of our bamboo-built room, which was quite in accordance with the primitive character of the rest of the scene. It was a forked log, between the prongs of which was stuck an anything but flat piece of wood. Very early next morn-

ing, the monotonous but musical sound of the song of the bird called "Bohio" by the natives,* awoke me, and I went to the side of the hut to see if I could not discover, through the interstices between the eaves, whence the harmonious sound of the bird proceeded. It seemed to be in a rather thinly-foliaged and graceful tree close to our hut, but I could not distinguish its form. Presently the first glimmer of dawn began to appear, and the shriller call of the numerous cocks in the village drowned the gentle Bohio. The mistress of the house boiled our chocolate for us, and gave us a bowl of milk, which tasted sadly of garlic; and we started as soon as it was sufficiently light for the boat to make her way up the river. Thick, damp mists lay on the river, impregnated with millions of different rank perfumes from the massy vegetation on the banks of the river. These heavy fogs, frequent in the tropics morning and evening, though accompanied by delicious coolness, are, I believe, supposed to bring malaria and fever, from the noxious exhalations of the earth at that time. The river was very shallow and rapid the whole way from San Pablo to Gorgona, where we were not sorry to arrive, notwithstanding the magnificence of the forest scenery, for the motion the palankas gave to the boat, as I think I men-

* Called so from its song, which exactly resembles "Bo-hee-o, Bo-hee-o!"



View from Gorgona, Isthmus of Panama.

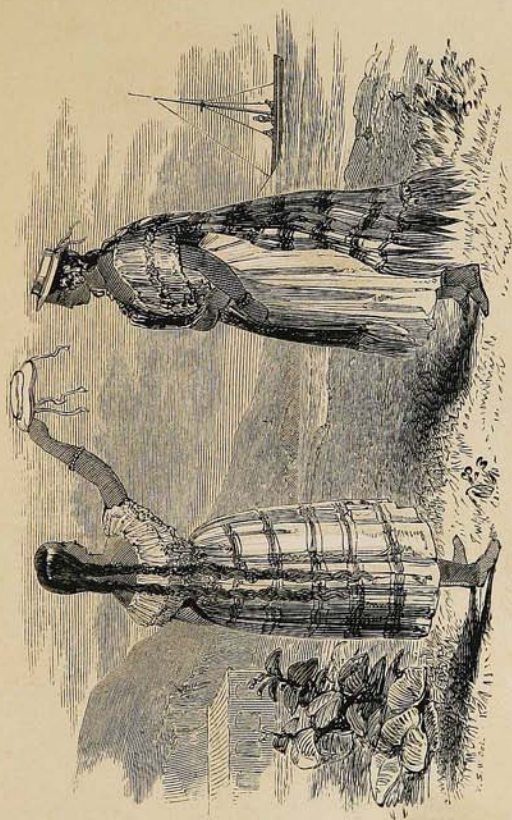
tioned before, was very disagreeable and inconvenient. Once, as we were passing very near another *cayuca*, between whose boatmen and our own there was an evident race, propelled by an unusually vigorous pull, our boat made such a tremendous lurch to one side, that the water poured into the boat by hogsheads, almost setting everything swimming; and we must inevitably have capsized, had we not all, by one accord, clutched hold of the other boat (a much larger one), and steadied the narrow *cayuca* again.

We found ourselves moored at Gorgona about noon, when the heat was perfectly intense,—the sun's rays seeming to beat vertically on our heads, which, indeed, was very nearly the case. Gorgona is, I believe, supposed to be one of the most healthy places on the river Chagres, still almost all the white residents we saw there looked more or less sickly. The view from the eminence on which it is built I have given on the opposite page.

The costume of the female peasants at Gorgona was, I think, the prettiest I have seen in the Western hemisphere. It generally consisted of a sort of boddice, made of lace (the production, I was told, of the Indians themselves), and coarse, embroidered muslin; while the skirt consisted either of flowered muslin, or of gaudily-coloured

cotton, &c., having a very picturesque effect in the distance, and covered with bows, and long ends of divers-coloured ribands. The hair of these people, though uniformly black, is far from being straight and comparatively silky, like that of the North American Indian; it is rough and exceedingly curly, though not to the excess observable in the Negroes. It, therefore, will not keep close to the head, but seems to stick out like two enormous bushy black wings, which style of hairdressing seems to be very popular among them, not only from necessity, but from taste. Over these, on both sides, they wear immense bouquets of natural flowers, looking on their dark hair like clusters of the hugest and richest gems, for which they have not far to go, for a five minutes' walk in the forests around the town would procure them sufficient to make a hundred garlands with. At the top of the head is worn the little Panama hat, no bigger than a plate, and altogether much resembling that useful article, from which often hang long streamers of bright ribbons. The straw of the Panama hat (made, I believe, of a kind of grass) is very fine, being still closer and more delicate than that of Leghorn.

Our "hotel" at Gorgona, was rather characteristic of the place, and belonged to a native; its chief (and most important) part consisted of a



Indians of Panama.

thatched roof, supported by slender wooden pilasters, at each end of which were a couple of rooms, partitioned off by an *adobe* wall with a mud floor, and a cot in each. The centre of this primitive house made a sort of hall, entirely open on both sides, in which were six or seven hammocks, each occupied by an individual, who rocked and smoked in it during the day and slept in it during the night. At Gorgona, we found some difficulty in getting mules at first, on account of the number of travellers bound for California; but at last mamma succeeded in obtaining some, and we started the next morning at nine o'clock, though it was, and ought to have been at day-break, but the natives, with characteristic indolence, are seldom or never punctual to their time engagements. Our cavalcade consisted of seven mules (three for the baggage, and four for ourselves and maids), and several guides. The morning was very hot, and the sun already had a good deal of power, so we tied handkerchiefs round our bonnets, and above all placed the huge leaves of the fan-palm, which acted charmingly as parasols. We were soon mounted and rode out of the town, most of the Gorgona peasants saluting us as we passed with a courteous smile, and "Adios, Señoras, buen viaje!" or "Buenas dias, Señoritas!" As soon as we got out of the

village, we had our first insight of *Isthmian* adventures, in the shape of a refractory and home-loving baggage-mule, who "took himself off" from his unfortunate owner and enraged guide at a mad rate, disencumbering himself of his load, to the destruction of the tops of the neighbouring trees, and the grief of the half-distracted gentleman, who vainly attempted to arrest his progress. The Indian guide, however, more experienced in *muline* warfare, quietly stayed where he was, and producing a lasso, caught the animal, by a well-aimed fling. Just then we came to a hut on the outskirts of the village, where all the mules with one accord stopped; and nothing could make them proceed on their journey for a long time; till, suddenly, the guides, having apparently determined on pursuing another course of politics, retreated a few paces, and came rushing on again at a furious gallop, and with terrific shouts, literally startling the mules into a hard sort of canter, which they kept up till we entered the stupendous forests, out of which we were not to emerge till we reached Panama, where the road immediately became very bad. This forest presented an impenetrable labyrinth of trees, plants, creepers, flowering shrubs, &c., over our heads, under our feet, and on each and every side, barely leaving room for a narrow and arched sort of passage,

along which our mules had to tear, bite, scratch, and force their way as well as they and their riders could.

The guides of every successive cavalcade of mules carefully root up, tear away, and clear off the plants and creepers that are continually encroaching upon the mule-path, yet every new guide that passes—so wonderful is their quickness of growth,—finds new parasites, new trailers, always turning and twisting about the path, to be cut down, perhaps for the hundredth time, by his axe, and for the hundred and first time to be supplanted by a fresh assemblage of intruders. The passage was hardly broader than a chimneypiece, and it went down such frightfully steep precipices, mounted such alarmingly perpendicular hills, and wound through, over, and under such enormous, irregular, and threatening rocks, that it seemed little short of a miracle that our mules were ever upon their legs at all. Sometimes it seemed as though nothing but absolutely clasping the mule round the neck could save us from a fall backwards, at other times one was obliged to lie back literally on the mule's haunches; but, strange to say, none of us fell once from our mules throughout this somewhat perilous journey.

It was clambering work of no small difficulty,

even to the pedestrian travellers (of whom there were great numbers) who were often obliged to go round by still more intricate paths, in order to avoid some of the more impassable places. Some of them preferred descending the almost perpendicular declivities by crawling, as it were, backwards, gradually lowering themselves by their hands and knees from one rock to the other, and sliding or slipping down as occasion offered. The interior of this part of the Isthmus is very hilly, and when we arrived at the top of one of the conically-shaped eminences, especially if there was a small clearing (which there often was) on the summit, we were regaled with a most sumptuous view.

Here, for the first time, I perceived the reason of a phenomenon which I had observed in Mexico, but could not understand, namely, the prodigious distance at which one could see the hues of the flowers in the woods, which seemed to shine like myriads of starry and glittering points, even as far as we could see on the horizon. The fact is, that three things combine greatly to produce this phenomenon :—the first is, the excessive clearness of the atmosphere ; the second, the gigantic size of the flowers ; and the third, their wonderful brilliancy, and, I may say, intensity of colouring. When the light is very strong, and is cast almost

perpendicularly on the flowers, these last, especially if they grow together in bunches, actually reflect the light together with their vivid colours, and appear like sparkling gems.

Before long we arrived at the "half-way house," where we rested for a short time, and then pursued our journey, anxious to arrive at Panama before sunset. At that time, however, we were still at some distance from Panama, and we found that our luggage-mules, which had gone on before us, had stopped at a little Indian hut by the side of the road and were already unloaded. Our *mozo* said that we must therefore stop here till daylight, or, at all events, till moonrise. To the first strong objections were made, but to the latter we at last consented, on the guide's assurance that the rest of the road to Panama was very hilly and dangerous. The moon, they said, would rise in about three hours. The hut itself was a mere bamboo cage, filled with smoke and crowded with children, so we sat down on a bench outside which the mistress of the cottage brought us. I soon fell asleep on our rather hard couch, and woke again just at moonrise, when the scene indeed resembled enchantment. The air was redolent of the rarest and most exquisite perfumes, from the beautiful night-blowing cereus, and other night flowers

and lilies, &c.; the harmonious whirr, whirr of myriads of insects sounded through the still air; and the silver tinkle of the bell-bird, and another sweet night-songster seemed to sing purposely to lull one to sleep. Then the sun-like, tropical moon shone forth with her unparalleled splendour on the scene, glittering through the thickly-foliaged trees, like a gigantic diamond (gigantic indeed!), shedding brilliant rays athwart the flower-laden branches, forming pearly lakes of light on the ground. Mamma was already awake, and she went round to the other side of the hut, and loudly called the guides, who had fallen asleep some little way off with their cigars in their mouths, sitting round a small fire they had made. So José and Pedro dawdled up, dawdled off to fetch the mules, and finally dawdled back again to give us the pleasing information that one of the animals was missing. After having done this, notwithstanding our urgent requests that they would instantaneously proceed to search for the absent mule, they very unconcernedly sat down by their little wood-fire and re-lit their *puros*, not intending to give themselves any trouble whatever about it for at least another hour. We called them again, urged them to go on searching for the mule, since we wanted to get to our destination, and insisted upon their

doing so ; but all in vain, they would not move until they had finished their beloved cigars.

Another hour elapsed, and then Pedro went off to look for the mule. At last they got upon the right track, after having searched apparently in all the most improbable places they could think of, and the truant animal was brought back. She was the only one that had not been hobbled, the guides declaring they had (purposely ?) forgotten to do so. Having taken another hour to load the luggage-mules and saddle the riding-mules, José and Pedro announced that all things were now ready ; so we forthwith started. The moonlight was of so intense a brilliancy that we several times thought that the sun had already risen and that it was broad daylight.

When the sun had really risen, we came in sight of

“ The mighty Pacific with soft swelling waves,
Which a thousand bright islands eternally laves ! ”

And pacific, indeed, it was ; not a ripple ruffled its calm surface ; a feather might have floated out to sea with the receding tide, without a morsel of its down being disturbed. After a short delay (caused by José's having hurt his ankle) we entered the picturesque town of Panama. The streets of this dilapidated city are very narrow,

and much encumbered with heaps of rubbish and mud accumulated in the rainy season ; and they looked very lonely and deserted, being in some parts overgrown with waving grass, and even with scented herbs and creepers. I believe there is not a single vehicle in Panama of any description whatsoever ! And from the great heat, and the natural indolence of the inhabitants, you seldom see even a pedestrian in the wilderness-like streets. Every second house you come to is an old and moss-grown ruin ; not, however, the abode of owls and bats, but of brilliant humming-birds ; scarlet, blue, and green lizards glancing about in the sun ; deadly serpents and crawling centipedes and scorpions. Graceful and blossoming trees rise from these ruined tenements, thus left to decay and destruction, and enliven and adorn their rugged walls, at the same time adding greatly to the beauty and wildness of the scene.

10th, *Friday*.—We have now been staying for some little time with Mr. P——, the English consul here, who, with his charming daughter, resides almost on the sea-beach, in a very nice house delightfully situated. A few mornings ago, my maid and I got up, with mamma's permission, at half-past three o'clock, A.M., in order to visit the Cerro d'Alcon with Miss P——. This is a

lofty and wooded hill, forming a conspicuous feature in the scenery at the back of the town. The sun rose at a quarter to five; and we were anxious to climb the hill while it was yet "in the cool of the morning," so much exertion being, in fact, impossible soon after sunrise. The hill was very steep, and thickly covered with an under-vegetation of thickly-tangled shrubs and brushwood. At last, however, we safely arrived at the top, and were admiring the beautiful and extensive view of the bay of Panama, the island of Taboga, the town, the cocoa-nut groves, and the small coffee-plantations that surround it, when Miss P——, in accents of the utmost horror, exclaimed, that she was completely covered with hundreds of those troublesome little insects, the *garrapatas*. They are red, and about the size of a small money-spinner, and hang in myriads upon every bough, leaf, or branch, in this region; and as you pass underneath, they drop down in perfect showers, fastening with their miniature claws upon your skin, and irritating you exceedingly. So poor Miss P—— had to retire behind a large spreading tree close at hand, with my maid, to make some desperate and not wholly unsuccessful attempts to shake off the tiresome little creatures, while I attempted to sketch the panoramic view stretched out before me.

Presently Miss P—— came back, having got rid of some of the unpleasant little intruders, and warned us, that it was time to return, since the sun was already high in the east, and the heat was becoming oppressive.

Yesterday we went for a walk in a beautiful cocoa-nut grove not far from here. The trees were all slender and lofty, with a light, feathery tuft of graceful leaves at the top. Clusters of partially ripe nuts hung from the summit of most of these lovely trees. The tufts of leaves at the top made a sort of arching roof, apparently supported by hundreds of pillars. As far as the grove extended, not a shrub or a plant was to be seen on the carefully-cleared ground; and the long vistas through the various avenues of the palms had a beautiful and curious effect. We had already walked some little distance through this tropical temple of Nature, and were thinking of returning home, when we espied a little temporarily-built hut, made of bamboo-thatch and canes, which Miss P—— said must have been built during the past week, since it was not there when she visited the spot last. A large and tempting heap of ripe cocoa-nuts lay in the corner, and an old, good-natured-looking woman stood at the door, staring at the sunset, which was certainly very well worth looking at.

Miss P—— asked her whether she would sell her some of the cocoa-nuts. The Indian woman (for such she was) replied that they were not for sale, so we walked back leisurely through the grove, and had already entered the narrow path leading through the forest which bordered the palm-grove, when we heard somebody calling loudly behind us, and shrieking something which we could not make out. On looking back, we saw our friend the old woman beckoning vehemently to us, and brandishing a long knife in her right hand. “Que quiere V.?” (“What do you want?”) said Miss P——. “Sus vidas!” (“Your lives!”), shouted the apparently infuriated woman in reply. This fierce answer seemed almost to echo through the long avenues of stately palms, and appeared to accord ill with the quiet repose of the scene. At the same time this unamiable lady came towards us at a furious pace, still threateningly brandishing her “cuchillo,” upon which, screaming fearfully, Ramona, Miss P——’s Indian maid, a very nice, obliging person, set off running as hard as she could towards home, crying out that they were going to murder her. Miss P——, seeing that the woman was intoxicated, thought also that the nearer home we were the safer we should be, so she forthwith followed Ramona, and I followed her. By dint

of running, we very soon arrived at a small cottage at the entrance of the town, the owner of which, also an old woman, was a sort of acquaintance of Miss P——, and when the latter recounted to her, breathlessly, our extraordinary and totally unlooked-for adventures, she appeared much astonished, sympathised warmly with us, entreated us to lie in her hammock and rest ourselves, and to allow her to bring us some diluted pine-apple juice, or something of that sort; but the sun was already below the horizon, there being hardly any twilight in these regions, it was fast becoming dark, so we wished to get home as soon as possible. We, therefore, thanked this good dame for her kind offers of hospitality and were soon at Mr. P——'s house.

To-day our pugnacious friend of the cocoa-nut grove came very humbly to Mr. P——'s house, with a large present of cocoa-nuts for his daughter by way of *amende*, with many apologies for her rudeness, and many and earnest entreaties that we should not have her put in prison, since, she said, she knew not what she did, but was "loco" (mad) when we paid her a visit. So here the matter ended.

CHAPTER XXI.

Tuesday, 30th. On board steamer "Bolivia."—

ON Thursday last two hundred mules started from the consulate, laden with specie from California to England. They unfortunately went so very early (before dawn) that we missed seeing them. In the afternoon we walked on the beach on the other side of the small promontory on which Panama is built. There we found some beautiful shells, and some delicious, though very small oysters, sticking to the rocks, which the low tide had left high and dry. But the tide, assisted by rather a strong breeze, was coming up very fast, and we were soon obliged to make good our retreat. On the beach, at Panama, hundreds of scarlet crabs, called "soldier-crabs," take up their abode; they make little round holes in the sand, at the entrance of which they generally sit, popping down like lightning if they see any one approach within a certain distance. It has the most curious effect imaginable, to see

them in rows after rows on the beach as far as one could possibly see, like little red dots on the sand. We steamed away from Panama on Saturday last. Our vessel is tolerably roomy, and has a very pretty model. Yesterday evening we stopped at Buenaventura, a village at the end of a large bay, but it was impossible to see much of it, for we arrived after sunset. The loveliest summer-lightning, however, every now and then flashed brilliantly, illuminating the trees and houses on shore, and our own rigging and deck, almost like daylight. In about half-an-hour we started again.

Friday, May 3d.—On Wednesday we passed the Equator, that spot so deeply impressed on the minds of sundry unfortunate beings by certain processes, likely, from what one hears of them, to be remembered ever after from one experience. The day was rather a cool one, comparatively speaking, and there was a refreshing breeze.

Yesterday we arrived at Guayaquil, in Ecuador. The Gulf of Guayaquil is a very large one, and, besides, we had to steam nearly sixty miles up the river before we arrived at the city. It was, therefore, not far from ten o'clock when we first saw the lights of Guayaquil; these last, by the way, are exceedingly splendid. "The town is quite illuminated by them, and all along the banks are long rows of

brilliant lights, giving the whole a very striking appearance. We stayed here all night, and the next morning numbers of boats, full of flowers, fruits, and birds, crowded round our ship, their occupants anxious to sell their wares, alive or otherwise. Some of the parrots they brought on board were very splendid creatures, of every imaginable colour and size: in short, they were of all sizes, from that of the majestic albatross almost to that of the humble sparrow. The tremendous screaming, squalling, chattering, cackling, made by so many of these never-very-silent birds, was occasionally diversified by a cry from some one who had imprudently approached too near one of the fierce mackaws, and received a sharp salutation from its strong hooked beak.

Monday, May 6th.—This morning we left Paita, where we arrived last evening. It is a small town, situated in the midst of a barren and desolate tract of country, consisting almost entirely of sand-hills, destitute of vegetation. The unfortunate inhabitants of this dismal town have to send many miles into the interior to obtain water. At Paita it was very hot, from the reflected heat of the sun upon the dreary and glaring sand.

On Friday we passed a whale. Mr. H——, the British consul at Paita, very good-naturedly sent us a basket of *cherimoyas*, which fruit, how-

ever, I do not much care for. To-day there is a little more swell than usual, and it really is almost too cold.

Lima, Friday, May 10th.—On Monday we stopped at Huanchaco, a rocky and mountainous place. The town itself is hidden behind a rather high bank close to the shore, which hides all the middle distance. The stupendous Andes formed a grand background, as may be imagined, to the picture. Volcanic cliffs and hills abounded at Huanchaco, and made the scene a very wild one. A lonely and half-dilapidated church was the only human habitation visible. Of Casma, the last port we stopped at before reaching that of Callao, I saw nothing; for we arrived there very early in the morning, before I was awake. On Thursday morning we dropped anchor in the port of Callao, which is about seven or eight miles from Lima. We passed a large and handsome vessel, which, somehow or other, I immediately recognised to be an English man-of-war. It was the “Dædalus,” of twenty guns. Captain W——, her captain, was so kind as to take us on shore in one of the “Dædalus” boats. As this vessel was the one which saw the famous sea-serpent some time ago, all her boats are decorated with a small representation of it as it was supposed to have been seen. Captain W——, when



Huanchaco, Western Coast of South America

we landed, took us to the house of some friends of his, Mr. and Mrs. M——. On our way there we saw an omnibus for Lima loading; a Negro was cording the trunks on the top, when suddenly the rope he was pulling gave way, and he fell backwards on the pavement. The omnibus coachman very unconcernedly, we thought, drove off immediately, without inquiring whether the poor man was killed or not. A crowd, however, immediately gathered round the spot, and the Negro was taken up and carried to the nearest hospital: I believe he was only stunned.

Mrs. M——'s house was a very nice one; it had a beautiful garden, in which we saw an extraordinary flower, which they here call the "variable." It is white in the morning, rose-coloured in the middle of the day, and crimson in the evening. In Mrs. M——'s drawing-room we saw some beautiful cabinets, of tortoiseshell and mother-of-pearl, worked in the most delicate and fantastical patterns. They were, I believe, Chinese.

Tuesday, 14th.—We speedily obtained a carriage, and drove to Lima; and are now at the Fonda de Maury—otherwise, Maury's Hotel. Last night it was very clear, an unusual occurrence at Lima: the stars shone forth radiantly, and seemed to give almost as much light as the moon. We sat on our balcony, which looks over a

picturesque courtyard, or patio, watching, through the arched gateway of the court, the mellow starlight, the shadowy passers-by, as, ponchoed or veiled, they hurried along the quiet street.

Suddenly the air seemed to thrill and vibrate with the most enchanting, musical, melancholy sound I ever heard. At first we could hardly tell what it was; but as it went on, in distinct strokes, we knew it must be the famous bell of the Cathedral of Lima. It seemed as though one really never knew before what intensity of depth there might be in sound; the only thing on earth to which one could compare it to properly, would be the unfathomable ocean, I think. The richness and melody of its tones were wonderful: the bell was tolling for evening vespers.

We went the other day for a drive with Mrs. A——, whose acquaintance we have lately made here. She took us to the Alameda, and afterwards some way beyond, along the Rimac River. The evening was lovely, and very clear, and we had a beautiful view of the towering Andes, covered with glittering snow. The air was quite cold, and we were glad of shawls and cloaks. However, I think the climate of Lima is a very charming one, especially after one has been broiling in the neighbourhood of the Equator.

Whilst we were driving home through the

Alameda, we saw some peasants returning to Lima from the mountains on donkeys ; these latter—poor animals !—seemed exceedingly tired, and one of them, as we passed, laid itself down in the middle of the road and seemed unable to move. The infuriated man scrambled off the prostrate ass, and calling on a perfect volume of saints' names, deliberately took up a large stone and flung it at the unfortunate brute, who sprang up and limped along as well as he could, though appearing completely exhausted. Oh, how I longed to have seen this monster in human shape receive there and then something of the agony he had inflicted on the poor injured brute !

The houses of Lima are very picturesquely and Moorishly built. They generally, though not always, are of one story only, and are built round a court, or *patio*, with mosaic or marble pavements, and often either a little bed of flowers or a fountain in the centre.

In some of the houses, the bending banana, and even high trees, adorn and shade the *patio* with their graceful boughs ; for even in this misty place, where I have often heard it said that the sun never appears, the said luminary has sometimes a great deal of power, and shade becomes welcome.

The walls of these one-storied houses are often painted all over with colossal pictures on sacred

or mythological subjects, and these paintings are, in general, more remarkable for brilliancy of colouring than for delicacy of touch or elaborate finish. Many of the larger houses, or those belonging to richer people, our hotel for instance, have two stories, equally built round *patios*. Broad verandahs on the upper story run round the house; and flowers, the passion-flower and various creepers, are trained to climb about the railings of the balconies, in a sort of natural trellis-work.

In these two-storied houses the staircase is generally outside, and also wreathed and garlanded with hanging bowers of these delightful creepers. The costume of the ladies of Lima—namely, the “*saya-y-manto*,” has been so often and so ably described by the various travellers who have visited Lima, that I shall say but a few words about it. The “*saya*” is the skirt of the dress, and is generally made very full, of black silk. The “*manto*” is a square piece of silk gathered in at one end. A string is placed through the gathers, and is tied round the waist, while the veil is thrown over the head and face, in which position it is kept by the hand, the whole of the countenance being hidden except one eye. This has a singular effect, and is one of the many peculiarities of Lima.



Bog Walk, Jamaica.



The Pinnacle, Jamaica.

CHAPTER XXII.

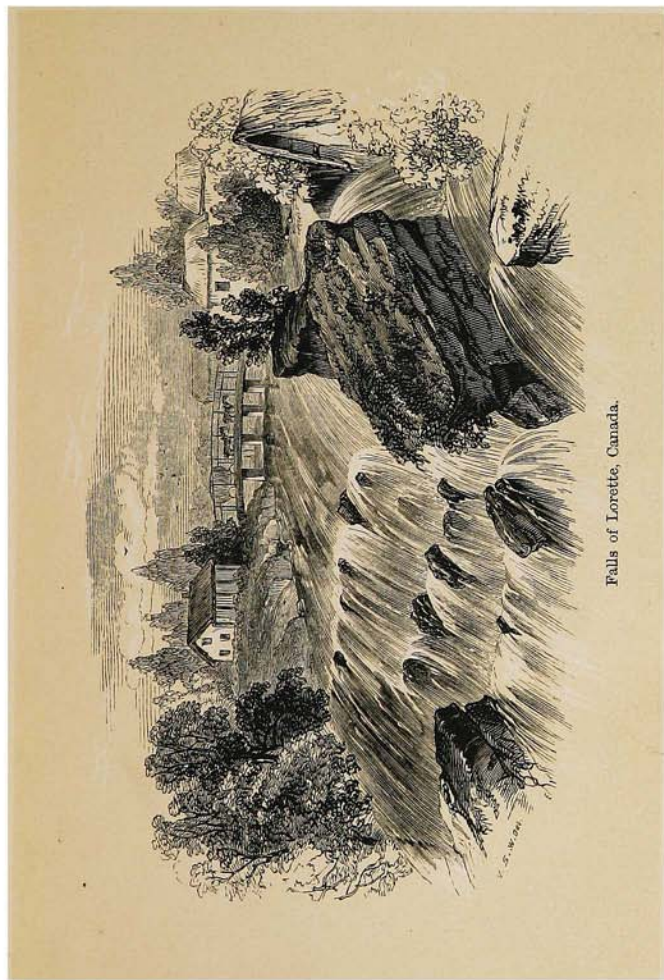
AFRAID of exceeding the limits I had proposed to myself for my little work, I have stopped at Lima, though my original journal continues until our arrival again in England. Having made several sketches, however, since my departure from Lima, I insert them here, with a few explanatory notes.

From Lima we returned to Panama, and from thence across the Isthmus, and to Jamaica. Here we stayed for some little time. My first sketch,—“View of the Bog-Walk, Jamaica,”—is of a most beautiful place, justly the pride of the inhabitants of that part of Jamaica. It is situated a few miles from Spanish Town, the capital, and we drove there with an English friend of ours. My second drawing—that of the “Pinnacle,” Jamaica—represents a view of the Governor’s country-seat, situated upon a woody hill, near the Blue Mountains.

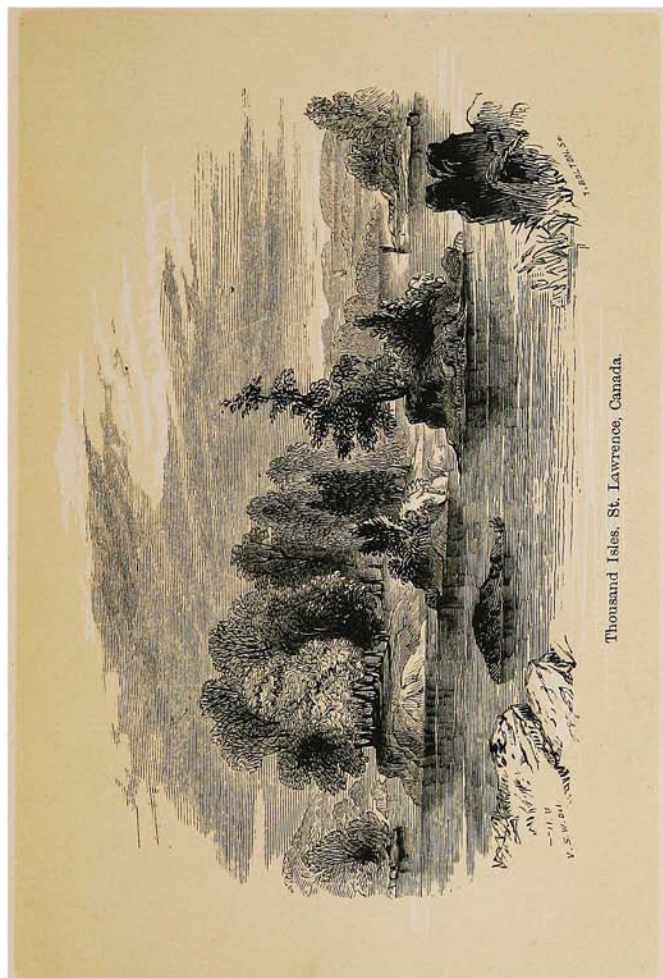
On leaving Jamaica we returned to the Havana, and then went on to New York, in the “Ohio,” an American steamer. From New York

we proceeded to Montreal and Quebec, Canada. Not far from Quebec there is an Indian village called Lorette; it is inhabited by a remnant of the old tribe of the Hurons. The third sketch represents the "Fall of Lorette," a very pretty cataract. When we left Quebec we ascended the River St. Lawrence to Montreal, and from thence to Kingston. The next sketch is of the famous "Thousand Isles," in the St. Lawrence. There are actually fifteen hundred islands, we were told, within eight miles. The river is eleven miles wide there, and is called the "Lake of the Thousand Isles."

From Kingston we continued to Toronto, and from thence to Hamilton, a fast-growing town, not far from Toronto. We then revisited Niagara, and stayed there a day or two. We next proceeded to Utica, in order to see the Falls of Trenton. We then continued to Albany, and steamed down the Hudson River to Catskill, wishing to see "Catskill Falls" (this forms our frontispiece). It is, I believe, the highest fall in North America, and is the last sketch I made in America, for we then returned to New York, and soon after set sail for England.



Falls of Lorette, Canada.



Thousand Isles, St. Lawrence, Canada.

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